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NEW YORK:
10 AND 12 DEY STREET.

1884.

LONDON:
44 FLEET STREET.

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SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
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THE STAR.

A Christmas Sermon Sunday Morning, December 24, 1882.

"And lo, the star which they saw in the East went before them."—MATT. 2:9.

THE old sexton of the village church is about to put his hand on the rope of the bell. The cylinder of the chime of the city belfry is being readjusted. All around the world the air will vibrate with sweetest tintinnabulation punctuated with the roar of cathedral tower, the jingle of the lighter metal submerged by the overmastering boom. When this afternoon at thirty-eight minutes past four o'clock the sun sets, there will come on a night of jubilant commemoration.

Two plain people centuries ago hoteled in a village barn after a walk of eighty miles, too long a trudge for one in poor health. No lords of state awaiting in antechamber as when other kings are born. No messengers mounted at the doorway ready to herald the advent from city to city. No medical skill in attendance. No satin-lined cradle to receive the infantile guest. But a monarch born in the hostelry called the house of Chim Ham; the night with diamonded finger pointing down to the place; the door of heaven set wide open to look out; from orchestral batons of light dripping the oratorios of the Messiah; on lowest doorstep of heaven the minstrels of God discoursing of glory and good will.

Soon after the white-bearded astrologists kneel, and from leathern pouch chink the shekels, and from open sacks exhale the frankincense and rustle out the bundles of myrrh. The loosened star: the escaped doxology of celestials; the chill December night aflush with May morn; our world a lost star, and another star rushing down the sky that night to beckon the wanderer home again, shall yet make all nations keep Christmas.

I. A SIDEREAL ESCORT.

Are there no new lessons from the story not yet hackneyed by oft repetition? Oh, yes. Know in the first place, it was a *sidereal appearance that led the way*. "Lo, the star which they saw in the East went before them." Why not a black cloud in the shape of a hand or finger pointing down to the sacred birthplace? A cloud means trouble, and the world had had trouble enough. Why not a shaft of lightning quivering and flashing and striking down to the sacred birthplace? Lightning means destruction, a shattering and consuming power, and the world wanted *no more destruction*.

But it was a star, and that means joy, that means hope, that means good cheer, that means ascendancy. A star! That means creative power, for did not the morning stars sing together when the portfolio of the worlds was opened? A star! That means defence, for did not the stars fight in their course against Sisera and for the Lord's people? A star! That means brilliant continuance, for are not the righteous to shine as the stars forever and ever? A star! That means the opening of eter-

nal joy. The day star in the heart. The morning star of the Redeemer.

The unusual appearance that night may have been a strange conjunction of worlds. As this recent transit of Venus was foretold many years ago by astronomers, and astronomers can tell what will be the conjunction of worlds a thousand years from now, so they can calculate backward; and even infidel astronomers have been compelled to testify that about the year one there was a very unusual appearance in the heavens. The Chinese record, of course entirely independent of the Word of God, gives as a matter of history that about the year one there was a strange and unaccountable appearance in the heavens.

But it may have been a *meteor* such as you and I have seen flash to the horizon. Only a few nights ago I saw in the northern sky a star shoot and fall with such brilliancy and precision that if I had been on a hill as high as that of Bethlehem on which the shepherds stood, I could have marked within a short distance the place of the alighting. The University of Iowa and the British Museum have specimens of meteoric stones picked up in the fields, fragments flung off from other worlds, leaving a fiery trail on the sky. So that it is not to me at all improbable, the stellar or the meteoric appearance on that night of which we speak. I only care to know that it was bright, that it was silvery, that it flashed and swayed and swung and halted with joy celestial, as though Christ in haste to save our world had rushed down without His coronet, and the angels of God had hurled it after Him!

Not a black cloud of threat, but a gleaming star of hope is our glorious Christianity. One glimpse of that stellar appearance kindled up the soul of the sick and dying college student until the words flashed from his pale fingers and the star seemed to pour its light from his white lips as Kirke White wrote these immortal words:

"When marshalled on the nightly plain

The glittering hosts bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train

Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark, hark to God, the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem,
But one alone, the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.

"Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
And rudely blew the wind that tossed my foundering bark;
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem."

II. Notice also in this scene, that, other worlds seemed to honor our Lord and Master. Bright star of the night, wheel on in thine orbit. "No," said the star, "I must come nearer and I must bend and I must watch and see what you do with my Jesus." Another world that night joined our world in worship. That star made a *bow of obeisance*. I sometimes hear people talk of Christ's dominion as though it were to be merely the few thousand miles of the world's circumference; but I believe the millions and the billions and the quadrillions of worlds are all inhabited—if not by such creatures as we are, still such creatures as God designed to make, and that all these worlds are a part of Christ's dominion. Isaac Newton and Kepler and Herschel only went on Columbus voyage to find these continents of our King's domain. I think all worlds were loyal but this. *The great organ of the universe*, its pedals and its pipes and its keys all one great harmony save one injured pedal, save one broken stop—the *vox humana* of the human race, the disloyal world.

Now you know that however grand the instrument may be, if there be one key out of order, it spoils the harmony. And Christ must mend this key. He must restore this broken stop. You know with what bleeding hand, and with what pierced side, and with what crushed foot, He did the work. But the world shall be attuned and all worlds will be yet accordant. Isle of Wight larger in comparison with the British Empire than our island of a world as compared with Christ's vast domain. If not, why that celestial escort? If not, why that sentinel with blazing badge above the caravansary? If not, why that midnight watchman in the balcony of heaven? Astronomy surrendered that night to Christ. This planet for Christ. The solar system for Christ. Worlds ablaze and worlds burnt out—all worlds for Christ.

Intensest microscope cannot see the one side of that domain. Furthest reaching telescope cannot find the other side of that domain. But I will tell you how the universe is bounded. It is bounded on the north and south and east and west and above and beneath by God, and that God is Christ, and that Christ is God, and that God is ours. Oh, does it not enlarge your ideas of a Saviour's dominion when I tell you that all the worlds are only sparks struck from His anvil? that all the worlds are only the fleecy flocks following the one Shepherd? that all the islands of light in immensity are one great archipelago belonging to our King?

III. But this scene also impresses me with the fact that *the wise men* of the East came to Christ. They were not fools, they were not imbeciles. The record distinctly says that the wise men came to Christ. We say they were the magi, or they were the alchemists, or they were the astrologists, and we say it with depreciating accentuation. Why, they were the most splendid and magnificent men of the century. They were the naturalists and the scientists. They knew all that was known. You must remember that astrology was the mother of astronomy, and that alchemy was the mother of chemistry, and because children are brighter than the mother you do not despise the mother.

It was the lifelong business of *these astrologers* to study the stars. Twenty two hundred and fifty

years before Christ was born the wise men knew the precession of the equinoxes and they had calculated the orbit and the return of the comets. Professor Smith declares that he thinks they understood the distance of the sun from the earth. We find in the book of Job that the men of olden time did not suppose the world was flat as some have said, but that he knew and the men of his time knew the world was globular. The pyramids were built for astrological and astronomical study.

Then, *the alchemists* spent their lives in the study of metals and gases and liquids and solids, and in filling the world's library with their wonderful discoveries. They were vastly wise men who came to the East. They understood embalming as our most scientific men cannot understand it. After the world has gone on studying hundreds of years, it may come up to the point where the ancients began to forget. I believe the lost arts are as mighty as the living arts.

They were wise men that came from the East, and tradition says the *three wisest* came, Caspar, a young man; Balthazar a man in mid-life, and Melchior, an octogenarian. The three wisest men of all the century. They came to the manger. So it has always been—the wisest men come to Christ, *the brainiest men come to the manger*. Who was the greatest *metaphysician* this country ever has produced? Jonathan Edwards, the Christian. Who was the greatest *astronomer* of the world? Herschel, the Christian. Who was the greatest *poet* ever produced? John Milton, the Christian. Who was the wisest *writer on law*? Blackstone, the Christian. Who is the mightiest intellect in Great Britain to-day? Gladstone, the Christian. Why is it that every college and university in the land has a chapel? They must have a place for the wise men to worship.

Come now, let us understand in ounces and by inches this whole matter. In *post mortem* examination the brain of distinguished men has been examined, and I will find the largest, the heaviest, the mightiest brain ever produced in America, and I will ask what that brain thought of Christ. Here it is, the brain weighing sixty-three ounces, the largest brain ever produced in America. Now let me find what that brain thought of Christ. In the dying moment, that man said: "Lord I believe; help Thou mine unbelief. Whatever else I do, Almighty God, receive me to Thyself for Christ's sake. This night I shall be in life and joy and blessedness." So Daniel Webster came to the manger. The wise men of the East followed by the wise men of the West.

IV. Know also in this scene that it was a winter month that God chose for His Son's nativity. Had it been the month of May—that is the season of blossoms. Had He been born in the month of June—that is the season of roses. Had He been born in the month of July—that is the season of great harvests. Had He been born in the month of September—that is the season of ripe orchards. Had He been born in the month of October—that is the season of upholstered forests. But He was born in the month of December when there are no flowers blooming out of doors, and when all the harvests that have not been gathered up have perished, and when there are no fruits ripening on the hill, and when the leaves are drifted over the bare earth.

It was in closing December that He was born to show that this is a Christ for people in sharp blast, for people under clouded sky, for people with frosted hopes, for people with thermometer below zero, for people snowed under.

A DECEMBER CHRIST!

That is the reason He is so often found among the destitute. You can find Him on any night coming off the moors. You can see Him any night coming through the dark lanes of the city. You can see Him putting His hand under the fainting head in the pauper's cabin. He remembers how the wind whistled around the caravansery in Bethlehem that December night, and He is in sympathy with all those who in their poverty hear the shutters clatter on a cold night.

It was this December Christ that Washington and his army worshipped at Valley Forge when without blankets they lay down in the December snow. It was this Christ that the Pilgrim Fathers appealed to when the Mayflower wharfed at Plymouth Rock, and in the years that went by the graves digged were more in number than the houses built. Oh, I tell you, we want a December Christ, not a Christ for fair weather, but a Christ for dark days clouded with sickness, and chilling with disappointment, and suffocating with bereavement, and terrific with wide open graves. Not a spring-time Christ, not a summer Christ, not an autumnal Christ, but a winter Christ.

Oh, this suffering and struggling world needs to be hushed and soothed and rocked and lullabied in the arms of sympathetic omnipotence. No mother ever with more tenderness put her foot on the rocker of the cradle of a sick child than Christ comes down to us, to this invalid world, and He rocks it into placidity and quietness as He says, "My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you." Oh, you broken-hearted, oh, you persecuted and tried souls, oh, you burden bearers, this day I declare unto you a December Christ.

V. Notice also a fact which no one seems to notice, that this Christ was born among the sheep and the cattle and the horses and the camels, in order that He might be an alleviating influence to the whole animal creation. It means mercy for overdriven, underfed, poorly sheltered, galled and maltreated animal creation.

Hath the Christ who compared Himself to a dove no care for the cruelties of the pigeon shooting? Hath the Christ who compared Himself to a lamb no care for the sheep that are tied and contorted, and with neck over the sharp edge of the butcher's cart, or the cattle train in hot weather from Omaha to New York, with no water—fifteen hundred miles of agony? Hath the Christ whose tax was paid by a fish, the coin taken from its mouth, no care for the tossing fins in the fish market? Hath the Christ who strung with His own hand the nerves of dog and cat no indignation for the horrors of vivisection? Hath the Christ who said, "go to the ant," no watchfulness for the transfixed insects? Hath the Christ who said, "behold the fowl of the air," Himself never beheld the outrages heaped upon the brute creation which cannot articulate its grief? This Christ came not only to lift the human race out of its trouble, but to lift out of pang and hardship the animal creation.

In the glorious millennial time the child shall lead the lion and play with the cockatrice only because brute and reptile shall have no more wrongs to avenge. To alleviate the condition of the brute creation Christ was born in the cattle pen. The first bleat of the Lamb of God heard amid the tired flocks of the Bethlehem shepherds. The white horse of eternal victory stabled in a barn.

VI. But notice also in this account the three Christmas presents that are brought to the manger. Gold, frankincense and myrrh. *Gold to Christ*—that means all the affluence of the world surrendered to Him. For lack of money no more asylums limping on their way like the cripples whom they helped, feeling their slow way like the blind people whom they sheltered. Millions of dollars for Christ where there are now thousands for Christ. Railroads owned by Christian stockholders and governed by Christian directors and carrying passengers and freight at Christian prices. George Peabodys and Abbott Lawrences, and James Lennoxes no rarity. Bank of England, Bourse of France, United States Treasury, all the moneyed institutions of the world for Christ. The gold for Christ.

Gold not merely paid the way for Joseph and Mary and the divine fugitive into Egypt, but it was typical of the fact that Christ's way shall be paid all around the world. The gold for Christ, the silver for Christ, the jewels for Christ. Australia, Nevada and Goloonda for Christ. The bright, round, beautiful jewel of a world set like a solitaire on the bosom of Christ!

But I notice that these wise men also shook out from their sacks the myrrh. The cattle came and they snuffed at it. They did not eat it because it was bitter. The pungent gum resin of Abyssinia called myrrh brought to the feet of Christ. That means bitterness. Bitter betrayal, bitter persecution, bitter days of suffering, bitter nights of woe. Myrrh. That is what they put into His cup when He was dying. Myrrh. That is what they put under His head in the wilderness. Myrrh. That is what they strewn His path with all the way from the cattle pen in Bethlehem to the mausoleum at Joseph's country seat. Myrrh. Yea, says the Psalmist, "all thy garments smell of myrrh." That is what the wise men wrapped in the swaddling clothes of the babe. That is what the Marys twisted in the shroud of a crucified Christ. The myrrh. Oh, the height, the depth, the length, the breadth of the Saviour's sorrow. Well might the wise men shake out the myrrh.

But I notice also from another sack they shake out the frankincense. Clear up to the rafters of the barn the air is filled with perfume, and the hostlers and the camel drivers in the furthest part of the building inhale it, and it floats out upon the air until passers-by wonder who in that rough place could have by accident dropped a box of alabaster.

Frankincense. That is what they burned in the censer in the ancient temple. Frankincense. That means worship. Frankincense. That is to fill all the homes and all the churches and all the capitals and all the nations from cellar of stalactited cave clear up to the silvery rafters of the starlit dome. Frankincense. That is what we shake out from our hearts to-day, so that the nostrils of Christ once crimsoned with the hemorrhage of the

cross, shall be flooded with the perfume of a world's adoration. Frankincense. Frankincense in song and sermon and offertory and handshaking and decoration. Praise Him, mountains and hills, valleys and seas, and skies and earth and heaven—cyclone with your trumpets, northern lights with your flaming ensign, morning with your castles of cloud, and evening with your billowing clouds of sunset.

Do you know how they used to hold the censer in the olden time, and what it was made of? Here is a metal pan and the handle by which it was held. In the inside of this metal pan were put living coals, on the top of them a perforated cover. In a square box the frankincense was brought to the temple. This frankincense was taken out and sprinkled over the living coals, and then the perforated cover was put on, and when they were all ready for worship, then the cover was lifted from this censer and from all the other censers, and the perfumed smoke arose until it hung amid all the folds and dropped amid all the altars, and then rose in great columns of praise outside or above the temple, rising clear up toward the throne of God.

So we have *two censers to-day*, of Christmas

frankincense. Here is the one censer of earthly frankincense. On that we put our thanks for the mercies of the past year, the mercies of all our past lives, individual mercies, family mercies, social mercies, national mercies, and our hearts burning with gratitude send aloft the incense of praise toward the throne of Christ. Bring on more incense, and higher and higher let the columns of praise ascend. Let them wreath all these pillars and hover amid all these arches and then soar to the throne.

But here is the other censer of heavenly thanksgiving and worship. Let them bring all their frankincense—the cherubim bring theirs and the seraphim theirs and the one hundred and forty and four thousand theirs, and all the eternities theirs, and let them smoke with perfume on this heavenly censer until the cloud canopies the throne of God. Then I take these two censers—the censer of earthly frankincense and the censer of heavenly frankincense—and I swing them before the throne, and then I clash them together in one great Allelujah unto Him to whom the wise men of the East brought the gold, and the myrrh and the frankincense when “the star which they saw in the East went before them.”

BLESSINGS OF A SHORT LIFE.

Sermon Preached on the last Sabbath Morning of 1882.

“The righteous is taken away from the evil to come.”—ISA. 57: 1.

WE all spend much time in panegyric of longevity. We consider it a great thing to live to be an octogenarian. If any one dies in youth we say, “What a pity!” Dr. Muhlenbergh in old age, said that the hymn written in early life by his own hand, no more expressed his sentiment when it said:

“I would not live away.”

If one be pleasantly circumstanced he never wants to go. *William Cullen Bryant*, the great poet, at 82 years of age standing in my house in a festal group, reading “Thanatopsis” without spectacles, was just as anxious to live as when at 18 years of age he wrote that immortal threnody. *Cato* feared at 80 years of age that he would not live to learn Greek. *Monaldesco* at 115 years, writing the history of his time feared a collapse. *Theoprastus* writing a book at 90 years of age was anxious to live to complete it. *Thurlow Weed* at about 86 years of age found life as great a desirability as when he snuffed out his first politician. *Albert Barnes* so well prepared for the next world at seventy said he would rather stay here. So it is all the way down. I suppose that the last time

that Methuseleh was out of doors in a storm he was afraid of getting his feet wet lest it shorten his days.

Indeed, I some time ago preached a sermon on the blessings of longevity, but in this, the last day of 1882, and when many are filled with sadness at the thought that another chapter of their life is closing, and that they have 365 days less to live, I propose to preach to you about *the blessings of an abbreviated earthly existence*.

If I were an agnostic I would say a man is blessed in proportion to the number of years he can stay on *terra firma*, because after that he falls off the docks, and if he is ever picked out of the depths it is only to be set up in some morgue of the universe to see if anybody will claim him. If I thought God made man only to last forty or fifty or a hundred years, and then he was to go into annihilation, I would say his chief business ought to be to keep alive and even in good weather to be very cautious, and to carry an umbrella and take overshoes, and live preservers, and bronze armor, and weapons of defence lest he fall off into nothingness and obliteration.

But, my friends, you are not agnostics. You be-

lieve in immortality and the eternal residence of the righteous in heaven, and therefore I first remark that an abbreviated earthly existence is to be desired, and is a blessing *because it makes one's life-work very compact.*

Some men go to business at seven o'clock in the morning and return at seven in the evening. Others go at eight o'clock and return at twelve. Others go at ten and return at four. I have friends who are ten hours a day in business, others who are five hours, others who are one hour. They all do their work well; they do their entire work and then they return. Which position do you think the most desirable? You say, other things being equal, the man who is the shortest time detained in business and who can return home the quickest is the most blessed.

Now, my friends, why not carry that good sense into the subject of transference from this world? If a person die in childhood, he gets through his work at nine o'clock in the morning. If he die at forty-five years of age, he gets through his work at twelve o'clock noon. If he die at seventy years of age, he gets through his work at five o'clock in the afternoon. If he die at ninety, he has to toil all the way on up to eleven o'clock at night. The sooner we get through our work the better. The harvest all in barrack or barn, the farmer does not sit down in the stubble field, but shouldering his scythe and taking his pitcher from under the tree he makes a straight line for the old homestead. All we want to be anxious about is to get our work done *and well done*, and the quicker the better.

Again: There is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence *in the fact that moral disaster might come upon the man if he tarried longer.* Last week a man who had been prominent in churches, and who had been admired for his generosity and kindness everywhere, for forgery was sent to State prison for fifteen years. Twenty years ago there was no more probability of that man's committing a commercial dishonesty than that you will commit commercial dishonesty. The number of men who fall into ruin between fifty and seventy years of age is simply appalling. If they had died thirty years before it would have been better for them and better for their families. The shorter the voyage the less chance for a cyclone.

There is a *wrong theory* abroad that if one's youth be right his old age will be right. You might as well say there is nothing wanting for a ship's safety except to get it fully launched on the Atlantic Ocean. I have sometimes asked those who were school mates or college mates of some great defaulter, "What kind of a boy was he? What kind of a young man was he?" and they have said, "Why, he was a splendid fellow; I had no idea he could ever go into such an outrage." The fact is the great temptation of life sometimes comes far on in mid life, or in old age.

The first time I crossed the Atlantic Ocean it was as smooth as a mill pond and I thought the sea captains and the voyagers had slandered the old ocean, and I wrote home an essay for a magazine on "*The Smile of the Sea*," but I never afterward could have written that thing, for before we got home we got a terrible shaking up. The first voyage of life may be very smooth; the last may be a euroclydon. Many who start life in great prosperity do not end it in prosperity.

The great pressure of temptation comes sometimes in this direction: at about forty-five years of age, a man's nervous system changes, and some one tells him he must take stimulants to keep himself up, and he takes stimulants to keep himself up, until the stimulants keep him down, or a man has been going along for thirty or forty years in unsuccessful business, and here is an opening where by one dishonorable action he can lift himself and lift his family from all financial embarrassment. He attempts to leap the chasm and he falls into it.

Then it is in after life that the great temptation of success comes. If a man make a fortune before thirty years of age, he generally loses it before forty. The solid and the permanent fortunes for the most part do not come to their climax until in mid life, or in old age. The most of the bank presidents have white hair. Many of those who have been largely successful have been flung of arrogance or worldliness or dissipation in old age. They may not have lost their integrity, but they have become so worldly and so selfish under the influence of large success that it is evident to everybody that their success has been a temporal calamity and an eternal damage. Concerning many people it may be said it seems as if it would have been better if they could have embarked from this life at twenty or thirty years of age.

Do you know the reason why the vast majority of people die before thirty? It is because they have not the moral endurance for that which is beyond the thirty, and a merciful God will not allow them to be put to the fearful strain.

Again: There is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence *in the fact that one is the sooner taken off of the defensive.* As soon as one is old enough to take care of himself he is put on his guard. Bolts on the door to keep out the robbers. Fire-proof safes to keep off the flames. Life insurance and fire insurance against accident. Receipts lest you have to pay a debt twice. Lifeboat against shipwreck. Westinghouse air brake against railroad collision, and hundreds of hands ready to overreach you and take all you have. Defence against cold, defence against heat, defence against sickness, defence against the world's abuse, defence all the way down to the grave, and even the tombstone sometimes is not a sufficient barricade.

If a soldier who has been on guard, shivering and stung with the cold, pacing up and down the parapet with shouldered musket, is glad when some one comes to relieve guard and he can go inside the fortress, ought not that man shout for joy who can put down his weapon of earthly defence and go into the king's castle? Who is the more fortunate, the soldier who has to stand guard twelve hours, or the man who has to stand guard six hours? We have common sense about everything but religion, common sense about everything but transference from this world.

Again: There is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence *in the fact that one escapes so many bereavements.* The longer we live the more attachments and the more kindred, the more chords to be wounded or rasped or sundered. If a man live on to seventy or eighty years of age, how many graves are cleft at his feet! In that long reach of time father and mother go, brothers

and sisters go, children go, grandchildren go, personal friends outside the family circle whom they had loved with a love like that of David and Jonathan.

Beside that, some men have a natural trepidation about dissolution, and ever and anon during forty or fifty or sixty years, this horror of their dissolution shudders through soul and body. Now, suppose the lad goes at sixteen years of age? He escapes fifty funerals, fifty caskets, fifty obsequies, fifty awful wrenchings of the heart. It is hard enough for us to bear their departure, but is it not easier for us to bear their departure than for them to stay and bear fifty departures? Shall we not by the grace of God rouse ourselves into a generosity of bereavement which will practically say, "It is hard enough for me to go through this bereavement, but how glad I am that he will never have to go through it."

So I reason with myself, and so you will find it helpful to reason with yourselves. David lost his son. Though David was king he lay on the earth mourning and inconsolable for some time. At this distance of time, which do you really think was the one to be congratulated, the short-lived child, or the long-lived father? Had David died as early as that child died he would, in the first place, have escaped that particular bereavement, then he would have escaped the worse bereavement of Absalom his recreant son, and the pursuit of the Philistines, and the fatigues of his military campaign, and the jealousy of Saul, and the perfidy of Ahithophel, and the curse of Shimei, and the destruction of his family at Ziklag, and above all, he would have escaped the two great calamities of his life, the great sins of uncleanness and murder. David lived to be of vast use to the Church and the world, but so far as his own happiness was concerned does it not seem to you that it would have been better for him to have gone early?

Now, this, my friends, explains some things that to you have been inexplicable. This shows you why when God takes little children from a household, He is very apt to take the brightest, the most genial, the most sympathetic, the most talented. Why? It is because that kind of nature suffers the most when it does suffer, and is most liable to temptation. God saw the tempest sweeping up from the Caribbean, and He put the delicate craft into the first harbor. "Taken away from the evil to come."

Again, my friends, there is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in *the fact that it puts one sooner in the centre of things*. All astronomers, infidel as well as Christian, agree in believing that the universe swings around some great centre. Any one who has studied the earth and studied the heavens knows that God's favorite figure in geometry is a circle. When God put forth His hand to create the universe, He did not strike that hand at right angles, but He waved it in a circle and kept on waving it in a circle until systems and constellations and galaxies and all worlds took that motion. Our planet swinging around the sun, other planets swinging around other suns, but *somewhere a great hub* around which the great wheel of the universe turns. Now, the centre is heaven. That is the capital of the universe. That is *the great metropolis of immensity*.

Does not our common sense teach us that in

matters of study it is better for us to move out from the centre toward the circumference, rather than to be on the circumference where our world now is? We are like those who study the American Continent while standing on the Atlantic beach. The way to study the continent is to cross it, or go to the heart of it. Our standpoint in this world is defective. We are at *the wrong end of the telescope*. The best way to study a piece of machinery is not to stand on the doorstep and try to look in, but to go in with the engineer and take our place right amid the saws and the cylinders. We wear our eyes out and our brain out from the fact we are studying under such great disadvantage. Millions of dollars for observatories to study things about the moon, about the sun, about the rings of Saturn, about transits and occultations and eclipses, simply because our studio, our observatory is poorly situated. We are down in the cellar trying to study the palace of the universe, while our departed Christian friends have gone upstairs amid the skylights to study.

Now, when one can sooner get to the centre of things, is he not to be congratulated? Who wants to be always in the Freshman Class? We study God in this world by the Biblical photograph of Him; but we all know we can in five minutes of interview with a friend get more accurate idea of him than we can by studying him fifty years through pictures or words. The little child that died at six months of age, and at whose funeral I officiated last Thursday, to-day knows more of God than all Andover, and all Princeton, and all New Brunswick and all Edinburgh, and all the theological institutions in Christendom. Is it not better to go up to the very

HEADQUARTERS OF KNOWLEDGE?

Does not our common sense teach us that it is better to be at the centre than to be clear out on the rim of the wheel, holding nervously fast to the tire lest we be suddenly hurled into light, and eternal felicity? Through all kinds of optical instruments trying to peer in through the cracks and the keyholes of heaven—afraid that both doors of the celestial mansion will be swung wide open before our entranced vision—rushing about among the apothecary shops of this world, wondering if this is good for rheumatism, and that is good for neuralgia, and something else is good for a bad cough, lest we be suddenly ushered into a land of everlasting health where the inhabitant never says, "I am sick."

What fools we all are to prefer the circumference to the centre. What a dreadful thing it would be if we should be suddenly ushered from this wintry world into the Maytime orchards of heaven, and if our pauperism of sin and sorrow should be suddenly broken up by a presentation of an emperor's castle surrounded by parks with springing fountains, and paths up and down which angels of God walk two and two.

We are like persons standing on the *cold steps of the national picture gallery* in London, under umbrella in the rain, afraid to go in amid the Turners and the Titians, and the Raphaels. I come to them and say, "Why don't you go inside the gallery?" "Oh," they say, "we don't know whether we can get in." I say, "Don't you see the door is open?" "Yes," they say, "but we have been so long on these cold steps, we are so

attached to them we don't like to leave." "But," I say, "it is so much brighter and more beautiful in the gallery, you had better go in." "No," they say, "we know exactly how it is out here, but we don't know exactly how it is inside."

So we stick to this world as though we preferred cold drizzle to warm habitation, discord to cantata, sack cloth to royal purple—as though we preferred a piano with four or five of the keys out of tune to an instrument fully attuned—as though earth and heaven had exchanged apparel, and earth had taken on bridal array and heaven had gone into deep mourning, all its waters stagnant, all its harps broken, all chalices cracked at the dry wells, all the lawns sloping to the river ploughed with graves with dead angels under the furrow. Oh, I want to break up my own infatuation and I want to break up your infatuation with this world. I tell you, if we are ready, and if our work is done, the sooner we go the better, and if there are blessings in longevity I want you to know right well there are also blessings in an abbreviated earthly existence.

If the spirit of this sermon is true, how consoled you ought to feel about members of your family that went early. "Taken from the evil to come," this book says.

WHAT A FORTUNATE ESCAPE

they had! How glad we ought to feel that they will never have to go through the struggles which we have had to go through. They had just time enough to get out of the cradle and run up on the springtime hills of this world and see how it looked, and then they started for a better stopping-place. They were like ships that put in at St. Helena, staying there long enough to let passengers go up and see the barracks of Napoleon's captivity, and then hoist sail for the port of their own native land. They only took this world *in transitu*. It is hard for us, but it is blessed for them.

And if the spirit of this sermon is true, then we ought not to go around sighing and groaning because another year has gone; but we ought to go down on one knee by the milestone and see the letters and thank God that we are 365 miles nearer home. We ought not to go around with morbid feelings about our health or about anticipated demise. We ought to be living not according to that old maxim which I used to hear in my boyhood, that you must live as though every day were the last; you must live as though you were to live forever, for you will. Do not be nervous lest you have to move out of a shanty into an Alhambra.

You remember that last Monday was Christmas Day, and I witnessed something very thrilling. We had just distributed the family presents Christmas morning, when I heard a great cry of distress in the hallway. A child from a neighbor's house came in to say her father was dead. It was only three doors off, and I think in two minutes we were there. There lay the old Christian sea captain, his face upturned toward the window as

though he had suddenly seen the headlands, and with an illuminated countenance as though he were just going into harbor. The fact was he had already got *through the "Narrows."* In the adjoining room were the Christmas presents waiting for his distribution. Long ago, one night when he had narrowly escaped with his ship from being run down by a great ocean steamer, he had made his peace with God, and a kinder neighbor or a better man than Captain Pendleton you would not find this side of heaven. Without a moment's warning, the pilot of the heavenly harbor had met him just off the light ship.

He had often talked to me of the goodness of God, and especially of a time when he was about to go in New York harbor with his ship from Liverpool, and he was suddenly impressed that he ought to put back to sea. Under the protest of the crew and under their very threat he put back to sea, fearing at the same time he was losing his mind, for it did seem so unreasonable that when they could get into harbor that night they should put back to sea. But they put back to sea and Captain Pendleton said to his mate, "You call me at ten o'clock at night." At twelve o'clock at night the captain was aroused and said: "What does this mean? I thought I told you to call me at ten o'clock, and here it is twelve." "Why," said the mate, "I did call you at ten o'clock, and you got up, looked around and told me to keep right on this same course for two hours, and then to call you at twelve o'clock." Said the captain, "Is it possible? I have no remembrance of that."

At twelve o'clock the captain went on deck and through the rift of the cloud the moonlight fell upon the sea and showed him a shipwreck with one hundred struggling passengers. He helped them off. Had he been any earlier or any later at that point of the sea he would have been of no service to those drowning people. On board the captain's vessel they began to band together as to what they should pay for the rescue and what they should pay for the provisions. "Ah," says the captain, "my lads, you can't pay me anything; all I have on board is yours; I feel too greatly honored of God in having saved you to take any pay" Just like him. He never got any pay except that of his own applauding conscience.

Oh, that the old sea captain's God might be my God and yours. Amid the stormy seas of this life may we have always some one as tenderly to take care of us as the captain took care of the drowning crew and the passengers. And may we come into the harbor with as little physical pain and with as bright a hope as he had, and if it should happen to be a Christmas morning when the presents are being distributed and we are celebrating the birth of Him, who came to save our shipwrecked world, all the better, for what grander, brighter Christmas present could we have than heaven?

DOWN FROM THE SHINING RANKS.

[Sermon preached in Agricultural Hall, London, England, before twenty thousand people, in the summer of 1879.]

"The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—LUKE 19:10.

WHEN Kossuth visited the United States, about thirty years ago, so great was the enthusiasm for Hungary, that I remember very well the trees around the New York "Battery" were crowded with people who had climbed there to see the distinguished stranger as he passed. I shall never forget that scene. Indeed, if one be well poised, he cannot stand in a better place, to see a passing crowd, than in a tree-top. Well, Christ was coming to Jericho, and there was a small man, whose head did not come up to the shoulders of other people, who despaired of seeing the distinguished stranger while standing on the dead level; so he climbs up into a sycamore tree—broad-branched, stretching its arms clear across the highway—and sits there while Jesus advances. Christ, coming up with a great multitude, casts His eye up and sees this man on the branch of the sycamore and says: "Come down;" and after the man has alighted, He says, among other things, to him: "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

Our sympathies are always aroused when we see anything that is lost. Even a dog that has wandered away from its master we feel sorry for. Or a bird that has escaped from its owner, we say: "Poor thing." Going down the street near night-fall, in the teeth of the sharp north-east wind, you feel very pitiful for one who has got to be out to-night. As you go along you hear the affrighted cry of a child. You stop. You say: "What is the matter?" You go up and find that a little one has lost its way from home. In its excitement it cannot even tell its name or its residence. The group of people gathered around are all touched, all sympathetic and helpful. A plain body comes up, and with her plaid she wraps up the child. and says: "I'll take care of the poor bairn?" While in the same street, but a little way off, the crier goes through the city, ringing a bell, and uttering a voice that sounds dolefully through all the alleys and byways of the city: "A lost child! Three years of age, blue eyes, light hair. Lost child!" Did you ever hear any such pathos as that ringing through the darkness?

You are on shipboard. You see against the sky a vessel. It comes nearer. You hoist a flag. It makes no response. You say: "What is the matter with that vessel?" You put the sea-glass to your eye, and you find there is no one in the rigging—no one on the deck. "Ah," you say: "I guess that must be an abandoned ship." It comes on, falling over into the trough of the ocean. It floats every whither, tossed by the wild sea, and the crew say to the passengers, and the captain says to his mate:

"IT IS A LOST SHIP."

You are going down the street, and you see a man that you know very well. You once associated with him. You are astonished as you see him. "Why," you say, "he is all covered with the marks of sin. He must be in the very last stages of wickedness." And then you think of his blasted home, and say: "God pity his wife and child! God pity him!" *A lost man!*

Under the gaslight, you see a painted thing flaunting down the street—once the joy of a village home—her laughter ringing horror through the souls of the pure, and rousing up the merriment of those already destroyed like herself. She has forsaken the guide of her youth and forgotten the covenant of her God. *A lost woman!*

But, my friends, we are all lost. "All we, like sheep, have gone astray;" and the bellmen of heaven come out hunting up and down to find those who have missed their way, ringing through all the streets of the city, and all the valleys and mountains of the earth, the old Gospel bell. "The Son of Man has come to seek and to save that which is lost."

I am glad that it is the Son of Man who has come to seek us. It is not one armed with thunderbolts, riding down the sky in ponderous chariot to crush us, but the Son of Man: His nature just like our nature, with one exception; His infancy rocked in the cradle of a mother's arms; His boyhood spent in Nazareth, amid a boy's temptations. Afterward, with blistered hand, learning a trade. Afterward, preaching, not with priest's gown, but in citizen's apparel; talking as brother talks with brother. Oh, He was the Son of Man! He walked like a man; He slept like a man; He ate like a man; He drank like a man; He wept like a man; He suffered like a man; He *was* a man! He knew what sin and temptation are by personal contact, for He lived in a most abandoned village; and He moved around amid fishing villages known in all ages for their vice; and in after years he preached in Jerusalem, a city which, though it had a temple, was worse than London or New York. And when Christ comes to-night, He comes not to a new world to make a discovery, but He comes to an old world where He once lived; to a race whose nerves, and muscles, and bones, and flesh were just like those which He inhabited. Like us, the cold chilled Him; like us, fire warmed Him; like us, betrayal exasperated Him. I warrant you, that in that hostile and rough society, He received many a kick, and bruise, and cuff that has never been recorded. I am glad to know that He comes in the fresh memory of His sorrows on earth, and of those thrilling night scenes and day

scenes of His earthly citizenship, "to seek and to save that which was lost."

In the first place, I remark that

WE ARE LOST TO HOLINESS.

Are you not all willing to take the Bible announcements that our nature is utterly ruined? Sin has broken in at every part of our castle. One would think that we got enough of it from our parents, whether they were pious or not; but we have taken the capital of sin with which our fathers and mothers started us, and we have by accumulation, as by infernal compound interest, made it enough to swamp us forever. The heart a battle-ground, across which armed battalions sweep right and left. The ivory palace of the soul polluted with the filthy feet of all uncleanness. The Lord Jesus Christ comes to bring us back to holiness. He comes not to destroy us, but to take the consequence of our guilt. He breaks through lacerating thorns, and He dies to offer us cleanliness. Here is a man who, a few weeks ago, said: "All is right with me. I am not willing to confess I am a sinner." Now, the spirit comes to his soul, and he feels himself to be so great a sinner, that there is no mercy for him. When did he make the most accurate estimate? Now. "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." But says some one in the audience: "I have sinned so much I do not believe Christ will take me." Napoleon thought of going over into Italy. His friends laughed at him, and said: "You can never get over the Alps. If you know anything about the Alps, you know you can never get over there." Napoleon waved his hand, and said: "There shall be no Alps." Then the road was built through the Simplon pass—the wonder of following ages. We stand and see the mountain of our guilt. The obstacles seem so great that it is impossible for us to find a way into the peace and life of the Gospel; but Christ comes, and He waves His wounded hand, and cries: "There shall be no obstacles! I will come over the mountain of thy sin and the hills of thine iniquity." Oh, ye who have sinned, instead of flying away from Christ, if you only knew who it is that comes to save you, you would fly no further, but turn around; and while Christ seeks you, you would seek Christ, and this house would be a scene of a penitent sinner and a pardoning Saviour, throwing each other's arms around each other's necks; while heaven could afford to stop half an hour and hang over the battlements gazing. What is that flutter among the angels? Who is that horseman rushing through the city with quick despatch? What is that announcement on the bulletins of heaven? I know what it is. Christ has *found* that which was lost.

"Nor angels can their joy contain,

But kindle with new fire;

The sinner lost is found, they sing,

And strike the sounding lyre."

I remark, again:

WE ARE LOST TO HAPPINESS,

and Christ comes to find us. A caliph said: "I have been fifty years a caliph, and I have had all honors, and all wealth; and yet, in the fifty years I can count up only fourteen days of happiness." How many there are in this audience that cannot count fourteen days in all their life in which they had no vexations or annoyances. We all feel a

capacity for happiness that has never been tested. There are interludes of bliss; but whose entire life has been a continuous satisfaction? Why is it that the most of the fine poems of the world are somehow descriptive of grief? It is because men know more about sorrow than they do about joy. John Milton succeeds when he writes "*Paradise Lost*," but fails when he comes to write "*Paradise Regained*." Dante's "*Inferno*" is a chime of horrors. Bryant's "*Thanatopsis*" is a poem of tears. Take the pathos out of the writings of Tennyson and Longfellow, and you have taken three fourths their power. John Ruskin writes his most effective passages about the ruins of Venice. It is because men know more about sorrow than about joy that they are more effective in describing the former? The dog of bad news runs faster than the carrier pigeon flies with good tidings. There are flushes of satisfaction in the heart; but whose life has been a prolonged delight? The soul has four banks of keys, and the world does not know how to play on such an elaborate instrument; but Religion comes, and with her right hand she touches the higher keys of the soul, and with her left hand the lower keys of the soul, and then sweeps them with the symphonies of heaven. Christ comes to find those who have been lost to happiness. He soothes them, He inspires them, He lifts them, He opens the door of the lost Eden, and invites them to come in again to peace.

Oh, how many in this house have been goaded, and stung, and plagued! Had it not been for risking your eternal interests, some of you would have put an end to the scene of earthly suffering with your own hand. A deep undertone of sadness rolls through the soul. You would be willing now to give up your money, and your social position, and all you have achieved, for one day of the peace which the good old slave expressed when he said, with broken language: "In owning Christ I seem to own everything. The air is mine, for I can breathe it; the sunshine is mine, for I can sit in it; the earth is mine, for I can lie down in it." To have something of the complete satisfaction which belongs to the humblest of God's children, you would give almost anything. Oh, ye who are struck through with unrest, Christ comes to-night to give you rest. If Christ comes to you, you will be independent of all worldly circumstances.

It was so with the Christian man who suffered for his faith, and was thrust down into the coal-hole of the Bishop of London. He said: "We have had fine times here, singing glad songs all night long. O God! forgive me for being so unworthy of this glory." So said the martyr in the coal-hole of the Bishop of London. More joyful in the hour of suffering and martyrdom was Rose Allen. When the persecutor put a candle underneath her wrist, and held it there until the sinews snapped, she said: "If you see fit, you can burn my feet next, and then also my head." Christ once having taken you into His custody and guardianship, you can laugh at pain, and persecution, and trial. Great peace for all those whom Christ has found, and who have found Christ. Jesus comes into their sick room. The nurse may have fallen asleep in the latter watches of the night, but Jesus watches with slumberless

eyes, and He puts His gentle hand over the hot brow of the patient, and says: "You will not always be sick. I will not leave you. There is a land where the inhabitant never saith: 'I am sick.' Hush, troubled soul! Peace!"

This Jesus comes into the home of bereavement, and He says: "I took your lost darling. I come now to make up for his absence. I wanted him at the gate when you came through. The days of your separation will only add to the joys of reunion. Peace! I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Just as sometimes a child is so sick that it cannot lie any longer in the cradle, and the mother has to take it up, so sometimes the Lord's children are so troubled that they cannot lie easy anywhere but in God's lap, while He bends over them and sings this sweet song: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never, forsake."

Again, I remark that

WE ARE LOST TO HEAVEN,

and Christ comes to take us there. I cannot imagine anything more distressful than, without having musical taste, to sit and listen to an oratorio for two hours and a half. Though it be the best of oratorios, if a man have no musical taste, it is a distress to him, while it is a joy to others. And I cannot imagine anything more distressful for a man who has no love for pictures, than to be shut up in the Luxembourg gallery in Paris. Yes, I can think of one thing worse than that, and that will be for a man to enter heaven without any taste for it. I sometimes hear people talk as though all a man had to do was just to leave this world and go into heaven and sit down to its enjoyments. If a man cannot stand Christian society here for one day, how would he stand a million ages of it? I see an unregenerate soul entering heaven. It enters heaven, looks around, and sees God there, and angels there, and hears the cry: "Holy, holy;" and the unregenerate soul says: "This is no place for me," and he flies to the battlements, and he cries: "I can stand it here no longer," and he leaps off into outer darkness. In other words, the worst hell for a man would be heaven, if he has no qualifications—no preparations for it. But Christ comes to take the discord out of our soul and string it with a heavenly attuning. He comes to take out that from us which makes us unlike heaven, and substitute that which assimilates us.

Ten thousand times the gate of heaven has swung back and forth, but it never swings back and forth save as Christ opened it, and you will go in through Him or not at all. Christ wants you there. How do I know it? Suppose a man lost a diamond, and he looked for it eight or ten days, would you not conclude, from the fact that he looked for it so long, that he wanted the diamond? And when I find Christ seeking for your soul, seeking for it ever since it has been a soul, seeking for it by day and by night, seeking for it through heat and through cold, seeking for it with tears in

His eyes and blood on His brow, and scourges on His back, and a world of agony in His heart, I know that it is because He wants to find you. Oh, He has prepared a glorious heaven for you! It is all ready. Not merely a throne, but steps by which to mount it. Not only a harp, but a song to play on it. Not only a bannered procession, but a victory which it is to celebrate. God wants no vacant chairs at that banquet. He does not want those who stand around Him in glory to wonder why *you* have not been solicited. He does not want the Book of life to thunder shut till your name is in it.

What do I breathe? It is the fragrance of Him whose garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces. What do I hear? It is the footstep of Him who comes with worn sandal in the journey from Bethlehem to Nazareth, and from Nazareth to Jerusalem, and from Jerusalem to Golgotha, and from Golgotha to glory, and from glory here, seeking that which is lost. Oh, jostle Him not from thy door-step. Do not drive this Christ away, as though He were an unworthy beggar soliciting your alms. Hear His voice. Trust His sacrifices. Respond to His love. Take His heaven. Do you not know, oh man, oh woman, that you are the lost one spoken of in my text? "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." You may hide away from Him; but there are some things which will find you, whether Christ by His grace finds you or not. Trouble will find you. Temptation will find you. Sickness will find you. Death will find you. The judgment will find you. Eternity will find you.

Soon you will be gone from all these scenes, and if a thousand men should come out with lanterns, and torches, and St. Bernard dogs used to hunting up missing travellers, and search for your soul, you could not be found by them. The grave will have your body. Your heirs will have your estate. Eternity will have your soul. In the flash of a second, your last opportunity for heaven may go out. Postpone this question of the soul, and you are postponing getting into the last life-boat that shall put out from the wreck for the beach ere the hulk lurch over and go down. God forbid that any of you should at the last have the dismay of the Scotchwoman of whom I was reading a few days ago. One night, she could not sleep because of her soul's wandering from Christ. She got up and wrote in her diary: "One year from now, I will attend to the matters of my soul." She retired, but she could not sleep. So she arose again, and wrote a better promise in her diary. "One month from now, I will attend to the matters of my soul." She retired again but found no sleep; and arose again and wrote: "Next week, I will attend to the matters of my soul." Then she slept soundly. The next day she went into scenes of gayety. The following day she was sick, and the middle of next week she died. Delirium lifted from her mind just long enough for her to say: "*I am a week too late. I am lost!*" Oh, to be a year too late, or a month too late, or an hour too late—ay, to be a second too late, is to be forever too late. May God Almighty, by His grace, keep us from the wild, awful, crushing catastrophe of a ruined soul!

THE MINISTRY OF TEARS.

[THIS sermon was preached June 15th, 1879, in the Presbyterian Church, Colebrook Row, Islington, London, England, Doctor Talmage's first sermon in England. An English newspaper describing the scene says: "The members of the congregation and their friends who had obtained tickets of admission, entered at the side door. At 6.15 P.M., notwithstanding the crowded state of the church, the front doors, at which considerable clamor had for some time been heard, were thrown open, and part of the large crowd which had by that time assembled, rushed in. Notwithstanding the edifice was full to overflowing the crowd continued to press forward into the aisles and the galleries. Immediately began a scene of confusion and uproar, which, we think it is safe to assert, has never been seen in this church before, and amid cries of "crush! crush!" "No room! no room!" "We cannot move here!" Dr. Davidson ascended the pulpit and appealed to the people for quiet. Having given out the hymn, "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun," Dr. Davidson said of Dr. Talmage: "His inexhaustible originality, his fearless plainness of speech, and his unmatched pictorial power, have not only got around him the largest congregation in America, but have secured in all parts of the world, from week to week through the press, his hundreds of thousands of interested and profited hearers."

After the sermon Dr. Talmage went through the basement and out of the back door so as to get to his carriage unobserved; but no sooner did he step into the carriage, than the people gathered around and thousands shook hands, and as the driver attempted to start, the people lifted the carriage by the wheels, and it was necessary for the police to clear the way.

The following is the sermon preached on the occasion, after the American clergyman had heartily acknowledged the greeting of pastor and people.]

"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes,"—REV. 7: 17.

RIDING across a western prairie, wild flowers up to the hub of the carriage wheel, and while a long distance from any shelter, there came a sudden shower, and while the rain was falling in torrents, the sun was shining as brightly as ever I saw it shine; and I thought, What a beautiful spectacle this is! So the tears of the Bible are not midnight storm, but rain on pansied prairies in God's sweet and golden sunlight. You remember that bottle which David labelled as containing tears, and Mary's tears, and Paul's tears, and Christ's tears, and the harvest of joy that is to spring from the sowing of tears. God mixes them. God rounds them. God shows them where to fall. God exhales them. A census is taken of them, and there is a record as to the moment when they are born, and as to the place of their grave. Tears of bad men are not kept. Alexander, in his sorrow, had the hair clipped from his horses and mules, and made a great ado about his grief; but in all the vases of heaven there is not one of Alexander's tears. I speak of the tears of the good. Alas, me! they are falling all the time. In summer, you sometimes hear the growling thunder, and you see there is a storm miles away; but you know from the drift of the clouds that it will not come anywhere near you. So, though it may be all bright around about us, there is a shower of trouble somewhere all the time. You think it is the cannonading that you hear along the banks of the Danube. No. It is the thunder of clouds of trouble over the groaning hospitals, and over the desolated Russian and Turkish homes. Tears! Tears!

What is the use of them anyhow? Why not substitute laughter? Why not make this a world where all the people are well, and eternal strangers

to pain and aches? What is the use of an eastern storm when we might have a perpetual nor'-wester? Why, when a family is put together, not have them all stay, or if they must be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live? the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no deaths. Why not have the harvests chase each other without fatiguing toil, and all our homes afflicted? Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile, or a success, or a congratulation; but, come now, and bring all your dictionaries and all your philosophies and all your religions, and help me this evening to explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is made up of salt and lime, and other component parts; but he misses the chief ingredients—the acid of a soured life, the viperan sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is; it is agony in solution.

Hear me, then, while I discourse to you of the ministry of tears, and of the ending of that ministry when God shall wipe them all away.

First. It is the ministry of tears *to keep this world from being too attractive*. Something must be done to make us willing to quit this existence. If it were not for trouble, this world would be a good enough heaven for me. You and I would be willing to take a lease of this life for a hundred million years, if there were no trouble. The earth cushioned and upholstered and pillared and chandeliered with such expense, no story of other worlds could enchant us. We would say: "Let well enough alone. If you want to die and have your body disintegrated in the dust, and your soul go out on a celestial adventure, then you can go; but this world is good enough for me." You

might as well go to a man who has just entered the Louvre at Paris, and tell him to hasten off to the picture galleries of Venice or Florence. "Why," he would say, "what is the use of my going there? There are Rembrandts and Rubens and Raphaels here that I haven't looked at yet." No man wants to go out of this world, or out of any house until he has a better house.

To cure this wish to stay here, God must somehow create a disgust for our surroundings. How shall He do it? He cannot afford to deface His horizon, or to tear off a fiery panel from the sunset, or to subtract an anther from the water lily, or to banish the pungent aroma from the mignonette, or to drag the robes of the morning in the mire. You cannot expect a Christopher Wren to mar his own St. Paul's Cathedral, or a Michael Angelo to dash out his own "Last Judgment," or a Handel to discord his "Israel in Egypt;" and you cannot expect God to spoil the architecture and music of His own world. How then are we to be made willing to leave? Here is where troubles comes in. After a man has had a good deal of trouble, he says, "Well, I am ready to go. If there is a house somewhere whose roof doesn't leak, I would like to live there. If there is an atmosphere somewhere that does not distress the lungs, I would like to breathe it. If there is a society somewhere where there is no tittle-tattle, I would like to live there. If there is a home-circle somewhere where I can find my lost friends, I would like to go there." He used to read the first part of the Bible chiefly, now he reads the last part of the Bible chiefly. Why has he changed Genesis for Revelation? Ah! he used to be anxious chiefly to know how this world was made, and all about its geological construction. Now he is chiefly anxious to know how the next world was made, and how it looks, and who live there, and how they dress. He reads Revelation ten times now where he reads Genesis once. The old story, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," does not thrill him half as much as the other story, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth." The old man's hand trembles as he turns over this apocalyptic leaf, and he has to take out his handkerchief to wipe his spectacles. That book of Revelation is a prospectus now of the country into which he is to soon immigrate; the country in which he has lots already laid out, and avenues opened, and trees planted, and mansions built. The thought of that blessed place comes over me mightily, and I declare that if this house were a great ship, and you all were passengers on board it, and one hand could launch that ship into the glories of heaven, I should be tempted to take the responsibility, and launch you all into glory with one stroke, holding on to the side of the boat until I could get in myself! And yet there are people here to whom this world is brighter than heaven. Well, dear souls, I do not blame you. It is natural. But, after a while, you will be ready to go. It was not until Job had been worn out with bereavements and carbuncles and a pest of a wife that he wanted to see God. It was not until the prodigal got tired of living among the hogs that he wanted to go to his father's house. It is the ministry of trouble to make this world worth less, and heaven worth more.

Again: it is the ministry of trouble to make us

feel our complete dependence upon God. King Alphonso said that if he had been present at the Creation, he could have made a better world than this. What a pity he was not present! I do not know what God will do when some men die. Men think they can do anything until God shows them they can do nothing at all. We lay out great plans, and we like to execute them. It looks big. God comes and takes us down. As Prometheus was assaulted by his enemy, when the lance struck him it opened a great swelling that had threatened his death, and he got well. So it is the arrow of trouble that lets out great swellings of pride. We never feel our dependence upon God until we get trouble. I was riding with my little child along a road, and she asked if she might drive. I said, "Certainly." I handed over the reins to her, and I had to admire the glee with which she drove. But after a while we met a team, and we had to turn out. The road was narrow, and it was sheer down on both sides. She handed the reins over to me, and said: "I think you had better take charge of the horse." So, we are all children; and on this road of life we like to drive. It gives one such an appearance of superiority and power. It looks big. But after a while, we meet some obstacle, and we have to turn out, and the road is narrow, and it is sheer down on both sides; and then we are willing that God should take the reins and drive. Ah! my friends, we get upset so often because we do not hand over the reins soon enough.

Can you not tell when you hear a man pray, whether he has ever had any trouble? I can. The cadence, the phraseology indicate it. Why do women pray better than men? Because they have had more trouble. Before a man has had any trouble, his prayers are poetic, and he begins away up among the sun, moon, and stars, and gives the Lord a great deal of astronomical information that must be highly gratifying. He then comes on down gradually over beautiful tablelands to "for ever and ever, amen." But after a man has had trouble, prayer is with him a taking hold of the arm of God and crying out for help. I have heard earnest prayers on two or three occasions that I remember. Once, on the Cincinnati express train going at forty miles the hour, and the train jumped the track, and we were near a chasm eighty feet deep; and the men who, a few minutes before, had been swearing and blaspheming God, began to pull and jerk at the bell-rope, and got up on the backs of the seats, and cried out: "O God, save us!" There was another time, about eight hundred miles out at sea, on a foundering steamer, after the last lifeboat had been split finer than kindling wood. They prayed then. Why is it you so often hear people, in reciting the last experience of some friend, say: "He made the most beautiful prayer I ever heard?" What makes it beautiful? It is the earnestness of it. Oh, I tell you a man is in earnest when his stripped and naked soul wades out in the soundless, shoreless, bottomless ocean of eternity.

It is trouble, my friends, that makes us feel our dependence upon God. We do not know our own weakness or God's strength until the last plank breaks. It is contemptible in us, when there is nothing else to take hold of, that we catch hold of God only. A man is unfortunate in business. He has to raise a great deal of money, and raise it

quickly. He borrows on word and note all he can borrow. After a while, he puts a mortgage on his house. After a while he puts a second mortgage on his house. Then he puts a lien on his furniture. Then he makes over his life insurance. Then he assigns all his property. Then he goes to his father-in-law and asks for help! Well, having failed everywhere, completely failed, he gets down on his knees and says: "O Lord, I have tried everybody and everything, now help me out of this financial trouble." He makes God the last resort instead of the first resort. There are men who have paid ten cents on a dollar who could have paid a hundred cents on a dollar if they had gone to God in time. Why, you do not know who the Lord is. He is not an autocrat seated far up in a palace, from which He emerges once a year, preceded by heralds swinging swords to clear the way. No. But a Father willing, at our call, to stand by us in every crisis and predicament of life.

I tell you what some of you business men make me think of. A young man goes off from home to earn his fortune. He goes with his mother's consent and benediction. She has large wealth; but he wants to make his own fortune. He goes far away, falls sick, gets out of money. He sends to the hotel-keeper where he is staying, asking for lenience, and the answer he gets is, "If you don't pay up Saturday night you'll be removed to the hospital." The young man sends to a comrade in the same building. No help. He writes to a banker who was a friend of his deceased father. No relief. He writes to an old schoolmate, but gets no help. Saturday night comes, and he is moved to the hospital. Getting there he is frenzied with grief; and he borrows a sheet of paper and a postage stamp, and he sits down, and he writes home, saying: "Dear mother, I am sick unto death. Come." It is ten minutes of ten o'clock when she gets the letter. At ten o'clock the train starts. She is five minutes from the depot. She gets there in time to have five minutes to spare. She wonders why a train that can go thirty miles an hour cannot go sixty miles an hour. She rushes into the hospital. She says: "My son, what does all this mean? Why didn't you send for me? You sent to everybody but me. You knew I could and would help you. Is this the reward I get for my kindness to you always?" She bundles him up, takes him home, and gets him well very soon. Now, some of you treat God just as that young man treated his mother. When you get into a financial perplexity, you call on the banker, you call on the broker, you call on your creditors, you call on your lawyer for legal counsel, you call upon everybody, and when you cannot get any help then you go to God. You say: "O Lord, I come to Thee. Help me now out of my perplexity." And the Lord comes though it is the eleventh hour. He says: "Why did you not send for me before? As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." It is to throw us back upon an all-comforting God that we have this ministry of tears.

Again: it is the ministry of tears *to capacitate us for the office of sympathy*. The priests under the old dispensation were set apart by having water sprinkled on their hands, feet, and head; and by the sprinkling of tears people are now set apart to the office of sympathy. When we are in prosper-

ity, we like to have a great many young people around us, and we laugh when they laugh, and we romp when they romp, and we sing when they sing; but when we have trouble we like plenty of old folks around. Why? They know how to talk. Take an aged mother, seventy years of age, and she is almost omnipotent in comfort. Why? She has been through it all. At seven o'clock in the morning she goes over to comfort a young mother who has just lost her babe. Grandmother knows all about that trouble. Fifty years ago she felt it. At twelve o'clock of that day she goes over to comfort a widowed soul. She knows all about that. She has been walking in that dark valley twenty years. At four o'clock in the afternoon some one knocks at the door wanting bread. She knows all about that. Two or three times in her life she came to her last loaf. At ten o'clock that night she goes over to sit up with some one severely sick. She knows all about it. She knows all about fevers and pleurisies and broken bones. She has been doctoring all her life, spreading plasters and pouring out bitter drops, and shaking up hot pillows, and contriving things to tempt a poor appetite. Doctors Abernethy and Rush and Hosack and Harvey were great doctors; but the greatest doctor the world ever saw is an old Christian woman. Dear me! do we not remember her about the room when we were sick in our boyhood? Was there any one who could ever so touch a sore without hurting it? And when she lifted her spectacles against her wrinkled forehead so she could look closer at the wound, it was three fourths healed. And when the Lord took her home, although you may have been men and women thirty, forty, fifty years of age, you lay on the coffin lid and sobbed as though you were only five or ten years of age. O man, praise God, if, instead of looking back to one of these berouged and bespangled old people fixed up of the devil to look young, you have in your memory the picture of an honest, sympathetic, kind, self-sacrificing, Christ-like mother. Oh, it takes these people who have had trouble to comfort others in trouble. Where did Paul get the ink with which to write his comforting epistle? Where did David get the ink to write his comforting psalms? Where did John get the ink to write his comforting revelation? They got it out of their own tears. When a man has gone through the curriculum, and has taken a course of dungeons and imprisonments and shipwrecks, he is qualified for the work of sympathy.

When I began to preach, I used to write out all my sermons, and I sometimes have great curiosity to look at the sermons I used to preach on trouble. They were nearly all poetic and in semi-blank verse; but God knocked the blank verse out of me long ago; and I have found out that I cannot comfort people except as I myself have been troubled. God make me the son of consolation to the people. I would rather be the means of soothing one perturbed spirit to-day, than to play a tune that would set all the sons of mirth reeling in the dance. I am a herb doctor. I put in the caldron the Root out of dry ground without form or comeliness. Then I put in the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the valley. Then I put into the caldron some of the leaves from the tree of life, and the branch that was thrown into the wilderness.

Marah. Then I pour in the tears of Bethany and Golgotha; then I stir them up. Then I kindle under the caldron a fire made out of the wood of the cross, and one drop of that portion will cure the worst sickness that ever afflicted a human soul. Mary and Martha shall receive their Lazarus from the tomb. The damsel *shall* rise. And on the darkness shall break the morning, and God will wipe all tears from their eyes.

You know on a well-spread table, the food becomes more delicate at the last. I have fed you to-day with the bread of consolation. Let the table now be cleared, and let us set on the chalice of heaven. Let the King's cup-bearers come in. Good morning, Heaven! "Oh," says some critic in the audience, "the Bible contradicts itself. It intimates again and again that there are to be no tears in heaven, and if there be no tears in heaven, how is it possible that God will wipe any away?" I answer, have you never seen a child crying one moment and laughing the next; and while she was laughing, you saw the tears still on its face? And, perhaps, you stopped her in the very midst of her resumed glee, and wiped off those delayed tears. So, I think, after the heavenly raptures have come upon us, there may be the mark of some earthly grief, and while those tears are glittering in the light of the jasper sea, God will wipe them away. How well He can do that.

Jesus had enough trial to make Him sympathetic with all trial. The shortest verse in the Bible tells the story: "Jesus wept." The scar on the back of either hand, the scar on the arch of either foot, the row of scars along the line of the hair, will keep all heaven thinking. Oh, that great weeper is just the one to silence all earthly trouble and wipe out all stains of earthly grief. Gentle! Why His step is softer than the step of the dew. It will not be a tyrant bidding you to hush up your crying. It will be a Father who will take you on His left arm, His face gleaming into yours, while with the soft tips of the fingers of the right hand, He shall wipe away all tears from your eyes. I have noticed when the children get hurt, and their mother is away from home, they always come to me for comfort and sympathy; but I have noticed that when the children get hurt, and their mother is at home, they go right past me and to her; I am of no account. So, when the soul comes up into heaven out of the wounds of this life, it will not stop to look for Paul, or Moses, or David, or John. These did very well once, but now the soul shall rush past, crying: "Where is Jesus? Where is Jesus?" Dear Lord, what a magnificent thing to die if Thou shalt thus wipe away our tears. Methink it will take us some time to get used to heaven; the fruits of God without one speck; the fresh pastures without one nettle; the orchestra without one snapped string; the river of gladness without one torn bank; the solferinos and the saffron of sunrise and sunset swallowed up in the eternal day that beams from God's countenance!

"Why should I wish to linger in the wild,
When Thou art waiting, Father, to receive Thy
child?"

Sirs, if we could get any appreciation of what God has in reserve for us, it would make us so homesick we would be unfit for our every-day work. Professor Leonard, in Iowa University, put in my

hands a meteoric stone, a stone thrown off from some other world to this. How suggestive it was to me. And I have to tell you the best representations we have of heaven are only aerolites flung off from that world which rolls on bearing the multitudes of the redeemed. We analyze these aerolites, and find them crystallizations of tears. No wonder, flung off from heaven. "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Have you any appreciation this evening of the good and glorious times your friends are having in heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what it is here. It is the difference between embarkation and coming into port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river, you rejoice that they come. Oh, the difference between a funeral on earth and a jubilee in heaven—between requiem here and triumphal march there—parting here and reunion there. Together! Have you thought of it? They are together. Not one of your departed friends in one land, and another in another land; but together in different rooms of the same house—the house of many mansions. Together! I never appreciated that thought so much as recently, when we laid away in her last slumber my sister Sarah. Standing there in the village cemetery, I looked around and said: "There is father, there is mother, there is grandfather, there is grandmother, there are whole circles of kindred;" and I thought to myself, "Together in the grave—together in glory." I am so impressed with the thought that I do not think it is any fanaticism when some one is going from this world to the next if you make them the bearer of despatches to your friends who are gone, saying: "Give my love to my parents, give my love to my children, give my love to my old comrades who are in glory, and tell them I am trying to fight the good fight of faith, and I will join them after a while." I believe the message will be delivered; and I believe it will increase the gladness of those who are before the throne. Together are they, all their tears gone. No trouble getting good society for them. All kings, queens, princes, and princesses. In 1751, there was a bill offered, in your English Parliament, proposing to change the almanac so that the first of March should come immediately after the 18th of February. But, oh, what a glorious change in the calendar when all the years of your earthly existence are swallowed up in the eternal year of God!

My friends, take this good cheer home with you. Those tears of bereavement that course your cheek, and of persecution and of trial, are not always to be there. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use, on the way to such a consummation—what is the use of fretting about anything? Oh, what an exhilaration it ought to be in Christian work. See you the pinnacles against the sky? It is the city of our God; and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the few days that shall remain for us. The Saxons and the Britons went out to battle. The Saxons were all armed. The Britons had no weapons at all; and yet history tells us the Britons got the victory. Why? They went into battle

shouting three times "hallelujah!" and at the third shout of "hallelujah" their enemies fled panics truck; and so the Britons got the victory. And, my friends, if we could only appreciate the glories that are to come, we would be so filled with enthusiasm that no power of earth or hell could stand before us; and at our first shout the opposing forces would begin to tremble, and at our second shout they would begin to fall back, and at our third shout they would be routed forever.

There is no power on earth or in hell that could stand before three such volleys of hallelujah.

I put this balsam on the recent wounds of your heart. Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of, and that you have a prospect of so soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears, and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended.

"There we shall march up the heavenly street,
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet."

WAS IT SEA-WORTHY?

[THIS sermon was preached in Liverpool, England, September 14th, 1879. The *Liverpool Protestant Standard* says of the occasion: "The scene which presented itself in Hengler's Circus last Sunday evening was one never to be forgotten while memory lasts. From floor to ceiling, every available spot of that vast building was crowded for well nigh an hour before the time appointed for the commencement of the service, and thousands on thousands had again to be refused admittance for lack of room. Full well is it known to the eternal wealth of tens of thousands of immortal souls who have been brought to Christ through hearing Dr. Talmage preach, or by reading his sermons in the *Protestant Standard* and other journals, that the Doctor has received his message direct from his Master, 'Christ,' and in the spirit of his Master he goes forth to tell it, his heart yearning with love for the salvation of souls."]

"Come thou and all thy house into the ark."—GENESIS 7:1.

INFIDEL scientists ask us to believe that in the formation of the earth, there have been a half dozen deluges, and yet they are not willing to believe the Bible story of one deluge. Just how the catastrophe occurred we know not. Whether by the stroke of a comet, or flashes of lightning changing the air into water; or by the direct stroke of the hand of God, as an axe struck between the horns of an ox, the earth staggered.

To prepare for that catastrophe, God ordered a large ship to be built, which should have no prow, for it was to sail to no shore. It should have no helm, for no human hand should direct it. It was to be a vast ship—two or three times the size of one of our Cunarders. It was the Great Eastern of olden times.

Well the ship was built. The door was opened. The lizards crawled in. The cattle walked in. The grasshoppers hopped in. The birds flew in; and then the invitation went out to Noah and his family, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." Just one human family embarked on that strange voyage, and they hear the door slammed to. Then the storm began to gather along the hills, and bend the cedars until all the branches snapped in the gale.

There was a moaning in the air like the moaning of a dying world. How strange everything seemed. The air was almost suffocating. Great drops of rain plashed on the upturned faces of those who watched the coming tempest. Crash went the rocks. Boom went the bursting heavens. The inhabitants fled not to the top of the

houses and the top of the mountains, as they have sometimes been described as doing, for when God grinds mountains to pieces and the ocean slips its cable, there is no place to fly to. See the old ark toss and pitch and tumble in the surf, while the passengers look out of the windows upon the shipwreck of a race and the carcasses of a dead world. Woe to the mountains, woe to the sea!

I am no alarmist, but if in the latter part of September for three or four days you find the wind blowing from a stormy direction, you are not unwise when you prophecy that there will soon be the equinoctial gales; and I am to tell you of the coming of a storm on our world, compared with which our Noah's Deluge was an April shower; and it will be most wise for you and me and for our families to get ourselves housed for eternity; and the voice that rang through the air in olden times rings through this building to-night, saying, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark."

But how did Noah and his family get into the ark? Did they go through the window? Did they go down the roof? No, they went through the door; and if a man now wants to get into the ark of God's mercy he has got to go through the door of Christ Jesus; but, blessed be God, it is a large door.

Do you know that scientists tell us, and in some of our museums we have seen them, of large beasts that belonged to other ages—some of them three or four times as great as the largest animal in our era? And yet the Bible says "they went in two and two." And that indicates that the

door must be *very wide, very high*, in order to let such vast animals go in two and two. That suggests to me also that the door of God's mercy is very wide. You can go in two and two—yea, thousands and thousands, and tens of millions—all comprising this audience to-night can march *en masse* into the kingdom of our God—Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, plenty of room; and yet there is room, room in the ark, room for every one of us. Blessed be God for the wide door. "Whosoever will," Richard Baxter, author of the "Saint's Rest," declared that if it had said there was mercy for Richard Baxter, he was so great a sinner that he would have thought it must have meant some other Richard Baxter; but when it said, "Whosoever," that meant him—the worst of all Richard Baxters. Glory be to God for so wide and so vast a door that all the world may come in.

But I notice also that the door of the ark was in the *side* of the ark, and so the door into God's mercy is through the pierced, the broken, the wide-open *side of Christ*. The Roman soldiers thought when they pierced Christ with a spear, it only let the *blood out*. Instead of that it was to let the *whole race in*. The cross has been taken apart; it was bolted together—the short piece and the long piece of the cross; but that bolt has been taken out and those two pieces of the cross are set down for the door-posts, and they are so very wide apart that all the world may come in, and through and between.

A man makes a banquet for his friends. He is very particular whom he invites. Perhaps he invites two or three hundred people. He puts their names on the paper of invitation. He invites them exclusively. Then, when they are gathered and the company is complete, the door is shut against all outsiders; but not so when God provides a banquet. He comes out to the door of heaven and swings out both hands, one hand over the land and the other over the sea, and with a voice that sounds through Hindoo jungle, and Greenland ice castle, and Brazilian grove, and English factory, and American home, cries, "Come, for all things are now ready."

Rowland Hill said he would be willing to go into heaven if he had to get through the crevices of the door; but he didn't get in that way. When that good man got through his work in Surrey Chapel, a voice in the heavens cried out, "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let him come in." Luther said that this story of salvation was so good a story that it was fit to carry on one's knees all the way from Rome to Jerusalem. And I go further to-night, and tell you it is a story so good, and glad, and glorious, that it is worth carrying all round the earth, and all round the heavens, that "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Archimedes said, if he had only a fulcrum with his lever he could move the world. Eureka!—I have found it. *Calvary* is the fulcrum, and the Cross of Christ is the lever, and it will yet lift all nations. Glory be to God for such a great salvation.

I have also to remark to you in regard to the door of God's mercy, that it *swings both ways*. I don't know about the door in the ark, whether it

was lifted or whether it swung on hinges; but the door of God's mercy swings both ways. It swings *out* toward all our woes; it swings *in* toward all the raptures of heaven. It swings *in* to let the whole church of the Lord enter; it swings *out* to let all ministering spirits go forth. The church on earth, and the church in heaven—all one.

One army of the living God,
To His command we bow,
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one cross, one Christ, one Holy Ghost, one Doxology, one heaven. The song of salvation will yet be heard amid all languages and amid all peoples:

That song of love, now low and far,
Ere long will swell from star to star,
That light the breaking day which tips
The golden-spined apocalypse.

But I remark again, in regard to the door of the ark, it had *fastenings*. How do I know it? Why, the Bible says so. "The Lord shut him in." Now there would be no safety for Noah and his family in the ark if there had not been fastenings in the door. We who have crossed the sea know how they close the portholes and shut down the hatches. Why? Well, if there were no fastenings to these parts the waves would dash in, and those within would perish just as those on the outside. And we are glad to know that it was so here, for when Noah and his family got into the ark "the Lord shut them in." Oh, what a safe place it is to be in the kingdom of God. The surf of the sea and the lightnings of the sky may be twisted into a garland of snow and fire, deep to deep, storm to storm, darkness to darkness; but once in the ark all is well. "God shut him in."

That is what has kept so many of you safely. You have lost your property. You once had plenty of money to lend; now, perhaps, you cannot borrow a dollar. There was a time when you rode in a splendid equipage; now you can hardly get shoes to your feet. Financial disasters came; one wave after another came upon you; the hurricane swept the deck of your worldly prosperity, and you felt that you must go down; but the Lord told you of stores of treasure that never fail and banks that never break, and you took courage and the Lord shut you in. Sickness came to your household; death followed. Bright eyes were closed. The swift feet that went up and down the hall were silenced. Oh, how the waves of bereavement dashed against your ship; but, standing by the empty cot, and in the midst of the desolated home, you said: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." The Lord shut you in.

I am also impressed with the fact that the same door that *shut Noah in, shut the world out*, and I am glad that when you and I get into heaven, *the world can't follow us*. The man on earth perhaps had hard work to get his bread. "They shall hunger no more." The man on earth wept bitterly. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." The man had hard work to get a house to live in; but in my Father's house are many man-

sions, and there is *no rent to pay*. All the sorrows in the world may come up and knock at the door—no admittance. All the perplexities of the life may come and knock at the door—no admittance. All the surges of earth's calamity may beat against the bulwarks of the ship of celestial light, but cannot dash it in. The Lord, the Lord shall shut him in. "Blessed are all they who put their trust in Him." I am glad that I do not invite you on board of a crazy craft, with leaking hulk and insecure fastenings, but into an ark fifty cubits wide and three hundred cubits long, and the posts of the door so wide apart that without grazing them, the *round earth may be bowled in*.

Oh, come into the ark! You say it was very strange with such a splendid ark that the people stayed outside and perished? Do you know the reason? Why, I suppose some stood out because they thought that after a while they could go in. They said to themselves, "I must get richer, I must get more flocks, I must culture my lands better." Or they may have said, "That ark has been open so long, it will continue to be open; I can go in another time." The Lord waited 120 years in the case of Noah's ark. These people all the time were delaying and procrastinating. Meanwhile, the heavens were filling with water and the storm was brewing. They had come to their last year, to their last month, to their last week, to their last day, to their last hour, to their last minute; but suddenly an ocean dropped from heaven, and an ocean surged up from beneath, and God rolled earth and sky in one—a wave of awful destruction.

So men now put off religion. They are coming into the ark after a while, so they wait until they get more money, until they get their worldly affairs settled, till they are twenty or thirty years older; then they say, "I will go in at the right time, and I shall surely be safe." Meanwhile the man is going down the street very late one night, and he is passing beneath a scaffolding, and a gust of wind takes one of the planks away, and down falls the scaffolding upon the man. *Dead and outside the ark*. Or he is riding some day in a beautiful park, and an ungovernable team dashes along his carriage. He tries to stop. He shouts till he is hoarse. He plants his foot against the dashboard. He takes another twist in the reins. He holds back with all his might. No use. The horses speed on. The carriage goes down the path, and his soul hurries on to eternity. They bring back his mangled body from the wreck, but his soul is gone. He is dead and outside the ark.

Or some time he wakes up at night in great distress and much pain, and the pain constantly increases. The physician comes; he gives ten drops—no relief; twenty drops, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty—no relief. The house is filled with alarm. Children cry, the pulse flutters, the heart stops, the soul flies. No time to pray, no time to read a promise of the Gospel, no time to get pardon for one of ten thousand sins; dead, and *outside the ark*. Oh, God, keep us from such a calamity!

But I think that some of these people were kept out of the ark for fear of being *laughed at*. I suppose a man to be starting toward that ancient ark, and people gather round and say, "Ha, ha! see, he's going into the ark; what an absurd thing. Why there's going to be no storm, and if there is

that ship won't outride it. Come and see him. Look! this is too good to keep. Just look. Ha, ha! going into the ark!" And so the man turns back. He couldn't bear to be laughed at, and so he perished in the deluge. And I suppose in this house there are hundreds of people who are being laughed out of their best interests.

They say, "If now to-night, under the call of the American preacher as he stands up in the Gospel, I should yield my heart to God, what would they say at the store, in the office, in the factory, in the club-room, when I went there to-morrow? Why they would say, 'Here comes our Christian, our new Christian. Don't believe you're any better than we are. If you are a Christian, get down and pray a little. Come now. If you have any religion at all, give us a touch of it. Let us see something of it. Ah! a pretty Christian you are.'" And for fear of being scoffed at and derided there are hundreds of people drawn away from God and heaven. Oh, these scorners, what can they do for you at last?

When you are on your dying pillow will they come to comfort you? In the great day of eternity will they bail you out? They can keep you out of heaven, but can they keep you out of hell? Oh, come into the ark. Come into the ark, and don't come alone. Come thou and *all thy house*. What does that mean? Bring your wife and children. You can't drive them in. If Noah had tried to drive the birds into the ark, they would have flown the other way. You can't drag people into the kingdom of God; you can't take a catechism and force it down the throat of your child, whether it will or not, and club that child into the kingdom of God. You can't do it. What does the Bible say? Is it "Christ was lifted up to *drive* all men unto Him?" Oh, no! I quoted the verse wrongly. It should have run, "I, if I be lifted up, will *draw* all men unto me." Well, then, come into the ark.

O Christian man, bring your *wife* with you into the kingdom. How would Noah have felt if, when he had heard the storm rattling on the roof of the ark, his wife had been on the outside? Oh, I wish you would be united at the foot of the cross to-night. That wedding-ring, that marriage-ring, how well it has stayed on the finger where you put it on the marriage day. Sickness came, and with its wasting effects that finger was shrivelled, but, shrunk as the finger was, the ring stayed on it still. After a while you two stood over an open grave, the grave of your darling child, a grave that swallowed up a thousand hopes, but the ring didn't drop off into the open grave. Poverty came—hard and grinding poverty—and, oh, how she had to work, and hard work rubbed that ring, but only to wear it brighter and brighter, and it stayed on. Can it be that that ring is ever to be broken? Will the gates of the sepulchre break that ring? God forbid it! Oh, come to-night and be married at the foot of the cross.

As two young people said to me just before I left America one Sunday night, "Do you remember (it was the wife who spoke) marrying us a year ago?" I said, "Yes I do." "Well, now," said the Christian wife, "I have brought my husband with me to-night, and he has become a Christian during this service, and I want you to marry us again under the Cross of Christ." And

I said, "The Lord bless you, I proclaim the banns now for earth and heaven," and I put one hand on his head and the other hand on her head, and I said, "One for time, one forever." Oh, bring your wife into the ark!

And then your *children*. Do not leave any of them outside. God bless the children. How stupid our homes would be without them. We keep telling how much we do for our children; but our children do more for us. Is there any salve to take soreness out of a wound like the balmy touch of a child's hand? Is there any harp or lute so tuned to music as a child's good-night? "Good-night, papa; good-night, mamma." Oh, what preparation are you making for your children's eternal welfare?

You say, "I am going to give them a good education." That is right. You say, "I am going to culture them in good things." That is right. You say, "I am going to make a fortune for them." That is well. The better off you can make your children the better. There is a hard-working man who says, "I don't care how hard I work now and all through life, but I want my children to have it easy." God bless you for your determination and courage. It is a grand thing for you to want your children to do well for this life, but what preparation are you making for their eternal life? In the judgment, when God asks of you, "Where is Henry, where is George, where is Mary, where is Frank, where is Clarence, where are those precious immortal souls I committed to your charge? you are responsible for their physical health, and I made you also responsible for their everlasting life, and what did you do for them? Where are they?"

"Oh," said a young man, when he came to a dying bed, "Father, you have been a good father to me in many respects. You gave me a good education, and you have introduced me into good society, and you have done a great many noble things for me; but, father, you never taught me *how to die*, and now I am going out into the darkness." God forbid that any of our children should ever turn upon us in that way. "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." Oh, set up the family altar to-night. It will not be late when you get home. "What do you mean by the family

altar?" I mean *a Bible and a place to kneel down*. That is all you want, and all heaven with you. Kneel down and pray. Pray for your children.

Have you a bad boy? Have you given him up? Oh, how could you give him up? Give him up! Give him up!! Did God give *you* up? Did He give me up? Oh, no. Don't give up your boy. Don't say he is so far off he can't get back. Why, God is so full of mercy that He would save him to-night if you only had faith enough. Don't give him up. Pray for him to the very last moment of your life. Let your last prayer be for your boy. As a servant of the Most High God to-night I tell you *he will come in*. Don't be disheartened. "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." You can't spare any of them. Think of which one you would like to spare.

On their western lake in America there was a father journeying with two daughters, and they were very poor. Their appearance told the story without the word of explanation. A very benevolent gentleman in that part came up to the father and said, "You seem to be very poor." "Oh," said the other, "if there's a man in this world poorer than I am, God pity him, and pity me, and help us both." "Well," said the benevolent man, "I will take one of those children and bring her up and make her very comfortable. I am a man of fortune, and you may find great relief in this way." "What," said the poor man. "What! would it be a relief to have my hand chopped off my arm? Would it be a relief to have my heart torn out from my breast? What do you mean, sir? God pity us."

Ah! no, he could not give up either of them, and you cannot give up any of your family. Which one would you give up? The eldest? Or would it be the youngest? Would it be the one that was sick last winter? Would it be the husband? Would it be the wife? No, no. "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." Let us join hands anew and come into the ark. Come father, come mother, come sister, come brother, come son, come daughter. It is not the voice of a stormy blast, but the voice of an all-loving God, who says, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." And there may the Lord shut you in!

THE BIBLE RIGHT.

[THIS sermon was delivered in St. Enoch's Presbyterian Church of Belfast, Ireland, Thursday, September 18th, 1879, at 12 o'clock at noon. Clergymen from many of the cities of Ireland were present. The streets as well as the great church were thronged. Dr. Talmage stood in the carriage and shook hands till exhausted, then went to the railroad station to take the train for Dublin, and meet his last engagement before sailing for America the next day, having delivered ninety-six addresses in ninety-four days, most of the addresses two hours or nearly two hours long.]

"The statutes of the Lord are right."—PSALM 19 : 8.

OLD books go out of date. When they were written, they discussed questions which were being discussed; they struck at wrongs which had long ago ceased, or advocated institutions which excite

not our interest. Were they books of history, the facts have been gathered from the imperfect mass, better classified and more lucidly presented. Were they books of poetry, they were interlocked

with wild mythologies, which have gone up from the face of the earth like mists at sunrise. Were they books of morals, civilization will not sit at the feet of barbarism, neither do we want Sappho, Pythagoras, and Tully to teach us morals. What do the masses of people care now for the pathos of Simonides, or the sarcasm of Menander, or the gracefulness of Philemon, or the wit of Aristophanes? Even the old books we have left, with a few exceptions, have but very little effect upon our times. Books are human; they have a time to be born, they are fondled, they grow in strength, they have a middle-life of usefulness, then comes old age, they totter, and they die. Many of the national libraries are merely the cemeteries of dead books. Some of them lived flagitious lives, and died deaths of ignominy. Some were virtuous, and accomplished a glorious mission. Some went into the ashes through inquisitorial fires. Some found their funeral pile in sacked and plundered cities. Some were neglected and died as foundlings at the door of science. Some expired in the author's study, others in the publishers' hands. Ever and anon there comes into your possession an old book, its author forgotten and its usefulness done, and with leathern lips it seems to say: "I wish I were dead." Monuments have been raised over poets and philanthropists. Would that some tall shaft might be erected in honor of the world's buried books. The world's authors would make pilgrimage thereto and poetry and literature, and science, and religion, would consecrate it with their tears.

Not so with one old book. It started in the world's infancy. It grew under theocracy and monarchy. It withstood storms of fire. It grew under prophet's mantle and under the fisherman's coat of the apostles. In Rome, and Ephesus, and Jerusalem, and Patmos. Tyranny issued edicts against it, and infidelity put out the tongue, and Mohammedanism from its mosques hurled its anathemas, but the old Bible lived. It crossed the British Channel, and was greeted by Wickliffe and James I. It crossed the Atlantic and struck Plymouth Rock, until like that of Horeb it gushed with blessedness. Churches and asylums have gathered all along its way, ringing their bells, and stretching out their hands of blessing; and every Sabbath there are ten thousand heralds of the cross with their hands on this open, grand, free, old English Bible. But it will not have accomplished its mission until it has climbed the icy mountains of Greenland, until it has gone over the granite cliffs of China, until it has thrown its glow amid the Australian mines, until it has scattered its gems among the diamond districts of Brazil, and all thrones shall be gathered into one throne, and all crowns by the fires of revolution shall be melted into one crown, and this Book shall at the very gate of heaven have waved in the ransomed empires—not until then will this glorious Bible have accomplished its mission.

In carrying out, then, the idea of my text—"the statutes of the Lord are right"—I shall show you that the Bible is right in authentication, that it is right in style, that it is right in doctrine, that it is right in its effects. Can you doubt the authenticity of the Scriptures? There is not so much evidence that Walter Scott wrote the "Lady of the Lake;" not so much evidence that Shakespeare

wrote "Hamlet;" not so much evidence that John Milton wrote "Paradise Lost"—as there is evidence that the Lord God Almighty, by the hands of the prophets, evangelists, and apostles, wrote this Book. Suppose a book now to be written which came in conflict with a great many things, and was written by bad men or impostors, how long would such a book stand? It would be scouted by everybody. And I say, if that Bible had been an imposition—if it had not been written by the men who said they wrote it—if it had been a mere collection of falsehoods, do you not suppose that it would have been immediately rejected by the people? If Job, and Isaiah, and Jeremiah, and Paul, and Peter, and John were impostors, they would have been scouted by generations and nations. If that Book has come down through fires of centuries without a scar, it is because there is nothing in it destructible. How near have they come to destroying the Bible? When they began their opposition, there were two or three thousand copies of it. Now there are two hundred millions, as far as I can calculate. These Bible truths, notwithstanding all the opposition, have gone into all languages—into the philosophic Greek, the flowing Italian, the graceful German, the passionate French, the picturesque Indian, and the exhaustless Anglo-Saxon. Under the painter's pencil, the birth, and the crucifixion, and the resurrection glow on the walls of palaces; or under the engraver's knife speak from the mantel of the mountain cabin; while stones, touched by the sculptor's chisel, start up into preaching apostles and ascending martyrs. Now, do you not suppose, if that Book had been an imposition and a falsehood, it would have gone down under these ceaseless fires of opposition?

Further, suppose that there was a great pestilence going over the earth, and hundreds of thousands of men were dying of that pestilence, and some one should find a medicine that cured ten thousand people, would not everybody acknowledge that that must be a good medicine? Why, some one would say: "Do you deny it? There have been ten thousand people cured by it." I simply state the fact that there have been hundreds of thousands of Christian men and women who say they have felt the truthfulness of that Book, and its power in their souls. It has cured them of the worst leprosy that ever came down on our earth, namely, the leprosy of sin; and if I can point you to multitudes who say they have felt the power of that cure, are you not reasonable enough to acknowledge the fact that there must be some power in the medicine? Will you take the evidence of millions of patients who have been cured; or will you take the evidence of the sceptic who stands aloof, and confesses that he never took the medicine? The Bible intimates that there was a city called Petra, built out of solid rock. Infidelity scoffed at it. "Where is your city of Petra?" Buckhardt and Laborde went forth in their explorations, and they came upon that very city. The mountains stand around like giants guarding the tomb where the city is buried. They find a street in that city six miles long, where once flashed imperial pomp, and which echoed with the laughter of light-hearted mirth on its way to the theatre. On temples, fashioned out of colored stones—some of which have blushed into the crim-

son of the rose, and some of which have darkened into the blue of the sky, and some of which have paled into the whiteness of the lily—ay, on column, and pediment, and entablature, and statuary, God writes the truth of that Bible. The Bible says that Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed by fire and brimstone. "Absurd." Infidels, year after year, said: "It is positively absurd that they could have been destroyed by brimstone. There is nothing in the elements to cause such a shower of death as that." Lieutenant Lynch—I think he was the first man who went out on the discovery, but he has been followed by many others—Lieutenant Lynch went out in exploration, and came to the Dead Sea, which, by a convulsion of nature, has overflowed the place where the cities once stood. He sank his fathoming line, and brought up from the bottom of the Dead Sea great masses of sulphur, remnants of that very tempest that swept Sodom and Gomorrah to ruin. Who was right—the Bible that announced the destruction of those cities, or the sceptics who for ages scoffed at it?

The Bible says there was a city called Nineveh, and that it was three days' journey around it, and that it should be destroyed by fire and water. "Absurd," cried out hundreds of voices for many years; "no such a city was ever built that it would take you three days' journey to go around. Beside, it could not be destroyed by fire and water; they are antagonistic elements." But Layard, Botta, Bonomi, and Keith go out, and by their explorations they find that city of Nineveh, and they tell us that by their own experiment it is three days' journey around (according to the old estimate of a day's journey), and that it was literally destroyed by fire and by water—two antagonistic elements—a part of the city having been inundated by the river Tigris (the brick material in those times being dried clay instead of burned); while in other parts they find the remains of the fire in heaps of charcoal that have been excavated, and in the calcined slabs of gypsum. Who was right, the Bible or infidelity?

Moses intimated that they had vineyards in Egypt. "Absurd," cried hundreds of voices, "you can't raise grapes in Egypt; or, if you can, it is a very great exception that you can raise them." But the traveller goes down, and in the underground vaults of Eilithya he finds painted on the wall all the process of tending the vines and treading out the grapes. It is all there, familiarly sketched by people who evidently knew all about it, and saw it all about them every day; and in those underground vaults there are vases still incrustured with the settlings of the wine. You see the vine *did* grow in Egypt, whether it grows there *now* or not.

Thus you see, while God wrote the Bible, at the same time He wrote this commentary, that "the statutes of the Lord are right," on leaves of rock and shell, bound in clasps of metal, and lying on mountain tables, and in the jeweled vase of the sea. In authenticity and in genuineness the statutes of the Lord are right.

Again: The Bible is *right in style*. I know there are a great many people who think it is merely a collection of genealogical tables and dry facts. That is because they do not know how to read the Book. You take up the most interesting novel that was ever written, and if you commence

at the four hundredth page to-day, and to-morrow at the three hundredth, and the next day at the first page, how much sense or interest would you gather from it? Yet that is the very process to which the Bible is subjected every day. An angel from heaven, reading the Bible in that way, could not understand it. The Bible, like all other palaces, has a door by which to enter and a door by which to go out. Genesis is the door to go in and Revelation the door to go out. These Epistles of Paul the Apostle are merely letters written, folded up, and sent by postmen to the different churches. Do you read other letters the way you read Paul's letters? Suppose you get a business letter, and you know that in it there are important financial propositions, do you read the last page first, and then one line of the third page, and another of the second, and another of the first? No. You begin with "Dear Sir," and end with "Yours truly." Now here is a letter written from the throne of God to our lost world; it is full of magnificent hopes and propositions, and we dip in, here and there and we know nothing about it. Beside that, people read the Bible when they cannot do anything else. It is a dark day, and they do not feel well, and they do not go to business, and after lounging about awhile they pick up the Bible—their mind refuses to enjoy the truth. Or they come home weary from the store or shop, and they feel, if they do not say, it is a dull book. While the Bible is to be read on stormy days, and while your head aches, it is also to be read in the sunshine, and when your nerves, like harp-strings, thrum the song of health. While your vision is clear walk in this Paradise of truth; and while your mental appetite is good pluck these clusters of grace.

I am fascinated with the conciseness of this book. Every word is packed full of truth. Every sentence is double-barrelled. Every paragraph is like an old banyan-tree, with a hundred roots and a hundred branches. It is a great arch; pull out one stone and it all comes down. There has never been a pearl-diver who could gather up one half of the treasures in any verse. John Halsebach, of Vienna, for twenty-one years, every Sabbath expounded to his congregation the first chapter of the book of Isaiah, and yet did not get through with it. Nine-tenths of all the good literature of this age is merely the Bible diluted.

I am also amazed at the variety of this Book. Mind you, not contradiction or collision, but variety. Just as in the song you have the basso and alto, and soprano and tenor—they are not in collision with each other, but come in to make up the harmony—so it is in this Book there are different parts of this great song of redemption. The prophet comes and takes one part, and the patriarch another part, and the evangelist another part, and the apostles another part, and yet they all come into the grand harmony—the song of "Moses and the Lamb." If God had inspired men of the same temperament to write this Book, it might have been monotonous; but David, and Isaiah, and Peter, and Job, and Ezekiel, and Paul, and John, were men of different temperaments, and so, when God inspired them to write, they wrote in their own style. God prepared the Book for all classes of people. For instance, little children would read the Bible, and God knew that, so He

allows Matthew and Luke to write sweet stories about Christ with the doctors of the law, and Christ at the well, and Christ at the cross, so that any little child can understand them. Then God knew that the aged people would want to read the Book, and so He allows Solomon to compact a world of wisdom in that book of Proverbs. God knew that the historian would want to read it, and so He allows Moses to give the plain statement of the Pentateuch. God knew that the poet would want to read it, and so He allows Job to picture the heavens as a curtain; and Isaiah the mountains as weighed in a balance, and the waters as held in the hollow of the Omnipotent hand; and God touched David, until in the latter part of the Psalms, he gathers a great choir standing in galleries above each other—beasts and men in the first gallery; above them, hills and mountains; above them, fire and hail and tempest; above them, sun, and moon, and stars of light; and then, on the highest gallery, arrays the hosts of angels; and then, standing before this great choir, reaching from the depths of earth to the heights of heaven, like the leader of a great orchestra, he lifts his hands, crying: "Praise ye the Lord. Let everything that hath breath, praise ye the Lord;" and all earthly creatures in their song, and mountains with their waving cedars, and tempests in their thunder and rattling hail, and stars on all their trembling harps of light, and angels on their thrones, respond in magnificent acclaim: "Praise ye the Lord. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." God knew that the pensive and complaining world would want to read it, and so he inspires Jeremiah to write: "Oh, that my head were waters and mine eyes fountains of tears." God knew that the lovers of the wild, the romantic, and the strange would want to read it, so he lets Ezekiel write of mysterious rolls, and winged creatures, and flying wheels of fire. God prepared it for all zones—for the arctic and the tropics, as well as for the temperate zone. Cold-blooded Greenlanders would find much to interest them, and the tanned inhabitants at the equator would find his passionate nature boil with the vehemence of heavenly truth. The Arabian would read it on his dromedary, and the Laplander seated on the swift sled, and the herdsman of Holland guarding the cattle in the grass, and the Swiss girl reclining amid Alpine crags. Oh, when I see that the Bible is suited in style, exactly suited to all ages, to all conditions, to all lands, I cannot help repeating the conclusion of my text: "The statutes of the Lord are right."

I remark again. the Bible is *right in its doctrines*. Man a sinner, Christ a Saviour—the two doctrines. Man must come down—his pride, his self-righteousness, his worldliness. Christ, the Anointed, must go up. If it had not been for the setting forth of the Atonement, Moses would never have described the creation; prophets would not have predicted; apostles would not have preached. It seems to me as if Jesus, in the Bible, were standing on a platform in a great amphitheatre, and as if the prophets were behind Him, throwing light forward on His sacred person; and as if the apostles and evangelists stood before Him, like foot-lights throwing up their light into His blessed countenance; and then as if all the earth and heaven were the applauding auditory. The Bible

speaks of Pisgah and Carmel, and Sinai, but makes all mountains bow down to Calvary. The flocks led over the Judean hills were emblems of "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world;" and the lion leaping out of its lair was an emblem of "the lion of Judah's tribe." I will, in my next breath, recite to you the most wonderful sentence ever written: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." No wonder that when Jesus was born in Bethlehem heaven sympathized with earth, and a wave of joy dashed clear over the battlements, and dripped upon the shepherds in the words: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men." In my next sentence every word weighs a ton. "God so loved the world that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Show me any other book with such a doctrine—so high, so deep so vast.

Again: the Bible is *right in its effects*. I do not care where you put the Bible, it just suits the place. You put it in the hand of a man seriously concerned about his soul. I see people often giving to the serious soul this and that book. It may be very well; but there is no book like the Bible. He reads the commandments, and pleads to the indictment "Guilty." He takes up the Psalms of David and says: "They just describe my feelings." He flies to good works. Paul starts him out of that by the announcement: "A man is not justified by works." He falls back in his discouragement. The Bible starts him up with the sentence: "Remember Lot's wife. Grieve not the Spirit. Flee the wrath to come." Then the man, in despair, begins to cry out: "What shall I do? Where shall I go?" and a voice reaches him, saying: "Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Take this Bible, and place it in the hands of men in trouble. Is there anybody here in trouble? Ah! I might better ask, are there any here who have never been in trouble? Put this Bible in the hands of the troubled. You find that as some of the best berries grow on the sharpest thorns, so some of the sweetest consolations of the Gospel grow on the most stinging afflictions. You thought that death had grasped your child. Oh, no. It was only the heavenly Shepherd taking a lamb out of the cold. Christ bent over you as you held the child in your lap and putting His arms gently around the little one said, "of such is the kingdom of heaven." Put the Bible in the school. Palsied be the hand that would take the Bible from the college and the school. Educate only a man's head and you make him an infidel. Educate only a man's heart and you make him a fanatic. Educate them both together and you have the noblest work of God. An educated mind without moral principle is a ship without a helm, a rushing rail train without brakes or reversing rod to control the speed. Put the Bible in the family. There it lies on the table an unlimited power. Polygamy and unscriptural divorce are prohibited. Parents are kind and faithful, children polite and obedient. Domestic sorrows lessened by being divided, joys increased by being multiplied. O father, O mother, take down that long-neglected Bible and read it yourselves and let your children read it. Put

the Bible on the railtrain and on shipboard till all parts of this land and all other lands shall have its illumination. This hour there rises the yell of heathen worship and in the face of this day's sun smokes the blood of human sacrifice. Give them the Bible. Unbind that wife from the funeral pyre, for no other sacrifice is needed since the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.

I am preaching this sermon because there are so many who would have you believe that the Bible is an outlandish book and obsolete. It is fresher and more intense than any book that yesterday came out of your great publishing houses. Make it your guide in life and your pillow in death.

After the battle of Richmond, a dead soldier was found with his hand lying on the open Bible. The summer insects had eaten the flesh from the hand, but the skeleton finger lay on these words : " Yea, though I walk through the valley of the

shadow of death, I will fear no evil ; for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." Yes, this book will become in your last days, when you turn away from all other books, a solace for your soul. Perhaps it will be your mother's Bible, perhaps the one given you on your wedding-day, its cover now worn out, and its leaf faded with age ; its bright promises will flash upon the opening gates of heaven.

"How precious is the Book divine,
By inspiration given ;
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

"This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day."

DEMOCRACY OF RELIGION.

[THIS sermon was preached on the Sabbath after returning from Europe, October 5th, 1879.]

"And hath made of one blood all nations of men."—ACTS 17 : 26.

SOME have supposed that God originally made an Asiatic Adam, and a European Adam, and an African Adam, and an American Adam ; but that theory is entirely overthrown by my text, which says that all nations are *blood relatives*, having sprung from one and the same stock.

A difference in climate makes much of the difference in national temper. An American goes to Europe and stays there a long while, and finds his pulse moderating and his temper becoming more calm. The air on this side the ocean is more tonic than on the other side. An American breathes more oxygen than a European. A European coming to America finds a great change taking place in himself. He walks with more rapid strides, and finds his voice becoming keener and shriller. The Englishman who walks London Strand at the rate of three miles the hour, coming to America and residing for a long while here, walks Broadway at the rate of four miles the hour. Much of the difference between an American and a European, between an Asiatic and an African, is atmospheric. The lack of the warm sunlight pales the Greenland-er. The full dash of the sunlight darkens the negro.

Then ignorance or intelligence makes its impression on the physical organism. In the one case ignorance flattening the skull, as with the Egyptian ; in the other case intelligence building up the great dome of the forehead, as with the German. Then the style of god that the nation worships decides how much it shall be elevated or debased ; so that those nations that worship reptiles are them-

selves only a superior form of reptile, while those nations that worship the natural sun in the heavens are the noblest style of barbaric people. But whatever be the difference of physiognomy, and whatever the difference of temperament, the physiologist tells us that after careful analysis he finds out that the plasma and the disk in the human blood have the same characteristics ; so that if you should put twenty men from twenty nationalities abreast in line of battle, and a bullet should fly through the hearts of the twenty men, the blood flowing forth would through analysis prove itself to be *the same blood* in every instance. In other words, the science of the day confirming the truth of my text that " God hath made of one blood all nations of men."

I have thought, my friends, it might be profitable this morning if I gave you some of the moral and religious impressions which I received this summer, when through your indulgence I had Transatlantic absence.

And *my first impression* was—indeed, the impression carried with me all the summer—the thought already suggested,

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

The fact is that the differences are so small between nations that they may be said to be all alike. I had a good deal of trepidation about standing before an English, or a Scotch, or an Irish audience. I said : " I don't know these people ; they are different from any class of men I ever addressed, and what might be appropriate in my country may not be appropriate here." But oh, how soon

I found out that people are all alike. If a man knows how to play the piano it does not make any difference whether he finds it in New Orleans, or San Francisco, or Boston, or St. Petersburg, or Moscow, or Madras; it has so many keys, and he puts his fingers right on them. And the human heart is a *divine instrument* with just so many keys in all cases, and you strike some of them and there is joy, and you strike some of them and there is sorrow. Plied by the same motives, lifted up by the same success, depressed by the same griefs. The cabmen of London have the same characteristics as the cabmen of New York, and are just as modest and retiring! The gold and silver drive Piccadilly and the Boulevards just as they drive Wall Street. If there be a great political excitement in Europe the Bourse in Paris howls just as loudly as ever did the American gold-room.

Three fourths of the inhabitants of the earth are engaged in a *mighty struggle for bread*. Nine tenths of the population hunger-bitten if they stop to rest. The same grief that we saw at our depots in 1862, when the troops left for the war, you could see this summer in England, Ireland, and Scotland, as the troops went forth to the Zulu contest. The same widowhood and orphanage that sat down in despair after the battles of Shiloh and South Mountain poured their grief this summer in the Shannon and the Clyde, and the Dee and the Thames. Oh, ye men and women who know how to pray, never get up from your knees until you have implored God in behalf of the twelve hundred millions of the race just like yourselves, finding life a tremendous struggle; for who knows but that as the sun to-day draws up drops of water from the Caspian and the Black seas, and from the Amazon and the Mississippi, after a while to distil the rain, these very drops on the fields—who knows but that the Sun of Righteousness may draw up the tears of your sympathy, and then rain them down in distillation of comfort o'er all the world.

Who is that poor man carried on a stretcher to the African ambulance? He is your brother. Who is that woman swooning at Plymouth, England, as she reads the list of the slain in the last Zulu conflict? She is your sister. If in the Pantheon at Paris you smite your hand against the wall among the tombs of the dead, you will hear a *very strange echo* coming from all parts of the Pantheon just as soon as you smite the wall. And I suppose it is so arranged that every stroke of sorrow among the tombs of bereavement ought to have loud, long, and oft-repeated echo of sympathy all around the world.

Oh, what a beautiful theory it is—and it is a Christian theory—that Englishman, Scotchman, Irishman, Norwegian, Frenchman, Italian, Russian, are all akin. Of one blood all nations. I was never more impressed with this truth than on the day the body of the Prince Imperial of France was brought to London. I was that day speaking in Exeter Hall, while the minute-guns were sounding. The Earl of Kintore, the distinguished Scottish lord, was presiding, and in his opening speech he said: "We have come here to listen to an American while he talks about 'happy hours'; but alas for that home at Chiselhurst!" And all heads were bowed, and the tears rolled down the cheeks of the people. Then I thought, "This is one grief, one agony." It was not because that boy was

the son of an Empress, it was not because that boy died fighting for the English Government; it was because he was "the only son of his mother, and she a widow." Of one blood all nations—high, low, titled, unlearned, rich, poor. Oh, the democracy of religion. That is a very beautiful inscription over the door in Edinburgh, the door of the house where John Knox used to live. It is getting somewhat dim now, but there is the inscription fit for the door of any household: "Love God above all, and your neighbor as yourself."

I was also impressed, in journeying on the other side the sea, with

THE DIFFERENCE THAT THE BIBLE MAKES in countries. The two nations of Europe that are the most moral to-day, and that have the least crime, are Scotland and Wales. They have, by statistics, as you might find, fewer thefts, fewer arsons, fewer murders. What is the reason? *A bad book* can hardly live in Wales. The Bible crowds it out. I was told by one of the first literary men in Wales "There is not a bad book in the Welsh language." He said, "Bad books come down from London, but they cannot live here." It is the Bible that is dominant in Wales. And then in Scotland, just open your Bible to give out your text, and there is a rustling all over the house, almost startling to an American. What is it? The people opening their Bibles finding the text, looking at the context, picking out the referenced passages, seeing whether you make right quotation! Scotland and Wales Bible-reading people. That accounts for it. A man, a city, a nation that reads God's Word must be virtuous. That book is the foe of all wrongdoing. What makes Edinburgh better than Constantinople? The Bible. Oh, I am afraid in America we are allowing the good book to be covered up with other good books. We have our ever-welcome morning and evening newspapers, and we have our good books on all subjects—geological subjects, botanical subjects, physiological subjects, theological subjects—good books, beautiful books, books from the Harpers', and from the Carters', and from the Appletons', and from the Lippincotts', and from the Petersons', and so many good books that we have not time to read the Bible. Oh, my friends, it is not a matter of very great importance that you have a *family Bible* on the centre-table in your parlor. Better have one pocket New Testament, the passages marked, the leaves turned down, the binding worn smooth with much usage, than fifty pictorial family Bibles too handsome to read! Oh, let us take a whisk-broom and brush the dust off of our Bibles.

Do you want poetry? Go and hear Job describe the war-horse, or David tell how the mountains skipped like lambs. Do you want logic? Go and hear Paul reason until your brain aches under the spell of his mighty intellect. Do you want history? Go and see Moses put into a few pages stupendous information which Herodotus, Thucydides, and Prescott never reached after. And above all, if you want to find how a nation struck down by sin can rise to happiness and to heaven, read of that blood which can wash away the pollution of a world. There is one passage in this Bible, each word of which weighs a ton: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Oh, may God fill this country with Bibles and help the people to read them.

I was also impressed this summer, in my Transatlantic journeys, with the wonderful power that Christ holds among the nations. *The great name in Europe* to-day is, not Victoria, not Victor Hugo, not Gambetta, not Bismarck; the great name in Europe to-day is Christ. I do not care whether you go among those nations which you consider positively Christian, or those that you consider as un-Christian, the mightiest name in all Europe to-day is Christ. You find the crucifix on the gate-post, you find it in the hay-field, you find it at the entrance of the manor, you find it by the side of the road. The diligence dashing out from Geneva to Chamouni, the horses going at full run, the driver nevertheless is able to take off his hat in obeisance to the cross at the roadside. The churches are built in the form of a cross. The very finest pictures in Europe sketches of scenes in the life of Christ—Christ at the manger, Christ with the doctors of the law, Christ at the tomb of Lazarus, Christ on the beach of Gennesaret, Christ on the cross, Christ in the ascension. The mightiest picture on this planet is Rubens' Scourging of Christ. Painter's pencil loves to sketch the face of Christ. Sculptor's chisel loves to present the form of Christ. Organs love to roll forth the sorrows of Christ.

The first time you go to London go into the Doré picture gallery. As I went, a few weeks ago, and sat down before Christ descending the steps of the Prætorium, at the first I was disappointed. I said, "There isn't enough majesty in that countenance, not enough tenderness in that eye;" but as I sat and looked at the picture it grew upon me until I was overwhelmed with its power, and I staggered with emotion as I went out into the fresh air, and said: "Oh, for that Christ I must live, and for that Christ I must be willing to die!" Make that Christ your personal friend, my sister, my brother. You may never go to Milan to see Da Vinci's "Last Supper;" but, better than that, you can have Christ come and sup with you. You may never get to Antwerp to see Rubens' "Descent of Christ from the cross;" but you can have Christ come down from the mountain of His suffering into your heart and abide there forever. Oh, you must have Him!

We are all wrong, we are all so diseased with sin that we want that which hurts us, and we won't have that which cures us. The best thing for you and for me to do to-day is to get down on our knees before God and say: "O almighty Son of God, I am blind, I want to see; my arms are palsied; I want to take hold of Thy cross; have mercy on me, O Lord Jesus." Why will you live on husks when you may sit down to this white bread of heaven? Oh, with such a God, and with such a Christ, and with such a Holy Spirit, and with such an immortal nature, wake up!

Once more: I was impressed greatly this summer on the other side the sea with

THE WONDERFUL TRIUMPHS OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

The tide is rising, the tide of moral and spiritual prosperity in the world. I think that any man who keeps his eyes open travelling in foreign lands will come to that conclusion. More Bibles than ever before, more churches, more consecrated

men and women, more people ready to be martyrs now than ever before, if need be; so that, instead of there being, as people sometimes say, less spirit of martyrdom now than ever before, I believe where there was once one martyr, there would be a thousand martyrs if the fires were kindled—men ready to go through flood and fire for Christ's sake.

You who live at the beach know how the tide rises. You see the tide rise; the wave comes to a certain point and then recoils. A man from the inland who had never watched the sea rising might say, "Why, the sea is going down." It is not. The tide is rising. The next wave comes to a higher point and it recoils, and the next to a higher point, and it recoils. "It is going down," says the man from inland. "No," you say, "it is rising." The next wave comes to a higher point, and the next to a higher, and so on until it is *full-tide*. So it is in the progress of truth in the world. The wave comes to a certain point and it recoils. You say, "The world is getting worse, the tide of Christian influence is going out." No, the next wave comes to a higher point and recoils for a few years. Then it comes to a higher point and recoils for twenty years. Then it comes to a higher point and recoils. Then it comes to a higher point and a higher point until it shall be full-tide. "And the earth shall be full of the knowledge of God, as the waters fill the sea."

These ships that you see going up and down New York harbor are to be brought into the service of God. All those ships I saw at Liverpool, at Southampton, at Glasgow, are to be brought into the service of Christ. What is that passage? "Ships of Tarshish shall bring presents." That is what it means! Oh, what a goodly fleet when the vessels of the sea come into the service of God, no guns frowning through the port-holes, no pikes hung in the gangway, nothing from cutwater to taffrail to suggest atrocity. Those ships will come from all parts of the seas. Great flocks of ships that never met on the high sea but in wrath will cry "Ship ahoy!" and drop down beside each other in calmness, the flags of Emmanuel streaming from the top-gallants. The old slaver, with decks scrubbed and washed and glistening and burnished—the old slaver will wheel into line; and the Chinese junk, and the Venetian gondola, and the miner's and the pirate's corvette, will fall into line, equipped, readorned, beautified, only the small craft of this grand flotilla which shall float out for the truth—a flotilla mightier than the armada of Xerxes moving in the pomp and pride of Persian insolence—mightier than the Carthaginian navy rushing with forty thousand oarsmen upon the Roman galleys, the life of nations dashed out against the gunwales.

Rise, O sea, and shine, O heavens, to greet this squadron of light and victory! On the glistening decks are the feet of them that bring good tidings, and songs of heaven float among the rigging. Crowd on all the canvas. Line-of-battle ship and merchantmen, wheel into the way. It is noon. Strike eight bells. From all the squadron the sailors' songs arise. "Surely the isles shall wait for thee, and the ships of Tarshish to bring thy sons from afar, their silver and their gold with them, to the name of the Lord thy God, and the Holy One of Israel."

PRESIDENT GARFIELD WOUNDED.

[THIS sermon was delivered August 28th, 1881, after the nation had been two months in suspense concerning the President, and when it was thought he might die any moment, the telegrams, during the service, handed every few minutes into the pulpit, the news now hopeful, now despairing. Six thousand people were crowded into the Tabernacle, and more than that number turned away from the doors.]

"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God."—ISAIAH 40 : 1.

THIS reiterated command to the ministers of religion centuries ago is just as appropriate this terrible morning, while we are awaiting tidings from the suffering couch of our chief magistrate.

"*The President shot!*" was sounded through the railtrain as we halted a few moments on the morning of July 2d, at Williamstown, Massachusetts, the place at which the President was expected in three days. "Absurd and impossible," I said. I asked then, as I ask you now,

WHY SHOULD ANY ONE WANT TO KILL HIM?

He had nothing but that which he had earned with his own brain and hand. He had fought his own way up from country home to college hall, and from college hall to House of Representatives, and from House of Representatives to the Senate Chamber, and from the Senate to the Presidential chair. Why should any one want to kill him? He was not a despot who had been treading on the rights of the people. There was nothing of the Nero or the Robespierre in him. He had wronged no man. He was free and happy himself and wanted all the world free and happy. Why should any one want to kill him? *He had a family* to shepherd and educate, a noble wife and a group of little children leaning on his arm, and holding his hand, and who needed him for many years to come. If any one must shoot him, why shoot him then, just as after with indescribable perplexity and fatigue he had launched his administration and was off for a few days of recreation which he had so dearly earned? How any man could take steady aim at such a good, kind, sympathetic heart, and draw the trigger and see him fall is inexplicable.

But the deed is done. There is a black shadow on every hearthstone in America. It seems as if there were one dead in each house. Again and again we have prayed as we prayed this morning, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from us." God will hear our prayer, if not in one way, then in another. God's way is sometimes different from man's way, but it is always the best way.

I am thankful to my friends who have sent me a great multitude of telegrams this morning, showing their interest in this subject, telegrams from gentlemen who are my friends, and from others who are strangers, official telegrams from the public office of telegraphy, and they give a ray of hope.

Who knows but our President may come forth again and ride through these very streets in triumph. God grant it. But the indications are not in that direction. I have hastened before my time of expected return, because I wanted in your presence to obey the text: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God." While I comfort you, I must comfort my own soul, for no public event has ever so overwhelmed me.

I could dwell on the aggravations of this event, and say, what a pity that he could not have carried out the excellent policy proposed; what a pity that he could not longer have enjoyed the high honor bestowed by the suffrages of the people; what a pity that he should go out of life by the hand of violence; what an awful thing for his family and the nation and the world if he should die. But instead of dwelling upon the aggravations I shall obey my text: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people," and present only

THE ALLEVIATIONS

of this stupendous horror.

Alleviation the first. James A. Garfield is prepared to exchange worlds if God sees fit to call him. Long ago he settled that matter. He was not dependent for happiness upon the course of a bullet or the whim of an assassin. On his knees and in days of health and with deliberation he had made *all right for eternity*. There has been nothing of cant or whining or lugubriousness in his religion, but a manly out and out profession of faith in God. Yea! he has preached this very Gospel. A minister said to me the other day, "*I heard him preach*;" he preached for me in my own pulpit." I said, "What style of sermon was it?" He responded, "Excellent, excellent." But in all places he had preached—in Wall Street to the excited throng the day after Lincoln was shot—at Chickamauga among the wounded soldiers—in the Congress of the United States in many a noble speech. Religion was with him no new thing. When a college boy, and encamped among the mountains for summer recreation, at eventide he takes out his Bible and says: "Boys, at this time of evening I am apt to read a passage of the Scripture; if you would like to hear it, I will read a chapter now." And then one of the comrades was called upon for prayer, and they all knelt in their summer tent. The last thing he did before leaving Mentor for

Washington, was to take the holy sacrament of our Lord Jesus Christ, the tears of emotion rolling down the cheek of the communicant. The first opportunity he had after he was shot, he declared to my friend, Doctor Sunderland, that he trusted all in the Lord's hand, was *ready to die or to live*. Surely he was ready then. After these eight weeks of purifying distress he is ready now.

I want all the world to mark that this *illustrious death bed*, if it be a death bed, illustrious for patience, illustrious for courage, illustrious for gentleness, is no infidel's death bed, no scoffer's death bed, no profligate's death bed, but in the most radiant sense a Christian death bed. Though canopied and surrounded with the elegance of a ruler's mansion, it is the same kind of pillow that your old Christian father and mother died on, and the same pillow which shall be offered in our last sickness, however humble our lot may be. It puts me more than ever in love with the old Gospel, the Gospel of the One who died at the hand of cruel assassins. O Thou assassinated Christ, by Thy own wounds in the side and the hands and the feet and the brow, pity the head, the feet, the side, the physical anguish of our beloved President!

There had been other Christian men in the Presidential chair of this country, but the most pronounced Christian since the days of Washington, in the Presidential chair, is James A. Garfield. If he go—God forbid that he should go now—but if he go, he goes straight to the bosom of a merciful God. Death will be promotion. He will lose nothing, but gain everything. On the steps of the Capitol that stormy day in March he took the oath of high office. If he go now, at the gate of heaven he will take the crown of triumph. Whether he live or die, I shout for him: "Victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

Alleviation the second. His family will be magnificently provided for. It is an awful thing when the bread winner of a family falls, if there be no estate left, and the wife must go forth with her helpless children at her back to fight for a livelihood. The mother, weak and sick with long watching, goes out to look for a place, and the children are taken by friends who, perhaps, get tired of the burden they assumed under sudden impulse of sympathy. But the more than \$150,000 already subscribed to the Garfield fund are a hint that there is not one of us amid the fifty millions of America who will allow that afflicted family to suffer need. If this stroke come, *the widow, the children, the aged mother* will be the sacred charge of this nation. I see so many bereft women in the awful struggle for bread dying by inches, and finding no rest until they get inside the grave, that I am sure I am right when I present among the alleviations of this great sorrow the complete financial deliverance of our President's family.

Alleviation the third. If our President die, this nation, without a moment's halting, will march right on in its career of prosperity. The death of rulers in other lands often means bloody revolution. This nation endured the death of Presidents Harrison and Taylor and Lincoln, when it was not half as strong as it is now, and it will not be discomfited by this calamity. It will take more than one murderous wretch to stop this nation when God commands it to march on. If on that awful second of July the President had been instantly

slain, I know not what would have occurred. There would have been other pistol shots and panic, and perhaps *national delirium*. How good God was to spare our President these two months, until the nation could gather its equipoise; for I tell you that while the heart of this nation is very sore, *its head is level*.

There will be but one life taken, and that by the hand of the law. I have no admiration for the organizations that I hear are forming to tear down the Washington jail, and maul the desperado. No, no. Let the judge of the court take his place and the jury be impanelled, and the witnesses testify, and the verdict be rendered, and the judge, amid a silence like the grave, give the sentence, and the scaffold be raised, and with a stout rope this accursed Guiteau be hung by the neck until he be dead. All that excitement will soon be in the rear, and the nation, chastened by this affliction, will move on and up.

"But," you say,

"WHAT IF THE PRESIDENT DIE, what of his successor?" I answer, I have no acquaintance with the one who would be the incoming President, but I beg of you, the American people, give him a fair chance; do as you would like to be done by if you were put in the same crisis. The nation would make nothing by throwing any impediments in his way. Others make a prophecy in regard to this incoming President in case of the death of our present ruler—I *make a prophecy*. They make prophecy from a political standpoint—I make mine from a religious standpoint. If our President die, judging from what seems God's design of kindness to this nation, I think He will give especial blessing for especial emergency, and the chief ideas of President Garfield's administration will be carried out by President Arthur's administration. With all the Episcopal churches of America, by the command of their liturgy, praying Sabbath by Sabbath for the President of the United States, and all the non-liturgical churches of America uniting in the same supplication, I am sure upon the new chief magistrate would come straight from God the spirit of good government. You say that his position, if called to it, will be one of great delicacy. I know it. But it will be one of unlimited and unparalleled opportunity. Mark that, Fellow-citizens, fellow-patriots, fellow-Christians, fellow-mourners, now is the time to trust God.

Alleviation the fourth. If our President dies, he dies at what must be

THE BEST TIME.

It does not seem to suit me, it does not seem to suit you; but God's time is always the best. Do you say this is the teaching of fatalism? Oh, no; it is the teaching of your Bible and my Bible that God sets the limit of our life. Had it been best, the President by this time would have been amid the cooling sea breeze of Long Branch. Men with more bullets in them and in worse directions, are walking your streets to-day. If he die—God avert the sorrow—if he die he goes at the time when he has the love of all the people. If he live he could not be an exception to the universal rule, that a brisk and decisive and reformatory administration rouses rancor and invective. Look up the files of the newspapers and see what surges of obloquy rolled over Lincoln, and Madison, and Monroe,

and Jefferson, and Washington. Do you suppose Mr. Garfield could have carried out his intention of extirpating Mormonism, and that there would have been no wincing under the national surgery? He had other plans revolutionary for good.

It seems to me he suffered enough abuse in the political campaign of last autumn to suffer for one lifetime. If in addition to that there should be the insults of three or four years of contumely, it would be more than his share of bombardment. What is called *the license of the printing-press* is getting to be something damnable. If James A. Garfield now dies, he dies in time to escape more insult than was ever heaped upon any of his predecessors, for by so much as he proposed greater reforms, he must have had to endure worse outrage. *I was with him* a few days before the bloody assault. I never saw a more anxious or perturbed countenance, and it seemed a relief to him to talk to my child, turning his back on the perplexities of State. What he has escaped, or seems about to escape, God only knows. The storm is lulled. If he goes, ours will be the grief—his the congratulation.

Six months seems to be a very short administration, but in that six months he has accomplished what forty years of his predecessors failed to do; the complete and eternal *pacification of the North and South*. There are more public meetings of sympathy in the South than in the North, on this subject. His sick bed, in eight weeks, has done more for the sisterhood of States than if he had lived out eight years, namely, two terms of the Presidency. The North, the South, the East, the West stand on the four sides of his bed looking in to each other's eyes with a kindness that never before characterized them. If he expire, do not think his administration, because of its brevity is a failure. There has gone out from that sick room an influence that will be felt as long as the American Government continues. Oh, measure not a man's life by days, or months, or years; measure it by the sweep of its influence. Out of six months of time a good many may build an eternity.

Alleviation the fifth. This calamity makes

THE BUSINESS OF OFFICE SEEKING

disgustingly disreputable. Guiteau was no more crazy than thousands of other place-hunters. He had been refused an office, and he was full of unmingled and burning revenge. There was nothing else the matter with him. It was just this: "You haven't given me what I want, now I'll kill you." For months after each Presidential inauguration the hotels of Washington are *roosts for these buzzards*. They are the crawling vermin of this nation. Guiteau was no rarity. There were hundreds of Guiteaus in Washington after the inauguration, except that they had not the courage to shoot. I saw them some two months after, or six weeks after. They were mad enough to do it. I saw it in their eyes. *They killed two other presidents*, William Henry Harrison and Zachary Taylor. I know the physicians called the disease congestion of the lungs or liver, but the plain truth was that they were worried to death, they were trampled out of life, by place hunters. President Jackson said to a gentleman who told me of the utterance: "Sir, people want to be President of the United States. I want to tell them that this place is a perfect hell!" Now, in God's name *let*

this thing stop. Three Presidents sacrificed to this one demon is enough. Let the Congress of the United States at the next session start a work of Presidential emancipation. Four Presidents have recommended civil service reform, and it has amounted to little or nothing. But this assassination, I hope, will compel speedy and decisive action, and so some good will come of it.

But is it not sadly strange that the world makes no advance except through the

SACRIFICE

of human life. The Church is to be reformed, but Wycliffe and John Oldcastle must perish; and the scenes of Piedmont and Brussels market-place must be enacted. The French despotism must be destroyed, but the streets of Paris must be incarnadined with human gore. The United States are to be separated from foreign rulers, but the frosts of Valley Forge must devour, and the bayonets of Yorktown must stab. National contest about slavery must be settled, but a million brave Northern and Southern men must die. Official patronage is to be regulated, but James A. Garfield must be assassinated. Alas! alas! without the shedding of blood there seems to be no reformation for the suffering state, and no atonement for the sin-cursed world. It seems for every reformation *there must be a Messiah* born in a manger, and dying on a cross.

Alleviation the sixth. This calamity has resulted in

AN OUTBURST OF SYMPATHY

glorious and sublime. There never was anything like it since the world stood. You tell me this is a selfish world, and it is every man for himself, and there is no kindness or generosity left. You make a mistake. Throne and cottage, Victoria and the village school girls, parlor and kitchen, Transatlantic and cis-Atlantic, trans-Pacific and cis-Pacific, Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, Eastern hemisphere and Western hemisphere, have by voice, by pen, by telephone, by telegram, by day, by night, poured forth sympathy for our President and his family and the nation.

That man expressed the feeling of many in this country when last week he offered to spare part or all the *blood from his veins*, if it was necessary to invigorate the President. We go back to ancient history to find a scene like that, and we speak of it in poetry and in song. We need not go so far back now. There are men here to-day who, wrought upon by the same power in this great sorrow, would bare their arm for the lancet, crying, like that old hero, of centuries ago, "Pour my blood into his veins that he die not." Oh, I think we must be brothers and sisters all. I think that all nations must belong to one family, and that they must have the same great mother—God. A little foretaste this of the good time when all misunderstanding shall cease, and everybody shall say pleasant things about everybody else, and the embroidered eagle and lion and bear, will be taken off the banners, and there shall be substituted the lamb and the dove. How strange that one sick-bed should have made a millennium.

The President's son was said to be keeping a scrap-book with all the expressions of sympathy and kindness, that he might show them to his father after he got well. Unsuccessful attempt. No book that ever went forth from earthly bindery

would be large enough to contain the story. It will require the infinite book of God's remembrance to keep the record of the earthly and celestial sympathy that has hovered these long, dreadful weeks over the emaciated form of our suffering President.

Alleviation the last. The fact that this nation has impressed upon it as never before the

UNCERTAINTY OF HUMAN LIFE.

Starting out on a holiday tour—coming back in an ambulance. Strong health no warrant against fatality. The President had a model physique. Out of a hundred men you would have selected him as the most healthy. Fine intellect no warrant. He was decidedly the most brilliant mind that ever occupied the White House. Able to select what food he would, what residence he would, what defence he would, yet we have been told more than once during the last two or three days that he is dying. Out of all this come lessons of *perpetual readiness*. It was a wonderful eulogy day before yesterday pronounced by the surgeons when they said: "There is no need of telling him he has to die, for he said at the start he had no preparations to make." Be ye also ready so that whether by flying bullet or falling scaffold, or colliding railtrains, or in gradual decease of ordinary sickness ye be called away.

I must leave until next Sabbath morning many things I want to say on this stupendous subject. Then I will tell you, if the Lord will, *what this nation ought to do*. I have this morning tried, at the behest of my text, to comfort you by the rehearsal of the alleviations of the national calamity.

But after all there will remain in all our hearts a grief for many a day. I know just what you all feel.

OH, THAT HE ONLY COULD GET WELL!

How we would ring the bells and thunder the cannon, and set the night afire with pyrotechnic display. Oh, if he only could get well! But it does not seem to me at this crisis—although I have been hopeful until now—that he will recover.

I fear the message very soon will come shuddering along the lines: "President Garfield is dead!" If so, then with the pomp of great processions, and the tolling of bells, and the booming of minute guns, his silent form will move through these great cities toward his western home. He started from it with the congratulations of his neighbors only a few months ago. They will take up *his palled casket*, and with blinding tears carry it to the quiet cemetery and lay it down among his old friends.

We have no Westminster Abbey in which to bury kings, but we have a great national heart in which we enshrine those who have suffered for our land. Into that great shrine of the national heart we will carry our beloved President, and lay him down beside Adams, and Lincoln, and Washington, and the other mighty men who loved God and toiled for the betterment of the race. Then we will sound forth, partly in requiem and partly in grand march of triumph, the words which Garfield employed after another famous assassination: "The Lord reigneth. Though clouds and darkness are around about Him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne." *God save the President! God save the Nation!*

THE NATION KNEELING.

[THIS sermon was preached September 4th, 1881, the condition of the suffering President the one theme throughout Christendom.]

"And Isaiah said, Take a lump of figs. And they took and laid it on the boil, and he recovered."—II. KINGS 20: 7.

FROM this chapter, which I read in full last Sabbath at the opening of the service, I now take my text. Good Hezekiah had been given up to die by the surgeons and by the clergy. Recovery was pronounced an impossibility. Then God came to the rescue and prescribed for the illness, and a great change took place. A lump of figs was the cool and strong poultice applied to the carbuncle, and Hezekiah rises from his sick bed for fifteen more years of earthly existence.

Our afflicted United States President in his sufferings, has been the anxiety of all Christendom for the last eight weeks. More recently attention was diverted from the wound by the assassin to the virulent swelling which resisted the poultice, and

the danger which the doctors said was imminent and the worst. Convalescence after convalescence, *relapse after relapse*, and last Saturday a week he was given up to die. All the six or seven surgeons decided that he must die. All the medical men throughout the United States, so far as heard from, declared that death was just at hand. All the newspapers said that soon the President would pass out of life. Those who had been most hopeful became despairing. Just in

THAT DARKEST HOUR,

in answer to the prayers that have been going up day and night from church and storehouse, from railtrain and ships' deck, from all the civilized nations of the earth, a change took place, and the

symptoms of the patient are more promising now than at any time since the murderous revolver attempted its work. I rejoice with trembling, but I rejoice. Never within your memory or mine, has there been such a conspicuous and indisputable evidence of the fact that God honors prayer. Men who for forty years had not offered a supplication bent the knee during the last eight weeks. People who had no suspicion that they were praying, at the first calamity cried out, "God help us!" And last Sabbath afternoon, when the cheerful bulletin came in, exclaimed, "Thank God!" You may call that what you will, *I call it prayer*. It was after everybody gave up, God came to the rescue. The impossible has taken place.

In that corps of six or seven surgeons there is some of the most eminent talent of this land, and of all lands—some of them of more ability, and others of less ability, but all admit they have done their very best. When I have thought of those surgeons under the nervous strain of the last eight weeks, all nations seeming to hold them responsible for the life of their illustrious patient, toiling on day and night amid the most depressing circumstances, all my sympathies have been aroused in their behalf, and my daily prayer has been, "God help, and inspire, and sustain, and reward the doctors!" But, my friends, it was after all that combined medical and surgical skill had been defeated God stepped in; and He shall have all the glory, whether of present improvement, or in the case of final restoration.

An unbeliever comes up and says: "Oh, it was the result of natural causes, it was from the subsidence of the parotid gland." My wise friend, who made the parotid gland go down? If the Divine Physician, at the call of prayer, had not come to the bedside, the obsequies of your President would have already been concluded. This is

THE WAY GOD DEALS WITH NATIONS.

The Prince of Wales was down with typhoid fever. Worse and worse the case, until the official bulletin announced that he could not survive three hours. Meanwhile, his queenly mother was at prayer, and all England was at prayer, *cathedral and coal shaft*. House of Lords and the factory operatives, the mighty and the mean at prayer, and the tides of life which had been going out so rapidly suddenly began to rise, and the Prince of Wales got well.

Had it not been for the prayers of the Christian people of this country, I believe that leaden bullet would seven weeks ago have completed its work. As surely as there is a God in heaven, He heard prayer on the first Sabbath after the calamity, and the second Sabbath, and the third Sabbath, and the fourth Sabbath, and the fifth, and the sixth, and the seventh, and the eighth. I demand that you hereafter acknowledge prayer as an important factor in national prosperity. Have you not noticed in this case that every Saturday it seemed to dip to the lowest point, as if God on Sabbath morning would call upon the nation for prayer, saying, "You have called upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will answer!" And then almost invariably Monday morning has presented a cheerful bulletin.

We have had in this country four great consecutive harvests, and everybody supposed that the same natural causes would produce the same re-

sults, and this year we would have larger crops than ever before, because more corn had been planted, and more wheat had been sown, and more fruit had been grafted; but in all the year I have not heard one audible prayer for a great harvest. What is the consequence? The corn crop, the wheat crop, the fruit crop almost a failure in Michigan, almost a failure in Iowa, almost a failure in Pennsylvania; and the Associated Press reports giving to us the information from Cincinnati, and from Toronto, and from Pittsburg, and from Chicago, and from the great centres of trade, "no rain here in three weeks," "no rain here in four weeks," "no rain here in six weeks," "no rain here all summer." *What does it mean?* Why, it means that *we want some Elijah* to go up on the mountain top, and with strong hands of prayer squeeze out the sponge of the cloud on the dry and thirsty land. "Oh," you say, "we haven't any such man as Elijah now." We have. The Bible distinctly says he was a poor, sinful man like ourselves. How does it read? "Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are; and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain; and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again, and the heavens gave rain, and the earth gave forth her fruit."

I remember in my boyhood days that the Governor of New Jersey proclaimed a day of fasting and prayer on account of a great drought. We gathered in the country meeting house, and I remember well that before the close of the service the sky began to darken with clouds, and that night the earth was saturated. "Oh," you say, "it just happened so." Well, if you want to worship the blind god Fate, the helpless god Fate, who has impotent hands and can help no one—if you want to worship the blind god Fate, who is *the crippled idiot of the universe*, you can worship him. I am glad to know that the vast multitudes of the American people during the past few weeks have preferred to worship the God of Elijah, the God of Ezekiah, the God of earth and heaven, the God sympathetic as well as omnipotent; Father, as well as King.

"But," says some one, "suppose now there should be a bad turn in the President's case, and, what is possible, that he should die, then your prayer would be a failure." Ah no! What do we mean when we pray for the President? We mean his welfare and the welfare of this nation; and if God takes him it will be because it is best for his welfare, and, in some inscrutable way, best for this nation. You and I cannot understand it, but there is where Christian faith comes in. Two things you can always depend on. One is that God is always good. The other is that God is always right. Agassiz says that America was first created. So it seems that this continent is the senior of Europe, Asia, and Africa—the Yosemite older than the Alps, Lake Cayuga older than Lake Como. Now, if Agassiz be right in this great geological fact that America was the continent first created, then I say let it be the first in loyalty to God, first in worship, first in consecration to all that is good and holy and Christian.

The first

GREAT USE OF THIS NATIONAL CALAMITY is, that it has driven the nation to prayer. If you ask me what to do next, I say, Go on as now, pray

and pray and pray. Queen Elizabeth said to Walter Raleigh, "Walter, when will you cease begging?" Raleigh replied: "When your Majesty ceases giving." The time for us to stop imploring the divine mercy in our behalf, and in behalf of the nation is the time when God's ear becomes deaf and His heart becomes hard, and His hand, now open in supply, is clenched in eternal denial. Have you not noticed that just as the sceptics of this country and the infidels thought that they had fully persuaded the great masses of the people in America that prayer is an absurdity, the wounding of the President makes millions of people cry to God for help? What a scene it was when the Roman army was surrounded and water was inaccessible, and the twelfth legion, all made up of Christians, knelt before God and prayed for rain. It is not a Christian record, but it is a profane record that very soon the clouds gathered and the rains descended in torrents, and these soldiers caught the rain in their helmets, holding the helmet with the left hand, and then drinking, while with their right hand they continued to fight. So let this nation ever be looking up for the rain of divine help, while at the same time it goes right on in the conquest of righteousness and order and goodwill to men.

Another great use of this national calamity is a revelation of

WOMAN'S COURAGE,

woman's faith in God, and woman's endurance. It is the domestic side of this calamity that has most deeply stirred the people. There never was a more difficult position opened before any woman than on the fourth of March last at the White House was opened before Mrs. Garfield. The position had been occupied four years by a very queen of womanly character and attractiveness, a model of simplicity, her presence in this nation a constant rebuke to the hollowness of fashion and the womanly extravagance which more than once directly or indirectly has plunged this nation into bankruptcy. It was no easy thing to be the successor of Mrs. President Hayes. But this national calamity has made a dark background to a beautiful picture of womanly courage and womanly sacrifice and womanly faith in God. Those two queens of modern society will go down side by side through history. But what I want to impress upon you this morning, is, that all this is only a revelation of *what is in woman's nature*, and that in ten thousand inconspicuous spheres of which you have never heard, there is just as much womanly faith in God, womanly self-sacrifice, womanly courage. The story has never been told, and it will never be told on earth; it will be told in heaven.

Of course, there are among women fools, as there are fools among men; but you have known many a wife who would sit four months, six months, by the bedside of a sick husband, giving the medicine at just the right time, no professional nurse to help, no encouraging bulletins placarded, no help from outside, with her own needle at the same time earning a livelihood for the household, buying medicines and bread, coughing her own life away in slow consumption until she dropped a martyr into the grave. Oh, while you admire, as you ought to admire, the womanly courage and faith in God, as seen in the White House, *do not think it is exceptional*. Greenwood is full of them.

Mount Auburn is full of them. Laurel Hill is full of them. The graveyards and cemeteries of the earth are full of them. Women who lived, toiled, sacrificed, suffered, died for others. Are you surprised that one good woman should expect her husband's recovery after all the world said he must die? I have seen that a score of times in my parishes. After all the physicians said there was no hope, she had hope, and when death had set the signal on the brow and the life was gone, still violently resisting anything that implied that he was dead, saying: "He is not dead, he is no more dead than you are, he will come to." Rev. Dr. Burchard, the useful minister of Christ, admired by all who know him, after severe surgery was pronounced dead by a large group of surgeons who stood in the room. One of the surgeons was deputed to go to another room and tell his wife of the death of her husband. He went with that information, and she came into the room where her husband lay. She said: "He is not dead; he will preach the Gospel yet for many a long year." She took command of the scene and of the occasion. She told one surgeon to inflate the lungs, she told another surgeon to apply friction to the hands and to the limbs, appointing to each one his work, and they, to gratify what would seem to be the insane wish of a bereft wife, went to the work, and after three quarters of an hour had passed, he breathed. I suppose this very Sabbath morning he is preaching the Gospel, as he has been for twenty years since that supposed death scent. That is woman in awful crisis of suffering. The heroine, God's heroine. Why, there are five hundred women in this house this morning who have within them the elements of the heroine—I daresay Lewises and Grace Darlings, not with oar or lifeboat on raging sea, but on the awful surge of domestic calamity, if God called them to it. I say this not in any compliment or flattery. I say it because I want every honest man to know what a grand and glorious blessing God has given him if he have a *good wife*. She may be a little fretful and nervous under household cares, but you get down flat on your back with pneumonia, or fever, or under the wounds of an assassin, and you know better than I can tell you who would be the best watcher, and who would speak the brightest encouragement, and who for you would drop dead in her tracks. I thank God for this revelation from the White House of woman's courage and woman's faith in God and woman's endurance—not a revelation of something new, but a revelation of something very old.

Another practical use of this great national calamity is that it has disgusted more than ever people with this free use of firearms. There is

TOO MUCH SHOOTING

going on in this country. If a man insults you, shoot him. If a man doubts your veracity, shoot him. If a man stand in the way of your advancement, shoot him. It is bang, bang, bang! And there are Guiteaus in all the towns and villages and cities of this country. There are too many pistols, and human life is too cheap. I wish that this Washington ruffian, going about with a navy revolver in his pocket, practising at a mark so as not to fail hitting the heart of the President—going about with a navy revolver—I wish that he might disgust all our young men with the habit of carry-

ing deadly weapons. On the frontier, or if it is your business as an officer of the law to make arrest of desperadoes, you had better be armed. Armed police, armed sheriffs, armed explorers, armed jail keepers are well enough; but it is high time that all respectable citizens snap in two their sword-canes and unload their deadly weapons. If you move in reputable society in Brooklyn, or New York, or Washington, or London, you have no need of any more weapons than the two weapons which God gave you, *two honest fists*, and they are easily loaded. If you feel the need of having a pistol in your pocket, you are a miserable coward. If you are afraid to go down the street unarmed, you had better get your grandmother with her knitting needles to go with you! I am glad that the Common Council of Brooklyn last week passed an ordinance forbidding the carrying of deadly weapons, or gave new emphasis to a law previously enacted.

A pistol is the meanest and most infernal weapon ever invented. It is compact and *portable murder*. There is some nobility about a sword. If you are going to take a man's life with a sword you have to expose your own life, and so some courage is demanded; but a pistol is the weapon of a sneak. I would as soon carry a toad in my vest pocket! And what is more, the people who carry deadly weapons in this country are people of ungovernable temper. Now, if a man be cold and phlegmatic and calculating in his nature, there is not much danger in his carrying deadly weapons; but if a man be quick, and sharp, and irritable, and violent, and gunpowdery, and explosive in his nature, you ought not to carry anything more dangerous than a dull jack-knife! You do not know what under temptation you might do. Away with this pistol business. Let Charles Guiteau and John Wilkes Booth have all *the honors of assassination*.

Another practical use of this great national calamity is

THE ORDINATION OF SUFFERING.

If President Garfield get well—and he has conquered so many occasions of relapse and collapse that I shall expect him to get well until I know he is buried—if the President get well, he will go forth to his work with an ordination such as no President ever had. Ordination, not by the laying on of human hands, but ordination by the laying on of hands of pain, hands of fever, hands of midnight anguish, hands of national solicitude, hands of mercy, both hands of God. During these whole eight weeks our President has looked over into the next world and he will feel his responsibility, if he comes back to us, he will come as from the very presence of God; and though all this year should be absorbed in convalescence, from fourth of March to fourth of March, he would have left three full, round years in which to scourge *the seven devils of American politics* and bury the putrescent carcass of Mormonism where it can no longer poison the nation. If he get well, I say, he will have an ordination that no other man ever had. Our *other Presidents*, for the most part, so far as reform has been concerned, have been divided into two classes; those who had the moral disposition but not the courage, and those who had the courage but not the moral disposition.

President Garfield, during the past eight weeks,

has shown he has the courage, for if a man is not afraid of death, he is not afraid of anything, and he has shown also that he has the moral disposition. If he shall come forth from the sick bed under this ordination of suffering, *look out*, political corruption, look out, polygamy, look out. There will be hundreds of people who, now praying that he may live, will pray that he may die. If fully recovered, he goes forth from this ordination of suffering, he will be a thunderbolt in the right hand of God launched against the gigantic evils that are afflicting this country. But, my friends, we have all felt this ordination of suffering, and are we not ready to do better work as patriots, as reformers, as philanthropists, and as Christians? National suffering, political suffering, financial suffering, domestic suffering ought to be ordination. It is not health, it is not gladness, it is not prosperity which qualify for especial work, but suffering, sharp suffering, intense suffering, long-continued suffering. Fire of pain, fire of persecution, fire of bereavement are ordination. It was not until Beethoven had become so deaf he could not hear the fortissimo of a full orchestra, that he composed his chief oratorio. It was not until John Milton had become stone blind that he could dictate the sublimest poem of the ages. It was not until Walter Scott was kicked by the horse and confined to the house for many days, that he could write the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." That painter who mixes his *colors with blood* from his own broken heart makes the best pictures. The mightiest men of all the ages have been mightiest in their agonies. Oh, my friend, do not think that God sent trouble on you to break you down! it is for inspiration and for lifting up. God grant that this national trouble may be national ordination!

I remark once more, this great calamity ought to teach us to

BE CONTENTED

with our humble lot. What a time our new President has had! Not one moment of rest, or quiet, or peace since he stepped into the White House. Weary, worn out, shot. There is not one person in this house this morning, who, so far as comfort and quiet are concerned, but is better off than he. Public men are targets to be shot at, belied, pursued, misinterpreted, assassinated. But it is *no new story*; it has always been so. I was surprised to read what Macaulay wrote in one of his intense sentences, after all his bright career in the English Parliament, and after being renowned the world over by all who could admire fine writing and great thought—Macaulay says: "Every friendship which a man may have becomes precarious as soon as he engages in politics." Daniel Webster, after his wonderful career and in the close of his life, writes: "If I were to live my life over again, with my present experiences, I would under no considerations allow myself to enter public life. *The public are ungrateful*. The man who serves the public most faithfully receives no adequate reward. In my own history those acts which have been before God most disinterested, and the least stained by selfish considerations have been precisely those for which I have been most freely abused. No, no, have nothing to do with politics. Sell your iron, eat the bread of independence, support your family with the rewards of honest toil, do your duty as a private citizen to

your country, but let politics alone. It is a hard life, a thankless life. I have had in the course of my political life, which is not a short one, my full share of ingratitude, but the unkindest cut of all, the shaft that has sunk the deepest in my heart, has been the refusal of this administration to grant my request for an office of small pecuniary consideration for my only son." That is the testimony of a man who ought to know. My friends, better stay down than be shot down. He who has a good occupation, a good home, a good character,

a good field of usefulness, and a good hope in Jesus Christ has all that is worth having. More than that, is exposure, is chagrin, is worry, is exhaustion, is death. By the turmoil and the consternation and the horror of the White House, for the last eight weeks I solemnly charge you, "Be content with such things as you have; you brought nothing into the world, and it is very certain you can carry nothing out. Having food and raiment, be therewith content."

MIGHTIER DEAD THAN ALIVE.

[THIS sermon was preached the Sunday morning after President Garfield's death, and while his body lay in state.]

"So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life."—JUDGES 16 : 30.

SAMSON in the text was deified and become the Hercules of Greece. He was a giant warrior born to be a leader, and Paul applauds him as a man who "through faith subdued kingdoms." He was a friend of God and an enemy of unrighteousness. But the most memorable scene in his life was the death scene. The Philistines, his enemies, gathered round him in a great building to mock him. With supernatural strength he laid hold of the pillars and flung everything into ruin, destroying the lives of the three thousand scoffers, among them the lords of Philistia. He had slain many of the enemies of God during his life; but my text says his last achievement was the mightiest. "So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life." It is sometimes the case that after a most industrious, useful, and eminent life, the last hours are more potent than the long years that went before.

In the overshadowing event of this day we find illustration of my text. President Garfield, as many orators will say, was all his life the enemy of sin, the enemy of sectionalism, the enemy of everything small hearted, impure, and debasing, and he made many a crushing blow against those moral and political Philistines, but in his death he made mightier conquest. The eleven weeks of dying have made more illustrious record than the fifty years of living. "So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life."

As a matter of inspiration and comfort I propose to show you that President Garfield's expiration is a mightier good than a prolonged lifetime possibly could be. Mind you, there was no time at which his death bed could have been *so emphatic*. If he had died a few years before, his departure would not have been so conspicuous. If he had died one

month before, his administration would not have been fairly launched. If he had died six months later, his advanced policy of reform would have cut the friendship of a great multitude, and if he had died years after, he would have been out of office and in the decline of life. But he died at the time when all parties had turned to him with unparalleled expectation. There has not been a time in all the fifty years of his past when his death bed could have been so effective; and in the next fifty years there could not have been a time when his death bed would have been so impressive.

First our President's death, more than his life,

EULOGIZES THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

We all talk about the hope of the Christian and the courage of the Christian and the patience of the Christian. Put all the sermons on these subjects for the last twenty years together, and they would not make such an impression as the magnificent demeanor of this dying chief magistrate. He was no more afraid to die than you are to go home this morning. Without one word of complaint he endures an anguish that his autopsy alone could reveal to the astonished world. For eighty days inquisition of pain, yet often smiling, often facetious, always calm, giving military salute to a soldier who happened to look in at the window, talking with Cabinet officers about the affairs of State, reading the public bulletins in regard to his condition, watching his own pulse, and so undisturbed of soul that I warrant you if it had not been for his dependent family and the nation, whom he wanted to serve, he would have been glad to depart any time.

Oh, sirs! all he ever did in confirmation of religion in days of health was nothing compared with what he did for it in this last crisis. James A. Garfield learned his religion from his mother in

the days when she was trying in widowhood and poverty to bring up her boys aright; from that same old mother that sat with her Bible in her lap in her bedroom last Tuesday morning, when the dreadful news came that her son was dead. James A. Garfield had no new religion to experiment with in his last hours. It was the same Gospel into the faith of which he was baptized, when in early manhood he was immersed in the river in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. That religion had stood the test through all the buffetings and persecutions through the hard work of life, and did not forsake him in the tremendous close. There have been thousands of death-beds as calm and beautiful as this, but they were not so conspicuous. This electrifies Christendom. This encourages all the pain-struck in hospitals and scattered all up and down the world to suffer patiently. The consumptive, the cancered, and the palsied, and the fevered, and the dying of all nations lift their heads from their hot pillows, and bless this heroic, this triumphant, this illustrious sufferer. The religion that upheld him under surgeon's knife, and amid the appalling days and nights at Long Branch and at Washington, is a good religion to have. Show us in all the ages among the enemies of Christianity a death bed that will compare with this radiant sunset!

Again, our President's death will do more for the consummation of

RIGHT FEELING BETWEEN NORTH AND SOUTH than all his administration of four years could have accomplished. This is not "shaking hands across the bloody chasm" according to the rhetoric of campaign documents. This is shaking hands *across the palpitating heart* that was large enough to take in both sections. This expiring man took the hand of the North and the hand of the South and joined them together, and practically said, with a dying pathos that can never be forgotten: "Be brothers!" Where now are the flags at half mast? At New Orleans and Boston, Chicago and Charleston. There is absolutely today no Republican party and no Democratic party. A new party has swallowed up all—a party of national sympathy. The bulletins on the south side of Mason and Dixon's line have been as carefully watched as on the north side. We have been trying to arbitrate old difficulties and settle old grudges, yet the old quarrel has ever and anon broken out in a new place. But this requiem which shakes the land forever drowns out all sectional discords. After all that has been done and said during the last eleven weeks the people of the South will be welcome in all our homes as we shall be welcome in theirs. He who tries hereafter to kindle the old fires of hatred will find little fuel and no sulphurous match. Alabama and Massachusetts; stand up and be married! South Carolina and New York; join hands in betrothal! Georgia and Ohio; I pronounce you one! Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder. The seal is set by the cold emaciated hand of our dead President. No living man could have accomplished it. More of the sectional prejudices and the misinterpretations and the bitternesses of old war times have perished in the last eleven weeks than in all the seventeen years since the war ended; and so the dead which Garfield slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his whole life.

Again, President Garfield's sickness and death have educated the world, as all his life and the life of a thousand men beside could not have educated it in the wonders of the human body. For the last two months all Christendom have been *studying anatomy and physiology*. Never since the world stood has there been so much known about respiration, about pulsation, about temperature, about gunshot wounds, about febrile rise, about digestion, about convalescence. The vast majority of the race have hitherto wandered about stupidly ignorant of this master-piece of God, the human mechanism. The last eleven weeks have educated ten thousand nurses for the sick. The invalids of all lands for this experience will have better attendance, more kindness, more opportunity of restoration. Never has there been such examination of dictionaries to find the meaning of a medical phrase. One new word on the morning bulletins has set the leaves of all the lexicons in America a-flutter. Since the time when David the psalmist, probably returned from an Oriental dissecting-room, wrote the autopsy "we are fearfully and wonderfully made" (Psa. 139 : 14), and Solomon, who was wise in physiology as well as in everything else, called the spinal marrow the silver cord (or "ever the silver cord be loosed"); and called the head the "golden bowl," because the skull is round like a bowl, and the membrane which contains the brain is yellow like gold (or "the golden bowl be broken"); and called the veins of the human body a pitcher because they carry the crimson liquid from the heart, the fountain, all through all the organs of the body (or "the pitcher be broken at the fountain"); and called the lungs a wheel because they draw to themselves and let go again like a well bucket, and called the stomach the cistern (the "wheel broken at the cistern") (Eccles. 12 : 6); and showed that he knew what Harvey thought he was discovering thousands of years after concerning the circulation of the blood. I say since those obscure times down to these days when all physicians are busy instructing the people, and all medical colleges, and all high schools, are scattering physiology and anatomical information, there has never been so much wisdom on these subjects as to-day; and the most potent of all the teachers has been the sick and dying bed of our President. He had often spoken and lectured on these subjects in college and on lyceum platform, and was a scientist in all these fields. But in the last eleven weeks he has overthrown more ignorance on these important subjects than during all his half century of existence. "And so the dead which he slew in his death were more than they which he slew in his life."

Again these last scenes must impress the world, as no preaching ever did, that

WHEN OUR TIME COMES

to go, the most energetic and skillful physician cannot hinder the event. Was there ever so much done to save a man's life as the life of President Garfield? Is the season too hot? there is manufactured for his sick room in August an October day. Is he to be transported to the seaside? All the wheels and all the steam whistles and all the voices along the line of progress are hushed for two hundred miles, and a new section of railroad is built to let him pass over. Added to the medical

skill of the capital are the skill of Philadelphia and New York. All the medical ingenuity of the last three hundred years *flashes its electric light upon the wound*. Paris and London, and Edinburgh applaud the treatment. He had all the courage that comes from the hand of a wife who was sure he would get well. He had physicians who did not stand with cold, scientific calculation, studying the case; but splendid men whose hearts grew strong or faint as the patient's pulse was strong or faint, and they were as great nurses as they were great surgeons. But the doctors could not keep him. His wife could not keep him. All the arms of his five children hung around his neck could not keep him. His great spirit pushes them all back from the gates of life, and soars away into the infinities. My Lord and my God! Solemnize us with this consideration.

My hearer, if you and I were sick I am sure we would have good medical attendance and good nursing, plenty of watchers and plenty of attendants. The world is naturally very kind to the sick. We who have good homes would have sympathetic though trembling hands to hold ours in the last exigency. We all have those who love us as we love them, but when the time fixed by the merciful God arrives we must be off. There is no need of our getting nervous about it or fretting about it. All we have to do is to keep our hearts right with God and do our best, and then be as unflustered as was our dying President. After the mightiest surgery of America and the world, had to surrender on Monday night at the stroke of the Death Angel, surely we cannot resist it!

In the emphasizing of all these great truths, James A. Garfield is mightier lying on his catafalque at Cleveland than in the White House receiving the honors of foreign embassy. Who knows but that this death will save millions of people for this world and the next. Fifty millions of people—nay, North and South America and Europe, and parts of Asia—called to thoughts of mortality and the great future! Who knows but it may awaken whole nations from the death of sin to the life of the Gospel.

When last week I saw *one line of mourning* from Detroit, Michigan, to Brooklyn, I wondered if God would not use this great grief for the purification of the nation. O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the nation! Enough of the Sabbath breakings, and the impurities, and the blasphemy, and the official corruption in this country! By the result of this terrific event let these dogs of hell be driven back to their fiery kennels. Against all these evils the Presidential giant is mightier dead than when alive.

But while the nation has this comfort there are *three words* that will leap to our lips, and they have been reiterated oftener than any other words for the past few days.

POOR MRS. GARFIELD!

More pathetic words I never read than these in the Friday newspapers which said that with two of her children she had gone over to the White House to get the property of her family and have it sent to her home in Ohio. Can you imagine anything more full of torture than to walk through the rooms filled with associations of her husband's kindness, of her husband's anxieties, and of her husband's long-continued physical anguish? She

had with her womanly arms fought by his side all the way up the steep of life. She had helped him in their economies when they were very poor; with her own needle clothing their family, with her own hands making him bread. When the world frowned upon him in the days of scandalous assault she never forsook his side. They had together won the battle, and had seated themselves at the very top to enjoy the victory. Then the blow came. What a reversal of fortune! From what midnight to what midnight! It is said that this will kill her. I do not believe it. The God who has helped her thus far will help her all the way through. When the broken circle gathers in the future days at the old home at Mentor, the mighty God who protected James A. Garfield at Chickamauga and in the fiery hell of many battles will protect his wife, his children, and his old mother. Upon all the *seven broken hearts* let the grace descend! What consolations they have! It was a great thing to have had such a son! It was a great thing to have been the wife of such a man! It was a great thing to have been the children of such a father! While theirs and ours is the grief, I am glad on his account that he has gone. He had suffered enough. Enough the cut of the lancets, and the thrusts of the catheter, and the pangs of head, and side, and feet, and back! Ascend, O disenthralled spirit, and take thy place with those who came out of great tribulation, and had their robes made white in the blood of the Lamb!

This Samson of intellectual strength, this giant of moral power, had—like the one in the text—in other days slain the lion of wrathful opposition, and had carried off the gates of wrong from the rusted hinges. But the peroration of his life is stronger than any passage which went before. The dead which this giant slew in his death were more than those whom he slew in his life.

May we all learn the practical lessons with which our subject is filled! Oh, behold the contrast between Friday, the fourth of March, 1881, and Friday the twenty-third of September, 1881! On the former day Washington was ablaze with banners. Each State of the Union had its triumphal arch. Great men of this country and vast populations filled the streets! Procession such as had never moved from the White House and the Capitol! Military display that would have confounded hostile nations. The city shaken with cannonading by day, and the night on fire with pyrotechnics! Thousands of all political parties who congratulated the President pronounced that fourth of March the brightest day that had ever shone on American institutions. That night, or soon after, in some room of the Presidential mansion, I warrant you, there assembled husband and wife and five children, and the aged mother, taking a long breath after the excitement of the inauguration. But behold, Friday September 23d, the dead President in the Rotunda, his bereaved wife at a friend's house! a dangerously sick child four hundred miles away at Williamstown, Massachusetts; military on guard around the casket; hundreds of thousands of people gazing on the face so emaciated that none would know it, *the poor black woman* falling on her knees beside the coffin, expressing the anguish of speechless multitudes when she said: "Oh, dear! how he must have

suffered!" Friday, 4th, of March, 1881! Friday, September 23d, 1881!

Above all the words of comfort I have uttered to-day I have this lesson, which seems to sound out from the tramp of pall-bearers and from the rolling of the draped railtrain moving westward,

and from the open grave now waiting to receive our dead President: "Put not your trust in princes nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help. His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish" (Psa. 146 : 3, 4). Fare thee well, departed chieftain!

WERE THE PRAYERS FOR PRESIDENT GARFIELD A FAILURE?

[THIS sermon was preached October 2d, 1881, after some people had scoffed at the ineffectual supplications for the President's recovery, and many good people were confounded.]

"I besought the Lord thrice that it might depart from me. And He said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee."—II. COR. 12 : 8, 9.

THERE was something the matter with Paul in the text. He spoke of something that irritated him, or annoyed him, or hurt him, or mortified him, under the figure of a "thorn in the flesh." Some think it was a crooked back. Others think it was a stuttering tongue. More persons think, and among them the learned Kitto and Dr. John Brown, the Scotch essayist, that it was *diseased eyes*, amounting almost to total blindness. They think this because he almost always wrote by the hand of an amanuensis, once mentioning it as a rare occurrence that he had written a large letter with his own hand; and they think this also because he was always accompanied wherever he went, although he was much of the time a poor man and could not have paid attendants; and also because he seems to refer to his trouble with his eyes when, in describing the enthusiastic love of the Galatians he says: "ye would have plucked out your own eyes and have given them to me." In other words, "you love me so much you would have been willing to trade off your good eyes for my poor eyes." But whatever may have been the trouble, Paul prayed to have it cured. I suppose he prayed hundreds of times on this matter, but he made three agonizing prayers. Did God answer those prayers? He did, by giving something better than Paul asked for. Not by straightening the back, or by unloosing the tongue, or by curing the disordered eyesight, but by giving him grace to turn into glorious advantage that which had been an irritating detriment. Instead of curing the physical misfortune he sanctified that trouble until Paul became the greatest apostle of the Gentiles, the greatest and the grandest Christian of all the centuries. "I besought the Lord thrice that it might depart from me. And He said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee." So it was then—so it is now. In the six thousand years of the world's existence there have not been one hundred right-hearted prayers unanswered. Nor fifty, nor ten, nor five, nor has there been one. If there had in the six thousand years been just one right-hearted prayer unanswered, it would have impeached the character of God. If there be any truth well set forth in the Bible it is that God answers prayer. God gives

what you ask for always, or something better; and there is no exception.

During the

ELEVEN PAINFUL WEEKS

of our President's suffering, all good people prayed for his recovery. The Sabbaths were full of supplication. Days were set forth for special fasting and prayer. There never was so much prayer offered on any one subject in any eleven weeks since the world by the wings of the Almighty was brooded out of chaos. And yet the body of President Garfield lies in the Lakeview Cemetery at Cleveland. "Your prayers were a dead failure," says the sceptic. "Your prayers were a dead failure," think a thousand men who do not just like to say so. "You wasted your breath. The laws of nature had their way. Don't hereafter mix *theology and medicine*." But I will undertake to show you this morning that all the right-hearted prayers made in behalf of the President may be divided into two classes—those which have been answered, and those which will be answered. Every right-hearted prayer in that direction had *two ideas*:

THE PRESIDENT'S WELFARE,

and the best interests of this nation. Has the first half of your prolonged prayer of eleven weeks in behalf of the president's welfare been answered?

The autopsy declares if he had been continued in life, he would have been a paralytic—that he never again could have walked—that he would have been incompetent for the work of his high office. But suppose a miracle had been performed and he had come forth in entire health? Could he have met the expectations aroused in regard to him? Not if he had been an angel from heaven, with the power of a hundred Garfields. Could he in a prolonged administration in which thousands of questions would arise, have pleased everybody? Oh, no.

Suppose that, during that prolonged administration, a question had arisen as between the *Democratic party and the Republican party*, both of which parties were equally sympathetic and equally eulogistic and equally helpful in all those eleven weeks of sickness—he certainly would have

had to decide against one of the parties. Then that party, in remembrance of its sympathy during the weeks of sickness, would have pronounced him an ingrate, and there would have been a vehemence against him that has never been witnessed within our memory. They would say: "Here, this is the pay we get for all our sympathy for you, and all our kindness for you, and all our prayers for you;" and he would have been in an awful plight as between the two great parties.

Suppose a question during the three coming years had arisen as between *monopoly and anti-monopoly*, as it will arise, how could he have met those questions? On the one side, the leading anti-monopolists of the country, during all those eleven weeks of sickness, especially kind, especially sympathetic, especially helpful, especially eulogistic; while on the other hand, among the monopolists, was the *Pennsylvania Railroad Company*, that had given him rail-train to Long Branch, and extended the railroad when it was not long enough; and among those monopolists many in New York and throughout the country who had subscribed their \$500 and their \$1000 and their \$5000 to Mrs. Garfield, and if you think that she did not tell him all about it in his better moments it is because *you have never been married*: suppose he had been restored to health, how could he have met the expectations of monopolists and anti-monopolists?

Suppose a question of international right had arisen, as between *England and the United States*. In the memory of the fact that from the first day of his wounding, the Queen and the court and the mighty men and women of England had been bending over his suffering couch in sympathy—how could he have adjusted questions as between England and the United States? How could he have been impartial? How could he have acted at all?

Beside that, during his illness, he was put under *obligation* to a great multitude of people—some in one way and some in another way, and the hotels in Washington, and a new line of hotels encircling the city of Washington, would not have held the people who would come to get reward for their favors. "I gave you an invalid chair; give me a consulship." "I manufactured the cooling apparatus; give me a post-office." "I subscribed \$5000 to Mrs. Garfield; recognize my services." "I wrote the mightiest editorials of sympathy during your sickness; *send me to Belgium*." "I got the Washington malaria waiting on your case as a newspaper correspondent; send me to some place within reach of the air that blows off the Alps."

The kindnesses and sympathies of those eleven weeks would have surrounded his administration with embarrassments mountain high; and in his inability to reward his benefactors, and in his adoption of an independent policy, he would have aroused feelings different from those which now exist; and instead of being the centre of the nation's admiration and the object almost of its idolatry, he would, during the three coming years, have been more denounced and more caricatured and more hated than any man that ever occupied the Presidential chair. He will have escaped during the next three years enough calumny to have covered up these continents with vituperative newspapers from Baffin's Bay to Terra del Fuego. If Washington, and Adams, and Monroe, and Jeffer-

son, and Lincoln, could not escape, much less could Garfield have escaped; for there were larger and more unreasonable expectations excited in regard to him than in regard to any of his predecessors.

If, therefore, the first half of your prolonged prayers of eleven weeks meant the President's welfare, *your prayers have been answered*, completely answered, grandly answered, gloriously answered, triumphantly answered, forever answered, and could have been answered in no other way. His body never rested so well as now in the cemetery of Ohio. His soul never rested so well as now in the bosom of his God. Your prayers have been answered. *Qoud erat demonstrandum*.

But has the last half of your prolonged prayer of eleven weeks been answered—the part of the prayer that pertained to

THE WELFARE OF THE NATION?

I remark, in the first place: The nation has never been so sanctified under trial and trouble as it is this very moment. When Booth shot Lincoln, the nation had been for four years drunk on war and massacre and blood, and that assassination seemed only another paragraph in a book of horrors. Before that time I never could endure to look upon a scene of suffering, and since that time I have never for a long while been able to continue looking upon a scene of suffering, and yet I went down to Sharpsburg during the conflict and preached to *fifty Federals* shattered and dying, and in a *barn to a hundred Confederates* shattered and dying, and somehow I got through the discourse. You say it was especial grace. Ah! yes, but I think the whole nation constantly standing in the presence of blood and bruises and wounds and death, got hardened. But this last assassination comes at a time of peace, and the nation falls prostrate and sick under the calamity. The nation was never so chastened, never so gentle, never so sympathetic, never so worshipful as now. Blasphemers have gone down on their knees before God and men who had not prayed since they knelt at the trundle bed in childhood, have formulated appropriate petition. While the nation's heart is far from what it ought to be, it is a *better nation to-day* than it has ever been. So that section of your prayer has been answered.

Another consideration: After what you know of our late Chief Magistrate, you must know that the paragraph in his inaugural which spoke against Mormonism was the most earnest paragraph in it. That institution is an insult to every home in America. James A. Garfield felt ordained of God, not only as President of the United States, but as a husband and a father, to annihilate that abomination. Within one year, the lightning would have struck it. By an enactment of Congress the President would have proclaimed that that institution of Mormonism is at war with our best interests as a government, and while the polygamist, considering the present complications, might have remained in the possession of his numerous wives, it would have been understood by law that after that any one who attempted to select more marital companionship than is allowed in other States would go to prison and be denied his vote. Just back of Salt Lake city, is the United States military encampment, with guns that could rake that Sodom into ashes, in one forenoon; and that regiment, aided by other regiments, could have enforced the

law. You say President Buchanan failed to do the work. I know he did. Great and good man in many respects, he was never distinguished for great energy. Beside that, he was a bachelor, and it needed a father and a husband like Garfield, understanding the value of a Christian home, to annihilate that abomination of Mormonism. But perhaps the time had not quite come. Perhaps it was necessary that the indignation of this nation should be aroused to a greater pitch against Mormonism before the work should be thoroughly attempted, and the death of Garfield under these circumstances ought to arouse the nation.

Do you know that while all good people throughout the world were praying for our President's recovery, the Mormons were praying for his death? In Utah, in Wyoming, in Arizona, in New Mexico, *praying for his death!* some of their papers utterly ignoring the whole subject, or else silyly congratulatory at the prospect of our President's early decease. Why? Mormonism decreed long ago that its potent enemies should perish, if not in one way, then in another; and the whole work should be done in the name of the Lord! Brigham Young declared in his church, in a sermon which I could show you, that he who destroys the life of an anti-Mormon does God a service. *Mountain Meadow massacre*, wherein hundreds of men, women, children, and little babes had their throats cut, and then were left unburied by the ravens and the wolves—that was all done in the name of the Lord! Dr. Robinson and Almand Babbitt and the Parishes all butchered by the Mormons, they said, in the name of the Lord! The assassins Hickman and Brigham Young, and that group of men called "Destroying Angels," because their only work is assassination—they did all their work in the name of the Lord.

Now I will not say that Guiteau was a Mormon, nor will I dare to say that he was not a paid emissary. He says he shot Garfield in the name of the Lord. Everything he has said and written on the subject implies that it was done by divine commission, and in the name of the Lord. I will not say that he was a Mormon, but he has all the Mormon theories. He was a member of the *Oneida Community*, the chief doctrine of which is that it is right to have a profusion of wives. He had the ugliness of a Mormon, the licentiousness of a Mormon, the cruelty of a Mormon, the murderous spirit of a Mormon, the infernalism of a Mormon. Why, he says he sat in the park opposite the President's house, in the name of the Lord, and he went to the Baltimore depot on the second of July, and aimed at the heart of our beloved Chief Magistrate, and fired in the name of the Lord! I say there is an ugly sound in that cry when a man goes out to do the work of darkness in the name of the Lord. I suppose that his crime originally started from his revenge at not getting a consulship; but I should not wonder if, in the great day when all secret things are revealed, it should be found that he was a paid agent of *that old hag of hell* which sits, making mouths at high heaven, between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada. If the death of Garfield shall arouse the nation to more hatred of that institution of Mormonism, which was Garfield's especial disgust, he will not have died in vain, and another section of your prayer is answered.

Again I remark: Your prayers have been answered in the sanctification of the home circle. Husband, wife, son, daughter, brother, sister were beautiful names before; but they never meant so much in this country as they do now. What an example we have had in the White House of a *model Christian home*. There have been Christian homes in the White House before this, but this by circumstances was made more conspicuous as a Christian home. Well, you see as a nation *we need toning up* on that subject. For the last twenty-five years the country has been filled with trash about free-lovism and elective affinity, and divorce made easy. There has nothing happened in your day or mine that has done so much for the homes of America as that beautiful and overwhelming example we have recently had in the White House.

Where are things going? I suppose New England is as good a part of the country as any other—perhaps better. In 1878, in the State of Maine, there were 478 divorces; in the State of Connecticut 401 divorces; in New Hampshire 241 divorces; in Rhode Island 196 divorces; in Massachusetts 600 divorces, making an aggregate of 2113 divorces in 1878 in New England. In Cook County, Illinois, last year, 830 divorce cases began. We need toning up on the subject of the family relation. You know that in some circles it gives a little piquancy to a man's character if he is said to be a little loose in his morals. Right in this time, when the nation needs so much instruction in the right direction on this important theme, we have this revelation of a Christian home circle. God grant that that influence may be potent for all the years that are to come. The influence already felt in every home of this congregation, in every home of America, proves that your prayers have been answered.

Again: I want you to understand, my friends, that, in addition to the prayers which have already attained a blessing, from your prayers and from the prayers of the nation during the last few months, there will be born

BLESSINGS FOR A THOUSAND YEARS

to come, if American institutions stand so long. The astronomer tells us that worlds ages ago created have just reached us with their light, and so there are blessings which are a thousand years in flight. God gathers up all these prayers. He gathers them from the north and from the south; He gathers them from this side of the sea and the other side of the sea, from this side of the Atlantic and from the other side of the Atlantic; He gathers them all up in a reservoir at the foot of the throne—a great suspended blessing, a flood made up of the tears of many generations, and then at His own good time, from that reservoir of divine remembrance the streams of blessing will pour down upon the nations, and their harvests will be richer, and their schools will be better, and their institutions will be more prospered, and the Christian religion will be more prospered, and the Christian religion will be more triumphant. I should not wonder if it took God many centuries fully to answer the three hundred million hearted prayers of two hemispheres. The sins of the nation cry to heaven for vengeance; but the prayers of the nation cry to heaven for mercy; and the latter are going to overbalance the former. Does not the

Psalmist intimate that God takes the tears of one of His children and puts them in a bottle, and then am I far out of the way when I suppose that God gathers up the tears of nations in a reservoir?

I am very glad that God does not answer all the prayers in our time. I am not so anxious about our present condition as a nation as I am anxiously concerned about the future. You and I can get along very well during the few years of our allotted time on earth, even if we do not like American politics; but how about the generations following? There are forces of darkness struggling to get possession of this continent, and I want some great storehouse of prayer filled for that exigency. Only the first wheel, as it were, has begun to turn in our manufacturing capacity. We have gathered only the first sheaf of agricultural resources, we have picked up only the first lump of coal, or iron, or copper, or silver, or gold, of our American mining. What will be the condition of this country when the last arable acre is doing its very best, and when all our rivers are pulling their utmost at the factory bands, and when Nevada, and Colorado, and California, and Arizona shall have disgorged all their treasures, and from ocean to ocean the continent shall be fully peopled? During the next twenty-five years there will be 100,000,000 people on this continent. During the next century, at the close of a century from now, there will be at least 300,000,000 people in the United States. What is to be the character of that population? You cannot shirk the responsibility, nor can I shirk it. Your prayers this morning and your prayers during those eleven weeks, and the prayers of all your past time, and your patriotic prayers for the future, and the prayers of the good of all ages, will help decide that question.

Columbus, two hours before midnight, said to Pedro Gutierrez, of the king's wardrobe, "Look, look! see the light on the shore; that must be a continent!" But gladder will be the man who two hours before the daybreak of national purification shall hail *the morning of regenerated America*. I tell you the signs are most encouraging. The prayers of God's people are going to hand over this continent. I am just as certain of it as that I stand here and you sit there. Have you noticed the rapidly increasing momentum? During the first fifty years of this century, in our country there were 3,000,000 converts added to the evangelical churches. There have been as many added to the evangelical churches in America during the last ten years. In other words, the last ten years have been equal to the first fifty years of this century. Clear the track for the Lord's chariot. The white horses that draw the chariot started on a slow walk. For the last few years they have been upon a gallop, they will soon be down to full run!

"Oh," say you, "I can't see how my poor prayers are going to have any effect upon that grand result." Well, rivers might as well, when the mist rises and is drawn up and floats away into

the heavens, say "that moisture will never be heard of again." God would say: "Be patient;" and when the earth wanted rain then this despised mist would take the form of an angel of the shower and would float down through the air, and from the silver chalice of a cloud would dip the water and baptize all the valleys, while the mountains stood up as sponsor. So the Sun of righteousness exhales our prayers, and so they come back again in gracious distillation. Your prayers have been answered, your prayers will be answered. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

It is something like this: I say God answers prayer, if not giving just what you want, giving
SOMETHING GREATER.

It is as though a son should say: "Father, give me \$5000," and the father should say: "I hear your request; I will do better than that; I will put that \$5000 into an education, and then it will be worth to you ten times \$5000." It is as though a wayward son had come home and found his mother dying, and he should kneel by the bedside and pray for her recovery, and God should say to that wayward young man, "I hear your prayer, but I will do better than what you ask for. I will, by your mother's death, give you reformation, and give you an eternal home with her in heaven."

So I meet this question differently from the way it is usually met. I declare now, and it is beyond all controversion, God always gives what you ask for in a right spirit, or gives something better. In all theologies it is believed that every individual has a *guardian angel* sent forth to protect, to defend and to foster. The Jewish rabbins say that Adam's guardian angel was named *Razael*, and that Abraham's guardian angel was *Zakiel*, and that Isaac's guardian angel was *Raphael*, and that Jacob's guardian angel was *Peniel*.

If every individual has a guardian angel, shall not a Christian nation have guardian angels? Who shall they be? Those who never knew us? Those who never fought in behalf of our institutions? Those who never suffered for our land? No, no. Descend, ye *spirits of the martyr presidents*, and ye mighty men of the councils of the past, ye who defended our country on land and sea. Descend, ye who preached and prayed as well as ye who fought! Mighty spirits of departed patriots, descend—come down out of the ineffable light into the shadows of earth, and lead the way. Washington and Everett, and Sumner and Garfield, and Lincoln and Burnside, and Lyon and Witherspoon, and Mason and Channing—descend, descend! Speak with lips once quieted. Strike with arms once palsied. *Ride down into this fight* in which earth and hell and heaven are in battle array. Thou mighty God of our fathers and brothers who fell at Lexington and Yorktown, and South Mountain, and Gettysburg, descend and strike back national evil, and bring national good, and prove thyself the same God who answered the prayers of Hezekiah, and of Elijah, and of Deborah, and of Joshua. Thine, O Lord, is the Kingdom!"

GUITEAUIISM.

[THIS sermon was preached during the excitement of the assassin's trial, Sabbath morning, December 11th, 1881. The plea in his behalf was insanity, he by daily ravings in court trying to give the impression.]

"Have I need of madmen, that ye have brought this fellow to play the madman in my presence?"—
I SAMUEL 21 : 15.

THERE are three dark passages in David's history, which we may not hide because God does not hide them. They are recorded as warnings. They are buoys showing where are the sunken rocks. He broke up the family of Uriah and then murdered him, and enacted in those days what in our time we would call the principles of the Oneida community. To escape capital punishment at the hand of government he simulated insanity on one occasion. In other words, to keep from losing his head he played crazy. But he was never less insane than at the day when he impersonated dementia. The fact that he ran his hand up and down the gate like an idiot, and had an uncleanly beard, did not hinder Achish, the King of Gath, from jerking off the mask and saying to his attendants, "Have I need of madmen, that ye have brought this fellow to play the madman in my presence?"

There is something sublimely sad in the aberration of King Lear, frenzied by his daughters Regan and Goneril in the attempt to have their sister Cordelia disinherited. There is something thrilling in the bewitchment of Meg Merrilies as she goes shivering, a great horror, through Walter Scott's "Guy Mannering." There is something weird in the mental derangement of Goethe's "Mignon." There is something tremendous in the insanity of Lycurgus hewing down his own son under the impression he was hewing down a tree; in the insanity of Cambyzes, in the insanity of Ulysses before the Trojan war; for these were genuine calamities, and there is sublimity even in a shipwreck. But there is no emotion excited by this feigned idiocy of the text except that of disgust, and it has its echo in the court-room at Washington, where

THE FIENDISH ASSASSIN

of our former President is dramatizing the stark fool, hoping under the cloud to escape from the anathema of the nation. The whole world might cry out appropriately to-day, in regard to that trial, in the words of Achish of the text: "Have I need of madmen, that ye have brought this fellow to play the madman in my presence?"

I have had, during the past week, an opportunity of confirming by observation in Washington, *my theory of that gigantic crime*. There is nothing new about it. It is simply a bad man's nature allowed to run loose in every direction. Instead of putting on the curb, he put on the whip. This Mazeppa voluntarily consented to be fastened to a wild courser, not caring into what deep morass or across what dark desert the unbridled fury dashed with him. *There is no mystery about it*. Our young

men can come to the same result by just allowing their evil nature to develop and trample out the good. There is plenty of opportunity. There may not be enough Presidents to allow each one a separate target, but there are innumerable victims if you will seek them, and illustrious victims. There is no need of charging that crime to Satanic possession. It was merely the evolution of the man's own bad nature. Such a man needs no devil to tempt him. *He is his own devil*. He planted nightshade, nux vomica, and colocintida. He raised, as might be expected, a crop of nightshade, nux vomica, and colocintida. There is a philosophy of crime and a science of sin, which, though very old, has not yet come to graphic and picturesque nomenclature. For purposes of warning and illustration I shall call it Guiteauism, or scoundrelism reduced to a science.

In the first place, Guiteauism stands for ABLE-BODIED BEGGARY.

There is a large class of people in our communities who live by begging, although it is often under the name of borrowing. They have hands and feet and brain with which to achieve their own livelihood, but they prefer to depend upon the result of the industry of others. The assassin now on trial had plenty of capacity to saw wood, or ditch farms, or pound the shoe-last; but he turned his back upon what he could do, and gave himself to that for which he had no qualification. There are, as near as I can tell, in this country to-day, about a hundred thousand of what are commonly called "*dead beats*." Many of them have a smattering of learning, and forthwith feel themselves called to edit newspapers, or to write books, or to take the lecture platform. One would think that after five or ten, or fifteen years of dead failure, they would take the hint, and not being able to earn a livelihood by toil of brain, go back to earn a livelihood by what is just as honorable, just as respectable—*toil of hand and foot*. No, they will not do that. What do they do? *Borrow*. They stay in a place until its patience or capacity is exhausted, and then they move on to pastures new. The assassin now on trial borrowed all he could at Freeport, then borrowed all he could in Boston, then borrowed all he could in Chicago, then borrowed all he could in Washington. He borrowed the money to purchase the pistol. He borrowed the clothes he has on his back. He is borrowing the time and the talent of his counsel. He is borrowing hundreds of thousands of dollars from the United States Government, in the expense to which this trial is putting us, and in all the ex-

pense that attended the last sickness of our beloved President. You and I, if we are taxpayers, are helping to pay his board to-day in prison.

My friends, it seems to me that it is high time that we men and women, who in our occupations and professions are toiling until we cannot draw another ounce, ceased being taxed to support the lazy scoundrels of America. For the sick and the decrepit and the helpless we must lend our shoulder, but for this wandering vagabondism, for these leeches put on the arm of honest industry until they suck out the blood, for these vermin crawling through society, crawling through prisons, crawling through court-rooms, crawling through churches, crawling through lecture-halls, let there be nothing but extirpation. The most of these men who are living by borrowing could find occupation if they were not too proud to take certain kinds of occupation. In *Philadelphia* a man who had a family of ten children came to me and wanted to borrow fifteen dollars. I said to him, "I will not loan you fifteen dollars, but I will give you fifteen dollars provided you will open a news-stand and support yourself. I know just where I can get a position for you on the street for your news stand, and I will give you the fifteen dollars if you will promise to expend it in the starting of that business." He said he would take until the next day to think about it. On the morrow he came to me and thanked me for my kindness, but said that he had concluded that *it would not be a business worthy of him!* "Well," I said, "now please don't bother me any more, for I have work. Good-morning!"

Guteauism is able-bodied beggary. Many of those men *live on their wits*. They try to see what they can pick up. They hover around the headquarters of political parties just before elections, and hurrah for the men that they think will be elected. They are hearty Republicans or rousing Democrats according as it pays. Washington City is full of them to-day. All the trees around the White House were filled with these crows when Garfield was shot. That shot frightened them off their roosts, but they are all back there again as thick as ever. They are as enthusiastic for Arthur now as they were for Garfield then. Oh, they are a precious group, and their chief apostle is Guteau. The vast majority of them, of course, will be disappointed, and they will be mad enough to shoot anything from a President down to a sapling. After awhile they will leave for home without any official appointment, and without a cent in their pocket. What will they do when they get home? Borrow, of course, borrow. It is only we vulgar people who work. Guteauism is able-bodied beggary.

The curse of this country is the geniuses—those men who think themselves Lord Byrons, not because they have any of his talent, but because they have his vices and his big shirt-collar. The only kind of genius that is worth anything is the genius for hard, practical, useful work. If God has given you two hands and two feet and good health, you have magnificent equipment. Those who were born at the top of the ladder do not have much chance, for they are apt to fall to the bottom, but those who are born at the foot of the ladder have the better chance. Michael Faraday, the greatest philosopher of his time, started from a black-

smith's anvil, and Shakespeare held horses at the door of a London theatre before he held the attention of all ages. The path of life opened for Robert Burns in a ploughboy's furrow; George Peabody endowed a library in the village where once he had sawed wood. The shoemaker's last would have been the most appropriate coat-of-arms for William Cary the missionary, and Cloudesley Shovel the admiral and famous author. The butcher's stall was the starting-place for Kirke White and Akenside and Cardinal Wolsey. Herschel played in a brass band before God called him up to listen to the music of the spheres and the orchestra of the morning stars. A barber-shop was the starting-place for Copernicus the astronomer, and Arkwright the inventor, and Jeremy Taylor the ecclesiast, and Tenterden the Lord Chief Justice of England. A mason's trowel was the weapon with which the learned Ben Jonson and Hugh Miller the geologist began to fight the battle of life. With a weaver's shuttle Columbus the discoverer, and Dr. Livingstone the explorer, and John Foster the essayist, and Wilson the ornithologist, began to weave their fortunes and their usefulness.

Out of every hard position in life there are fifty doors which at the tap of the hard knuckle of toil swing wide open. Do not, my hearer, join the great army of able-bodied beggars, led on by Guteau, the champion of dead-beats. When the time comes that you feel like putting your lazy hands on your hips and saying, "The world owes me a living," *it owes you a halter!* Guteauism is able-bodied beggary.

Again, I remark, Guteauism is

CRUELTY UNMITIGATED.

I saw in the Washington depot a star in the floor, showing where the President's head lay after he had fallen, and I saw in the wall in that room a beautiful memorial marble marked "July 2, 1881," and then I saw in a recess, which looked as if just built for a villain's hiding-place, the spot where the assassin stood and fired; but all that did not impress me with the cruelties of Guteauism as the story of an *employé of the White House*, who told me how he held the dying President's foot between his two hands and pressed it hard to appease the agony. I said to him, "Did he groan much?" "Oh, no," he said, "he didn't groan so much as he breathed hard. Oh, sir, it was awful, it was awful, sir." There is only one book that has the full story of the suffering last summer at Washington and at Elberon, and that is the book of God's remembrance. There is recorded in indelible letters—the first sting of the bullet, and the probing, and the surgery, and the wound-dressing, and the nervousness, and the sleepless nights, and the dying pang. What did it? Guteauism. Garfield nearly three months dead, and his assassin still alive. But if you want to know still worse cruelties, look upon *beclouded Mentor*, and the closed blinds of that beautiful home. The photographers have not given the picture accurately as I saw that home a few weeks ago. It was not merely comfortable, it was exquisitely beautiful, garnished and pictured and adorned. Where is the family that used to spend their winters there? Gone—all gone. The head of the family in Cleveland cemetery; the living members of the family gone, to be as near the grave as possible.

Oh, it is no small affair to take a man fifty years of age from his wife just before the evening of life is come on, and she needs his strong right arm, and from undeveloped children at an age when they require a father's wisdom and protection. The American people have done all they could to relieve the domestic calamity. Cyrus W. Field did not do a grander thing when he put the telegraphic girdle under the sea fifteen years ago, connecting all nations with a sensitive nerve of sympathy, than this year, when he put under the ocean of the nation's sorrow a cable of gold along which the sympathy of the world flashed into the heart of the anguish-stricken Garfield household. But after all the alleviation, the grief is immeasurable. Rather than a half million of gold in their widowhood and orphanage, would they have a log cabin in the Western wilderness with two rooms, and father and husband home with them. What broke up that domestic felicity? Guiteauism, accursed Guiteauism! But there is

A COLDER CRUELTY

than that in this business. Look in upon the court-house at Washington and see the assassin and his counsel defaming the entire Guiteau family in all its branches—father, sons, daughters, uncles, aunts—all branches of the household, for the sake of saving that murderer's life. They begin with the father's grave. Ghouls in a cemetery. His former friends and neighbors testify he was more than usually intelligent, one of their most honored citizens. Guiteauism smites the dead cheek and spits on the coffin.

But that is not enough for the cruelty of Guiteauism. The attorney for the defendant throws obloquy on his own wife, who is a Guiteau. Alas! for the dastardliness that will dishonor a good wife. To make the scales come down on the side of this assassin, the attorney for the defendant pushes his own wife into the scales, and pushes her so hard it must meet with the execration of all Christendom. But that is not enough for the cruelty of Guiteauism. A physician on the witness stand is asked if a young girl of the family who is earning her livelihood by teaching school is not suspected of insanity! Garfield's sufferings are ended, but this cruelty is to go down from generation to generation through all the branches of the family and blight every cradle for two centuries. That is what I mean by the cruelty of Guiteauism.

Oh, my friends, if you are ever tempted to any kind of cruelty, beware! It may be seen in childhood by the pulling off of the wings of a fly, or a little later in the transfixing of a fish, or bringing down game you do not expect to make practical use of, or in the overdriving of a dumb beast, or in the maltreatment of your subordinates. *Cruelty grows more rapidly than any other plant.* Up-root it. Expel it from your heart by an all-pervading Christian sympathy. If you feel any satisfaction in your soul at the pain of others, at the misfortune of others, at the downfall of others, beware. That is Guiteauism.

Again, Guiteauism stands for

REVENGE.

The assassin wanted to be minister to Austria or have a consulship in Paris or Italy. What a splendid representative of the United States Government he would have made! Because the President denied him this, he grits his teeth, buys a pistol,

and says, "I'll pay him for this. He will be sorry for this denial. Revenge, revenge!" That has been the dominant characteristic of the man all through and up to last night. He would have killed his cross-examiner if there had been a weapon at hand, when the prisoner stood in the box as his own witness, and when the potent finger of John K. Porter, the king of the American court-room, was thrust into the vestment of the murderer, ripping open the hell of iniquity confined there until the fires blazed forth. How the cobra bit the bars of the cage, how the tiger trapped in the jungle glared on his captor! *Revenge! Othello's dagger was a spoon compared to it.*

If you and I, my friends, tempted at any personal affront should say, "I'll pay my enemy for this. He's tried to write me down, I'll try to write him down. He's done me a wrong. I'll do him a wrong. Tit for tat. I'll pursue that man to the end of the world, and I'll get even with him"—if we say that, or feel that, that is retaliation, that is revenge, that is Guiteauism. How different the theory promulgated by One who was the most abused and most wronged and outraged Being that ever lived since the day when this planet flew out of the creative hand of God. That blessed Being says, "Give blessing for cursing, give kindness for harshness," and then under a hyperbole, which no one will take as literal, suggests that if our clothes-closets be robbed, we must give the burglar another selection. "Him that would take away thy cloak, forbid not to take thy coat also." Of course a hyperbole, but under that figure urging upon us complete leniency for complete provocation. "Ah!" you say, "that would free Guiteau." No, no! The freedom of that man would be cruelty to society, that would be the derangement of public morals, that would be putting a price upon assassination. There are ten thousand desperadoes now in America waiting to see whether murder is going to be safe. Not in a spirit of bloodthirstiness let the law be executed, but in devotion to society.

Notice, all ye who are tempted to retaliation in business or in social circles, unto what the spirit of revenge leads. Stamp out this spark of a sulphurous match before the entire temple of your nature is wrapped in the conflagration. Take no revenge by stiletto, or carbine, or critic's pen, or printer's type, or French shrug, or tattler's tongue, or innuendo. Revenge is a *knife without any handle*. It cuts you as you clutch it, long before it stabs him. With all our boasted Christianity we ought to have as much moral equipoise as did Pericles the heathen. He was one day berated in the most outrageous way, and in such a hot passion that the scold did not notice it was getting dark, and when the fusillade was over Pericles said to his servant, "*Bring a lamp now*, and light him home." The spirit of the Gospel in the heart of a man who had never heard the Gospel. But revenge on a large scale or revenge on a small scale is Guiteauism.

Guiteauism also stands for those who with

THE CLOAK OF RELIGION

try to hide their turpitude. Why, the assassin was a voluble talker in prayer-meetings. He was an usher in a religious assemblage at one time. He quotes Scripture glibly. I am told he belonged at one time to a Methodist church, and at another

time to a Presbyterian church, and at another time to a Baptist church, and he tried to take advantage of one of the prominent doctrines in each of the churches. The Methodists believe that a man may fall from grace, and he fell from grace. The Presbyterians believe in predestination, and he hoped to go on that "through train" to glory without any reference to his moral character, thus misinterpreting and outraging the doctrine. And the two Baptist churches could not wash him clean. Indeed, he honored pretty much all our denominations with a membership, except the Episcopal Church; but as the Apostle Judas was hung, I do not know but that this assassin in one respect may be *in the line of apostolic succession!* Church membership to him was a field of usefulness. It gave him opportunity to borrow more money. He was a ripe illustration of those people who pretend to worship God on Sundays, and serve the devil all the rest of the week. Among them some vestrymen, and some elders, and some deacons, and some Sunday-school officers, and some prominent members of the church, while they are rotten clear through. Such men are no disgrace to religion any more than Fulton Bank or Nassau Bank or Bank of England is disgraced because a counterfeit check is put through the window of the paying teller. The bank is just as honorable after some one has attempted a fraud upon it as before.

Guiteau is a lawyer; that is nothing against the science of jurisprudence. Guiteau is an author; that is nothing against *belles-lettres*. Guiteau is a married man; that is nothing against the institution of holy marriage. This assassin's diabolism is nothing against our glorious religion, which is pure and kind and gentle and loving, and fits a man for the here and the hereafter, and has two rooms, one on earth, all full of the implements of toil and the dust of toil, and the other room upstairs, which is palatial and opening into the hanging gardens of the King, whose paths are filled with princes and princesses walking in white.

I say in the presence of all those who hear or

read this sermon, that under God we decide for ourselves whether we will be good or bad. We cannot throw this responsibility off on satanic possession. Every man's heart has walls around it, and strong gates around it, and we entertain what guests we will. Hark! there is a knock at the gate. Who comes there? Revenge, with gauntleted fists, beating to come in. It has just dismounted from a fiery dragon of the pit. Do not open the door. Hark! another knock at the gate. Who comes there? Uncleaness, that has just dismounted from a satyr of the desert. Do not open the door. Hark! another knock at the gate. Who comes there? Ambition, that has just dismounted from a horse lathered with human gore. Do not open the gate. Hark! another knock at the gate. Who comes there? It is gentle. It is accompanied with a heavenly voice and a gracious urgency. It is a messenger from God. Shove back the bolt. Swing open all the gates. Come in, Grace, with all thy family of Christian graces—love and joy and peace and patience and brotherly kindness and charity. Come in and take possession of all the rooms of the heart's castle; join hands, and skip up and down the wide halls in great glee. In other words, my friends, surrender your whole heart to God, and there is no room for satanic possession. Do you find the struggle against temptation hard, call on God for reinforcements. They are saddled and bridled ready for the fray.

Do you know a little girl decided the battle of Waterloo and the fate of Europe? The English army was worn out in the long battle when a little girl showed Blucher and his men a short cut to the field of Waterloo, otherwise they would have gone a long distance around, but through that short cut they came up in time to save the day. Oh, men, tempted men, tried men, immortal men, this may be your Waterloo of temptation and trial! I would God I could take the part of that little child and get to you quick reinforcements. They are coming! The artillery of God rumbling down the sky, coming, coming! The day is ours. "If God be for us, *who* can be against us?"

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

[THIS sermon was preached in Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in the winter of 1865. It was the first of a series delivered by the pastors of the city under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. A very excited discussion had arisen in the newspapers about preaching in "unconsecrated places." Long before the hour of service Chestnut Street was impassable because of the multitudes trying to get into the theatre. There was much apprehension of a riot. The clergy waiting in "The Green Room" were led in prayer by Mr. Geo. H. Stuart, the philanthropist. The theatre was a surging mass until the first hymn quieted them. A great spiritual blessing resulted from the service, and an "after meeting" was held at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association opposite the theatre, and many joined the churches who ascribed their conversion to the services in the theatre.]

"For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad."—II. COR. 5 : 10.

7 YOU all believe the Bible to be true. I will not insult you by an argument in that direction. Your presence here seems to imply it, and if I can show from this book that there is a day of solemn, of

momentous importance approaching, you will admit the fact, and as reasonable and intelligent people, want all the light on that subject possible. I take it for granted you are not afraid to look

facts full in the face. If there come a business panic, you examine your books, you see what is your outgo and what is your income, what is the amount of stock you have on hand, and make deliberate calculation as to what are the probabilities of your successfully going through the panic. And if I can show you that there is a day coming which will try and test and weigh us—a day which to a great multitude will be a *wild panic*, you will immediately want to make calculation as to what are the probabilities of your successfully going through that crisis unhurt.

Many of you are accustomed to serving upon juries. When the case comes on, you listen to the evidence on both sides, you hear the counsel for the plaintiff and the counsel for the defendant, you carefully listen to the judge's charge, you retire to the private room, and then you come into court and you render the verdict. This evening, in the name of God, I impanel this entire audience as a jury before whom I wish to place certain evidence, expecting that by the close of the meeting you will have rendered your verdict for time and for eternity. That there is

A DAY OF TRIAL COMING

I prove from the Book of Ecclesiastes: "For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." From the Book of Matthew: "And before Him shall be gathered all nations; and He shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats. And He shall set the sheep on His right hand, but the goats on the left." From the Book of Acts: "God hath appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom He hath ordained." From the Book of Revelation: "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened."

But perhaps you will want to know something of the pomp and paraphernalia of that day, and so I make another group of passages: "The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before that great and notable day of the Lord come." "The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard, and be removed like a cottage;" "and all the host of heaven shall be dissolved, and the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll; and all their host shall fall down, as the leaf falleth off from the vine, and as a falling fig from the fig-tree." "And I will show wonders in heaven above and signs in the earth beneath, blood and fire and vapor of smoke." "The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the Heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up." "Lo, there was a great earthquake, and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair."

I suppose, my friends, you have noticed the peculiar figures of speech as I have gone on. You have seen an intoxicated man reeling from one side of the street to the other, with no power of self-control, and finally dropping into the ditch. And God says that our world in its last agony will stagger like a drunkard. You have taken a blue sheet of paper and rolled it up in your hands, and very easily rolled up that blue sheet of paper, and easily held it up in your right hand. And God says that He will take the blue Heavens and roll them to-

gether like a scroll. You have gone into an orchard when the fruit was ripe, and you looked up through the branches, and you said: "Why, this fruit might as well be brought down and taken in," and you took hold the tree and you shook mightily, and the fruit came down by scores and hundreds. And God says the world after awhile, like the ripe fruit of the tree of the universe, shall be brought down as He lays hold of that tree and shakes it, and the stars shall fall like falling figs from a fig-tree.

Now, my friends, are we ready for the solemn announcement of my text? "We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." I am going to speak first of the Judge, then of those who shall be gathered before Him, and then of the sentences pronounced; and may God by His Holy Spirit bring this subject home to our hearts so that we shall look upon it not as a picture of something far away that we will never look at, but as a scene in which you and I will be personally participant.

In the first place, I remark that

THE JUDGE

on that day will be an *impartial Judge*. It is a very difficult thing to get a judge of that kind in this, world, because men are elected to the judiciary by the votes of the people; and it is a very difficult thing, when a case comes on, for a judge to forget "this man voted for me, and that man voted against me." But the Judge on that day will be impartial. He was not elected, He will not be elected by any human suffrage. He existed before the world was. He will exist after it is burned up, independent of man, angel, and devil. In some cities—I am glad it is not so in our own city—in some cities it is almost impossible for a poor man to get justice in the courts, especially if on the other side there be those richly apparelled and highly conditioned. In many cities the polished and accomplished villain sits with embroidered slippers, and smoking Havanas of the best brand, while the unpolished and unaccomplished offender waits for his trial and has tin cup and bunk of straw awarded him, and you can often tell by the speed and the recklessness of the trial that the prisoner in the box has no money in his pocket. The law, in many cities, with its hands behind its back, walks in front of great villainies, not seeing them; but woe be to the woman who steals a paper of pins, or the man who takes a loaf of bread to keep his children from starving. But on the day of which I speak the Judge will be impartial. What to Him are all the inequalities of human society? Side by side, czar and gate-keeper, president and porter, Chinese emperor and coolie, millionaire and pauper. What to Him will it be whether in this world we flashed in gay drawing-room, or picked cotton, or broke cobblestones, or harangued senates, or marshalled armies? One platform on which to stand, one law by which to be tried, one impartial Judge to fix our fate. After other trials, people complain, "I hadn't a fair chance;" but all nations after that last trial will be compelled to acknowledge they had a fair chance.

He is not only an impartial Judge, but He is a *merciful Judge*. When a man is to be brought

to trial, he asks now which judge is to be on the bench during this term. Some judges are celebrated for their severity, and other judges are celebrated for their leniency. Now, I have to tell you the Judge on that day is characterized by mercy. He would rather acquit you than condemn you. He will give you all the advantages in the case. That He has a kind heart I prove by the fact that he went a long journey to comfort two sisters who had lost their brother, and turned aside from a flattering reception to help a poor blind man. There is no telling the height, the depth, the length, the breadth of His mercy.

But He is not only impartial and merciful, *He is just*. What would you think of the judge who should take his place on the bench and say, "Now let all these criminals go free without regard to their character, or their present condition, or their state of mind. Let them all go free. Open all the prisons and let all the outragers of society go free. I haven't the heart to punish them"? Why, such a judge as that you would have impeached. You say, "Such a judge as that is fit only for an insane asylum." The greatest farce in the universe would be a judge without justice. Now, I have to tell you that the Judge on that day will be a just Judge. He knows all the law, and He will vindicate it. Suppose we come up before that Judge with all our sins unpardoned, all our crimes unforgiven, and not so much as accepting some one to plead our cause, do you think he will escape? Ah! I tell you nay. If Mercy, radiant and garlanded, sits on one side that throne, Justice, with stern brow and firm lip and gleaming sword, sits on the other. An impartial Judge, a merciful Judge, a just Judge. But I must pass on and speak of those who will be gathered before Him. "Lo! there were thunders and lightnings, and a great earthquake." "Behold! He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him." "We must all,

WE MUST ALL APPEAR before the judgment seat of Christ." I have time only to specify five or six different classes who will be brought that day for inspection. In the first place, I remark, that *all the good* will come up for trial. These sacrificed in the ancient temple, and those taught in a modern Sabbath-school. These came up from a common field of graves, those from the mausoleum of princes. These were buried in the potter's field, those heard the arch angelic blast under the solid masonry of Westminster Abbey. These died in their mother's arms, and those were octogenarians, their hair white as the snow that drifted over their sepulchres. These died on pillow of eider down, those put their flaming feet in the burning chariot that sped up from Smithfield. Once they were sinners, once they were culprits, once they deserved to die; but they got the matter settled. Written all over their hearts in the handwriting of that very Judge is their *eternal clearance*: "There is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." Not one sin uncanceled. Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let them come in. March on, great army of the pardoned and the good. March on! Hail! sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Pass on. Pass up. Pass in.

I remark, also, on that day *all blasphemers* will come under inspection. On earth they made a

great many hard speeches they have forgotten; but on that day the record will be presented. When they first began to swear, the oath caught between the teeth and almost choked their utterance. After a while they spewed their profanities on the air, reckless of God, though sometimes they apologized to the ladies. As a man once, while giving in some testimony to a judge, heard the scratching of a pen behind a curtain, and knew from that that whatever he said was being taken down to be reported, so in the last day it will be found out that the recording angel has kept an account of all the profanities, the unforgiven and unpardoned profanities, of the man's lifetime, and they will flame out before his astonished vision. They will almost burn the eye in the socket, as they hear the old words repeated, the old words written so long ago: "All blasphemers shall have their place in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." Swing back, ye gates of darkness. Lift, ye gates of doom. Pass on, you great army of blasphemers. Pass on. Pass out. Pass down. Forever. Forever.

I remark, on that day will come up for inspection

ALL THE OPPRESSED.

On earth they had a hard time of it. Hard crusts, hard taskmasters. No chance at all. These toiled in Egyptian brick kilns, and these made garments for government contractors at ruinous rates, and these put out their eyes with their own needles, binding shoes for the elegant feet of lords and ladies. That forehead was never kissed of the sunlight. Those eyes never saw the green fields. Those ears never heard the song of meadow lark and brown thrasher. These were orphans, and they were kicked into the world, and they were kicked out of it. Long story of blistered hands and aching head, and broken heart, and now they stand in the presence of Him who in every passion of His soul knows what it is to suffer. This is not the first time He has seen them. He saw them all the time when in their earthly sorrows they cried for pity and for help, and will He cast them off now? Cast them off? Will He? Ask the mother who holds the child in her arms to throw it to the wild beasts, ask the father who holds the child lovingly by the hand to dash that child against the rocks; but do not expect that in the fresh memory of cross and garden of bloody sweat Christ will cast off these suffering ones who have confided in His mercy. Happy day for you all, ye children of the fire. In proportion as the thorn was sharp and the flame was severe, your reward will be great. You suffered with Him on earth; you will be glorified with Him in Heaven. Hail! sons and daughters of the fire.

I remark again: on that day will be gathered for inspection and trial all those who have been

SECRET DEFRAUDERS

or *charlatans*. Business men who have been behind the curtain know very well that much of commercial life to-day is rotten to the centre. You pass down the street without especial observation, but on either side are gigantic frauds being enacted. Operators in dishonesty so agile and so alert the law cannot strike between the joints of their harness. Once in a while a Phoenix Bank swindle or a Ketcham forgery comes to the surface; but

the vast majority of the dishonesties never come to the surface, or, coming to the surface, are hushed up. But on the day of which I speak all these things will come out—all the affairs of banks and insurance companies and moneyed institutions, all unlawful fees by unprincipled attorneys, all trifling with human life by medical charlatans, all unlawful putting of one's property out of the hands, all sharp practice, all gougings, all shams. If I stand before those who have devoured widows' houses or sprung snap judgments, or ground the faces of the poor, let me tell you it will be a great ordeal for you unless you have given up your crimes and repented of them before God. God is going to bring Chestnut Street, and Wall Street, and Broadway, and Third Street, and the Bourse into judgment; and if you have not repented of your business iniquities, the Lord will drive you down into destruction. Gates of darkness, lift. Doors of doom, swing open. All ye secret defrauders and charlatans, pass on, pass out, pass down. Forever. Forever!

I remark again: on that day all the outragers, the

PUBLIC OUTRAGERS OF LAW

and order will come under inspection. They took the first steamer and got out of the country, and the police could not catch them. The slain body was hidden, and all traces of the crime were obliterated, and everything became a mystery, and the question that passed from lip to lip was, "Who did it? Who did it?" They slunk into the underground restaurant, or on swift horse they put many miles between them and the scene of their crime. Now, it will all come out.

What a general jail delivery! Crimes a hundred years ago committed, and a hundred years ago forgotten, come to resurrection. All the outlaws, the great outlaws of Thebes and Tyre and Babylon joining the gang of desperadoes that come up from our modern cities, a scaled and blasted and peeled and scalded throng, with their mouths still filled with blasphemies and their bodies still covered with crime, and their eyes still gleaming with revenge, and their hearts still raving with murder. All looking on the throne of judgment, and reading there, before yet it be uttered, their eternal condemnation. Pass on, you public outragers of law and order. Pass on. Pass out. Pass down. Forever. Forever.

Again I remark: on that day will come under inspection and scrutiny all those who have depended on their *personal morality*, independent of Jesus Christ. No one ever doubted their integrity. If they owed a dollar, they paid it. No slander on their tongue, no malice in their heart; but here they are before the judgment-seat of Christ. Having refused the Lord Jesus their love and their confidence, here they are on their own resources. They have avoided a great many sins, but they have committed *the greatest sin that a man can commit*, they have rejected the Lord Jesus and crucified the Lord of glory. They look back, and they now realize that the Bible was right when it said, and said of the very best naturally, who had not any of the grace of God—said of all them before they were changed: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Now they find they made *an infinite mistake* when they depended upon their personal morality

and rejected the Lord. They hear the announcement from the throne: "Because I called and ye refused, and stretched out my hand and no man regarded, therefore I will laugh at your calamity and mock when your fear cometh." And then in paroxysm of horror they cry out: "How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof. The harvest is past, summer is ended, and I am not saved." And then they go to the foot of the cliff and try to shake the stones down on them as they cry: "Rocks and mountains, fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb. The great day of His wrath is come, and who, who shall be able to stand?" Gates of darkness, lift. All these who depended upon personal morality and rejected Christ, the only Redeemer, pass on, pass out, pass down. Forever. Forever. But you say, "Didn't that man do a great many good things?" Yes; but the Bible said so plainly he could not have been mistaken in regard to it—the Bible said, "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified; and except ye be born again, ye cannot see the Kingdom of God."

I remark again: on that day all persons, of whatever character and of whatever antecedents, who have rejected the Lord Jesus Christ will be brought under inspection. They heard the Gospel and rejected it. I do not care where they heard it. These heard it in King's Chapel and those in Sailor's Bethel, these heard it in gorgeous cathedral, and those in log-cabin meeting-house; but they heard it, and they would have none of it. Now, they are before the judgment-seat of Christ, unpardoned, and all things seem to be pleading against them. This Bible which they refused to read, or read with an indifferent spirit, pleading against them. The communion table to which they were invited, but which they refused, pleading against them. The cross of the Son of God pleading against them. The warnings of God's Providence pleading against them. The Holy Spirit pleading against them. Ah! my friends, it will not be the falling of the mountains and the burning seas that will make the consternation; it will be the unimproved privileges of the past gathering around that soul and pushing it to the brink and mocking its agony. I hear the soliloquy of that soul: "Jesus called, the Spirit invited. Christians warned, the Church of God begged me to come in, all Christian influences plied my soul; but here I am unpardoned, and this is the judgment-seat. Too late now. It is all over, and the door goes shut, and that is the judgment-seat. If there were a door ajar, how swiftly I would fly through it. If there were a place to pray, how soon I would make outcry. If there were an invitation offered, how soon I would accept it; but it is too late now. This is the judgment-seat. Bitterness utter. The door shut. My fate sealed. This is the judgment-seat. Oh, if I had heard my mother's entreaty! Oh, if I had only heard my sister's prayer! Oh, if once in ten thousand years any light would break in upon this darkness; but it is too late. This is the judgment-seat, and I am unpardoned. Lost! Lost! And this is the judgment-seat, the judgment-seat."

Are we not ready to receive the full power of the text when it says, "We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ that every one may receive

the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad"? Are we not ready to accept the invitation of the Gospel when it says, "Ho! every one that thirsteth," "whosoever will." "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." "Let the wicked man forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his

thought, and let him return to the Lord who will have mercy." "The Spirit and the bride say, Come; and whosoever will, let him come."

"Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though Heaven and earth should pass away."

THE THREE CROSSES.

[THIS sermon was preached in Howard Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, Cal., in July, 1871. Dr. Talmage had on the Sabbath previous preached in Calvary Presbyterian Church. On both occasions the streets were blockaded with people unable to get in. A San Francisco paper speaking of these sermons said: "We believe that no such Christian preaching has been heard since the days when George Whitefield and the two Wesleys preached the Gospel on the shores of America. Sublime in his powers of pathetic and lucid description, terrible in the earnestness with which he pleads the cause of the undying soul, overwhelming with the tender overtures of redeeming mercy, and sparkling with graceful images and illustrative anecdote, the great multitude becomes as one man beneath his touch, and a silence broken only by an occasional gasping for breath from the whole assembly, attends his utterances from the first sentence to the last."]

"And when they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left."—LUKE 23 : 33.

JUST outside of Jerusalem is a swell of ground, toward which a crowd are ascending; for it is the day of execution. What a mighty assemblage! Some for curiosity to hear what the malefactors will say, and to see how they will act. The three persons to be executed are already there. Some of the spectators are vile of lip and bloody of cheek. Some look up with revenge, hardly able to keep their hands off the sufferers. Some tear their own hair in a frenzy of grief. Some stand in silent horror. Some break out into uncontrollable weeping. Some clap their hands in delight that the offenders are to be punished at last. The soldiers, with drawn swords, drive back the mob, which press on so hard. There is fear that the proceedings may be interrupted. Let the German Legion, now stationed at Jerusalem, on horseback, dash along the line, and force back the surging multitude. "Back with you!" is the cry; "have you never seen a man die before?"

Three crosses in a row. An upright piece and two transverse pieces—one on the top, on which the hands are nailed, and one at the middle, on which the victim sat. Three trees just planted, yet bearing fruit—the one at the right bearing poison, and the one at the left bitter aloes; the one in the middle, apples of love. Norway pine, and tropical orange, and Lebanon cedar, would not make so strange a grove as this orchard of Calvary. Stand, and give a look at the three crosses. Just look at

THE CROSS ON THE RIGHT.

Its victim dies scoffing. More tremendous than his physical anguish is his scorn and hatred of Him on the middle cross. This one on the right twists half around on the spikes to hiss at the One in the middle. If the scoffer could get one hand loose, and He were within reach, he would smite the

middle sufferer in the face. He hates Him with a perfect hatred. I think he wishes he were down on the ground, that he might spear Him. He envies the mechanics who, with their nails, have nailed Him fast. Amid the settling darkness, and louder than the crash of the rocks, I hear him jeer out these words: "Ah! ah! you poor wretch, I knew you were an imposter! You pretended to be a God, and yet you let these Roman legions master you." It was in some such hate that Voltaire, in his death hour, because he thought he saw Christ in his bedroom, got up on his elbow, and cried out: "Crush that wretch!" What had the middle cross done to arouse up this right-hand cross? Nothing. Oh, the enmity of the natural heart against Christ! The world likes a sentimental Christ or a philanthropic Christ: but a Christ who comes to snatch men from their sins, away with Him! On this right-hand cross, tonight, I see typified the unbelief of the world. Men say: "Back with Him from the heart. I will not let Him take my sins. If He will die, let Him die for Himself, not for me."

There has always been a war between this right-hand cross and the middle cross, and wherever there is an unbelieving heart, there the fight goes on. Oh, if, when that dying malefactor perished, the faithlessness of man had perished, then that tree which yields poison would not have budded and blossomed for all the world. Look up into that disturbed countenance of the sufferer, and see what a ghastly thing it is to reject Christ. Behold in that awful face, in that pitiful look, in that unblest death hour, the stings of the sinners departure. What a plunge into darkness! Standing high upon the cross on the top of the hill, so that all the world may look at him, he says: "Here I go out of a miserable life into a wretched eternity!"

One! Two! Three! Listen to the crash of the fall, all ye ages! So Hobbes, dying after he had seventy years in which to prepare for eternity, said: "Were I master of all the world, I would give it all to live one day longer." Sir Francis Newport, hovering over the brink, cried out: "Wretch that I am, whither shall I fly from this breast? What will become of me? Oh, that I were to lie upon the fire that never is quenched, a thousand years, to purchase the favor of God and to be reconciled to Him again! Oh, eternity! Oh, eternity! Who can discover the abyss of eternity? Who can paraphrase upon these words: forever and forever? Oh, the insufferable pangs of hell!"

That right-hand cross—thousands have perished on it, yea, in worse agonies. For what is physical pain compared with remorse, at the last, that life has been wasted, and only a fleeting moment stands between the soul and its everlasting overthrow? Oh, God, let me die anywhere rather than at the foot of that right-hand cross. Let not one drop of that blood fall upon my cheek. Rend not my ear with that cry. I see it now as never before—the loathsomeness and horror of my unbelief. That dying malefactor was not so much to blame as I. Christianity was not established, and perhaps not until that day had that man heard the Christ. But after Christ has stood almost nineteen centuries, working the wonders of His grace, you reject Him. That right-hand cross, with its long beam, overshadows all the earth. It is planted in the heart of the race. When will the time come that the Spirit of God shall, with its axe, hew down that right-hand cross, until it shall fall at the foot of that middle cross, and Unbelief, the railing malefactor of the world, shall perish from all our hearts. Away from me! thou spirit of unbelief! I hate thee! With this sword of God I thrust thee back and thrust thee through. Down to hell; down, most accursed monster of the earth! Talk no longer to these sons of God, these heirs of heaven.

"If thou be the Son of God." Was there any "if" about it? Tell me, thou star, that in robe of light did run to point out His birthplace. Tell me, thou sea, that didst put thy hand over thy lip when He bidd thee be still. Tell me, ye dead who got up to see Him die. Tell me, thou sun in mid-heaven, who for Him didst pull down over thy face the veil of darkness. Tell me, ye lepers, who were cleansed, ye dead, who were raised, Is He the Son of God? Aye, aye! responds the universe. The flowers breathe it—the stars chime it—the redeemed celebrate it—the angels rise up on their thrones to announce it. And yet on that miserable malefactor's "if" millions shall be wrecked for all eternity. That little "if" is the little insect which has enough venom in its sting to cause the death of the soul. No "if" about it. I know it. Ecce Deus! I feel it thoroughly—through every muscle of the body, and through every faculty of my mind, and through every energy of my soul. Living, I will preach it; dying, I will pillow my head upon its consolations. Jesus the God!

Away, then, from this right-hand cross. The red berries of the forest are apt to be poisonous, and around this tree of carnage grow the red, poisonous berries of which millions have tasted and

died. I can see no use for this right-hand cross, except it be used as a lever with which to upturn the unbelief of the world. Here from the right-hand cross I go to the left. Pass clear to the other side. That victim also twists himself upon the nails to look at the centre cross—yet not to scoff. It is to worship. He, too, would like to get his hand loose, not to smite, but to deliver the sufferer on the middle cross. He cries to the railer cursing on the other side: "Silence! between us is innocence in agony. We suffer for our crimes. Silence!" Gather around

THIS LEFT-HAND CROSS.

Oh, ye people, be not afraid! Bitter herbs are sometimes a tonic for the body, and the bitter aloes that grow on the tree shall give strength and life to thy soul. This left-hand cross is a *repenting* cross. As men who have been nearly drowned tell us that in one moment, while they were under the water, their whole life passed before them, so I suppose that in one moment the dying malefactor thought over all his past life. Of that night when he went into an unguarded door and took the silver, the gold, the jewels, and as the sleeper stirred, he put a knife through his heart. Of that day when, in the lonely pass, he met the wayfarer, and regardless of the cries, and prayers, and tears, and struggles of his victim, he flung the mangled corpse into the dust of the highway, or heaped upon it the stones. He says: "Oh, I am a guilty wretch. I deserve this. There is no need of my cursing. That will not stop the pain. There is no need of blaspheming Christ, for He has done me no wrong; and yet I cannot die so. The tortures of my body are outdone by the tortures of my soul. The past is a scene of misdoing. The present a crucifixion. The future an everlasting undoing. Come back, thou hiding mid-day sun! Kiss my cheek with one bright ray of comfort. What! no help from above—no help from beneath? Then I must turn to my companion in sorrow, the One on the middle cross. I have heard that He knows how to help a man when he is in trouble. I have heard that He can cure the wounded. I have heard how He can pardon the sinner. Surely, in all His wanderings up and down the earth, He never saw one more in need of His forgiveness. Blessed one! I turn to Thee! Wilt Thou look for the moment away from Thy own pangs to pity me? Lord, it is not to have my hands relieved or my feet taken from the torture. I can stand all this; but oh, my sins! my sins! my sins! they pierce me through and through. They tell me I must die forever. They will push me out into the darkness unless Thou wilt help. I confess it all. Hear the cry of the dying thief. Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom. I ask no great things. I seek for no throne in heaven—no chariot to take me to the skies; but just think of me when this day's horrors have passed. Think of me a little—of me, the one now hanging at Thy side; when the shout of heavenly welcome takes Thee back into glory, Thou wilt not forget me, wilt Thou? Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom—only just remember me."

Likewise must we repent. You say: "I have stolen nothing." I reply: We have all been guilty of the mightiest felony of the universe, for we have robbed God—robbed Him of our time,

robbed Him of our talents, robbed Him of our services. Suppose you send a man west as an agent of your firm, and every month you pay him his salary, and at the end of ten years you find out that he has been serving another firm, but taking your salary; would you not at once condemn him as dishonest? Godsent us into this world to serve Him. He has given us wages all the time. One half of us have been serving another master. When a man is convicted of treason, he is brought out; a regiment surround him, and the command is given: "Attention, company! Take aim! Fire!" And the man falls with a hundred bullets through his heart. There come times in a man's history when the Lord calls up the troop of his iniquities, and at God's command they pour into him a concentrated volley of torture.

You say: "I don't feel myself to be a sinner." That may be. Walk along by the cliffs and you see sunlight and flowers at the mouth of the cave, and a chandelier of stalactite near the opening of the cave; but take a torch and go in, and before you have gone far you see the flashing eye of a wild beast, or hear the hiss of a serpent. So the world seems in the sunlight of worldliness; but as I wave the torch of God's truth, and go down into the deep cavern of the heart—alas! for the bristling horrors and the rattling fangs. Have you ever noticed the climax in this passage of Scripture: "The heart is deceitful." That seems enough. But the passage goes on and says: "The heart is deceitful *above all things!*" Will you not say that is enough? But the passage goes on further and says: "The heart is deceitful *above all things* and desperately wicked." If we could see the true condition of the unpardoned before God, what wringing of hands there would be? what a thousand-voiced shriek of supplication and despair? But you are a sinner, a sinner. I speak not to the person who sits next to you, but to you. You are a sinner. All the transgressions of a lifetime have been gathered up into an avalanche. At any moment it may slip from the cliffs and crush you forever. May the Lord Almighty, by His grace, help us to repent of our sins while repentance is possible.

This left-hand cross was a *believing* cross. There was no guess-work in that prayer; no "if" in that supplication. The left-hand cross flung itself at the foot of the middle cross, expecting mercy. Faith is only just opening the hand to take what Christ offers us. The work is all done, the bridge is built strong enough for all of us to walk over. Tap not at the door of God's mercy with the tip of your fingers, but as a warrior, with gauntleted fists, beats at the castle gate, so, with all the aroused energies of our souls, let us pound at the gate of heaven. That gate is locked. You go to it with a bunch of keys. You try philosophy: that will not open it. You try good works: that will not open it. A large door generally has a ponderous key. I take the Cross and place the foot of it in the socket of the lock, and by the two arms of the Cross, I turn the lock and the door opens.

This left-hand cross was a *pardoning* cross. The crosses were only two or three yards apart. It did not take long for Christ to hear. Christ might have turned away, and said: How darest thou speak to Me. I am the Lord of Heaven and

Earth. I have seen your violence. When you struck down that man in the darkness, I saw you. You are getting a just reward—die in darkness—die forever. But Jesus said not so; but rather: "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise," as much as to say: "I see you there; don't worry. I will not only bear My cross, but help you with yours."

Forthwith the left-hand cross becomes the abode of contentment. The pillow of the malefactor, soaked in blood, becomes like the crimson upholstery of a King's couch. When the body became still, and the surgeons feeling the pulse said one to another: "He is dead," the last mark of pain had gone from his face. Peace had smoothed his forehead; Peace closed his eyes; Peace closed his lips. Now you see why there were two transverse pieces on the Cross, for it has become a ladder into the skies. That dying head is easy which has under it the promise: "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." Ye whose lips have been filled with blasphemy, ye whose hands for many years have wrought unrighteousness, ye who have companioned with the unclean, ye who have sealed every height of transgression, and fathomed every depth, and passed every extreme of iniquity—mercy! mercy!

"The dying thief rejoiced to see

That fountain in his day;

And there may I, though vile as he,

Wash all my sins away."

I have shown you the right-hand cross and the left-hand cross, now come to

THE MIDDLE CROSS.

We stood at the one and found it yielded poison. We stood at the other and found it yielded bitter aloes. Come now to the middle cross, and shake down apples of love. Uncover your head. You never saw so tender a scene as this. You may have seen father, or mother, or companion, or child die, but never so affecting a scene as this. The railing thief looked from one way and saw only the right side of Christ's face. The penitent thief looked from the other way and saw the left side of Christ's face. But where you sit to-night, in the full blaze of Gospel light, you see Christ's full face.

It was a *suffering* cross. If the weapons of torture had gone only through the fatty portions of the body, the torture would not have been so great, but they went through the hands, and feet, and temples; the most sensitive portions. It was not only the spear that went into His side, but the sins of all the race—a thousand spears—plunge after plunge, deeper and deeper, until the silence and composure that before characterized Him gave way in a groan, through which rumbled the sorrows of time and the woes of eternity. Human hate had done its worst, and hell had hurled its sharpest javelin, and devils had vented their hottest rage when, with every nerve of His body in torture, and every fibre of His heart in excruciation, He cried out: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me."

It was a *vicarious* cross—the right-hand cross suffered for itself; the left-hand cross for itself; but the middle cross for you. When a king was dying, a young man cried: "Pour my blood into his veins, that he die not." The veins of the

young man were tapped, and the blood transferred ; so that the king lived, but the young man died. Christ saw the race perishing. He cried : " Pour my blood into their veins, that they die not." My hand is free now, because Christ's was crushed. My brow is painless now, because Christ's was torn. My soul escapes, because Christ's was bound. I gain heaven, because Christ for me endured the horrors of hell. When the Swiss were many years ago contending against their enemies they saw these enemies standing in solid phalanx, and knew not how to break their ranks ; but one of their heroes rushed out in front of his regiment and shouted : " Make way for liberty !" The weapons of the enemy were plunged into his heart, but while they were slaying him of course their ranks were broken, and through that gap in the ranks the Swiss marched to victory. Christ saw all the powers of darkness assailing men. He cried out : " Make way for the redemption of the world." All the weapons of infernal wrath struck Him, but as they struck Him our race marched out free.

To this middle cross, my dying hearers, look, that your souls may live. I showed you the right-hand cross in order that you might see what an awful thing it is to be unbelieving. I showed you the left-hand cross that you might see what it is to repent. Now I show you the middle cross that you may see what Christ has done to save your

soul. Poets have sung its praise, and sculptors have attempted to commemorate it in marble, and martyrs have clung to it in the fire, and Christians dying quietly in their beds have leaned their heads against it. This night may all our souls embrace it with an ecstasy of affection. Lay hold of that cross, O dying sinner. Everything else will fail you. Without a strong grip of that you perish. Put your hand on that and you are safe, though the world swing from beneath your feet. Oh ! that I might engrave on your souls ineffaceably the three crosses, and that if in your waking moments you will not heed, then that in your dream to-night you might see on the hill back of Jerusalem the three spectacles—the right-hand cross showing unbelief and dying without Christ—the left-hand, showing what it is to be pardoned—while the central cross pours upon your soul the sunburst of heaven as it says : " By all these wounds I plead for thy heart. I have loved thee with an everlasting love. Rivers cannot quench it. The floods cannot drown it !" While you look the right-hand cross will fade out of sight, and then the left will be gone. Nothing will remain but the middle cross, and even that in your dream will begin to change until it becomes a throne, and the worn face of Calvary will become radiant with gladness ; and instead of the mad mob at the foot of the cross will be a multitude kneeling. And you and I will be among them. God grant it.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

[THIS sermon was delivered in New Orleans, La., March 10th, 1878. Dr. Talmage preached in the morning in the Second Presbyterian Church and in the evening in the First Presbyterian. Rev. Dr. Palmer, pastor. It was remarked by many that the two largest audiences ever assembled for religious service in New Orleans assembled that day to hear Dr. Talmage. All the sitting and standing places were occupied long before the hour of beginning. The following is the morning sermon.]

"I shall go to Him."—II. SAMUEL 12 : 23.

THERE is a *very sick child* in the abode of David the king. Disease, which stalks up the dark lane of the poor and puts its smothering hand on lip and nostril of the wan and wasted, also mounts the palace stairs, and bending over the pillow blows into the face of a young prince the frosts of pain and death. Tears are wine to the King of Terrors. Alas ! for David the king. He can neither sleep nor eat, and lies prostrate on his face, weeping and wailing until the palace rings with the outcry of woe.

What are courtly attendants, or victorious armies, or conquered provinces, under such circumstances ? What to any parent is all *splendid surrounding* when his child is sick ? Seven days have passed on. There in that great house, two eyelids are gently closed, two little hands folded, two little feet quiet, one heart still. The servants come to bear the tidings to the king, but they cannot make up their minds to tell him, and they stand at the door whispering about the matter,

and David hears them and he looks up and says to them,

"IS THE CHILD DEAD?"

"Yes, he is dead." David rouses himself up, washes himself, puts on new apparel, and sits down to food. What power hushed that tempest ? What strength was it that lifted up that king whom grief had dethroned ? Oh, it was the thought that he would come again into the possession of that darling child. No grave-digger's spade could hide him. The wintry blasts of death could not put out the bright light. There would be a forge somewhere that with silver hammer would weld the broken links. In a city where *the hoofs of the pale horse* never strike the pavement he would clasp his lost treasure. He wipes away the tears from his eyes, and he clears the choking grief from his throat, and exclaims, "*I shall go to him.*"

Was David right or wrong ? If we part on earth *will we meet again in the next world ?* "Well," says someone, "that seems to be an impossibility."

Heaven is so large a place we never could find our kindred there." Going into some city, without having appointed a time and place for meeting, you might wander around for weeks and for months, and perhaps for years, and never see each other; and heaven is vaster than all earthly cities together, and how are you going to find your departed friend in that country? It is so vast a realm. John went up on one mountain of inspiration, and he looked off upon the multitude, and he said, "Thousands of thousands." Then he came upon a greater altitude of inspiration and looked off upon it again, and he said, "Ten thousand times ten thousand." And then he came on a higher mount of inspiration, and looked off again, and he said, "A hundred and forty and four thousand and thousands of thousands." And he came on a still greater height of inspiration, and he looked off again, and exclaimed: "*A great multitude that no man can number.*"

Now I ask, how are you going to find your friends in such a throng as that? Is not this idea we have been entertaining after all a falsity? Is this doctrine of *future recognition* of friends in heaven a guess, a myth, a whim, or is it a granitic foundation upon which the soul pierced of all ages may build a glorious hope? Intense question! Every heart in this audience throbs right into it. There is in every soul here the tomb of at least one dead.

TREMENDOUS QUESTION!

It makes the lip quiver, and the cheek flush, and the entire nature thrill: Shall we know each other there? I get letters almost every month asking me to discuss this subject. I get a letter in a bold, scholarly hand, on gilt-edged paper, asking me to discuss this question, and I say, "Ah! that is a curious man, and he wants a curious question solved." But I get another letter. It is written with a trembling hand, and on what seems to be a torn-out leaf of a book, and here and there is the mark of a tear; and I say, "Oh, that is a broken heart, and it wants to be comforted."

The object of this sermon is to take this theory out of the region of surmise and speculation into the region of *positive certainty*. People say, "It would be very pleasant if that doctrine were true. I hope it may be true. Perhaps it is true. I wish it were true." But I believe that I can bring an accumulation of argument to bear upon this matter which will prove the doctrine of future recognition as plainly as that there is any heaven at all, and that the kiss of reunion at the celestial gate will be as certain as the dying kiss at the door of the sepulchre.

Now, when you are going to build a ship you must get the right kind of timber. You lay the keel and make the framework of the very best materials, the keelson, stanchions, plank-shear, counter-timber, knees, transoms, all of solid oak. You may build a ship of lighter material, but when the cyclone comes on, it will go down. Now we may have a *great many beautiful theories* about the future world, built out of our own fancy, and they may do very well as long as we have smooth sailing in the world; but when the storms of sorrow come upon us, and the hurricane of death, we will be swamped—we will be foundered. We want a theory built out of the *solid oak of God's eternal Word*. The doctrine of future recognition

is not so often positively stated in the Word of God as implied, and you know, my friends, that that is, after all, the strongest mode of affirmation. Your friend travels in foreign lands. He comes home. He does not begin by arguing with you to prove that there are such places as London and Stockholm and Paris and Dresden and Berlin, but his conversation implies it. And so this Bible does not so positively state this theory as, all up and down its chapters, take it for granted.

What does my text imply? "I shall go to him." What consolation would it be to David to go to his child if he would not know him? Would David have been allowed to record this anticipation for the inspection of all ages if it were a groundless anticipation? We read in the first book of the Bible, Abraham died and was gathered to his people. Jacob died and was gathered to his people. Moses died and was gathered to his people. What people? Why, their friends, their comrades, their old companions. Of course it means that. It cannot mean anything else. So in the very beginning of the Bible *four times that is taken for granted*. The whole New Testament is an arbor over which this doctrine creeps like a luxuriant vine full of the purple clusters of consolation. James, John, and Peter followed Christ into the mountain. A light falls from heaven on that mountain and lifts it into the glories of the celestial. Christ's garments glow and His face shines like the sun. The door of heaven swings open. Two spirits come down and alight on that mountain. The disciples look at them and recognize them as Moses and Elias. Now, if those disciples standing on the earth could recognize these two spirits who had been for years in heaven, do you tell me that we, with our heavenly eyesight, will not be able to recognize those who have gone out from among us only five, ten, twenty, thirty years ago?

The Bible indicates, over and over again, that *the angels know each other*; and then the Bible says that we are to be higher than the angels, and if the angels have the power of recognition, shall not we, who are to be higher than they in the next realm, have as good eyesight and as good capacity? What did Christ mean, in His conversation with Mary and Martha, when He said, "Thy brother shall rise again?" It was as much as to say, "Don't cry. Don't wear yourselves out with this trouble. *You will see him again.*" Thy brother shall rise again.

The Bible describes heaven as a *great home circle*. Well, now, that would be a very queer home circle where the members did not know each other. The Bible describes death as a sleep. If we know each other before we go to sleep, shall we not know each other after we wake up? Oh, yes. We will know each other a great deal better then than now; "for now," says the apostle, "we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face." It will be my purified, enthroned, and glorified body gazing on your purified, enthroned, and glorified body.

Now, I demand, if you believe the Bible, that you take this theory of future recognition out of the realm of speculation and surmise into the region of positive certainty, and no more keep saying, "I hope it is so; I have an idea it is so; I guess it is so." Be able to say, with all the con-

concentrated energy of body, mind, and soul, "I know it is so."

There are, in addition to these Bible arguments, other reasons why I accept this theory. In the first place, *because the rejection of it implies the entire obliteration of our memory.* Can it be possible that we shall forget forever those with whose walk, look, manner we have been so long familiar? Will death come and with a sharp, keen blade hew away this faculty of memory? Abraham said to Dives, "Son, remember." If the exiled and the lost remember, will not the enthroned remember?

You know very well that our joy in any circumstance is augmented by the companionship of our friends. We cannot see a picture with less than four eyes, or hear a song with less than four ears. We want someone beside us with whom to exchange glances and sympathies; and I suppose the joy of heaven is to be augmented by the fact that we are to have our friends with us when there rise before us the thrones of the blessed, and when there surges up in our ears the jubilate of the saved. Heaven is not a contraction, it is an expansion. If I know you here, I will know you better there. Here I see you with only two eyes, but there the soul shall have a million eyes. *It will be immortality gazing on immortality*—ransomed spirit in colloquy with ransomed spirit—victor beside victor. When *John Evans, the Scotch minister*, was seated in his study, his wife came in and said to him, "My dear, do you think we will know each other in heaven?" He turned to her and said, "My dear do you think we will be bigger fools in heaven than we are here?"

Again, I accept this doctrine of future recognition because

THE WORLD'S EXPECTANCY

affirms it. In all lands and ages this theory is received. What form of religion planted it? No form of religion, for it is received under all forms of religion. Then, I argue, a sentiment, a feeling, an anticipation, universally planted, must have been God-implanted, and if God-implanted it is rightfully implanted. Socrates writes, "Who would not part with a great deal to purchase a meeting with Orpheus and Homer? If it be true that this is to be the consequence of death, I could even be able to die often."

Among the Danes, when a master dies his servant sometimes slays himself that he may serve the master in the future world. *Cicero*, living before Christ's coming, said, "Oh, glorious day when I shall retire from this low and sordid scene, to associate with the divine assemblage of departed spirits and not only with the one I have just now mentioned, but with my dear Cato, the best of sons and most faithful of men. If I seemed to bear his death with fortitude, it was by no means that I did not most sensibly feel the loss I had sustained. It was because I was supported by the consoling reflection that we could not long be separated."

The Norwegian believes it. The Indian believes it. The Greenlander believes it. The Swiss believe it. The Turks believe it. Under every sky, by every river, in every zone, the theory is adopted; and so I say a principle universally implanted must be God-implanted, and hence a right belief. The argument is irresistible.

Again, I adopt this theory because *there are features of moral temperament and*

FEATURES OF THE SOUL

that will distinguish us forever. How do we know each other in this world? Is it merely by the color of the eye, or the length of the hair, or the facial proportions? Oh, no. It is *by the disposition as well*, by natural affinity using the word in the very best sense and not in the bad sense; and if in the dust our body should perish and lie there forever, and there should be no resurrection, still the soul has enough features and the disposition has enough features to make us distinguishable. I can understand how in sickness a man will become so delirious that he will not know his own friends; but will we be blasted with such insufferable idiocy, that, standing beside our best friends for all eternity, we will never guess who they are?

Again, I think that one reason why we ought to accept this doctrine is because *we never in this world have an opportunity to give thanks to those to whom we are spiritually indebted.* The joy of heaven, we are told, is to be inaugurated by a review of life's work. These Christian men and women who have been toiling for Christ, have they seen the full result of their work? Oh, no.

In the church at Somerville, New Jersey, *John Vredenburg* preached for a great many years. He felt that his ministry was a failure, although he was a faithful minister preaching the Gospel all the time. He died, and died amid discouragements, and went home to God; for no one ever doubted that John Vredenburg was a good Christian minister. A little while after his death there came a great awakening in Somerville, and one Sabbath two hundred souls stood up at the Christian altar espousing the cause of Christ, among them my own father and mother. And what was peculiar in regard to nearly all of those two hundred souls was that they dated their religious impressions from the ministry of John Vredenburg. Will that good Christian man before the throne of God never meet those souls *brought to Christ through his instrumentality*? Oh, of course he will know them. I remember one Sabbath afternoon, borne down with the sense of my sins and knowing not God, I took up Doddridge's "Rise and Progress." Oh, what a dark afternoon it was, and I read the chapters, and I read the prayers, and I tried to make the prayers my own. Oh, I must see Philip Doddridge. A glorious old book he wrote! It is out of fashion now.

There is a mother before the throne of God. You say her joy is full. Is it? You say there can be no augmentation of it. Cannot there be? Her son was a wanderer and a vagabond on the earth when that good mother died. He broke her old heart. She died leaving him in the wilderness of sin. She is before the throne of God now. Years pass and that son repents of his crimes and gives his heart to God and becomes a useful Christian, and dies and enters the gates of heaven. You tell me that that mother's joy cannot be augmented. Let them confront each other. The son and the mother. "Oh," she says to the angels of God, "rejoice with me! The dead is alive again, and the lost is found. Hallelujah! I never expected to see this lost one come back." The Bible says nations are to be born in a day. When China comes to God will it not know Dr. Abeel? When India

comes will it not know Dr. John Scudder? When the Indians come to God will they not know David Brainard?

I see a soul entering heaven at last, with covered face at the idea that it has done so little for Christ, and feeling borne down with unworthiness, and it says to itself, "I have no right to be here." A voice from a throne says, "Oh, you forget that Sunday-school class you invited to Christ! *I was one of them.*" And another voice says, "You forget that poor man to whom you gave a loaf of bread, and told of the heavenly bread. I was that man." And another says, "You forget that sick one to whom you gave medicine for the body and the soul. I was that one." And then Christ, from a throne overtopping all the rest, will say, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, you did it to me." And then the seraphs will take their harps from the side of the throne, and cry, "What song shall it be?" And Christ, bending over the harpers, shall say, "It shall be the Harvest Home!"

One more reason why I am disposed to accept this doctrine of future recognition is that *so many in their last hour on earth have confirmed this theory.* I speak not of persons who have been delirious in their last moment and knew not what they were about, but of persons who died in calmness and placidity, and who were not naturally superstitious. Often the *glories of heaven have struck the dying pillow*, and the departing man has said he saw and heard those who had gone away from him. How often it is in the dying moments *parents see their departed children and children see their departed parents.* I came down to the banks of the Mohawk River. It was evening, and I wanted to go over the river, and so I waved my hat and shouted, and after awhile I saw someone waving on the opposite bank, and I heard him shout, and the boat came across, and I got in and was transported. And so I suppose it will be in the evening of our life. We will come down to the river of death and give a signal to our friends on the other shore, and they will give a signal back to us, and the boat comes, and our departed kindred are the oarsmen, the fires of the setting day tingeing the tops of the paddles.

Oh, have you never sat by such a deathbed? In that hour you hear the departing soul cry, "*Hark! look!*" You hearkened and you looked. *A little child* pining away because of the death of its mother, getting weaker and weaker every day, was taken into the room where hung the picture of her mother. She seemed to enjoy looking at it, and then she was taken away, and after awhile died. In the last moment that waned and wasted little one lifted her hands, while her face lighted up with the glory of the next world, and cried out, "Mother!" You tell me she did not see her mother? She did. So in my first settlement at Belleville a plain man said to me, "What do you think I heard last night? I was in the room where *one of my neighbors was dying.* He was a good man, and he said he heard the angels of God singing before the throne. I haven't much poetry about me, but I listened and I heard them too." Said I, "I have no doubt of it." Why, we are to be taken up to heaven at last by ministering spirits. Who are they to be? Souls that went up from Madras, or Antioch, or Jerusalem? Oh,

no; our glorified kindred are going to troop around us.

Heaven is not a stately, formal place, as I sometimes hear it described, a very frigidity of splendor, where people stand on cold formalities and go around about with heavy crowns of gold on their heads. No, that is not my idea of heaven. *My idea of heaven* is more like this: You are seated in the evening-tide by the fireplace, your whole family there, or nearly all of them there. While you are seated talking and enjoying the evening hour, there is a knock at the door and the door opens, and there comes in a brother that has been long absent. He has been absent, for years you have not seen him, and no sooner do you make up your mind that it is certainly he than you leap up, and the question is who shall give him the first embrace. That is my idea of heaven—a great home circle *where they are waiting for us.* Oh, will you not know your mother's voice there? She who always called you by your first name long after others had given you the formal "Mister"? You were never anything but James, or John, or George, or Thomas, or Mary, or Florence to her. Will you not know your child's voice? She of the bright eye, and the ruddy cheek, and the quiet step, who came in from play and flung herself into your lap, a very shower of mirth and beauty? Why, the picture is graven in your soul. It cannot wear out. If that little one should stand on the other side of some heavenly hill and call to you, you would hear her voice above the burst of heaven's great orchestra. Know it! You could not help but know it.

Now I bring you *this glorious consolation* of future recognition. If you could get this theory into your heart it would lift a great many shadows that are stretching across it. When I was a lad I used to go out to the railroad-track and put my ear down on the track, and I could hear the express train rumbling miles away, and coming on: and to-day, my friends, if we only had faith enough we could put our ear down to the grave of our dead, and listen and hear in the distance the rumbling on of the chariots of resurrection victory.

O HEAVEN! SWEET HEAVEN!

You do not spell heaven as you used to spell it. You used to spell it h-e-a-v-e-n, heaven. But now when you want to spell that word you place side by side the faces of the loved ones who are gone, and in that irradiation of light and love, and beauty and joy, you spell it out as never before, in songs and hallelujahs. Oh, ye whose hearts are down under the sod of the cemetery, cheer up at the thought of this reunion! Oh, how much you will have to tell them when once you meet them!

How much you have been through since you saw them last! On the shining shore *you will talk it all over.* The heartaches. The loneliness. The sleepless nights. The weeping until you had no more power to weep, because the heart was withered and dried up. Story of vacant chair, and empty cradle, and little shoe only half worn out never to be worn again, just the shape of the foot that once pressed it. And dreams when you thought that the departed had come back again, and the room seemed bright with their faces, and you started up to greet them, and in the effort the dream broke and you found yourself standing amid-room in the midnight—alone. Talking it all over, and then, hand in hand, walking up and

down in the light. *No sorrow, no tears, no death.* Oh, heaven! beautiful heaven! Heaven where our friends are. Heaven where we expect to be. In the East they take a cage of birds and bring it to the tomb of the dead, and then they open the door of the cage, and the birds, flying out, sing. And I would to-day bring a cage of Christian consolations to the grave of your loved ones, and I would open the door and let them fill all the air with the music of their voices.

Oh, how they bound in these spirits before the throne! Some shout with gladness. Some break forth into uncontrollable weeping for joy. Some stand speechless in their shock of delight. *They sing.* They quiver with excessive gladness. They gaze on the temples, on the palaces, on the waters, on each other. They weave their joy into garlands, they spring it into triumphal arches, they strike it on timbrels, and then all the loved ones gather in a great circle around the throne of God—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, sons and daughters, lovers and friends, hand to hand around about the throne of God—the circle ever widening—hand to hand, joy to joy, jubilee to jubilee, victory to victory, "until the day break and the shadows flee away. Turn thou, my beloved, and be like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bethel."

Oh, how different it is on earth from the way it is in heaven when a Christian dies! We say "Close his eyes." In heaven they say, "*Give him a palm.*" On earth we say, "Let him down in the ground." In heaven they say, "Hoist him on a throne." On earth it is, "Farewell, farewell." In heaven it is, "Welcome, welcome." And so I see a Christian soul coming down to the river of death, and he steps into the river, and the water comes to the ankle. He says, "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No," says Christ, "this is not death." And he wades still deeper down into the waters until the flood comes to the knee, and he says, "Lord Jesus, tell me, tell me, is this death?" And Christ says, "No, no, this is not death." And he wades still further down until the wave comes to the girdle and the soul says, "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No," says Christ, "this is not." And deeper in wades the soul till the billow strikes the lip, and the departing one cries, "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No," says Christ, "this is not." But when Christ had lifted this soul on a throne of glory, and the pomp and joy of heaven come surging to its feet, then Christ said, "THIS, OH TRANSPORTED SOUL! THIS IS DEATH."

MORMONISM.

[THIS sermon was preached September 26th, 1880, in Brooklyn Tabernacle, after stopping at Salt Lake City on a trip across the continent.]

"Then the Lord rained upon Sodom brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven."—GENESIS 19 : 24.

SODOM and Salt Lake City are synonymous. You can hardly think of the one without thinking of the other. Both in fertile valleys—valley of Siddim, valley of Utah. Both near a salt, offensive, fishless dead sea; for Doctor Robinson says there must have been a lake near by while yet ancient Sodom stood. Both the famous capitals of most accursed impurity. *Both doomed.*

In 1857 a company of emigrants started from Arkansas and Missouri for California. They were good, respectable, well-to-do people; but they had an idea that they might have larger comforts for their families on the other side the mountains; so they undertook what always seems to me a terrible thing; travelling in the wagon emigrant train. They suffered everything on the way. By night the fires kept off the wolves, and by day there was fatigue, and hunger, and heat, and gentle womanhood fainting with the long journey, and children crying for rest. There were one hundred and seventy in that company. They must needs cross Utah Territory, and in Utah nearly all the emigrant trains were accustomed to take in new supplies of provisions; but Brigham Young heard that this emigrant train was coming, and he forbade, under pain of death, any Mormon in Utah giving any clothing, or food, or medicine, or kindness of any sort to these emigrants. *It was a revenge.*

for the fact that a man in Arkansas had slain Elder Pratt, of the Mormon Church, because he (Elder Pratt) had stolen the wife of the man in Arkansas and taken her to Utah and into Mormonism.

On and on went this emigrant train, suffering all indignity, until they came to a plain called MOUNTAIN MEADOW.

The Indians dashed down upon the emigrants, but the emigrants threw up a barricade, and in this temporary fortress drove back the red men most successfully. Then the Mormon militia dashed down upon these emigrants; but you know how men will fight when they fight for their wives and children, and so the Mormon militia were driven back. Still, it was only with great peril that any one could leave the temporary fortress even to get water from the spring near by. There was great suffering from thirst, so one day they despatched two little girls clad in white to bring water from the spring. They said, "Most certainly the Mormon militia will not disturb them;" but no sooner had they appeared outside the barricade than they were shot dead by the stream. Petitions for relief were signed by all the emigrants, and by Odd Fellows and Freemasons who made appeals to members of their particular order. Three brave men volunteered to carry that petition for

relief to California. An aged Methodist minister of the group in prayer commended these three men to God, and the emigrants all knelt in supplication; but hardly had these three brave men started on their journey than they were butchered.

Time passed on, and one day wagons were seen coming. "Now," thought the poor emigrants, "we shall have relief;" and they could not restrain their glee at the thought of liberation. The wagons came up, and from them came a flag of truce, saying, "If you emigrants will surrender and put down your arms, you may walk out into perfect liberty, and you shall not be harmed." Thinking the proposition a fair proposition, it was accepted, and they put down their arms according to the arrangement, and then the men marched out first, then came the women, then came the children. After they were outside the barricade, the Mormon militia, with guns and knives and daggers, massacred all save a few little children, whom they thought to be too young to tell the story. Aged and young, husbands and wives, parents and children left dead on the plain. Women belonging to the emigrant train who were sick and unable to walk, were then taken out by the Mormons into the presence of their murdered families, stripped of their clothing, shot dead, and hurled upon the heap of corpses. The wagons, the stock of the train, the dresses of the women and their jewelry, amounting in all to a property of \$300,000, taken possession of by the Mormon government. Years after, a Mormon woman showing a silk dress that had been captured from the train—showing one of these silk dresses in Salt Lake City—one of the little girls that had been saved from the massacre recognized it. She said, "Oh, that's my mother's? Where's mamma? Why don't mamma come? Mamma used to wear that!" and she burst into tears.

John D. Lee, the Mormon Bishop, was the *presiding spirit in person of that massacre*, and when, fifteen or eighteen years after, in the court room, he gave testimony, he said he had orders to do that from headquarters; and it appeared on the evidence that Brigham Young had given orders as to the disposition of the property of these murdered people, and had told the witnesses to hush up, and all Christendom to-day holds that man responsible for the tragedy. No wonder when, years after he visited the scene and found that the bones of the emigrants had been decently buried by the officers of the United States Government, and General Carlton had put up a head-board by the grave, with the epitaph, the inscription, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord"—no wonder that Brigham Young, seeing that inscription, ordered it torn down. It is the *presiding spirit of the Mountain Meadow massacre* that I arraign to-day for trial before you, the jury of Americans. It still lives. It has its throne in Salt Lake City, and its foot on the heart of dishonored woman, and its breath is the pestilence of the nation. Gory, ghastly, hideous, infernal Mormonism, stand up, and look into the faces of the American jury that is to try you!

This summer, as well as on a previous occasion, I had the opportunity of

INSPECTING THIS INIQUITY, and of asking many questions, and having them answered by Mormons and anti-Mormons. Many

of the prominent Gentiles of Salt Lake City called on me and asked me that when I got home I should present the case before the people on this coast. I solemnly promised them, and this morning I fulfil my promise.

In regard to the alleged subsidence of Mormonism, I have to tell you that 750 Mormons had arrived in Salt Lake City, or in Utah, just before we went to Utah, and that there was another company still larger approaching the city, and that there were 10,000 added last year, and that there will be more than that added this year. Three hundred missionaries sent out to gather up victims all over this land, and in Sweden and Norway, and Russia and Germany, and England and Ireland and Scotland. Many Scotch Presbyterians recently brought there. These missionaries compelled to go out, although their families may suffer the greatest penury; for this whole system is cruel and Herodic. These missionaries go to those who are in the struggle of life, and they hide all the hideous deformities of Mormonism, and tell these people, "Now, if you will cross the ocean and go to Utah, you will have your expenses paid, and there you will have gardens and farms of your own, and your hardships will be ended forever." No wonder some of these incautious people accept the invitation, and they fly from poverty to get into

A MOST STUPENDOUS SWINDLE.

Oh, you ought to see the poor creatures carrying the tenth of their small income and the tenth of the small product of their farm or garden to the tithing-house of this insatiate institution. They are taxed until the blood comes. No escape but the grave. The co-operative societies and the co-operative stores of Utah are so many mills to grind out more money from the poor people to support a depraved priesthood.

I charge Mormonism with being *one great and prolonged cruelty*. Nobody denies the work of the destroying angels called Danites, whose chief business it was to hunt up antagonism to the Mormon Government and put it to death. It was for years the land of assassination and the field of blood. No one doubts the Hickman butcheries under Brigham Young. I saw a cellar where a mother and two sons had been put to death; the mother slain in the presence of the two sons, and the two sons butchered, because they had revealed the secrets of the Mormon Government. The whole world has heard the story of the destruction of the Aiken party. And these Mormons have a *delicious vernacular* by which they describe this putting to death. They say all these things with a smile and a jeer. "Oh, they were put out of the way;" or, "they met with a bad accident;" or, "they were used up;" or, "they were cut off just under their ears!" Why have these atrocities stopped? Because a regiment of United States soldiers are on the hill overlooking the city, and with iron rake of destruction may rake that city if it attempts to repeat such atrocity. It is not because Mormonism is more merciful, but because it has not the courage.

I charge Mormonism with being *a great blasphemy*. Brigham Young, in one of his sermons, declared that Christ Himself was a practical polygamist, that Mary and Martha were his plural wives, that Mary Magdalene was another; and he

said in the same sermon that the bridal feast in Cana of Galilee, where Christ turned water into wine, was the occasion of one of His own marriages! The whole tendency of the system toward blasphemy. I was told over and over again that Brigham Young, with slight provocation, would swear like a fishwoman at Billingsgate!

I charge upon Mormonism that it is a *disloyalty* to the United States Government. There is an oath taken in the Endowment House at Salt Lake City which subverts all other oaths. Perjury is no crime when enacted in behalf of Mormonism. Mormonism hates the Government of the United States with a perfect hatred. Fourth of July occasions and all patriotic demonstrations are utter abhorrence to the Mormons, and the Gentile celebrators of the Fourth of July suffer every indignity. Mormonism would like to have the United States Government perish to-day.

I charge upon Mormonism that it is an *organized filth*, built on polygamy. There is a man in Salt Lake City who has three wives, and they are the *mother, the grandmother, and the granddaughter*. I observed that there were additions built on the houses, and it was explained to me that when a new wife is taken, then the house is enlarged, forgetting the fact that no house was ever large enough to hold two women married to the same man! Think of a system which applauds a man for such things. Think of a system which teaches that the more wives a man lives with at the same time on earth, the higher his honor in heaven. Think of a system which commends a man for living in marriage at the same time with three sisters. Think of a system which wrecks the happiness of every woman that touches it; for I do not care what they say, God never made a woman who can cheerfully divide her husband's love with another. Every honest woman knows, every honest wife knows she has a right to the entire throne of her husband's affection. They may smile to keep up appearances, but they have an agony of death; and *the most pitiable thing in all the earth* is an aged woman in Mormonism. The aged woman in other parts of the land we bow before; we take off our hat to her, we do her reverence. The softest chair in the house is grandmother's chair. She is the queen on Christmas and Thanksgiving Day. The older she gets, and the more wrinkles on her face, and the more stooped her shoulder, the more we think of her; and when God takes her away to the eternal rest, it seems as if three fourths of the house were torn down. But a woman getting aged in Mormonism, she is shoved back, and is paid less and less attention, and is of less and less account. Why? Another has taken the throne, and after a while she will be dethroned, and another will come up, and another.

I tell you, Mormonism is one great surge of licentiousness; it is

THE SERAGLIO OF THE REPUBLIC; it is the concentrated corruption of this land; it is the brothel of the nation; it is hell enthroned. This miserable corpse of Mormonism has been rotting in the sun, and rotting and rotting and rotting for forty years, and the United States Government has not had the courage to bury it.

Moreover, it is all the time gaining in influence. Mormonism once meant Utah; now to a certain

extent it means Idaho, Arizona, Nevada, Wyoming, New Mexico. Wider and wider and wider, and greater and greater and greater. It is going forth to debauch this nation. You have no idea of the influence it is having in American politics, or what it has already done at Washington. Mormonism receives one million dollars every year through the tithing system, and has plenty of money with which to affect national legislation. The subject was brought before Congress, and the matter was referred to a committee, and one of the members of the committee said in derision, "What do you make all this fuss about polygamy for? Those Mormons out there make a religion of having four or five wives, while some of us members of Congress practice the iniquity without any religion." A stout effort is being made to introduce Utah as a State of the Union, and if it be accomplished, the United States Government puts its broad seal of approbation upon this stupendous indecency.

"Now," you say,

"WHAT IS BEST TO BE DONE?"

Execute the law against polygamy. What right has the law to punish a man for bigamy, if one foot this side of Utah he have two wives, when one foot the other side the law lets him have twenty? What right has the law to smite libertinism in other parts of this country, when there it licenses it? "What!" say you, "would you interfere with a man's religion?" Oh, no! If these Mormons want to believe that Joseph Smith was God, or that Brigham Young is the second person of the Trinity, the law has no right to interfere with them; but Mormonism not only antagonizes Christianity, it antagonizes good morals, and the infidel and the Christian stand side by side in denouncing Mormonism as a foe to free institutions. Then, I say, away with it! Moral persuasion first, if possible; but moral persuasion, I tell you, will not accomplish it. They have declared over and over again they will let their city go down under the bombshell before they will surrender polygamy; and I tell you that *Mormonism will never be destroyed* until it is destroyed by the guns of the United States Government. It would not be war. I hate war. It would be national police duty executing the law against polygamy. Why did they not let General Johnson in 1857, with his 2500 troops sent out under the order of President Buchanan, march right on until they did their work? President Buchanan never was charged with excessive courage, and he sent out Governor Powell, of Kentucky, and Major McCullough, of Tennessee, to offer pardon to all the Mormons who would put down their arms, and there has not been a President of the United States with enough moral courage since to clean out that national stable.

We all go to look at it. President Grant went to look at it. Schurz, the Secretary, went to look at it. Secretary Thompson went to look at it. President Hayes went to look at it. Everybody goes to look at it. We cross the continent, and it is one of the arts of Mormonism to be very gracious to public men. The Mormons struggle as to who shall have the privilege of entertainment. I never addressed a more genial audience in my life than last August, in the Mormon Opera House, a great many Mormons present. They bow you into the city and they bow you out of the city, and none of us dare touch them. We all want to be

Congressmen, or President of the United States, or Minister to England, and if we oppose Mormonism it will oppose our political interests. And so, if I were an aspirant for any political office, this sermon might, perhaps, be very impolitic. If there be any truth in transmigration of souls, I hope that the soul of Andrew Jackson will get into the body of some of our Presidents, and make proclamation that within thirty days all these Mormons must decide upon one wife or go to jail, or quit the country. Arbitration, by all means, but if that will not do, then peaceful proclamation. If that will not do, then howitzer and bombshell and bullets and cannon-ball. If a gang of thieves should squat on a territory and make thievery a religion, how long would the United States Government stand that? Yet a community founded on theft would not be so bad as a community founded on the grave of desolated, destroyed, embreited womanhood.

I call the attention of the American Congress to this evil. The hour has come. Let some Senator of the United States at the next meeting of Congress, or some member of the House of Representatives, with eloquent tongue and persistent purpose, and good morals of his own, lift the anti-Mormon standard, and then unroll the tragedy and outrages of that appalling system before the Government and before the people, and that man will gather around him all the sympathies of all the families and all the churches, and all the reformers and all the high-toned men and women of America. Come, now, instead of exhuming the wrapped-up and entombed mummy of negro slavery, and tossing it about in these Presidential elections, have *one live question*—Mormonism, the white slavery of to-day—and have it decided at the ballot-box whether that institution shall go forth with its pestiferous influence, or whether under the law of our civilization and the stroke of the law it shall perish.

Now, as I have empanelled you as a jury to sit in trial of this giant of lust and disloyalty, and the evidence has been presented before you, are you ready for the verdict before you leave the jury-box? Guilty, or not guilty? "Guilty," says one. "Guilty," say all. Then what shall the sentence be? It must not be a small incarceration, it must not be a slight censure. While we have only pity for the victims of this abomination, and we pray God He will speedily deliver them, for this institution of Mormonism, as such, only extinction and death. But where shall the execution, and when shall the execution take place? What scaffolding will be strong enough to hold such a monster of iniquity. One end of the scaffolding must be planted on the Rocky Mountains, and the other on the Sierra Nevadas. But what Friday of what gloomy week, of what gloomy month of what gloomy year would be gloomy enough for the execution of this beastly outlaw? What grave deep enough for this stout, thousand-armed, thousand-footed, thousand-headed, thousand-horned, thousand-fanged corpse? What epitaph for that grave, unless it be this: "Here lies Mormonism, the outlaw, the libertine, and the murderer, the hero of Mountain Meadow massacre. Born February 22d, 1827. Died 1882 at the hand of the law and under the indignation of the Almighty?" "Then the Lord rained upon Sodom brimstone and fire from the Lord of heaven."

O good people of the United States, whether I

address you face to face, or through the printing-press which every Monday morning in most of our cities gives me an audience—for which I am very thankful—whatever way I reach your ear or your eye, I have to tell you that unless we destroy Mormonism, Mormonism will destroy us. If God be good and pure and just, He will not let this nation go unwhipped much longer if we allow that iniquity to go unchallenged. Every day as a nation we consent to Mormonism we are defying the hail and the lightning and the tempest, and the drought and the mildew, and the epidemic and the plague, and the hurricane, and the earthquake of, an incensed God. My plea this morning is in behalf of fifteen thousand Gentiles who in Utah are suffering persecution for their principle, or speechless because they do not want their commercial interests sacrificed. I plead for thousands of foreigners who, deceived and betrayed from their own country, have been introduced into Mormonism, and thousands of miles away from their native country can make no resistance, but must live and die in dumb despair.

I PLEAD FOR WOMANHOOD IN UTAH

—womanhood under foot, womanhood in the sewer, womanhood crushed until it cannot weep, womanhood looking out of the barred windows of a perdition of anguish toward what seems an un-pitying heaven, crying, "O Lord, how long, O Lord!" womanhood in the pandemonium of a polygamous home; womanhood with garlands of hope and affection and honor torn with the swine's snout of incestuous abomination; womanhood that, if it had a chance, or had a chance in the past, would have been as pure and good as that which presides at your table to-day, or which long ago bent in benediction over your peaceful cradle, before you began the struggle with the world. O men with wives, and daughters, and mothers! O brothers with sisters! do not your ears tingle, and does not your blood run cold at this story of Mormonism? And are you not determined, at the ballot-box, and with pen and tongue, and in every possible way, to war against it? O you wives, who will to-night kneel before God, thanking Him for the home in which you are the undisputed queen! O mothers with daughters coming up honored and defended, no rough hand to touch them from cradle to grave, will you not in your prayers to-day sympathize with your sisters who are dying the slow death of Mormonism? O ye aged couples! who have been in each other's company for thirty or forty or fifty years, climbing the hill of life together, and now going down on the other side the hill in the light of the setting sun, but all the way up and all the way down supreme in each other's affection—united in holy marriage so long ago that all the witnesses but God are dead; your sympathies strengthened by the birth hour, when one life was spared and another added, and by the grave over which both your hearts broke at once; her face, with all the wrinkles, more attractive now to you than when rosy with youth, because it is written all over with precious memories; side by side so long, so long, so long, that when God takes one of you He will soon take the other—O ye aged couple! remember this day in prayer before God those to whom old age brings neglect and dethronement of affection. And may the God who setteth the solitary in families, bless all our homes, keeping them forever inviolate.

EMBEZZLEMENT.

[THIS sermon was preached September 18th, 1881, in Brooklyn Tabernacle, while there was great agitation over the disappearance of a public official charged with appropriating to his own use large sums of money belonging to the school funds of the city.]

"Thou shalt not steal."—EXODUS 20 : 15.

I AM glad that on the morning of the afternoon in which we are to sit at the Holy Communion, I am to speak upon the great subject of public morals. It is high time that the Lord's table ceased being the hiding-place for some who are recreant in their lives, and for people who ought to know, in the words of the Liturgy of the Reformed Dutch Church, in which I was born, that all thieves and drunkards and liars and whoremongers and gamesters and idolaters eat and drink damnation to themselves.

There is only one argument that has ever done Christianity any damage, and that is the argument drawn from the inconsistency of Christians. And we must admit that it is most depressing to have the world on communion day look over and see at the Lord's table some who are known as sharpers, as Shylocks in a bargain, as impure and unchaste of speech and action, and as in every way unworthy. It is high time that we preached

THE MORALS OF THE GOSPEL

right beside the faith of the Gospel. Mr. Froude, the celebrated English historian, has written of his own country these remarkable words :

"From the great house in the City of London, to the village grocer, the commercial life of England has been saturated with fraud. So deep has it gone that a strictly honest tradesman can hardly hold his ground against competition. You can no longer trust that any article you buy is the thing which it pretends to be. We have false weights, false measures, cheating, and shoddy everywhere. And yet the clergy have seen all this grow up in absolute indifference. Many hundreds of sermons have I heard in England, many a dissertation on the mysteries of the faith, on the divine mission of the clergy, on bishops and justification, and the theory of good works, and verbal inspiration, and the efficacy of the sacraments ; but, during all these thirty wonderful years, never one that I can recollect on common honesty."

Now, that may be an exaggerated statement of things in England, but I am very certain that in all parts of the earth we need to preach the moralities of the Gospel right along beside the faith of the Gospel.

One of the crying sins of this day is the *abuse of trust funds*. Every man during the course of his life, on a larger or smaller scale, has the property of others committed to his keeping. He is so far a safety deposit, he is an administrator, and holds in his hand the interest of the family of a deceased friend. Or, he is an attorney, and through his custody goes the payment from debtor to creditor, or he is the collector for a business house which compensates him for the responsibility ; or he is a treasurer for a charitable institution and he holds

alms contributed for the suffering ; or he is an official of the city, or the State, or the nation, and taxes, and subsidies, and salaries, and supplies are in his keeping. It is as solemn a trust as God can make it. It is concentrated and multiplied confidences. On that man depends the support of a bereft household, or the morals of dependents, or the right movement of a thousand wheels of social mechanism. A man may do what he will with his own, but he who abuses trust funds, in that one act commits theft, falsehood, perjury, and becomes in all the intensity of the word a miscreant. How many widows and orphans there are with nothing between them and starvation, but a sewing machine, or held up out of the vortex of destruction simply by the thread of a needle, red with their own hearts' blood, who a little while ago had, by father and husband, left them a competency. What is the matter ? The administrators or the executors have sacrificed it—running risks with it that they would not have dared to encounter in their own private affairs. How often it is that a man will earn a livelihood by the sweat of his brow, and then die, and within a few months all the estate goes into the stock gambling rapids of Wall Street. How often it is that you have known the man to whom trust funds were committed taking them out of the savings bank and from trust companies, and administrators, turning old homesteads into hard cash, and then putting the entire estate in the vortex of speculation. Embezzlement is an easy word to pronounce, but it has ten thousand ramifications of horror.

There is not a city that has not suffered from the abuse of trust funds. Where is the court house, or the city hall, or the jail, or the post office, or the hospital, that in the building of it has not had

A POLITICAL JOB?

Long before the new Court House in New York City was completed, it cost over \$12,000,000. Five millions six hundred and sixty three thousand dollars for furniture ! For plastering and repairs, \$2,370,000. For plumbing and gas works, \$1,231,817. For awnings, \$23,553. The bills for three months coming to the nice little sum of \$13,151,198.39. There was not an honest brick, or stone, or lath, or nail, or foot of plumbing, or inch of plastering, or instand, or door-knob in the whole establishment. Such a *set of thieves* as that discouraged all the other cities aspiring to great knaveries. Brooklyn sat modest and overshadowed ; but we are coming up at last ! During the last few days, it has been found out that our city is to take a stand in the front rank of peculation. More than \$200,000 intended for the education of the children of the city diverted into private pockets. About the outrage there can be no

doubt, but I solemnly charge you, halt in your condemnation of individuals until the high tribunal of the city shall have explored this whole matter. It is an awful thing to fly at innocent people, and then find afterward they are innocent, and too late to correct the wrong. There are times when there is a conjunction of circumstances, and it seems as if the man must be guilty, but after all the Lord delivers him. If it is a good rule for the world, it ought certainly to be a good rule for the church; take every man as innocent until you have proved him guilty. Now, I declare, I will not believe any of these men guilty until the witnesses have given their sworn testimony, and the judge has given his charge and the jury have rendered their verdict. But there is not a man in pulpit or out of pulpit who can afford to let the crime itself pass without arraignment and anathema.

There are two or three things especially aggravating about this outrage. One is that it takes the taxes of the people. In the struggle of life there are exhausted men and there are invalid women to whom the tax bill is a torture. All the year long they have to make close calculation for that crisis; but it is pay or be sold out, pay or you lose your home, pay or you sacrifice all you have gained. It seems a very easy thing while you are standing in the collector's office to see the taxes passed through the business window and the receipt returned; but God only knows what anxieties, what tug, what toil, what sweat, what pang may have made that payment possible. There is blood money in those \$200,000 of purloined funds.

But another aggravation is in the fact that the teachers of our public schools have been pushed and crowded in their livelihood by this fraud. Enough moneys have been voted for educational purposes, but instead of going to the support of the men and women who are putting brain and nerve and life in the education of the young, much of the money has gone into the hands of the scoundrelly. Teachers' salaries lowered and lowered and lowered to the point of starvation, simply because the public treasury was in the hands of plunderers. It will never be known in this world what sufferings there have been in some households, because of the necessitated economy in the fixing of teachers' salaries. There is many a young woman in this city, by teaching, supporting invalid parents on a poor stipend, and when that stipend is cut short it simply means domestic tragedy. If one half, if one fourth of the moneys that have been swindled or stolen, had gone for the support of the teachers, there would have been better work done in the school-room, there would have been less suffering in many homes, and there would be less injustice to answer for when God brings us into the reckoning.

Now this great outrage leads me to two or three remarks. One is, there must be

SOMETHING AWFULLY WRONG

in a management where hundreds of thousands can be stolen, and the process go on year by year, and the discovery of it come so late. There must be a group somewhere interested in this. There must be a considerable number of hands. While I hope the officers of the law will arrest the guilty, I want to say here, there ought to be a better style of business introduced into many public places, and there ought to be closer inspection, and there

ought to be less opportunity for embezzlement. Let a man shall take a five cent piece that does not belong to him, the conductor on the city horse-car must sound his bell at every payment, and we are very cautious about small offences, but give plenty of opportunity for sinners on a large scale to escape. For a boy who steals a loaf of bread from a corner grocer, to keep his mother from starving to death, a prison; but for defrauders who abscond with half a million of dollars, a castle on the Rhine, or, waiting until the offence is forgotten, then a castle on the Hudson!

Another remark needs to be made, and, that is that people ought not to go into places, into business, or into positions, where the temptation is mightier than their character. If there be large sums of money to be handled and the man is not sure of his own integrity you have no right to run an unseaworthy craft into an euroclydon. A man can tell by the sense of weakness or strength in the presence of a bad opportunity whether he is in a safe place. Oh, how many parents make an awful mistake when they put their boys in banking houses and stores and shops and factories and places of solemn trust, without once discussing whether they can endure the temptation. You give the boy plenty of money, and have no account of it, and make the way down become very easy, and you may put upon him a pressure that he cannot stand. There are men who go into positions full of temptation, considering only the one fact that they are lucrative positions. Oh, I say to the young people here this morning, *dishonesty will not pay* in this world or the world to come.

An abbot wanted to buy a piece of ground and the owner would not sell it, but the owner finally consented to let it to him until he could raise one crop, and the abbot sowed acorns, *a crop of two hundred years!* And I tell you, young man, that the dishonesties which you plant in your heart and life will seem to be very insignificant, but they will grow up until they will overshadow you with horrible darkness, overshadow all time and all eternity. It will not be a crop for two hundred years, but a crop for everlasting ages.

I stand this morning before many who have trust funds. It is a compliment to you that you have been so intrusted; but I charge you, in the presence of God and the world, be careful, be as careful of the property of others as you are careful of your own. Above all, keep your own private account at the bank separate from your account as trustee of an estate, or trustee of an institution. That is the point at which thousands of people make shipwreck. They get the property of others mixed up with their own property, they put it into investment, and away it all goes, and they cannot return that which they borrowed. Then comes the explosion, and the money market is shaken, and the press denounces and the church thunders expulsion. You have no right to use the property of others except for their advantage, nor without consent, unless they are minors. If with their consent you invest their property as well as you can, and it is all lost, you are not to blame, you did the best you could; but do not come into the delusion which has ruined so many men, of thinking because a thing is in their possession, therefore it is theirs. You have a solemn trust that God has given you. In this vast assemblage, there may be

some who have misappropriated trust funds. Put them back, or, if you have so hopelessly involved them that you cannot put them back, confess the whole thing to those whom you have wronged, and you will sleep better nights, and you will have the better chance for your soul. What a sad thing it would be, if after you are dead your administrator should find out from the account books, or from the lack of vouchers, that you not only were bankrupt in estate, but that you lost your soul. If all the trust funds that have been misappropriated, should suddenly fly to their owners, and all the property that has been purloined should suddenly go back to its owners, it would crash into ruin every city in America.

A missionary in one of the islands of the Pacific preached on dishonesty, and the next morning he looked out of his window, and, he saw his yard full of goods of all kinds. He wondered and asked the cause of all this. "Well," said the natives, "our gods that we have been worshipping permit us to steal, but according to what you said yesterday, the God of heaven and earth will not allow this, so we bring back all these goods, and we ask you to help us in taking them to the places where they belong." If next Sabbath all the ministers in America should preach sermons on the abuse of trust funds, and on the evils of purloining, and the sermons were all blessed of God, and regulations were made that all these things should be taken to the city halls, it would not be long before every city hall in America would be crowded from cellar to cupola. Let me say in the most emphatic way, O young man,

DISHONESTY WILL NEVER PAY.

A blustering young man arrived at a hotel in the West, and he saw a man on the sidewalk, and in a rough way, as no man has a right to address a laborer, said to him: "Carry this trunk upstairs." The man carried the trunk up-stairs and came down, and then the young man gave him a quarter of a dollar which was marked, and instead of being twenty-five cents it was worth only twenty cents. Then the young man gave his card to the laborer, and said: "You take this up to Governor Grimes, I want to see him." "Ah!" said the laborer, "*I am Governor Grimes!*" "Oh," said the young man, "you—I—excuse me!" Then the governor said: "I was much impressed by the letter you wrote me asking for a certain office in my gift, and I had made up my mind you should have it; but a young man who will cheat a laborer out of five cents would swindle the government of the State, if he got his hands on it. I don't want you. Good-morning, sir." It never pays. Neither in this world nor in the world to come will it pay.

I do not suppose there ever was a better specimen of honesty than was found in the Duke of Wellington. He marched with his army over the French frontier, and the army was suffering, and he hardly knew how to get along. Plenty of plunder all about, but he commanded none of the plunder to be taken. He writes home these remarkable words: We are overwhelmed with debts, and I can scarcely stir out of my house on account of public creditors, waiting to demand what is due to them." Yet at that very time the French peasantry were bringing their valuables to him to keep. A celebrated writer says of the transaction:

"Nothing can be grander or more nobly original than this admission. This old soldier, after thirty years' service, this iron man and victorious general, established in an enemy's country at the head of an immense army, is afraid of his creditors! This is a kind of fear that has seldom troubled conquerors and invaders, and I doubt if the annals of war present anything comparable to its sublime simplicity."

Let us also be merciful while we are critical of the fallen. A very important remark for me to make now. There are two kinds of persons for whom we ought to have a great pity. First, the innocent, if they are pursued and maligned and persecuted. We ought to pity them because they are so maltreated. But there is one class that needs more pity, and ought to have it. That is the guilty. They have not only the assault of the world, but they have the hard blows of their own conscience. You give me a very poor reason for being severe on the fallen when you say they are guilty. For whom did Christ, the great exemplar, come to suffer and to die? For the guilty. While the law ought to be executed, and the aggressor for the good of society ought to be punished, let there be no severity in the judge's charge, let there be no exultation over the fallen, let there be no clapping of hands when the verdict of condemnation is rendered. How much better would we have done if we had been under the same temptation?

God sometimes lets these merciless critics tumble into the very crimes that they reprehended. Just at the time I was entering the ministry, there was a clergyman, a celebrated clergyman of a sister denomination, whom I heard one day with blasting and merciless indignation denouncing a fallen minister of the Gospel, and with a sort of pharisaical air declaring that he never could be tempted into such a sin. Within three years that boasting minister was tried and condemned for that very sin, hurled out of the ministry, died of a broken heart, and has a long while been in Greenwood.

Oh, you had better be merciful in your criticisms of the fallen. I do not like to hear a man say: "I couldn't be tempted to do this," or, "I couldn't be tempted to do that." If God's grace should let us go, we could do anything. It is a simple fact that some of the most magnificent natures that God ever built have fallen. They had one weakness, or they made one mistake from which they could never, never recover. I have seen so many kind, genial, generous, talented, potent men overthrown, while many who were neither have remained unmolested in their mediocrity that I feel I must cry the alarm loud and long to all those who have any attractiveness—any especial ability.

Aye, we must go further, and not only pity the fallen, but we must help them. I never shall forget an old minister, Rev. Dr. Scott, living in Newark, New Jersey, who was maligned because he seemed to feel sorry for a man who had been incarcerated, and while the community denounced the crime and the man, Dr. Scott—one of the most glorious ministers of the Gospel I ever knew—day by day stood at the wicket of the prison. I met Dr. Scott one day on the street, and I was surprised at his composure. "Why," he said, "I

don't mind this at all ; it is the greatest honor I ever had. Christ was the friend of sinners, you know, and I am just trying to imitate Him." John Howard for dungeons, Florence Nightingale for the wounded, Miss Dix for the insane, David Brainerd for the barbarians, and Jesus Christ for all the suffering, and all the wandering, and all the wicked, and all the lost. Oh, let us imitate His example.

I like the spirit of the *two English sailors* wandering along the streets of Paris one day. They were on their way from Spain, home. They saw a hearse going through the street—a hearse carrying the dead to the cemetery. There was no carriage following. There was no man following. There was not even a dog following. The sailors were touched by the spectacle of loneliness, and one of them said : " Poor wretch, he has got nobody to follow him to the grave ; let us follow him." So they took a position behind the hearse, took their hats off, followed to the gate of the cemetery uncovered, followed to the grave until the obsequies were finished. You see they had great big hearts under a coarse jacket.

Oh, may God make us the friends of the friendless. The spirit of pursuit is the spirit of the devil. The spirit of help is the Spirit of Christ. Let us go out to-day in this latter spirit, the spirit of Christ, and try to help everybody. Under the pressure of commercial life so many are going down to-day, and I feel so sorry for them. And when a great crime is announced somehow I cannot get up any indignation. It is pity, it is an overpowering pity.

What are you doing with that fraudulent document ? Is that a " pool ticket " you have in your pocket ? Why, O young man, were you last night practising in copying your employer's signature ? Where were you last night ? Are your habits as good as when you left your father's house ? You had a Christian ancestry, perhaps, and you have had too many prayers spent on you to go overboard.

Dr. Livingstone, the famous explorer, was descended from the Highlanders, and he said that one of his ancestors, one of the Highlanders, one day called his family around him. The Highlander was dying ; he had his children around his death-bed. He said : " Now, my lads, I have looked all through our history as far back as I can find it, and I have never found a dishonest man in all the line, and I want you to understand you inherit good blood. You have no excuse for doing wrong. My lads, be honest."

Ah, my friends, be honest before God, be honest before your fellow-men, be honest before your

soul. If there be those here who have wandered away, come back, come home, come now, one and all, not one exception in all the assemblage, come into the kingdom of God. Come back on the right track. The door of mercy is open and the infinite heart of God is full of compassion. Come home ! come home ! Oh, I would be well satisfied if I could save some young man this morning, some young man that has been going astray and would like to get back.

There was a very dark, stormy night last month out West, and the wind blew down a part of a railroad bridge. A freight train came along, and it crashed into the ruin, and the engineer and conductor perished. There was a girl living in her father's cabin near the disaster, and she heard the crash of the freight train, and she knew that in a few moments an express train was due. She lighted a lantern and clambered up on the one beam of the wrecked bridge on to the main bridge, which was trestle-work, and started to cross amid the thunder and the lightning of the tempest and the raging of the torrent beneath. One mis-step and it would have been death. Amid all that horror the lantern went out. Crawling sometimes and sometimes walking over the slippery rails and over the trestle-work, she came to the other side of the river. She wanted to get to the telegraph station where the express train did not stop, so that the danger might be telegraphed to the station where the train did stop. The train was *due in five minutes*. She was one mile off from the telegraph station, but fortunately the train was late. With cut and bruised feet she flew like the wind. Coming up to the telegraph station, panting with almost deathly exhaustion, she had only strength to shout, " The bridge is down ! " when she dropped unconscious and could hardly be resuscitated. The message was sent from that station to the next station and the train halted, and that night that brave girl saved the lives of hundreds of passengers and saved many homes from desolation.

But every street is a track, and every style of business is a track, and every day is a track, and every night is a track, and multitudes under the power of temptation come sweeping on and sweeping down toward perils raging and terrific. God help us to go out and stop the train. Let us throw some signal. Let us give some warning. By the throne of God let us flash some influence to stop the downward progress. Beware ! Beware ! The bridge is down, the chasm is deep and the lightnings of God set all the night of sin on fire with this warning : " He, that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

VIVACITY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

[BACCALAUREATE sermon preached before the faculty and students of Trinity College, North Carolina, and a multitude from all parts of the South, June 7th, 1882, President Craven presiding.]

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to Thy Word."—
PSA. 119 : 9.

IN these two ringing sentences David sets forth the fact that the Bible ought to be the young man's book. These aged people, who have felt so much of its power in their own hearts, need no appeal; but to the multitudes of young persons in this house to-day I more especially speak. They are soon coming to hold the positions of influence and power. Into their hand is coming the wealth which can print, and translate, and adorn, and transport, and distribute the Scriptures. We want these persons to become the sworn and everlasting friends of this king of books. I might show to you that the Bible is the accountant's best ledger, the shepherd's best crook, the miner's best lamp, the warrior's best sword, the lawyer's best statute, the sailor's best chart; but I shall be content if I can show you that the Bible is intended especially to be

THE YOUNG MAN'S BOOK.

In the first place, *the style of the Scriptures ought to commend them to the young.* You say: "If that be so, then why don't young people read the Bible more than they do any other book?" I answer: Indistinct typology and inelegant bindery will hinder the merit of any book. The New Testament in small print may have had its mission, but I think its chief work so far has been to quench physical eye-sight and to chill the world's appreciation of sacred truth. The time may have been when the Church was too poor to afford the people anything better than a sixpenny New Testament, but I declare that Christian men have gathered into their coffers enough gold to give every man, woman, and child of the race a copy of the Scriptures in good type and fair binding. Why, I can take the most fascinating romance that was ever written, and present it in a type and in a binding that shall rather repel the attention of the young. I can print Shakespeare that way and put it in a binding that shall not in any wise be attractive to the young. I can take all the treasures of secular literature and put them in books which the world will never open. When you put as much care upon the typology and the binding of the Bible as you do upon Irving's "Sketch Book," and upon Cooper's "Two Admirals," and upon Hawthorne's "House of Seven Gables," and upon Longfellow's "Hiawatha," then you will have an opportunity of finding out whether rapt Isaiah, and overwhelming Ezekiel, and magnificent Paul are equal to Ralph Waldo Emerson, and whether the white horse on which Jesus rides in Apocalyptic vision is as attractive and captivating to the young as Robert Southey's Pegasus. I am very hopeful that the Bible will always be kept together as a unit, but I hope the day will come when each distinct book of the Bible will be bound by itself, and a young man

can go to his shelf and take down Job, or Isaiah, or Jeremiah, or Matthew, or Luke, or John just as now you take down from your shelf a bound copy of essays, or of histories, or of poems. Put it in good type, bind it in fair style, and place it before our young people, and I undertake to say that all of them will be glad to read it—in the first place, because of

THE SPRIGHTLINESS OF THE BIBLE.

Between fifteen and twenty years of age, people have no taste for dry discussion or abstract theories. They want a style that throbs quick, and flames out, and stirs the sensibilities. After a while they may fall back on Timothy Dwight, and Jonathan Edwards, and Archbishop Leighton; but now they want a style tropical and blood-red. Well, I will undertake to tell the young people that in all the world of literature there is no such live book as the Bible. These paragraphs throb with an omnipotent energy. This fountain of divine truth, never scummed over or dead, tosses up, glittering and rainbowed in the light of the Sun of Righteousness. Paul's severest argument ignites when brought to the air. Didactic eighth chapter of Romans, rightly read, stirs the heart like a war drum. Nearly all the verses of the Bible have a quick step. The trumpets of salvation never sound a dead march. The sacred writers did not go around in clumsy and unmanageable armor, but with keen, sharp scimeter keep striking rapidly. Some of Paul's sentences, that open in tame style, close with startling explosion. Other men have written with emphasis, but Paul wrote with a force into which body, mind, soul, and his own eternity were projected. Other men in their writings have described anxiety about the salvation of their friends; but it was left for Paul to excel them all when he cries out: "I could wish myself accursed from Christ for my brethren and my kindred according to the flesh."

Other people have described violent emotion; but it was left for Jeremiah to surpass them all when he exclaimed: "Oh, that mine head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people." Others have understood pathos; but it was left for Luke to gather up all the cypress that ever grew into one sombre wreath, when he described the dead young man at Nain, and said: "He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." Others have described exhaustive grief; but it was left for Samuel to eclipse them all when he comes to describe the sorrow of David and his men over their desolated homes, and he says: "They lifted up their voices and wept until they had no more power to weep." Other writers have written in tragic or dramatic style, but it was left

for this Book to describe Rizpah on the rock seven days and seven nights, fighting back cormorant and jackal from the unburied corpses of her children. The Bible does not go around about a sin, but swoops on it like a hawk. It cleaves iniquity asunder, with one swing of the battle-axe crashing through from helmet to sandal. It has a style of writing for the most part, alert, sharp-edged, to the point, electric, hewing away at the heart of things, resilient, thunderbolted. The sacred writer takes the right thought, aims it in the right direction, and drives it home with the right hammer. Now I say give it fair play. Print it in the right type, bind it in the right way, explain it in the right style, and illustrate it by the right engravings, and the young people will be glad to read it because of its sprightliness.

Again: the Bible is especially adapted to the young because of its

EXUBERANCE OF ILLUSTRATION.

To the young, life is gilt-edged, and a place to try wings and build castles. Mere facts—hard, and cold, and dead—never captivate the young heart or mind. The Bible regards this condition of things, and employs every variety of simile and antithesis, and parable, and hyperbole. You breathe in this book the breath of the new-mown hay, and the Rose of Sharon, and the blossoms of the apple-tree amid the trees of the wood. You hear in this book the hum of the bee, and the dash of the waters, and the howling of fierce Euroclydon. You see in this book, the glitter of dew, and the saffron of cloud, and the slumber of lake, and the foam of raging Gennesaret. In this one chapter, you see the moonlight dripping upon Ajalon, and through that other chapter, you hear the carol of the newly-created flocks flying through the open firmament of heaven. Where is there in the world of poetic description anything like Job's championing, neighing, pawing, lightning-footed, thunder-necked war-horse? Dryden's, Milton's, Cowper's tempests are very tame compared with David's storm that wrecks the mountains of Lebanon, and shivers the wilderness of Kadish. Why, it seems as if to the feet of these Bible writers the mountains brought all their gems, and the seas all their pearls, and the gardens all their frankincense, and the spring all its blossoms, and the harvests all their wealth, and heaven all its grandeur, and eternity all its stupendous realities, and that since then, poets, and orators, and rhetoricians have been drinking from exhausted fountains, and searching for diamonds in a realm utterly rifled and ransacked.

This book is

THE HIVE OF ALL SWEETNESS.

It is the armory of all well-tempered weapons; it is the tower containing the crown jewels of the universe; it is the lamp that kindles all other lights; it is the home of all majesties and splendors; it is the marriage-ring that unites the celestial and the terrestrial, while all the clustering white-robed denizens of the sky hovering around rejoice at the nuptials. This book—it is the wreath into which are twisted all garlands; it is the song into which are struck all harmonies; it is the river into which are poured all the great tides of hallelujah; it is the firmament in which suns, and moon, and stars, and constellations, and galaxies, and immensities, and universes, and externalities,

wheel, and blaze, and triumph. Where is the young man's soul, with any music in it, that is not stirred with Jacob's lament, or Nahum's dirge, or Habakkuk's dithyrambic, or Paul's march of the resurrection, or John's anthem, where the elders, with doxology on their faces, respond to the trumpet blast of the archangel, as he stands with one foot on the sea and the other foot on the land, swearing by Him that liveth forever and ever that time shall be no longer.

Again: I think that the Scriptures are especially adapted to the young, because they are the fountain from which other great books are dipped. I know that young lawyers, young doctors, young accountants, young mechanics, young merchants, have but little time for general reading. If so, then spend more of that time at

THE FOUNTAIN OF DIVINE TRUTH, from which nearly all the books have been dipped that are worth anything. I will undertake to say that every great book that has been published since the first printing-press was lifted, has directly or indirectly derived much of its power from the sacred oracles. Goethe, the admired of all sceptics, had the wall of his house at Weimar covered with religious maps and pictures. Milton's "Paradise Lost" is part of the Bible in blank verse. Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered" is borrowed from the Bible. Spenser's writings are imitations of the parables. John Bunyan saw in a dream only what Saint John had before seen in Apocalyptic vision. Macaulay crowns his most gigantic sentences with Scripture quotations. Through Addison's "Spectator" there glances in and out the stream that broke from beneath the throne of God, clear as crystal. Walter Scott's best characters are Bible men and women under different names. Meg Merrilies, the witch of Endor. Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth was Jezebel. Hobbes stole from this Castle of Truth the weapons with which he afterward assaulted it. Lord Byron caught the ruggedness and majesty of his style from the prophecies. The writings of Pope are saturated with Isaiah, and he finds his most successful theme in the Messiah. The poets, Thompson and Johnson, dipped their pens in the style of the inspired Orientals. Thomas Carlyle is only a splendid distortion of Ezekiel; and wandering through the lanes and parks of this imperial domain of Bible truth, I find all the great American, English, German, Spanish, Italian poets, painters, orators, and rhetoricians. Now, if this be so, and the young man has but little time to read, why not go to the great fountain of all truth and inspiration, from which these other books dip their life.

If you wanted to see the Mississippi River, you would not go down to some little mill-race that has been diverted from the main channel; you would go out to the bluffs and look at the great "Father of Waters." And if you want to see truth, and justice, and mercy, and redemption, come to the great river of God's truth—grassy-banked, crystalline, its surface reflecting the glories of heaven, instead of giving so much time to this mill-race that human intellects have been diverting from the main channel. If a man wants to see New England, he does not go up on a hill back of Boston; he goes to the Tip-Top House of Mount Washington, where New England lies

prostrate at his feet. And if you want to get a grand prospect of this life and the vast eternity, come up to this mountain of God's truth, as much higher than all earthly elevation as Chimborazo is higher than a sand-bar. Our young men have not much time to read Motley's "Rise and Fall of the Dutch Republic," or the long essays of Jeffrey; but they can come to this Book and take a fragment of it. The Christian soldier can take a day's rations with him, and one day he can take a miracle, and the next day a parable, and the next day he can take some verses from the Psalms. From the way this Bible is constructed, I know it was intended that the people should read it.

I go further, and say that the Scriptures are especially adapted to the young, because they are the only accurate map of the practical life upon which they are entering. An anatomical chart will give us the nerves, and the muscles, and the bones, and the arteries of the human system. Well, my friends, this is an anatomical chart of the human race. A young man takes up the Scriptures, and thinks the account there given of the sin and the deceitfulness of the race is rather an exaggeration; but he goes on in life, and after awhile he takes up that very passage, and, his head nodding in confirmation, and the emphasis all the time accumulating, he reads: "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." Seventy years of active life will not give man so much knowledge of human nature as he might have obtained in earnest and Christian study of the Book of Proverbs in one day at the start of his life. A man comes on to mid-life, and he gets into a quarrel with a relative. He says: "Well, I shall soon get this settled; because, being relatives, of course we can compose the difficulty very soon." He goes on and makes the effort, and finds out that it cannot be settled at all. He says: "Why, this is a very strange thing," and he thinks he has made a discovery. Solomon could have told him that forty years ago: "A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city."

A man in mid-life sees some one very loquacious. He says: "That man is talking himself to death. He is talking down his worldly interests. What a pity he should talk so much." The man thinks he has made a discovery of the power of loquacity to talk down a man's interest. Solomon could have told him that long ago: "A fool's mouth is his destruction." A man goes out in society, and sees a beautiful woman with no common sense. "Why," he says; "that is a strange combination." Solomon described the same thing long ago, when he said: "As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a woman without discretion."

A lazy man sits down in the woods on a log, and the ants begin to come out of their holes, and they crawl over his apparel, and he is too lazy to rise; and, looking down, he says: "I might learn a lesson from these ants. Busy, busy, busy." Why did he not learn that lesson thirty years ago? "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise." A man in mid-life says: "Well, my son is spoiled. I should have chastened him rather than that he should have become disobedient." Oh, if at the beginning of the parental life, that man had read: "He that spareth the rod,

hateth his son; but he that loveth him, chasteneth him betimes."

Young people, to-day I lay before you

THE CHART OF THE VOYAGE

you have to take. Here is a sand-bar; there is a hell-gate; there is the warning-buoy; there is the light-house; there is the channel up which we ought to sail; there is the dreadful coast, black with the hulks that have gone into the breakers. Now, what would we think of a captain who should wait until his vessel was foundering and parting amidships, and the sea was rising up to swallow down crew and cargo, and then say: "Oh, I must begin to study my chart. I must look at the compass. Really, I must attend to this matter." What a fool! Days and weeks ago he ought to have studied the chart. Down she goes, never to rise. Alas! that a man should make immortal shipwreck, and then cry out for the Bible.

Another reason why I think that the Scriptures are especially adapted to the young, is because *there are precepts that can be practised only at that time of life.* We want the aged to come into the kingdom of God. Oh, yes. But we want especially the young, nimble fingers to write, swift tongues to speak, strong arms to strike, acute eyesight to scan. In this great conflict between light and darkness, between God and the devil, we want drilled troops, and not raw recruits. In this great conflict we want all the young especially—*young Davids with the sling, young Timothies with the Scriptures, young Samuels to administer in the temple, young Daniels to translate the writing on the wall.* We want all originality, all acuteness, all concentration, all fire of Christian enthusiasm. The Bible is the only book that can give an outfit to our young people for this life, and give them any preparation for the life to come. When those bright eyes are quenched you will want immortal vision. When that hand falls dead at your side, you will want something with which to pluck the garlands of eternal victory. When that foot is palsied you still will want to bound in jubilation over the high hills of heaven. When that heart stops you will want to feel the pulsation of a grand, ever-accumulating, and triumphant life. Oh, when this life is over, and the stars shall break ranks, and drop their shields, and you hear at a distance the rumbling of the chariot of judgment, and on glassy seas the crowned sons and daughters of God—a great host, innumerable, with fingers on harp, and mouth to trumpet—are getting ready for the everlasting acclaim of hosanna and redemption—then we will understand as never before what a matter of life or death, of heaven or hell, it was, whether we did study the Scriptures or did not study them.

Young man, buy a Bible—large type and beautifully bound. Put it on the best table you have. Put it in a cheerful light. Or, better than that, get the old family Bible, if your father and mother be gone. A few days ago I was visiting a friend, and he was showing me through his house, which is really a treasure-house of exquisite art. He took up an old book, and said: "Take that in your hand before you go." I said: "What is that book?" "Oh," he said, "that was my mother's Bible." I could well appreciate the tenderness of the association, for I have such a book as that in my own home. After my parents died, that was

my legacy. I took it home. Dear old Book! I never look at it without wanting to kiss it. That was the Book they put on the centre table after their marriage, and they consecrated their lives by a chapter from its pages. That was the Book they read when their children died, and there is the mark of a tear at the story of the Resurrection. These chapters are all worn out with oft perusal. There is the passage: "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee." Dear old Book! It has no gilt edges, it has no ridges on the cover; but it is the handsomest book I ever saw. That was the staff they leaned on for more than threescore years and ten. That was the light that shone on them when the world got dark. That was the tree that oozed the balm for all their heart-aches. Dear old Book! How I remember you when, sitting on my mother's knee, I looked at the pictures, while mother looked down into the deeper mysteries of salvation. Dear old Book! It ought to be wrapped up in damask and gold. When I die I want it by my pillow, so that I can see it. I shall charge my children to let everything go before they let that Book go. May all joy fly my heart, and my sight go out into darkness, and all sweetness turn into wormwood and gall, and my life become to me a plague, and all sweet sounds jar into discord, and my head be pillowless, and my name accursed, if I ever forget to honor and love my mother's Bible!

The Bible has done so much for you: what are

you going to do for the Bible? Arm yourselves for conflict in its behalf. Drive faster the printing-presses, and, amid all the agencies that are to reform society and save the world, stand foremost, hammer ever-lifted, sword ever unsheathed, battle cry ever-sounding, until God's Word shall illumine every land, and snap every shackle, and dethrone every deposition. Fall into line, young men and old! Strike for the world's redemption! The sea lifts itself up, waiting for the footsteps of Him who trod it centuries ago, and the mountains are ready to swing their forest branches at the shout of the great jubilee. I put my ear to the ground, and I hear the coming tramp of the Redeemer's victory. I lift my eyes to the hills, and I see them kindling with the glories of descending morn. I turn to the East, and I hear the crash of falling mosque and pagoda. I turn to the West, and I see the watch-fires on the table-lands of Oregon, and hear the breath of the Spirit sweep across the prairies. The desert will soon blush into carnation roses and silver-tipped lilies. Yea, all the earth is to become a temple of praise—grass and flowers the tessellated floor; mountains the pillars, tapestried with morning mist; the ocean the baptismal font; illimitable forests the wind-swept organ-pipes; and the vast heavens the dome in which shall roll, as Atlantic surges beat the beach, the doxology of ransomed hemispheres! Jesus forever! May you and I join in that grand consummation.

BRIBERY.

[THIS sermon was preached June 19th. 1881, after a celebrated attempt to purchase votes in the New York Legislature.]

"Fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery."—JOB 15 : 34.

The grandest earthly science is the science of politics. National order, national preservation, national defence, national morality, all swept by that circle. In that field Clarkson, and Cobden, and Brougham, and Daniel O'Connell, and Sir Rowland Hill, won their garlands on the other side of the sea; while on this side we have had our Washington, and our Adams, Benjamin F. Butler, Attorney-General of New York; Theodore Frelinghuysen, Senator from New Jersey; John McLean, Supreme Judge from Ohio; the great expounder of Massachusetts, and the great commoner of Kentucky; while the scroll of honorable statesmen now living is so long that the attempt to speak their names would be a bewilderment. From our own city we have sent into the State and national councils some of our very best citizens.

But politics from being the science of good government has often been bedraggled into the synonym for truculency and turpitude. A monster sin, plausible, potent, pestiferous, has gone forth to do its dreadful work in all ages. Its two hands are *rotten with leprosy*. It keeps its right hand hidden in a deep pocket. The left hand is

clenched, and with its ichorous knuckle it taps at the door of the court room, the legislative hall, the Congress and the Parliament. The door swings open and the monster enters, and glides through the aisle of the council chamber as softly as a slippered page, and then it takes its right hand from its deep pocket and offers it in salutation to judge or legislator. If that hand be taken, and the palm of the intruder cross the palm of the official the leprosy crosses from palm to palm in a round blotch, round as a gold eagle, and the virus spreads, and the doom is fixed, and the victim perishes. Let bribery, accursed of God and man, stand up for trial.

The Bible arraigns it again and again. Samuel says of his two sons who became judges, "They took bribes and perverted judgment." David says of some of his pursuers, "Their right hand is full of bribes." Amos says of some men in his day, "They take a bribe and turn aside the poor in the gate," while Eliphaz in my text foretells the crushing bolts of God's indignation, declaring, "Fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery."

It is no light temptation. The mightiest have

fallen under it. Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor of England, founder of our modern philosophy, author of "Novum Organum," and a whole library of books, the leading thinker of his century, so precocious that when a little child he was asked by Queen Elizabeth, "How old are you?" he responded, "I am two years younger than your Majesty's happy reign;" of whose oratory Ben Jonson wrote, "The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end;" having an income which you would suppose would have put him beyond the temptation of bribery—thirty-six thousand dollars a year, and Twickenham Court a gift, and princely estates in Hertfordshire and Gorhambury—yet under this temptation to bribery falling flat into ruin, and on his confession of taking bribes, giving as excuse that all his predecessors took them, he was fined two hundred thousand dollars, or what corresponds with our two hundred thousand dollars, and imprisoned in London Tower. So also Lord Chancellor Macclesfield fell; so also Lord Chancellor Waterbury perished. The black chapter in English, Irish, French, and American politics is the chapter of bribery. Some of you remember the Pacific Mail subsidies. All of you remember the awful tragedy of the Credit Mobilier. Under the temptation to bribery Benedict Arnold sold the fort in the Highlands for \$31,575. For this sin Görgey betrayed Hungary, Ahithophel forsook David, and Judas kissed Christ. When I see so many of the illustrious going down under this temptation, it makes me think of the *red dragon* spoken of in Revelation, with seven heads and ten horns and seven crowns, drawing a third part of the stars of heaven down after him.

It seems to me that this is the right time to preach a sermon against bribery. Much religious advice is inefficient because it is inopportune. As a little child of eight years of age that I knew received as a reward from her Sabbath-school teacher for committing to memory many verses of Scripture a beautiful book entitled, "Advice to a Young Married Couple." But appropriate words at an appropriate time, how important! The Legislature of the State of New York is now investigating charges of bribery. That body, and the whole country, North, South, East, and West have wakened up with holy horror at the charge that the two thousand dollars have been offered a Legislator for his vote, as though this were something new; as though hundreds of thousands of dollars have not been given in bribery to the Legislatures of this country, and millions of dollars. As though nine hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars had not been given to one Legislature and State Government by railway company to get a charter and to put through a donation of public lands. As though the majority of the Legislatures of the United States through bribery have not gone into putrefaction whose stench reaches heaven. By all means hunt down that two thousand dollars. Put the witnesses on the gridiron and broil them until they tell the whole truth. Perhaps after a month or two's hunting the squirrel that stole those hickory nuts, we may have enough righteous indignation in this country to begin to hunt the lions and the bears and the tigers and the panthers and the behemoths of political corruption which are devouring this country. By all means go on, gentlemen of the Legislature, and

investigate the two thousand dollars. Find out all about them. Do as you testify you have been doing. Hunt wrong all day and then go down to the Delavan House, and play poker and old sledge all night! When I see the Legislature of the State of New York, after years of corruption, going into a paroxysm of surprise at a paltry two thousand dollars given in bribery, it is as though in 1873, when the whole country was bringing law suit for six millions of dollars against William M. Tweed, the country had suddenly gone into hysterics at the discovery that he had stolen a box of steel pens. O gentlemen of the Legislature, by all means strain out that gnat, but do not swallow the camel.

THE LOBBIES

of the legislatures of this country control the country. They have submerged California, putting her in the grip of a great moneyed institution. You remember the bribery in Kansas involving a United States Senator. Again and again a Congressional district in Connecticut has been bought up with no more embarrassment than you would buy a box of strawberries. You know which State is called the State of Camden and Amboy. In March of last year members of the Pennsylvania Legislature were convicted of bribery. Then the Court of Pardons, excepting two judges, were immediately willing to liberate the political felons, and the two judges who refused to submit to the political pressure were bluntly told that they were cutting themselves off from political preference.

A United States Senator from Pennsylvania for many years was in the habit of putting a price upon members of the Legislature, just as a Kentuckian would put a price upon his race horses, two thousand dollars for this, and five thousand dollars for that. Railroad companies, which were intended to be the common carriers for the people and ought to be impartial, by a contract which is only another form of bribery in that case, give especial favoritism to certain companies, to certain firms, and to certain businesses. The Standard Oil Company in eighteen months had paid them in rebates by the trunk companies \$10,151,000, thus disadvantage all other oil companies. The Standard Oil Company, producing one fiftieth part of the petroleum, yet controlling all that valuable article and all the light that comes of it, belting the earth. I am talking truths which hundreds of these men have felt. Merchandise of grain, and provision, and cattle has, by the favoritism of the Great Trunk Railroad Companies in many of our cities been placed in the hands of one or two firms who control everything, while other firms in the same business are hard pushed. Bribery in so many forms I can only hint at them. How much was given by *certain city railroad companies* to keep their fare from dropping from ten cents to five cents? It is alleged they gave \$300,000. Bribery in this country sometimes means bank bills, sometimes hard cash, sometimes railroad passes, which for one of frequent travel, is quite a large aggregate. The down trains on Friday evening from Albany to New York and from Harrisburg to Philadelphia, and the up trains on Monday morning from New York to Albany, and from Philadelphia to Harrisburg are crowded with what are called "deadheads."

Monopolists effect their bribery sometimes by giving to members of legislatures who want to

speculate in Wall Street what are called "*points*." Now, some of you may not know what "*points*" are. The vernacular of Wall Street has gone into the vernacular of the country, and the most of you know what is a "*corner*," a "*flyer*," a "*cover*," "*buyer three*," "*seller three*," "*carrying stock*," "*washing the street*," "*ten up*," but some of you may not know what is meant when we say that monopolists give to certain members of the Legislature who want to speculate in Wall Street what are called "*points*." Would you really like to know what "*points*" are? Ask the bribed members at Albany and Harrisburg.

But the trouble begins far back of that, in what are called subscribed election expenses. If a man have no wealth he can hardly afford to run for Congress or for some other high position. Before the nomination is made the question is asked, "How much is he worth? How much will he give?" or, "How much will his friends give toward the success of the election?" And from this deep reservoir of subscribed election expenses the rills roll down in ten thousand directions, and by the time that the Gubernatorial and Congressional and Presidential elections are closed,

THE LAND IS DRUNK WITH BRIBERY.

I pity that poor little orphaned two thousand dollars wandering round the streets of Albany, finding no parentage, when it belongs to a family of big brothers who ought to go out and take charge of that foundling which was laid at the door of a Senator. Wonderful phenomenon, that after fifty years of corruption, and the expenditure of millions of dollars in the legislatures, only two thousand dollars have miscarried. It shows that if there were no God and no judgment day, the safest business in this country would be bribery. What other business of millions of dollars could be carried on even for ten years with no more than a loss of two thousand dollars. All the contention about the spoils of office, which kept the Senate of the United States for four months playing the fool, and which for the last four weeks has kept the private parlors of the Delavan House at Albany the centre of national interest, is only another form of bribery. It is not so much the cash down, as the offices promised. You put me into one kind of office, and I'll put you into another kind of office—don't you see? And it is often true that before a man is sworn into office he has pledged away all the patronage of that office, and the trouble comes from his incapacity or unwillingness to deliver the goods which he sold on the first Tuesday in November. Ah, what a state of things.

The machinery of bad American politics is made up of about five hundred wheels, and the cogs of these wheels play into a greater wheel, and this great centre wheel has a tire of railroad iron, and also a crank on which is the hand of Satan, and he turns the great wheel and that turns all the five hundred smaller wheels in the political manufactory. What has been seen in other countries threatens this land. While as a consequence of partial legislation the great masses of the people find it harder and harder work to make a living, we have too many men in this country who are worth their five millions, and their ten millions, and their twenty millions, and their forty millions, and their fifty millions, and their seventy millions,

and their eighty millions, and they carry the Legislature in one pocket and Congress in the other. Revolution ahead. I pray God it may be peaceful revolution, and at the ballot box, where only this wrong can be corrected. We had a forty years' contest about black slavery. We are to have a ten or twenty years' contest about white slavery. We are to have emancipation for American labor from the curse of monopoly. We must send to State and national councils men who cannot be suborned of perjury whether in the shape of promises of office or of hard dollars. I do not believe in the union of church and State, but I do believe that unless the Church of Jesus Christ rises up and proves herself the friend of the people, as well as the friend of God, and in sympathy with the great masses who with their families at their back are fighting this battle for bread, the Church as at present organized will become a defunct institution, and Christ will go down again to the beach and invite twelve plain, honest fishermen to come up into the apostleship of a new dispensation of righteousness man-ward and God-ward.

The time must come when all classes of people shall have *equal rights* in the great struggle to get a livelihood. What is the present disgraceful state of things? You and I are paying the board bill, and the washing bill, and the cigar bill, and the whiskey bill of the Legislature of the State of New York while they squabble about the offices. There is not anybody that supposes that the fifteen gentlemen nominated for senatorial position are the only men competent for it. Why not branch out in a new field, and for a change send two great Christian philanthropists who would adorn the Senate of the United States more than the Senate could adorn them? I nominate William E. Dodge, Christian philanthropist, of New York, and George I. Seney, Christian philanthropist, of Brooklyn. I do not know whether they are Conkling men or anti-Conkling men, but I know this, they are anti-rum, anti-ignorance, anti-fraud, anti-villainy. And yet I am aware that the nomination will not be ratified. The time has not come when such men can be elevated; but it will come. God did not make the Atlantic Ocean to allow a few great whales to swallow up all the small fish, nor did He make this continent to furnish a few great, moneyed magnates with blubber. The greatest commercial blessing in this country is the railroads made for us to ride over; but do not let us lie down as sleepers to let the railroads ride over us.

"Oh," says some one, "there's no need of talking against bribery by promise or by dollars, because every man has his price." I do not believe it. Even heathenism and the dark ages have furnished specimens of incorruptibility. A Cadi of Smyrna had a case brought before him on trial. A man gave him five hundred ducats in bribery. The case came on. The briber had many witnesses. The poor man on the other side had no witnesses. At the close of the case the Cadi said, "This poor man has no witnesses he thinks; I shall produce in his behalf five hundred witnesses against the other side." And then pulling out the bag of ducats from under the ottoman, he dashed it down at the feet of the briber, saying, "I give my decision against you." Epaminondas, offered a bribe, said, "I will do this thing if it be right,

and if it be wrong, all your goods cannot persuade me." Fabricius, of the Roman Senate, was offered a bribe by Pyrrhus of Macedon. Fabricius answered, "What an example this would be to the Roman people; you keep your riches and I will keep my poverty and reputation."

The President of the American Congress during the American Revolution, General Reed, was offered ten thousand guineas by foreign commissioners if he would betray this country. He replied, "Gentlemen, I am a very poor man, but tell your king he is not rich enough to buy me." But why go so far when you and I, if we move in honorable society know men and women who by all the concentrated force of earth and hell could not be bribed. They would no more be bribed than you would think of tempting an angel of light to exchange heaven for the pit. To offer a bribe is villainy; but it is a very poor compliment to the man to whom it is offered.

I have not much faith in those people who go about bragging how much they could get if they only would sell out. Those women who complain that they are very often insulted need to understand that there is something in their carriage to invite insult. There are men at Albany, and at Harrishurg, and at Washington, who would no more be approached by a bribe than a pirate boat with a few cutlasses would dare to attack a British man-of-war with two banks of guns on each side loaded to the touch-hole. They are incorruptible men, and they are the few men who are to save the city and save the land. Meanwhile,

MY ADVICE

is to all people to keep out of politics unless you are invulnerable to this style of temptation. Indeed, if you are naturally strong, you need religious buttressing. Nothing but the grace of God can sustain our public men and make them what we wish. I wish that there might come an old-fashioned revival of religion, that it might break out in Congress and in the legislatures and bring many of the leading Republicans and Democrats down on the anxious seat of repentance. That day will come, or something better, for the Bible declares that kings and queens shall become nursing fathers and mothers to the Church, and if the greater in authority, then certainly the less.

My charge also to parents is, remember that

this evil of bribery often begins in the home circle and in the nursery. Do not bribe your children. Teach them to do that which is right because it is right, and not because of the ten cents or the orange you will give them. There is a great difference between rewarding virtue and making the profits thereof the impelling motive. That man who is honest merely because "honesty is the best policy" is already a moral bankrupt.

My charge is to you in all departments of life steer clear of bribery, all of you. Every man and woman at some time will be tempted to do wrong for compensation. The bribe may not be offered in money. It may be offered in social position. Let us remember that there is a day coming when the most secret transaction of private life and of public life will come up for public reprehension. We cannot bribe death, we cannot bribe sickness, we cannot bribe the grave, we cannot bribe the judgments of that God who thunders in my text, "Fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery." "Fie," said Cardinal Beaufort, "fie, can't death be hired? is money nothing? must I die and so rich? if the owning of the whole realm would save me, I could get it by policy, or by purchase—by money." No, death would not be hired then: he will not be hired now. Men of the world often regret that they have to leave their money here when they go away from the world. You can tell from what they say in their last hours that one of their chief sorrows is that they have to leave their money. I break that delusion. I tell that bribe-taker that he will take his money with him. God will wrap it up in your shroud, or put it into the palm of your hand in resurrection, and there it will lie, not the cool, bright, shining gold as it was on the day when you sold your vote and your moral principle, but there it will lie, a hot metal, burning and consuming your hand forever. Or, if there be enough of it for a chain, then it will fall from the wrist clanking the fetters of an eternal captivity. *The bribe is an everlasting possession.* You take it for time, you take it for eternity. Some day in the next world, when you are longing for sympathy, you will feel on your cheek a kiss. Looking up you will find it to be Judas, who took thirty pieces of silver as a bribe and finished the bargain by putting an infamous kiss on the pure cheek of his divine Master.

THOMAS GUARD.

[THIS sermon was delivered in Brooklyn, on October 29th, 1882, soon after the death of the distinguished Baltimore preacher.]

"How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!"—II. SAM. I : 25.

AN outburst of grief and eulogium from David because of the death of his dearly-beloved friend Jonathan at the battle of Gilboa, but as appropriate an exclamation for all those who heard that two weeks ago, at six minutes of one o'clock, on Sabbath morning, the Rev. Thomas Guard, pastor of

the Mount Vernon Methodist Episcopal Church of Baltimore, breathed his last. Mighty in eloquence. Mighty in sympathy. Mighty in influence. Mighty for God. Mighty for the Church. Mighty for the world's betterment. "How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle."

The providence comes to me with the more solemnity because he sent me a salutation of love, warmer and more generous than I ever received from any Christian minister—a salutation which reached me a week after his death, coming with the proposition that we exchange pulpits, he to preach here and I to go there. Oh, how glad I would have been to have had him confront this assemblage, and on this platform unfurl the crimson banner of the cross.

Who was this Thomas Guard? I remark in the first place, he was a grand specimen of what the religion of Jesus Christ can do for a man. Whether in Ireland or in South Africa, or in America, on the Atlantic coast or on the Pacific coast or in the cities between, he was ever busy trying to make the people good and happy. I challenge you amid all the ranks of those who have despised Christianity during all the ages, to show me a soul so unselfish, so self-sacrificing, and I will give you from now until we meet at the bar of God in the day of eternal judgment to fetch up your first specimen. It is only the grace of God that can make a character like that.

Who was he? He was

A CONTRIBUTION FROM METHODISM to Christianity. He was in that apostleship of which John Wesley was the chief, and Alfred Cookman the modern exponent. I warrant you that when this man of God two weeks ago went up to the gate of heaven there was at that shining gate a group of the chieftains of that heroic sect to greet him. How it makes one feel for the helmet and the sword to give reverential salute as I call the names of Asbury, and Emory, and Coke, and Watson, and Fletcher, and Whitefield, and Bishops Janes and Scott. But no fence of sectarianism could wall in Thomas Guard any more than you could fence in the fragrance of a grove of magnolias in full bloom. He was with us in the attempt to annihilate bitter sectarianism, a work so nearly done that while in all our denominations there are narrow-souled bigots running around with rail and post and shovel, trying to rebuild the unbrotherly separation, the distinctions will soon all vanish in the overwhelming answer to Christ's prayer, "Father, that they all may be one." Who was he? He was the contribution of foreign nationality to America. Born in Galway, Ireland, in 1831. Died in Maryland, United States, 1882. Take away from the history of the American forum, the American laboratory and the American pulpit, all foreign talent and you have obliterated more than half of it. Scotland grows great metaphysicians, England grows great philosophers, Germany grows great dreamers, Italy grows great painters, Sweden and Norway grow great singers, and Ireland grows great orators. Thomas Guard came from the land of Edmund Burke and Robert Emmet and Daniel O'Connell, and he showed it. The fire of eloquence was in his eye, in his hand, in his foot and quivered in his whole body. With every tone, with every attitude, with every gesture, he defied all the rules of rhetoric as laid down in the books. He made his own laws. Unlike all others, he was like himself. Electric, thunder-bolted. Irish eloquence sanctified. When America has received for the last half century such a large donation of great souls from Ireland, she can well afford to return her sympathy. Bread when there is famine, and *world resounding protest when there is political oppression.*

What was he? He was a preacher of the Gospel natural and untrammelled by the way other people did their work. His church was thronged. A building holding 1500 or 2000 people, and thronged. He did not use what is called the pulpit tone. He spoke out of a sympathetic heart to the hearts of the people. In all denominations there is discussion about the decadence of church going. I will tell you *why people do not go to church.* They cannot stand the humdrum of ministers resolved to preach like all their predecessors and like everybody else. The fact is that some of the theological seminaries in this day take all the fire out of a man and send him into the pulpit cowed down. They tell him how many heads he must have to his discourse, and how long the introduction must be; and what kind of an application must be fastened on at the end, and how he must plant his foot, and how he must throw out his hand, and there are thousands of Presbyterian and Methodist and Baptist and Congregational churches to-day dying by inches through intolerable humdrum. Thomas Guard threw body, mind and soul against these frigid conventionalities of the church, and they cracked and gave way under his holy impetuosity. *Eloquence is not attitude*, it is not gesture, it is not voice; it is being possessed with some important thought and making others feel as you do. I wish that the young men of our theological seminaries could have heard Thomas Guard preach. The trouble is that in many theological seminaries young men are taught how to preach by professors who themselves never could preach. You can no more get people to come to church, doing things now as they did a century ago, than you can get them to discard the limited express train to Washington and go with the stage coach. The old Gospel, the same Gospel from century to century, but having its adaptation to each age. What a farce is being enacted in many of the cities. A church holding a thousand people with two hundred and fifty folks in it, scattered around in great lonesomeness, and going there from year to year because it has been decreed from all eternity that they should go, and they somehow cannot help it.

Who was he? He was

A MAN OF LARGE SYMPATHIES.

The earth could not fill him; he took in heaven as well. All time, all eternity, all heights, all depths, all lengths, all breadths. Thorough manliness. No whining out of the Gospel. No whimpering about the world as going to destruction when it is going to redemption. No patience with men inside or outside the ministry built on a small scale, five feet by three, trying to pull others down, hoping out of the debris to build themselves up. *Hating cant* with as much emphasis as Thomas Carlyle hated it, but for an opposite reason; not as the tiger hates the calf, but as music hates discord and as sunshine hates darkness. He was full of the gospel of good cheer, the gospel of geniality, the gospel of practical help, the gospel of spring morning, the gospel of carnation rose and pond lily. I think that to him the blooming orchard was a burning censer swinging before the throne. I think that to him the sky was a gallery and the clouds were pictures done in water colors. Great soul, gentle soul, sympathetic soul, suffering soul, triumphant soul, transcendent soul. I do not know through which one of the twelve gates in heaven he entered when he ascended

two weeks ago ; but if there be one gate with larger pearl than another, and with hinges of more ponderous gold than another, and with arch more triumphal than another, and with waiting chariot of swifter wheel and snowier coursers than another, I think that was the gate at which Thomas Guard entered.

While I consider this providence which affects all the Christian church, I am struck first with the *mysteries* and then with the alleviations. *Mystery the first* : Why should so good a man be called so terrifically to suffer ? There came all those years of domestic anxiety because of his wife's invalidism, moving from Ireland to South Africa, for the same cause moving from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific coast, for the same cause moving from San Francisco to Oakland. The honeymoon lasted from the time when at twenty-seven years of his age he took her hand at Dublin, on down until when four or five years ago he put her away for the resurrection. Ah, that husbandly affection is of but poor fibre which lasts only while the eye sparkles, and the cheek has in it the flush of the sunrise. He held that hand as tenderly and as lovingly after it was wasted and shrunk, as when it was round and well and strong. The ardor of affection increasing all the way from Dublin to Oakland. Then came those four or five years when at any moment he was liable to paroxysm of physical suffering ; postponing the surgeon's knife until he could postpone it no longer ; with nervous horror approaching the crisis until he had no strength to meet it ; passing out of life with physical agonies which anodyne and hypodermic appliances only partially assuaged. Suffering, suffering. Tell me why. I cannot tell you. *I adjourn the mystery* to the day when Ridley shall have explained to him the fiery stake, and Hugh M'Kail shall have explained to him the scaffold, and Margaret, the martyr Scotch girl, shall have explained to her the wave with which she was drowned, and James A. Garfield shall have explained to him the bullet, and that suffering woman up the dark alley shall have explained to her the cancer, and the rainbow of God's bright and beautiful explanation shall be hung on all the departed showers of earthly grief.

Mystery the second : Why should he be taken at fifty-one years of age, and at the very height of his power and influence ? Why not wait until he was worn out with old age ? Why, after the batteries had been loaded for a new campaign and were about to be unlimbered, must a gunner drop ? Why should he be taken before this Austerlitz, this Sedan, this Waterloo between Infidelity and Christianity is undisputedly settled in behalf of Him who is the rider on the white horse ? Why should this fearless and mounted captain of the Lord's host be slain while the feet of many weak Christians are by terror being shaken out of the stirrups ? Why should this man die when to rally the carnage of the Christian church we want more plumed warriors at the front ? It is the last part of my text that sounds like the roll of a funeral drum. "How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle ?" It is as though Blucher had been slain while coming up at nightfall with reinforcements. It is as though Garnet Wolseley had fallen half-way between Alexandria and Tel-el-Kebir. How demoralizing to have the riderless

horse of a chieftain careering and snorting across the battle plain. Why was it when Thomas Guard had gathered up so much knowledge, so much experience, he should be taken away just as his best work was about to be done ? Tell me. I cannot tell you. I adjourn the mystery to that day when we shall find out why Henry Kirk White expired at twenty-one years of age, just as he was giving intimation to the Christian church that he had in him the song power of Isaac Watts and Charles Wesley, writing with his boyish hand :

"When marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering hosts bestud the sky ;
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark, hark to God, the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem,
But one alone, the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem."

I postpone this mystery of Thomas Guard's death to the day when we shall find out why John Sommerfield, the flaming evangel, expired at twenty-seven years of age just as his grandest work seemed opening before him, and why John McClintock died before he had completed his cyclopædia of biblical, theological and ecclesiastical literature, and until the day when we shall know why last year at fifty-seven years of age, William Morley Punshon closed his lips forever, while on his shoulder rested the interests of the English Missionary Society, and there were yet so many words of fire waiting for him to speak. Yea, until that day when we shall find why Beethoven was struck with complete deafness so that he could not hear the loudest organ crash rendering his own music, and that day when we shall find out why so many authors never finished their manuscripts, and why so many artists dropped their pencils just as they were making the outline of a great masterpiece, and why so many poets stopped midway the rhythm, and why so many bright days halted at noon. Oh, yes, it was with Thomas Guard twelve o'clock meridian. The clock of his life struck one at Galway, struck nine at South Africa, struck ten at San Francisco, struck eleven at Oakland, struck twelve at Baltimore. High noon and the sun eclipsed. But that last word, thank God, passes us out from the shadows of mystery into the glorious alleviation of this providence.

ECLIPSED, NOT EXTINGUISHED ; something rolled between us and him, doing no damage to him. When Jupiter hides one of his satellites it is occultation ; no one has any idea that the satellite is destroyed. When the earth casts its shadow on the moon, it is lunar eclipse, but no one has any idea that the queen of night is dethroned. When Mercury partially hides the face of the sun, we call it a transit, but we have no idea that any damage is done. When the moon hides the sun, it is solar eclipse ; but no one has any idea that the King of Day is dead. I pronounce this departure of Thomas Guard to be *occultation, transit, eclipse*. When the sun was eclipsed in 1842 and in 1868 and 1869, all the astronomers gathered in the observatories and all the telescopes were drawn heavenward, and now as this effulgent nature is eclipsed, we do well to come up in the watchtowers of the church and into the observatory of Mount Zion and stand like the men

of Galilee gazing into heaven. If you have any idea that Thomas Guard lies lacerated in Green Mount Cemetery, I have no share in your wretched agnosticism. Alas! for that sepulchre which has a knob on the outside the door to let us in, but no latch on the inside the door to let us out.

This man of God has only moved on and moved up. He passed out of a room where the air was heavy with opiates into an atmosphere exhilarant, and from a body painstruck into conditions rubicund with health immortal. He has become one of the athletes of heaven—deathless as God is deathless, never to know pain or sickness or suffering or sorrow except as a vivid reminiscence. His mission is widened out. He has come to higher appointment, not to this church or to that church, or this denomination or that denomination, or this city or that city, or this world or that world. He has the universe to range in. What velocities! What circuits! What momentum! What orbits in which the star shall be as silvery as before the occultation, and the sun shall be as radiant as before the eclipse.

You could not understand thoroughly Thomas Guard here, you cannot understand Thomas Guard there. More difference than between an eagle in an iron cage and an eagle pitching from Chimborazo toward the sun. His work on earth is not done, it is not half done, it is not a fourth done, it is not a thousandth part done. He resumes it now under better auspices. How do I know? "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them that shall be heirs of salvation?" The lines of telegraphy and of rail track connect no two earthly cities so well as earth is connected with heaven. Did Thomas Guard, after he was established in this land, go to South Africa to get his family and bring them to this better country? And shall he not now come back some time to that earthly home and at the right time take his loved ones to the still better country? But he shall not come alone. The twain shall come, they who were side by side for so many years, bending over the same cradle, weeping over the same grave, now coming side by side, wing and wing to hover over those children when they sleep, and to escort them heavenward when they die. Father and mother coming to help. Father and mother coming down to comfort. Father and mother coming down to defend. The air this autumnal day not so darkened with the flocks of birds flying southward seeking a summer clime, not so full as the air is full of ministering spirits. Angels are hovering around. Flocks of immortals, sweeping this way and that. Earth no more an orphaned world, but a suburb of heaven. Blessed is that earthly home where Christian parents preside, but more mightily defended is that home which a glorified ancestry canopy with their benediction. Elisha saw the mountains full of horses and chariots of supernatural aid, and *so they are yet*. Which way are they driving? The horses head this way. How the chariots rumble down the sky steeps. Sent forth to minister. Is yonder a soul in great excruciation of pain, and shall Thomas Guard refuse the ministry when he knows about suffering? Is yonder a soul awfully bereft? Surely Thomas Guard cannot refuse his ministry for he knows what it is to be bereft. Shall we have revivals of

religion in our churches and Thomas Guard not join in the hallelujah? Shall there come a great Armageddon in which all the good are on one side, and all the bad on the other side? Earth and hell and heaven drawn out in battle array and the gallant spirit just ascended not mingle in the fight? not draw his sword? not lift his battle shout? Passing on to fatiguesless service.

Perhaps he will preach the Gospel to some other world that needs a Saviour. Perhaps he will carry quick despatch from the throne of God to some empire of which the strongest telescope has yet made no revelation. Perhaps he will take a special part in the chorals before the throne. Perhaps he will help compose some new doxology for the blessed. Perhaps he will tell, while all the galleries of light listen, of that grace which strengthened him through all the earthly struggle, the closing words of his recital drowned out by the outburst of minstrelsy that can halt no longer, the surges dashing to the tops of the throne, while the archangel rising beats time with his sceptre.

When a good man was dying, he said he saw written on the sky

THREE LETTERS,

and they were all alike. The letter "V." Some one asked of this man dying what he thought the letter "V" was for. He said, "I think it stands for victory." So over all this scene there is written congratulation for the departed, comfort for the bereft and encouragement for us all. Three "V's." Victory! Victory! Victory! Three "H's." Heaven! Heaven! Heaven!

On a catafalque of flowers, Thomas Guard lay under architectural grandeurs hung with symbols of sadness, the air throbbing with the "Dead March in Saul," and beautiful, cultured, and queenly Baltimore breaking her richest box of alabaster and pouring it on those weary feet as they halted in the journey, and the American Church North, South, East, West, sobbing out its sympathies over that great loving heart silenced forever.

But this day I open on all sides doors of consolation, doors of hope, doors of resurrection, doors of reunion for his bereft sons and daughters, Reginald, and William, and Percy, and Porter, and James, and Charlotte and Jessie, and for the Mount Vernon Church that for two terms stood with him on the mount of transfiguration, and for the denomination which still vibrates with his magnetic utterances, and for the church universal which now sits watching this wonderful sunset.

Until we meet again, farewell, my dear brother. Thou wast very pleasant to me. Thy salutation came so late I could not return it. So, to-day, I throw thee this kiss of warmest brotherly affection. Honored in life, triumphant in death, blessed in eternity. I could not be present to put even one flower on thy casket, but to-day, I sprinkle over thy new-made grave this handful of heather from the Scotch highlands, in the hymn which the people in that land of Andrew Melville and John Knox are apt to sing on their way to the grave of some one greatly beloved:

"Neighbor, accept our parting song,
The road is short, the rest is long;
The Lord brought here, the Lord takes hence,
This is no house of permanence."

"On bread of mirth and bread of tears
The pilgrim fed these checkered years ;
Now landlord world, shut to the door,
Thy guest is gone—forever more.

"Gone to the land of sweet repose,
His comrades bless him as he goes ;

Of toil and moil the day was full
A good sleep now, the night is cool.

"Yea, village bells, ring softly, ring,
And in the blessed Sabbath bring ;
Which from this weary work-day tryst
Awaits God's folk through Jesus Christ."

THE BETROTHAL.

[THIS sermon was preached May 15th, 1881, in behalf of "The Home Missionary Society."]

"Thy land shall be married."—ISA. 62 : 4.

As the greater includes the less, so does the circle of future joy around our entire world include the epicycle of our own republic. Bold, exultant, unique, divine imagery of the text. At the close of a week when the world has been full of the sound of wedding bells, the heir of the Austrian Empire taking home his bride amid the congratulations of many nations—God prosper Rudolph and Stephanie—it may not be inapt to anticipate the time when the Prince of Peace and the Heir of Universal Dominion shall take possession of this nation, and "thy land shall be married."

In discussing the final destiny of this nation it makes all the difference in the world whether we are on the way to a funeral or a wedding. The Bible leaves no doubt on this subject. In pulpits and on platforms and in places of public concourse, I hear so many of the muffled drums of evil prophecy sounded, as though we were on the way to national interment, and beside Thebes and Babylon and Tyre in the cemetery of dead nations our republic was to be entombed, that I wish you to understand it is not to be obsequies, but nuptials ; not mausoleum but carpeted altar ; not cypress but orange blossoms ; not requiem but wedding march ; for "thy land shall be married." I propose to name some of

THE SUITORS

who are claiming the hand of this republic. This land is so fair, so beautiful, so affluent, that it has many suitors, and it will depend much upon your advice whether this or that shall be accepted or rejected.

In the first place, I remark : there is a greedy, all-grasping monster who comes in as suitor seeking the hand of this republic, and that monster is by the name of

MONOPOLY.

His sceptre is made out of the iron of the rail track and the wire of telegraphy. He does every thing for his own advantage and for the robbery of the people. Things have gone on from bad to worse until in the three Legislatures of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, for the most part Monopoly decides everything. If Monopoly favor a law it passes ; if Monopoly oppose a law, it is rejected. Monopoly stands in the railroad depot putting into his pockets in one year two hundred millions of dollars in excess of all reasonable charges for services. Monopoly holds

in his one hand the steam power of locomotion, and in the other, the electricity of swift communication. Monopoly has the Republican party in one pocket and the Democratic party in the other pocket. Monopoly decides nominations and elections—city elections, State elections, national elections. With bribes he secures the votes of legislators, giving them free passes, giving appointments to needy relatives to lucrative position, employing them as attorneys if they are lawyers, carrying their goods fifteen per cent less if they are merchants, and if he find a case very stubborn as well as very important, puts down before him the hard cash of bribery.

But Monopoly is not so easily caught now as when during the term of Mr. Buchanan the legislative committee in one of our States explored and exposed the manner in which a certain railway company had obtained a donation of public land. It was found out that thirteen of the senators of that State received \$175,000 among them, sixty members of the lower house of that State received between \$5000 and \$10,000 each, the Governor of that State received \$50,000, his clerk received \$5000, the Lieutenant-Governor received \$10,000, all the clerks of the legislature received \$5000 each, while \$50,000 were divided amid the lobby agents. That thing on a larger or smaller scale is all the time going on in some of the States of the Union, but it is not so blundering as it used to be, and therefore not so easily exposed or arrested. I tell you that the overshadowing curse of the United States to-day is Monopoly. He puts his hand upon every bushel of wheat, upon every sack of salt, upon every ton of coal, and every man, woman, and child in the United States feels the touch of that moneyed despotism. I rejoice that in twenty-four States of the Union already anti-monopoly leagues have been established. God speed them in the work of liberation. I wish that this question might be the question of the next presidential election, for between this and that time we can compel the political parties to recognize it on their platforms.

I have nothing to say against capitalists ; a man has a right to all the money he can make honestly—I have nothing to say against corporations as such ; without them no great enterprise would be possible, but what I do say is that the same principles are to be applied to capitalists and to corpo-

rations that are applied to the poorest man and the plainest laborer. What is wrong for me is wrong for the Vanderbilts, and the Goulds, and elevated railway companies of New York and Brooklyn. If I take from you your property without any adequate compensation, I am a thief, and if an elevated railway damages the property of the people without making any adequate compensation, that is a *gigantic thief*. What is wrong on a small scale is wrong on a large scale. Monopoly in England has ground hundreds of thousands of her best people into semi-starvation, and in Ireland has driven multitudinous tenants almost to madness, and in the United States proposes to take the wealth of fifty or sixty millions of people and put it in a few silken wallets.

Monopoly, brazen-faced, iron-fingered, vulture-hearted Monopoly offers his hand to this republic. He stretches it out over the lakes and up the Pennsylvania and the Erie and the New York Central Railroads, and over the telegraph poles of the continent, and says: "Here is my heart and hand; be mine forever." Let the millions of the people North, South, East and West forbid the banns of that marriage, forbid them at the ballot-box, forbid them on the platform, forbid them by great organizations, forbid them by the overwhelming sentiment of an outraged nation, forbid them by the protest of the Church of God, forbid them by prayer to high heaven. That Herod shall not have this Abigail. It shall not be to all devouring Monopoly that this land is to be married.

Another suitor claiming the hand of this republic is

NIHILISM.

He owns nothing but a knife for universal cut-throatery, and a nitro-glycerine bomb for universal explosion. He believes in no God, no government, no heaven, and no hell except what he can make on earth! He slew the Czar of Russia, keeps Emperor William of Germany practically imprisoned, killed Abraham Lincoln, would put to death every king and president on earth, and if he had the power, would climb up until he could drive the God of Heaven from His throne and take it himself, *the universal butcher*. In France it is called Communism; in the United States it is called Socialism; in Russia it is called Nihilism, but that last is the most graphic and descriptive term. It means complete and eternal smash up. It would make the holding of property a crime, and it would drive a dagger through your heart, and put a torch to your dwelling and turn over this whole land into the possession of theft and lust and rapine and murder.

Where does this monster live? In Brooklyn, in New York, and in all the villages and cities of this land. It offers its hand to this fair republic. It proposes to tear to pieces the ballot-box, the legislative hall, the Congressional assembly. It would take this land and divide it up, or rather, divide it down. It would give as much to the idler as to the worker, to the bad as to the good. Nihilism! This panther having prowled across other lands has set its paw on our soil, and it is only waiting for the time in which to spring upon its prey. It was Nihilism that burned the railroad property at Pittsburg during the great riots; it was Nihilism that slew black people in our Northern cities dur-

ing the war; it was Nihilism that last week in New York mauled to death a Chinaman; it is Nihilism that glares out of the windows of the drunkeries upon sober people as they go by. Ah! its power has never yet been tested. I pray God its power may never be fully tested. It would, if it had the power, leave every church, chapel, cathedral, schoolhouse and college in ashes.

Let me say it is the worst enemy of the laboring classes in any country. The honest cry for reform lifted by oppressed laboring men is drowned out by the vociferation for anarchy. The criminals and the vagabonds who range through our cities talking about their rights, when their first right is the penitentiary—if they could be hushed up, and the down-trodden laboring men of this country could be heard, there would be more bread for hungry children. In this land riot and bloodshed never gained any wages for the people, or gathered up any prosperity. In this land the best weapon is not the club, not the shillalah, not firearms, but the ballot. Let not our oppressed laboring men be beguiled to coming under the bloody banner of Nihilism. It will make your taxes heavier, your wages smaller, your table scantier, your children hungrier, your suffering greater. Yet this Nihilism, with feet red of slaughter, comes forth and offers its hand for this republic. *Shall the banns be proclaimed?* If so, where shall the marriage altar be? and who will be the officiating priest? and what will be the music? That altar will have to be white with bleached skulls, the officiating priest must be a dripping assassin, the music must be the smothered groan of multitudinous victims, the garlands must be twisted of nightshade, the fruits must be apples of Sodom, the wine must be the blood of St. Bartholomew's massacre. No! It is not to Nihilism, the sanguinital monster, that this land is to be married.

Another suitor for the hand of this nation is

INFIDELITY.

When the midnight ruffians despoiled the grave of A. T. Stewart in St. Mark's churchyard, everybody was shocked; but infidelity proposes something worse than that: the robbing of all the graves of Christendom of the hope of a resurrection. It proposes to chisel out from the tombstones of your Christian dead the words, "asleep in Jesus," and substitute the words: "obliteration—annihilation." Infidelity proposes to take the letter from the world's Father, inviting the nations to virtue and happiness, and tear it up into fragments so small that you cannot read a word of it. It proposes to take the consolation from the broken-hearted, and the soothing pillow from the dying. Infidelity proposes to swear in the President of the United States, and the Supreme Court, and the Governors of States, and the witnesses in the court room with their right hand on Paine's "Age of Reason," or Voltaire's "Philosophy of History." It proposes to take away from this country the book that makes the difference between the United States and the Kingdom of Dahomey, between American civilization and Bornesian cannibalism. If infidelity could destroy the Scriptures, it would in two hundred years turn the civilized nations back to semi-barbarism, and then from semi-barbarism into midnight savagery, until the

morals of a menagerie of tigers, rattlesnakes, and chimpanzees would be better than the morals of the shipwrecked human race.

The only impulse in the right direction that this world has ever had has come from the Bible. It was the mother of Roman law and of healthful jurisprudence. That book has been the mother of all reforms and all charities—mother of English *magna charta* and American Declaration of Independence. Benjamin Franklin, holding that holy Book in his hand, stood before an infidel club at Paris and read to them out of the prophecies of Habakkuk, and the infidels, not knowing what book it was, declared it was the best poetry they had ever heard. That Book brought George Washington down on his knees in the snow at Valley Forge, and led the dying Prince of Wales to ask some one to sing "Rock of Ages."

I tell you that *the worst attempted crime of the century* is the attempt to destroy this book; yet infidelity, loathsome, stenchful, leprous, pestiferous, rotten monster, stretches out its hand, ichorous with the second death, to take the hand of this republic. It stretches it out through seductive magazines, and through lyceum lectures and through caricatures of religion. It asks for all that part of the continent already fully settled and the two thirds not yet occupied. It says: Give me all east of the Mississippi, with the keys of the church and with the Christian printing-presses—then give me Wyoming, give me Alaska, give me Montana, give me Colorado, give me all the States and Territories west of the Mississippi, and I will take those places and keep them by right of possession long before the Gospel can be fully entrenched.

And this suitor presses his case appallingly. Shall the banns of that marriage be proclaimed? "No!" say the home missionaries of the West, a martyr band of whom the world is not worthy, toiling amid fatigues and malaria and starvation. "No! not if we can help it. By what we and our children have suffered we forbid the banns of that marriage!" "No!" say all patriotic voices, "our institutions were bought at too dear a price and were defended at too great a sacrifice to be so cheaply surrendered." "No!" says the God of Bunker Hill and Independence Hall and Gettysburg, "*I did not start this nation for such a farce.*" "No!" cry ten thousand voices "to infidelity this land shall not be married!"

But there is

ANOTHER SUITOR

that presents His hand for the hand of this republic. He is mentioned in the verse following my text where it says: "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee." It is not my figure; it is the figure of the Bible. Christ is so desirous to have this world love Him that He stops at no humiliation of simile. He compares His grace to spittle on the eyes of the blind man. He compares Himself to a hen gathering the chickens, and in my text He compares Himself to a suitor begging a hand in marriage. Does this Christ, the King, deserve this land? Behold Pilate's hall and the insulting expectation on the face of Christ. Behold the Calvarean massacre and the awful hemorrhage of five wounds. Jacob served fourteen years for Rachel, but Christ, my Lord, the King, suffered in torture thirty-three

years to win the love of this world. As often princesses at their very birth are pledged in treaty of marriage to princes or kings of earth, so this nation at its birth was pledged to Christ for divine marriage. Before Columbus and his one hundred and twenty men embarked on the Santa Maria, the Pinta, and the Nina, for their wonderful voyage, what was the last thing they did? They sat down and took the holy sacrament of the Lord Jesus Christ. After they caught the first glimpse of this country and the gun of one ship had announced it to the other vessels that land had been discovered, what was the song that went up from all the three decks? *Gloria in excelsis*. After Columbus and his one hundred and twenty men had stepped from the ship's deck to the solid ground, what did they do? They all knelt and consecrated the new world to God. What did the Huguenots do after they landed in the Carolinas? What did the Holland refugees do after they had landed in New York? What did the Pilgrim Fathers do after they landed in New England? With bended knee and uplifted face and heaven besieging prayer, they took possession of this continent for God. How was the first American Congress opened? By prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ. From its birth this nation was pledged for holy marriage with Christ.

And then see how good God has been to us! Just open the map of the continent, and see how it is shaped for immeasurable prosperities. Navigable rivers, more in number and greater than of any other land, rolling down on all sides into the sea, prophesying large manufactures and easy commerce. Look at the great ranges of mountains timbered with wealth on the top and sides, metaled with wealth underneath. One hundred and eighty thousand square miles of coal, one hundred and eighty thousand square miles of iron. The land so contoured that extreme weather hardly ever lasts more than three days—extreme heat or extreme cold. Climate for the most part bracing and favorable for brawn and brain. All fruits, all minerals, all harvests. Scenery displaying an autumnal pageantry that no land on earth pretends to rival. No South American earthquakes. No Scotch mists. No London fogs. No Egyptian plagues. No Germanic divisions. The people of the United States are happier than any people on earth. It is the testimony of every man that has travelled abroad. For the poor, more sympathy; for the industrious, more opportunity. Oh, how good God was to our fathers, and how good He has been to us and our children. To Him! Blessed be His mighty name! To Him of cross and triumph, to Him who still remembers the prayer of the Huguenots and Holland refugees and the Pilgrim Fathers—to Him shall this land be married. O you Christian patriots, by your contributions and your prayers hasten on the fulfillment of the text.

We are just turning

AN IMPORTANT LEAF

in the mighty tome of our national history. Last year at the gates of this continent over 500,000 emigrants arrived. I was told by the commission of emigration last week that the probability is that this year over 600,000 emigrants will arrive at the different gates of commerce. Who are they? the paupers of Europe? No. At Kansas city last

summer, I was told by a gentleman, who had opportunity for large investigation, that a great multitude had gone through there, averaging in worldly estate \$800. I was told a few days ago in the City of Washington by an officer of the government who had opportunity for authentic investigation, that thousands and thousands had gone, averaging \$1000 in possession each. I was told last week by the commission of emigration that twenty families that had recently arrived at Castle Garden, brought \$85,000 with them. Mark you, families, not tramps. Additions to the national wealth, not subtractions therefrom. I saw some of them reading their Bibles and their hymn books, thanking God for His kindness in helping them cross the sea. Some of them had Christ in the steerage all across the waves, and they will have Christ in the rail trains which at five o'clock every afternoon start for the great West. They are being taken by the commission of emigration in New York, taken from the vessels, protected from the Shylocks and the sharpers, and in the name of God and humanity passed on to their destination; and there they will turn your Territories into States, and your wildernesses into gardens, if you will build for them churches and establish for them schools, and send to them Christian missionaries.

Are you afraid this continent is going to be overcrowded with this population? Ah, that shows you have not been to California, that shows you have not been to Oregon, that shows that you have not been to Texas. A fishing smack to-day on Lake Ontario might as well be afraid of being crowded by other shipping before night as for any one of the next ten generations of Americans to be afraid of being overcrowded by foreign populations in this country. The one State of Texas is far larger than all the Austrian Empire, yet the Austrian Empire supports 35,000,000 people. The one State of Texas is larger than all France, and France supports 36,000,000 people. The one State of Texas far surpasses in size the Germanic Empire, yet the Germanic Empire supports

41,000,000 people. I tell you the great want of the territories and of the Western States is more population.

While some may stand at the gates of the city, saying: "Stay back!" to foreign populations, I press out as far beyond those gates as I can press out beyond them and beckon to foreign nations, saying: "Come, come!" But say you: "I am so afraid that they will bring their prejudices for foreign governments and plant them here." Absurd. They are sick of the governments that have oppressed them, and they want free America! Give them the great Gospel of welcome. Throw around them all Christian hospitalities. They will add their industry and hard-earned wages to this country, and then we will dedicate all to Christ, "and thy land shall be married." But

WHERE SHALL THE MARRIAGE ALTAR BE?

Let it be the Rocky Mountains, when, through artificial and mighty irrigation, all their tops shall be covered, as they will be, with vineyards and orchards and grain fields. Then let the Bostons and the New Yorks and the Charlestons of the Pacific coast come to the marriage altar on one side, and then let the Bostons and the New Yorks and the Charlestons of the Atlantic coast come to the marriage altar on the other side, and there between them let this bride of nations kneel; and then if the organ of the loudest thunders that ever shook the Sierra Nevadas on the one side, or moved the foundations of the Alleghanies on the other side, should open full diapason of wedding march, that organ of thunders could not drown the voice of Him who should take the hand of this bride of nations, saying, "as a bridegroom rejoiceth over a bride, so thy God rejoiceth over thee." At that marriage banquet the platters shall be of Nevada silver, and the chalices of California gold, and the fruits of Northern orchards, and the spices of Southern groves, and the tapestry of American manufacture, and the congratulations from all the free nations of earth and from all the triumphant armies of heaven. "And so thy land shall be married."

THE RAILWAY CRASH.

[THIS sermon was preached January 4th, 1880, the Sabbath after the giving way of the bridge across the River Tay, Scotland, the whole train disappearing in the night, not one passenger escaping.]

"The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways: they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings"—NAHUM 2: 4.

If that be not an express rail-train under full headway at night, what is it? The use of steam may have been one of the lost arts, Robert Fulton and James Watt recovering what Nahum the prophet had known centuries before. When you read this text, you hear the clash of the car coupling, the roar of the wheels and the terrific velocity which you may hear any night on the iron track

between New York and Buffalo, between Cincinnati and Pittsburg, between Charleston and Savannah, between Edinburgh and Dundee. "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings." For moral and religious advantage I call your mind this morning to the precipitation of the

Scottish rail-train at the river Tay last Sabbath night. All the surroundings of that scene are so fresh in my memory that I cannot refrain from this sermon.

On the morning of the 31st of July last, after consulting with some friends at Dundee as to whether I had better take the train all the way to Glasgow, or go part the distance on the river Tay, I was advised to the latter, and so stepped on board the steamer *Lass o' Gowrie*. The flag of the steamer fluttered in a stout gale, though at the same time the sun was flooding the land and the water and the sky with golden glory. I had seen the Hudson and the Rhine, but for some reason the beauty and magnificence of the river Tay that morning thrilled me more than any landscape I have ever looked at. The banks of the river have on them the signs of present wealth and of historical reminiscence—orchards, and farmsteads, and mansions. From its birth at Loch Tay to its translation into the German Ocean, it is one long enchantment. Elcho Castle, Lintore Abbey, Round Tower of Abernethy, Balnabrich Castle, suggest the past; until you imagine you can almost see the flash of the ancient claymore and hear the battle-shout of Robert Bruce, and Wallace, and Thomas de Longueville, and can almost hear the challenge of Clan Chattan to Clan Inhele. Did ever so bright a sky look down into so enchanting a river between such historical banks? But the present must rival the past. There it is, fairy-like for exquisiteness and majestic for arching span—the bridge across the river Tay. Ten minutes or fifteen minutes after leaving the Dundee docks we come to this architectural triumph, which is the pride of all Great Britain. A ruddy Scotchman, standing on the deck, said to me, "*Have you anything like that in America?*" I said, "Nothing like it." A bridge nearly two miles in length, eighty-seven spans, eighty feet above the surface of the water. The very best possible view we got of it from the deck of the steamer *Lass o' Gowrie*.

There was nothing that morning to indicate coming calamity—nothing in the glee of the passengers, nothing in the clouds crystalline or the waters opaline, nothing in the architectural triumph which seemed not so much to have been built up as to have gracefully and supernaturally alighted. When last Sabbath afternoon the conductor at Edinburgh lifted his hand in signal to the engineer, and the train started, what a smooth opening to a tragical chapter! What more fascinating than that rail-train! Across the plain, how it glides! Through the villages, how it darts! Under the shadow of the rocks, how it rushes! On and on, hour after hour. But what peril ahead! Will not some switchman, with red flag of danger, run out? Will not some echo of the rocks cry "Stop!" or some voice of the night wind halt the doomed procession? How dumb and unsympathetic the natural world seems before such a crisis! *Stop that train!* On and on, as by inexorable fate, it comes until it reaches the abutment, and puts its iron foot on that bridge, which henceforth shall be more memorable than Norwalk or Ashtabula.

A man walking on the bank says he thinks he saw a shower of sparks and the falling of the lanterns; but I do not think until the last great day

it will be known whether the whirlwind had removed the spans of the bridge before the train reached them, opening a chasm down which the cars chased each other, or whether, as is the more probable, that great procession of human life under the grasp of the Euroclydon swayed to and fro with mighty swing, to and fro with a lurch that makes the blood curdle, to and fro until the cars slipped the track, and coaches and engine and guardsmen and passengers with lightning velocity were hurled down through the night, through the spaces, down, a hundred feet down, crash, crash, crash! *All dead!* Some by fright, some by bruises, some by drowning, *but all dead*. Death captured that train, put his foot on the brakes, collected the tickets, stopped the royal mail-bags, arrested the speed and shocked all Christendom. They were fathers and mothers, they were brothers and sisters, they were sons and daughters, and the Queen's telegram thrilling with sympathy expressed the feeling of all nations. A merry Christmas just behind them. A Happy New Year just before them. Half way between the lighted candles of the Christmas tree and the salutations of the opening year they disappeared forever. The laughter of holiday festivity broken up by the shriek of unparalleled casualty.

THE BRIDGE BROKE!

What a text for a sermon!

Some unwise and morbid people may say, "So much for Sabbath breaking;" for there are people who are very generous in the distribution of God's judgments, and if a party sailing out on the Sabbath-day get drowned, these critics immediately annex the disaster to the infraction of holy hours. Now, I believe in a strict observance of the holy Sabbath, but I think that *the Lord's thunderbolts are too heavy for us to handle!* And the sooner that kind of morbid moralization is driven out of our Sabbath-school libraries the better. Who knows on what errand of necessity or mercy those passengers got on the train that day! The argument that such men make goes too far, according to their own argument; because among the multitudes of rail-trains on both continents, on all continents, that Sabbath-day they all reached their destination except one; and out of every one thousand passengers on that Lord's Day, on the different continents nine hundred and ninety-nine got safely home. *Ergo*, Sabbath travelling is commendable. Now, I reject such an argument as that. While we advocate the strictest observance of God's holy day, the Lord knows that we who are safe and happy to-day, if we had our just deserts, there would have been broken bridges enough to take us all down. Pushing aside this morbid moralization about Sabbath catastrophe, I come to take a broad, common-sense, and Christian view of that event which dropped one, two, three, four, five, six, seven cars into a watery sepulchre. Look at the flashing lights as they go down.

Learn first from this railroad plunge in Scotland, that God is mightier than human invention, and that science ought to be more reverential and worshipful. That Tay bridge was a triumph of engineering. Thomas Bouch, the famous architect, backed by one million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, thought he had built a bridge that could stand the tornadoes and the floods and

the rail-trains. I hold in my hand a *pamphlet* I bought on the river Tay which reads :

"What will help to both extend and perpetuate the importance of this locality is the erection of the Tay bridge, which exhibits a triumph of science and mechanical skill showing the rapid strides of the physical progress of the age. Fifty years ago, such a bridge could not have been constructed, the mechanical appliances required not being then available."

General Hutchinson, a supervisor of railways in Scotland, pronounced that bridge *safe beyond all necessity* ; but under the blast of God's nostrils two thousand feet of it are gone. All success to human invention, all honor to scientific achievement, but let us remember that higher than grandest arch of grandest bridge is the throne of the Lord Almighty, and it becomes strongest hammer and mightiest pulley and most skilful quadrant and longest range telescope to be put down at His feet.

Science says *it can do almost any thing*. It overrules the Bible, it disputes with God the government of the universe, it makes the Creator a superfluity, since all things were made by a fortuitous concourse of atoms ; it throws away the archangel's trumpet which wakes the dead, and there is to be no resurrection. Yea, it proposes to build a bridge over into the next life, and men start on it with their long trains of immortal hopes, and they think the bridge is beautiful, and the bridge strong—never such girders and never such arches—but midway the Lord blows upon it and they are destroyed without remedy.

Let human invention and science do their best—span widest rivers, scale highest heights, fathom deepest depths, start longest rail-trains in swiftest velocity ; but let them be reverential before that God before whom Isaac Newton and Kepler and Professor Silliman and Joseph Henry and Louis Agassiz were not ashamed to bow. Herschel staggered back from his telescope exhausted and overwhelmed, unable any longer to look at the display of God's omnipotence. In every observatory, in every scientific school, in every museum, in every architect's studio, let there be an altar of worship as well as philosophic apparatus.

Again, this calamity at the Tay Bridge impresses me with the idea that a bridge which does not reach clear across is of no use. The stability of the abutment on the Fifeshire side tempted the train to go on. If that abutment had been washed away, the train would not have attempted the bridge. And that is the difficulty in the structures which men make for our immortal soul to pass over into a great eternity. *They do very well for this side*. They seem to be made up of good morals and of high respectabilities, and of elegant manners, and of good neighborhood—all these making a very good structure for this side ; but immortal souls attempting to cross on that bridge never get to the mountains of myrrh. Such a bridge as that, never took over one soul, never will take over a soul. Oh, we want a complete bridge from this world across the river of death, or no bridge at all. Blessed be God such a bridge has been constructed, the abutments blasted from the Rock of Ages, the timber brought from Calvary, fastened with the nails and the spikes of the cross. Starting on this side that bridge you go clear

over to the other side, kept by the power of God through faith unto complete salvation. "And the rains descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that structure ; but it fell not, for it was founded on a rock."

I warrant you there were Scotchmen last Sabbath night in that rail-train who did not go down with the shower of sparks and cinders ; they only just crossed over into the companionship of their great countrymen John Knox and Thomas Chalmers ; and John Brown, the martyred Ayrshire carrier ; and Renwick—James Renwick, and the victims of Dunnottar Castle, and those great Christian souls whom bloody M'Kenzie and Lord Claverhouse hastened into glory. There was not any accident with those dying Christians. Instead of landing in Dundee they landed in heaven.

God has a great many children we do not recognize. They make no fuss about their religion, and they have not anything to do with those people who have *more gab than grace* ; but out of the *débris* of a railroad crash God can pick them in half a minute. I do not know whether Robert Burns wrote it, or whether it was written in regard to him—these words,

"If there be another world : He lives in bliss ;
If not another, He made the best of this."

Blessed be God, our religion makes the best of this world, and takes all the next. And that is a good religion to have, whether on the banks of the Tay or the Hudson.

This railroad disaster at the river Tay last Sabbath night also impresses me with the fact that all travellers ought to have

SPIRITUAL INSURANCE.

The world goes on wheels and they turn faster and faster. I said to the conductor of an Erie Railroad train last Monday night, "How many trains go over this track in a day?" and he said, "Between one hundred and twenty-five and one hundred and fifty." What multitudes are shot into and out of our great cities day by day ! The more than one hundred and fifty millions of dollars paid in this country every year for passenger tickets, the more than twenty-eight millions of pounds paid in the United Kingdom for passenger tickets every year, give some idea of the immensity of modern travel. On the continent of Europe there are over fifty-two thousand miles of railway. The Holy Land will yet hear the shriek of the steam whistle, and the solemn silence of Palestine will be broken by the conductor's shout of "*All aboard for Jerusalem!*" "Twenty minutes for dinner at Damascus!" "Change cars for the Dead Sea!" Railroads to tunnel every mountain, to cross every river, to intermarry the cities, to interlock the nations.

Under the very best of management there will be accident, and generally it will be sudden, giving no opportunity to ask what next. I have been on three rail-trains off the track, and I know, as some of you know, that the excitement and consternation of such a scene forbid all spiritual adjustment. How long did those passengers at Norwalk, at Ashtabula, at the river Tay have to prepare for eternity? Not five minutes, nor four minutes, nor three minutes, nor two minutes, nor one minute. I say this not to make you cowardly for your journey, but to make you placid

by antecedent preparation. Do not let the interests of your immortal soul be dependent upon a frosted rail, or a drunken switchtender, or an incompetent bridge architect, or a conductor's time-piece, or a freshet or a tornado.

If a man is, through a reconstructed nature, bound for heaven, it makes but little difference whether he goes by land or water, by day or night, through exploded steamboat or tumbled rail-train. He has a "Through ticket," and whatever connections he may miss again he will finally ride into the Grand Central Depot of the universe. If you want to go to a certain city, and there be a train that goes at the rate of fifteen miles the hour, and one that goes forty miles an hour, which do you take? The quickest. Protracted sickness for a Christian man is the slow train. Sudden and instantaneous departure by accident is the quick train. You ask me what mode of departure I choose—the prolonged or the abrupt. It is not ours to decide. All I ask for myself and yourself is that we be fully and grandly ready. Between the top of a bridge and the bottom of a river is a small allowance to get our souls fit for a residence of five hundred thousand million centuries.

Again : this plunge of the rail-train at the river Tay impresses me with the fact that death is no respecter of persons. In America we know but very little about the classification of passengers ; but in Great Britain and on the continent of Europe the distinction is very marked. This doomed train of last Sabbath night was made up of one first-class passenger car, one second-class car, four third-class cars and the brakemen's van. I do not know which went over and down first ; but *they all went down*. The fact that the passengers in the first-class car had paid twice as much for their tickets as the passengers in the third-class car gave them no preference in the moment of the calamity. "They that trust in their wealth and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches, none of them can by any means redeem his brother, or give to God a ransom for him that he shall not see corruption." Complete democracy of peril. Complete democracy of grave-yard. Death is so dim-sighted and so blundering-footed that he staggers across Axminster tapestry as though it were a bare floor, and sees no difference between the fluttering rags of a tatterdemalion and a conqueror's gonfalon. Side by side we must all come down. No first-class, second-class, or third-class in death or the grave.

The subjects of Charlemagne, after his death, set his corpse on a *throne in a sepulchre*, and put a sceptre in his stiff hand and a crown on his bloodless temples ; but long ago he came down to a prostrate condition. At the Tuileries, in Paris, during the revolution of July, when the mob broke in, a boy wounded to death was laid on the emperor's throne, and his blood gave deeper crimson to the imperial upholstery ; but after all he came down into the dust, where we must all lie. Death goes into the house at Gad's Hill and he says, "I want that novelist." Death goes into Windsor Castle and he says, "I want Victoria's Consort."

Death goes into Ford's Theatre at Washington, and says, "I want that President." Death goes on the Zulu battle-field and says, "I want that French Prince Imperial." Death goes into the marble palace at Madrid, and says, "Give me Queen Mercedes." Death goes into the almshouse, and says, "Give me that pauper." Death comes to the Tay Bridge, and says, "Discharge into my cold bosom all those passengers." Alike ! Alike !

By embalment, by sculptured sarcophagus, by pyramidal grandeur, by epitaphal commemoration, by more intoxicated "wake" or grander cathedral dirge, we may seem to give a caste to the dead ; but it is soon over. I took out my memorandum-book and lead-pencil in Westminster Abbey a few weeks ago, and I copied a verse that it would interest you to hear :

"Think how many royal bones
Sleep within these heaps of stones ;
Here they lie—had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands."

No first-class, or second-class, or third-class in death. Only the righteous and the wicked. Before, last Sabbath night, the keeper of the Tay Bridge and James Roberts, the superintendent of Northern British Railway, crawled with bleeding hands on the bridge to find out what had kept back the train, all the passengers, first-class, second-class, third-class, had reached their eternal destination, and without reference to what was on earth their social or financial or literary or political status. If they were ready, what a glorious transition from winter night to summer morning ! What a gleeful thing to die, if one is ready to leave behind us all the sorrows, all the annoyances, all the sicknesses, all the fatigues, all the persecutions and trials of this life, and step out into the freedom of heaven, imparadised, irradiated !

Governor Briggs, of Massachusetts, when dying, said, "Doctor, I am afraid you are going to cure me. Oh, how I want to be in heaven !" One of the lords of Great Britain described to me last summer his Christian boy's departure, and he told me that the lad's anticipation of heaven was so rapturous, that the countess—the boy's mother—said to the physician, "Don't discourage him by telling him he is going to get well." Oh, I do not know why Christians make such an ado about death when it is a lifting up and an exaltation and an enthronement. I should think an organist at the obsequies of a Christian man would be confused as to whether it would be better to render Dead March in Saul or Handel's Hallelujah Chorus.

I implore you, my hearers, under the light of the falling lanterns of the rail-train, and on this, the first Sabbath in January, within sound of the passing train of linked years rolling on with more than express velocity—I implore you to seek preparation for that hour when the archangel, with one foot on the sea and the other foot on the land, shall swear by Him that liveth forever and ever, that time shall be no longer,

HUNGER IN IRELAND.

[THE famine of the winter of 1880 will never be forgotten. A large collection for the relief of Ireland was taken at the close of this sermon, January 18th, 1880.]

"I was an hungered, and ye gave Me meat."—MATT. 25 : 35.

OWNING California, Australia, and Golconda, all the reindeer of the forest, all the buffalo of the plain, all the wild duck of the marshes, all the plover of the sky, all the fish of the five oceans, all the grain fields of the hemispheres, all immensity for space, all eternity for duration—yet hungry. Why did Christ submit to this faintness and gnawing of physical torture? It was that He might persuade all nations that He is in full sympathy with anybody that has not enough to eat. Every moral and industrious man has a right to enough to eat. I lay down this principle, whatever social or political theory it may seem to crowd. If in all the earth there is a moral and industrious man that has not enough to eat, it is because somebody else has *more than his share*. God spreads His table three times a day all around the earth, and there is plenty on it for the fourteen hundred millions of the race; but the trouble is that some seize the platters and the pitchers on the table, and having supplied their own hunger, put the rest in their pockets, and leave millions to rise up unfed.

The great question in America, England, Ireland, and Scotland, and the great question in every civilized country to-day, is the question, How much property a man may gather up, and then by law roll it down from generation to generation, the larger estates swallowing up the smaller estates; until in the far distant future, if the principle be unimpeded, one man will own a continent, and all the continents in conflict; after a while one man will own the whole earth, and will have the capacity, if he desires, to sell the water so much per gallon, and put a tax on sunshine and fresh air! There are estates rolling up in this country which set all political economists to thinking about the future. The reason things with us are not as ominous as they are abroad is because we have not yet had time enough to make them ominous. One man in Wall Street a few weeks ago turning over with one hand twenty million dollars' worth of stock is very suggestive.

While I shall not this morning attempt to grapple with the political phase of this subject, I will say that in which you must all agree—that as long as the Sultan of Turkey has a salary of \$6,500,000 per year, and the Emperor of Russia has a salary of \$8,250,000 per year, and thirty-two thousand people in Great Britain own all the soil, though there is a population of thirty-six millions, and the Duke of Norfolk owns five hundred thousand acres at the Hebrides, and the Duke of Sutherland, in Scotland, owns from sea to sea, and the Duke of Richmond owns three hundred thousand acres at Gordon Castle, there must be *something deplorably wrong* in the condition which allows a great many

people to starve. It is a question so vast that you and I cannot settle it, nor America nor England. There is only one Being in all the universe that can settle it, and that is God; and settle it He will. North and South politicians were busy scores of years studying how to get rid of American slavery, and they ciphered and ciphered and ciphered, and accomplished nothing. Then God rose up to extirpate American slavery, and He did the work; but one million five hundred thousand men, North and South, brave men, dropped into their graves. Whether it will require a greater or lesser sacrifice of human life, or no sacrifice at all—as I pray God it may be—to settle this land question, I will not attempt to prophecy; but this I know, that Christ is in sympathy with all the distressed, and a voice to-day comes thrilling through every American cabin, and every Irish peat hovel, and every destitute English home, saying "I was a—hungered."

This rage of affronted appetite which men call hunger is

A TERRIFIC DEMONSTRATION.

It has often been seen on shipboard, when, all the food exhausted, lots were cast as to who should die, and with his own body furnish food to others. It has been seen again and again among the Arabs, when children have been roasted for food for their own parents. Famine in Jerusalem. Famine in ancient Utica. Famine in Canaan. Famine in lands entirely depopulated by it, leaving the whole country to the jackals hunting for corpses. Famine in Leyden, Holland, where the Spaniards for months besieged the city, *and the food was gone*, and rather than surrender to the tyrant, the burgo-master came out in the presence of the famine-stricken and said: "My life is at your service; here is my sword; plunge it into my breast; take my flesh; tear apart my body, and appease your hunger; but surrender the city I will not."

Famine is a monster that has at some time put its paw on almost every nation, with hot tongue lapping up the fevered blood of the starving; and this morning it is howling for its prey, and its voice comes shuddering across the Atlantic. Last Tuesday I received a cablegram from the Lord Mayor of Dublin, saying: "Famine is inevitable; aid needed." Last Sabbath I received a cablegram from Lord James Butler, of Dublin, who said: "Fuel and food needed in the West of Ireland," while at the same time in that telegram he deprecated political agitation, as, in his opinion, doing great damage. I have received this week also a cablegram from the Earl of Kintore, the great Scottish philanthropist, who confirms all these tidings; so it is very certain in my mind that this is *not a political dodge*, as some had pro-

tested ; it is not even a quarrel between landlord and tenant ; it is an unmistakable, agonizing, overwhelming, stunning, million-voiced shriek for bread.

Ireland once had plenty. In the seventeenth century she had a superfluity of grain fields, herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep straying through her valleys, and up and down her mountain sides. Prolonged wars, but plenty to eat.

THE TALE OF WOE

of Irish famine began in the eighteenth century, in 1727, and hundreds perished that year ; in 1741, and four hundred thousand perished of the famine ; in 1756, and a writer of that day says : " Two thirds of our population are starving ; " in 1826, when a writer says : " Ireland is the land of anomalies—the greatest destitution on the richest soil. The greatest wretchedness in all the world is here. The complexion of the people blue, or green according as they have been compelled to devour weeds, decided by the color of the weeds they devour." Famine in 1846, which some of you remember—in 1846 when the Government of the United States sent five hundred thousand dollars to relieve the famine in Ireland, and that great gift on the part of our country was met by the ten million pounds, or the fifty million dollars, voted by the English Parliament for the relief of the famine in Ireland. Beneficence in New York responding to the ten thousand dollars given by Queen Victoria out of her own private purse, that the hunger of Ireland might be fed. Persia, China, Egypt, India, joining Christian nations in charitable crusade ; yet hundreds of thousands of people perishing, many of them as heroic as the Irish woman who said to her husband, " Come here, let us all die together rather than touch that which belongs to another." A famine so terrible that the remembrance of it, in nineteen years, sent three million six hundred and fifty-nine thousand of Irish people to this country.

And now the famine of 1880. I knew it would come. I saw the deluge in England, Ireland, and Scotland last summer. I saw the harvest that had been partially gathered float away on the floods. I heard prominent citizens in the streets of Belfast and Dublin and Londonderry say, " We shall have famine ; it is inevitable." And it has come, but with this alleviation, that whereas in 1846 it took the news two weeks to come by steamer, and then the reply two weeks to travel back, now, thanks to the heroes of ocean telegraphy, the cry comes in a flash, and the answer goes back in a flash, so that in the morning Ireland cries " Hungry !" and before nightfall America responds, " The bread is on the way."

O my country ! laden with three years of magnificent harvests, on your rail-trains, hasten down the breadstuffs for dying Ireland. O merchants of New York ! standing in this new morning of national prosperity, keep the telegraphs going while with your prompt beneficence you command the foreign grain markets to come to the rescue. And ye people of smaller means, before to-day you gather at your tables for the noonday repast, plan some way for the relief of the starving people who come to tables in Ireland where there is no food. I implead you in the name of Him who said, " I was a hungered, and ye gave Me meat."

Through a merciful God the most of us have been kept from hearing in our household the un-availing cry for bread. No parent's heart is stout enough calmly to hear a cry like that. I do not wonder that some of those people in famine get desperate. If I saw my family starving, and I could get neither food nor work, while all around there was plenty ; if I saw my children dying by inches, and there was a superfluity all about, and I could neither purchase nor implore help for them—rather than finish that sentence I will say, " God keep me from the temptation." Oh, hunger is an awful thing when it comes down on a household. The work stops, laughter ceases, conversation ceases, and there are hollow eyes, and there is a pinchedness of the features, and there is a suppressed ferocity, and there is a looking out of the window for that which comes not, and there is insupportable despair. The voracity of such was well illustrated when the ships of relief came to Leyden, and the bread was thrown from the ship's decks to the wharf, and history says so great was the voracity of these poor, starving creatures, that they picked up the bread and choked themselves to death. *Ah ! it is an awful thing to starve*, but that process is going on now, and will continue to go on unless the combined charity of the Christian world speaks out.

Do you know that famine in Ireland is especially distressing, because, as a nation, the Irish are peculiarly affectionate, and it is a little harder for that nation than almost any other nation to see their families suffering and dying ? Who doubts this who has noticed that the Irish serving-maids of this country, at the greatest sacrifice, have for the last twenty or thirty years been sending back all the money they could spare to Ireland to buy food and pay rent, and finally to transport their loved ones to this land, many of them giving every penny not absolutely necessary for their expenses—a story of filial and fraternal and sisterly affection unsurpassed save by the matchless love of God. Now, I say, it is among that class of people, so strong, so peculiarly strong, in their affections, that famine has come ; and now, while I speak, great populations are surging up and down the Irish cities carrying the black flag ; and the way to put down these riots is by giving them

BREAD, NOT BULLETS—

bread, not a policeman's club—bread, not armed soldiery.

I have to tell you, my friends, that this famine in Ireland is especially distressing because it is surrounded by such brilliant scenery. Destitution never so ghastly as when crouching at the foot of such hills, and looking into the mirror of such lakes, and begging at the gate of such castles. I do not believe God has crowded into so small a space so much beautiful landscape in all the earth, as there is to be found in that one small island—an island only about two hundred and thirty miles long by one hundred and ten miles broad—rhomboid in shape, its rocks showing more of the skill of the divine architect than any rocks on earth. Witness the octagonal, the hexagonal, and the pentagonal of her granite, and the forty thousand columns of her Giant's Causeway, some of them set up like the pillars of the king of musical instruments, so that they are called the organ, and as I stood looking on them, I thought that it would be

fit to play upon that organ the grand march of the last judgment, God's thunders trampling the pedals. An island indented with ninety-two harbors, as beautiful Galway, and Donegal, and Kingstown, and Valentia. Her coasts illuminated by night with sixty-two lighthouses. More than two hundred fairy islands sprinkling the edges of Ireland with magical brightness. Loughs Erne, Corrib, and Mask, and that strip of landscape flung out of heaven, the Killarneys. What silvery glee of rivers Shannon, and Boyne, and Foyle, and Bann, and Blackwater, and other rivers rich with salmon and pike and trout. What floral strewing marvelous ferns among the Kerries, and Alpine plants in Antrim, and seaweed, a very bewitchment of beauty, so that you come away with your hands and your arms, and your mind, and your immortal soul full of it. The scenery, adorned with glorious old ruins like St. Dunluc, and Loughmore Castle, and Blarney Castle, and Athenry Castle, each moss-covered stone a lyric. Amid that matchless beauty sits famine and starvation, the more ghastly by its surroundings. The mineral and agricultural capacity of Ireland not developed, makes the famine the more appalling. Soil waiting to yield to the acre more harvest than in the same space can be yielded in Russia or America. Loam of the richest fertility. Flax harvest the fore-runner of richer flax, and *hemp enough to hang all the traitors* to liberty and justice all around the world. Mineral wealth of iron and lead and copper and silver and gold which have already hinted their presence. Agricultural capacity which, if developed, would make famine impossible, and fill the hands of Ireland with charity for other nations, for the time is yet to come when Ireland, instead of being a mendicant, will be a benefactor.

The Irish are generous, they are generous to a fault. If you are in trouble the Irishman will go halves with you, and if that will not bring you out, then he will give you all he has and borrow something from the neighbors! But the squalor and the suffering, aggravated now by the mineral and the agricultural capacity of that country which is undeveloped.

O sirs! Ireland in the day of her sorrow has a right to call upon America. She has always been our friend. Benjamin Franklin, at the close of the last century, wrote to this country, saying, "The Irish people are the friends of the American people." So it was proved in 1776; so it was proved in 1812; so it was proved two centuries ago, when there was famine in New England, and a shipload of breadstuffs came from Ireland to Boston; so it was proved in 1861, when *our national troubles broke out*, and in the front rank of armed courage flashed the Irishman's bayonet, and from the first conflict to the last was heard the Irishman's battle shout. Some of you know the name of Thomas Francis Meagher, and what he did at Malvern Hills and Cold Harbor. Did the Irishman prove himself self-sacrificing and brave and true to the flag under which he had come to live in our days of civil strife? Let Chickamauga and Antietam and South Mountain and Gettysburg answer.

Moreover, the patriotism and the eloquence of Ireland have been inspiration to orators and heroes all the world over, and Ireland has in that way brought all nations to obligation. In how many

crises of our national history have our great men got inspiration from the names of Grattan, and Edmund Burke, and Erskine, and Daniel O'Connell, called by many the Washington of Europe? Why, sirs, there is in one passage of Robert Emmett's dying speech enough eloquence to kindle the eloquence of a century. The day before he was first hung and then beheaded in Ireland for the sake of his principles—the day before, on the road to the scaffold, he waved a last adieu to Sarah Curran—of whose broken heart Washington Irving wrote so wonderfully—she in a carriage along the road waving back the farewell as he went out to die—the day before the execution, a young man only twenty-five years of age, Robert Emmett uttered a speech as he looked into the face of an indignant court, a speech so full of patriotism and power and eloquence, it has hardly been equalled.

Oh, the brave words and the brave deeds in Ireland that have been inspiration to all the world. I do not know any passage in history more thrilling than that when the men of O'Brien, wounded in the hospital, unable to rise, when they heard the battle was going against them, begged that stakes might be driven in the ground, and they might be brought out and lashed fast to the stakes, so they could stand up, then with the right arm fight for their country. And so it was done, and these wounded men were carried out on couches, and the stakes were driven, and these men were fastened to the stakes, while with the right arm they fought for Ireland, and fought until they died.

But Ireland has sent her magnetic men to this shore. There are many here who remember the oratorical charm that thrilled the court-room when James T. Brady bowed and said: "May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury." And there may be here and there one who remembers so far back as the day of Thomas Addis Emmet, who closed his career as an advocate in Ireland by pleading for a client who must die because of a political oath he had taken—closing his speech by seizing the Bible and pressing it to his lips, and saying, "I go down with my client; I take the same oath." Then coming to this land to become the compeer of William Wirt and John Randolph, rising higher and higher in his influence at the forum, until falling dead in apoplectic fit, in the court-house at Snug Harbor, and all the Supreme Court rooms of the land went into mourning, and learned eulogists declared that for purity of life, and greatness of soul, and magnificence of eloquence, Thomas Addis Emmet was unrivalled. By heroic deeds and heroic words Ireland has brought all lands under obligation. Now she sits in the shadow of death, the scenes of 1846 about to be repeated unless relief comes speedily.

A brief picture of 1846 in Ireland! "As we passed along, groups of squalid beings were seen at road corners, or running from the multitudinous houses, hovels, huts, or caverns dotting the slopes and in the bottoms by the streamlets' sides, to see the meal go past them under the protection of bullets, bayonets, and cavalry swords, on its way to feed people beyond the mountains, hunger-stricken like themselves, but to whom they would not let it go if bullets, bayonets, and cavalry swords were not present. *Famine!* A father, mother, and two children came a short while ago

into the street at night to lie down on the pavement. They came from a neighboring town, they said, because they could get no food there. About eight o'clock the woman went to the door of a house adjoining and begged a piece of turf to make a fire in the street, for her husband was dying. It happened to be the house, the temporary lodgings, of a naval officer of her Majesty's service. It need hardly be said that the request was at once complied with and the turf was given. About ten o'clock the poor woman came to the door again begging for another piece of turf, for her husband was dead, and they were lying beside the cold body. The officer went out and found this to be the case, and he proceeded to the constabulary station; but the constables would do nothing with the body, nor for the survivors, who lay beside it until morning. He proceeded elsewhere, and procured some straw for them, and made a bed, and got stakes, and put a shelter over their heads with the straw for the night, and made and administered a warm meal for them. In the morning he was astir in time to relieve them, and going out, met some of the constables. The principal one of them talked loud and angrily to the woman for having her husband dead on that side of the street."

Famine in Ireland. O Protestants and Catholics of America! I implore you that, forgetting all ecclesiastical distinctions, and with a faith in God so mighty that it shall disregard even the orange and the green, that you put your shoulders together for the relief of famishing Ireland. Merciful God! shall it be that with our barns and our

storehouses crowded with food we shall be heartless and unresponsive? No, it shall not be. For as this day I entwine the shamrock around the cross, I hear a voice louder than the groan of famished Ireland—a voice of tears and blood and sacrifice, exclaiming, "I was a hungered and ye gave me meat."

By the empty bread-tray of the Irish cabin, by the exhausted sack of oatmeal, by the blasted harvest fields, by the blanched cheeks of women and children crying for help, by the four hundred thousand graves of those who perished in the Irish famine of 1741, and by the vaster number of graves of those who perished in 1846, I implore you not only to be generous, but *to be quick*. I gather up the plaint of helpless childhood all over Ireland, and the sobbing of mothers whose children are dying on their breasts because the fountains of life are dried up, and the groans of men who can fight back no longer the wolf from the cabin, and by the wailing of uncounted multitudes of the starving—I gather them all up, and I intone them into one heartrending cry for help. I am sure you will be faithful. Then, when your day of distress comes, you will have a right to expect swift relief. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." Then, when the last great day of assize comes, and the whole world shall receive its doom, the great Judge will bend smilingly to you in memory of this day, and say: "I was naked, and ye clothed Me; I was hungry, and ye fed Me; inasmuch as ye did this to poor starving Ireland, ye did it unto Me!"

ASSASSINATION IN IRELAND.

[THIS sermon was preached on Sunday morning, May 14th, 1882, when the public mind was horror-stricken by the news that Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke had been assassinated in Phoenix Park, Dublin, Ireland.]

"Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee: the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain."—PSALM 76: 10.

THERE may be a more beautiful place on earth, but I never saw so enchanting a spot as *Chatsworth*, England, on the day we crossed the river Derwent and alighted at its gates. The lawn was covered with groups of people who had come by rail-train and carriage from long distances to keep gala day; and some of them sat under the trees, and some of them danced on the green, for the working people of England are always welcome to the surroundings of this historic estate, which is the largest manor of forty-six manors belonging to the same proprietor. There seems almost a supernatural glory in the place, and a commingling of the celestial and the terrestrial. William the Conqueror gave the grounds to William Peveril. Christopher Wren, the most celebrated architect of the ages, planned the mansion. From the year 1688 until now the work of building, and enlarging, and adorning, and improving the place has progressed. It is a place almost overpowering for

historical reminiscence. Mary Queen of Scots was there thirteen years a prisoner. There, that child of tragedy, Arabella Stuart, was born.

The conservatory covers an acre of ground. The glass house was designed by Sir Joseph Paxton, the designer of the London Crystal Palace. In the surroundings of the mansion you find every botanical and horticultural luxury. Orangeries with entrance guarded by lions in statuary. Camellia and orchid houses. Water works with dragon and dolphin and cascade, and the Emperor fountain with wild toss of crystalline brightness two hundred and sixty-one feet high—worth crossing the ocean to witness.

Inside the mansion, the grand staircase, and there are the floors of mosaic in black and white marble, and walls and ceilings embossed with leather and battle scenes in alto relievo, and tables of jasper and hornblende and malachite, and wood-carvings of Grinling Gibbons, and wainscoting of

cedar, and Corinthian column and pilaster with gilded capital, and rooms with suites of satin wood and fresco of arabesque. The finest private picture gallery in the world. Work of Raphael and Angelo and Titian and Leonardo da Vinci, and Rembrandt and Claude, and the great painters clear down to Landseer—specimens of Italian, and Venetian, and French, and Flemish, and Spanish schools. Richest sculpture by the hand of Thorwaldsen, altar piece by Cibber, mantel-piece by Westmacott, the celebrated statue of Hebe by Canova. Eight-windowed library. Museum with relics from all lands and ages. Everything that the ceramic art can gather. Infinity of bric-à-brac. Crests and monograms and medallions, and coronation chairs, and footstools of kings and queens and emperors and empresses. Presents from all the earth—civilized and uncivilized. Tropical bloom of pictured wall looking down on Arctic snowbank of spotless statuary.

That day that I saw Chatsworth is cut out from all the other days of my lifetime as the one most full of poetic suggestion. Ten miles circuit of garden and statuary and palace. There seems nothing you can imagine beyond it. It does not seem possible that any sorrow should ever go in any one of the four great gates, yet I have to tell you this morning that there is a *long black shadow* on all that brilliant scene. The lustre has gone out of the wave and the golden hue out of the cloud, and every drop of those falling fountains is dismal as a tear. Sorrow leans against every carved pillar, and looks out from the upholstered window, and weeps in every arbor.

The Duke of Devonshire, the proprietor of that estate, has lost his son—lost him under appalling circumstances—lost him under the sharp, keen knife of assassination. The lifeless body of that son brought into that magnificent palace on last Wednesday or Thursday. Under the wreath of the Queen, and in the presence of the lords and the senators and the cabinet officers and the pomp of England, carried out ashes to ashes, dust to dust. No wonder the whole world is shocked with the massacre of Lord Frederick Cavendish. Sent out on an errand of peace from England to Ireland, arriving in Dublin on Friday, on Saturday forenoon taking the oath of office as Chief Secretary, greeted with huzzas along the street, then Saturday afternoon grappling with his murderer, heard to shout, "You villain!" but overpowered, stabbed in breast and back, left dead on the highway. Having offered no offence, having made arrangements already for the liberation of political prisoners, full of the spirit of conciliation, yet slaughtered in broad daylight.

The crushed widow and the broken-hearted old father taking back into their bosoms the bleeding and butchered form of the beloved one who only a few days before had left them on patriotic and illustrious mission—the under-secretary falling in the same fate, their corpses side by side at the close of the struggle in Phoenix Park, a public garden, the floral attraction of which is so great that I returned to it again and again and again, and made contract with the gardener for the sending to this country of some of its most exquisite growths. The carnage of color in those flower banks typical of the massacre now enacted.

In this day when through submarine telegraphy

all the world is one neighborhood, there are two or three duties for us to perform in relation to this assassination. Our first duty is to fix the responsibility of this hellish butchery; and I have no difficulty in fixing it. The constabulary are scouring Ireland and England for the two assassins, watching the departure and the arrival of every train, inspecting every mysterious personage, going on with a fury of vigilance which I hope will be successful; but I can tell you *who the two assassins were*. The Irishmen of the United States and Ireland and Canada need not meet in mass-meeting to declare that they have no complicity with this crime. No one on either side the sea suspects that they have any sympathy with it. No friend of Ireland has. Will a prisoner kill the officer of government who brings him pardon? Will a man in time of a freshet break down the bridge across which he expects to go to solid land? Will a people after through midnight of centuries praying God for daybreak and peace and prosperity for Ireland, at the first rising of the sun above the horizon close all the shutters? No Irishman need hold indignation meetings or offer one dollar of reward. They have no complicity in this crime. England knows it, America knows it, and God knows it.

Irishmen, impulsive in their nature, and wrathful against wrongs inflicted, are as grateful as any people on earth for kindnesses given, and when on the second of May, William E. Gladstone conquered himself and conquered his cabinet, and practically said, "I have no personal pride in this matter to sacrifice, and as coercion has failed, now let us try magnanimity and large-heartedness and the olive branch, and recall, or accept the resignation of Mr. Forster, the rigorous Secretary of Ireland"—when the English Government took that step all good Irishmen the world over appreciated it; and when in the streets of Dublin that famous Saturday there went up a shout of greeting as Lord Cavendish rode through, it was only the echo of a great heart of gratitude that pulsed all through Ireland.

Ireland is no more responsible for the murder of Lord Cavendish than are the United States responsible for Guiteau's murder of James A. Garfield, or John Wilkes Booth's assassination of Abraham Lincoln. There is no need that Mr. Parnell and his collaborators, Transatlantic and Cisatlantic, should be nervous lest they should be charged with complicity in this crime. I say there is no need of it. There is common-sense in all the world which fixes the responsibility in the right direction. This massacre will not hinder the redemption of Ireland a year or an hour, unless William E. Gladstone through his extreme age should have to retire and some one else should have to take his place—if he have the firmness, which I believe he has, the firmness which he had on the second of May, notwithstanding what may be said on this side the water and on the other side the water, in Parliament and outside of Parliament, he will go on with the policy of conciliation and not be thrown off his equipoise by the glitter of two assassins' daggers in Phoenix Park. Least of all can he afford now to surrender the gospel of conciliation when by every drop of blood in Phoenix Park, Ireland is bound to stand by her friends in the English Parliament and in the Eng-

lish Cabinet. There need be no nervousness on the part of these men; but if, as some suppose, the bill of last Thursday for the repression of crime in Ireland and the bill proposed for to-morrow—if these bills do not mean what they say they do—the repression of crime; if they only mean a reversion of the policy of conciliation, if they mean the thrusting out toward Ireland the clenched fist instead of the open palm, then it is a terrific mistake, and assassination has been successful. But it will not be successful, for I am to tell you who the two assassins were. I know their names. Political Desperation and Nihilism.

Political Desperation first. The one stabbed him in the breast, the other in the back. Political Desperation and Nihilism. What do I mean by Political Desperation? There was somewhere—I do not know what they may call themselves, they may call themselves by no name at all; but there was somewhere a company of keen, intelligent, far-seeing, wicked men who saw that the day of good feeling between England and Ireland was at hand. That was death to their occupation, the chief emolument of which is political disturbance. I do not know where they were settled, I do not know where they met, I do not know what they call themselves, but they were keen, cool, intelligent, sharp-witted, far-seeing men, who said: "Let us kill, or help kill, Lord Cavendish. That will make the English nation vindictive. That will make Mr. Gladstone back down from his policy of conciliation, worse coercive measures will be adopted, and then the jubilee of devils will go on." When two eagles fight mid-sky, that means dinner for jackals! Political Desperation. That stabbed Lord Frederick Cavendish in the breast.

The other desperado in Phoenix Park was Nihilism. The names of those two unknown, forlorn wretches who held the knives have comparatively little importance. I want to know the names of the two principals who stood back of them urging them on to the bloody deed. Nihilism. That is no more Irish than it is American and is Russian and is French and is Italian. Nihilism is a cosmopolitan wretch at home in any climate and in any latitude. That Nihilism would to-day cut the throat of every decent, industrious, honest and prosperous man and woman on the planet. No money itself, it thinks that every man who has a penny in his pocket stole it. Refusing to work itself, it wants no one else to work. Blatant about its rights, it has only one right, and that of the noose of a hangman's halter.

Nihilism. That it is that burned the public property at Pittsburg during the railroad riot, that killed negroes in New York during the war, that tried to poison James Buchanan at the National Hotel the night before his inauguration, missing him, but destroying the health or life of hundreds of innocent people who were the guests. Nihilism! That put dynamite under the Czar's chariot, that sent an infernal machine to Cyrus W. Field, that sent annoying anonymous letters to Jay Gould, that tried to Guy Fawkes the British Parliament, that is guilty of working all the blackmail of all the centuries. Nihilism! The only god it worships is everlasting smash-up; the only heaven it wants is a hell on earth. That slept last night in your station houses, in the shape of strong men

as able to work as you and I are. The grocer driving through the streets, his box or package falling off the wagon no sooner strikes the ground than Nihilism is there to steal it before yet the driver has found that the tailboard is out. Nihilism! That it is which loosens the switch of the railroad track, hoping out of the wreck of the express train to pick up the overcoats and the valises. These are the men who are bought up by your demagogues at elections, and who go on the stand on any occasion ready to swear to anything. Tramps, not always in rags, for some of them dine sometimes at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and Tremont and Revere Houses. These are the men ready waiting for the temptation of \$50,000 so foolishly offered as a reward for the two miscreants of Phoenix Park—ready under that overpowering inducement to swear the guilt on any two people, in conspiracy to swear they are guilty, though they never saw Dublin. When the English Government offered \$25,000 reward for those assassins, that is enough. All these rewards offered in America and in Canada and in different parts of the earth are only so much premium upon perjury and inducement to conspiracy against innocent people. I call it Nihilism. You may call it what you will, this lawlessness, this vagabondism, that wanders over the earth ready to do everything and anything but work. Wherever you find it, whether it be in roadway or Phoenix Park, let the law take hold of it, and take hold of it with stout grip. No Sabbath day receptions in jail such as are now disgracing the city of Washington. No more button-hole bouquets for condemned assassins. No more maudlin martyring of a murderer because he has a wife and children, when the man he murdered has just as good a wife and just as lovely children. Let it be understood on this side the sea and on the other side the sea, that he who takes the life of another, whether by pistol, or by dagger, or by dynamite, or by garroting, or by deadly potion, shall not escape, and then the business of killing people will not declare as large dividends as it does now. I wish all success to the constabulary in their effort to find those two miserable wretches who put the knives into Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke; but I will not wait until then before fixing the responsibility upon the two desperadoes who stood back of them urging on this world-resounding diabolism—the two desperadoes in Ireland, two desperadoes in America, two desperadoes in all parts of the earth: Political Desperation and Nihilism. May the thunderbolts of God's indignation smite them.

Every intelligent man asks himself; what is to be the result of this massacre? Last Friday week was the brightest day Ireland has seen in two centuries. The very next day the pendulum of the clock of destiny swung clear to the opposite extreme, despair took the place of congratulation. One of two things will occur: either Mr. Gladstone will rally from his present depression and the excitement of the country, and go right forward notwithstanding everything that has been said and everything that is being said—go right forward with the policy of conciliation, and then in that way Ireland will come to prosperity; or, as many suppose, on account of the bill of last Thursday and the bill of to-morrow, the policy is reversed, then more coercive measures will be

tried and will fail, and then Mr. Gladstone will go out and some one else will come in, and the day will come when some one else will start in the same policy to do the same thing just where Mr. Gladstone stood on May 2d, 1882.

But though the wave of better prospects for Ireland may recoil, it will come up again just as certainly as there is a God and He has decreed that all nations shall be happy and free. The beautiful banks of the Shannon, and the Boyne, and the Foyle, and the Blackwater, and the Barrow, and the Liffey were not rounded to roll between them to the sea the tears of domestic and national wretchedness. The prayers of centuries have not rolled into the bosom of God like the water into the rocky caverns under the Irish Castle of Dunloose only to be dashed back again. The great pillars of rock at Giant's Causeway were not lifted like the organ pipes of a great cathedral forever to sound forth the dirge of Ireland's lamentation. The fertile loam of Meath and Loughford and Limerick shall yet send forth richest harvests, and their luxuriant pasturages will be filled with the cattle of a thousand hills. The eloquence of Henry Grattan and Edmund Burke and Daniel O'Connell, long hushed up, will awaken in the shout of Ireland's regeneration. The time will come—it may not come in our day, but I think it will—when this tide of population from Ireland to America, because the people are starving in Ireland—when that tide will turn the other way, and will go from America to Ireland; and a vast multitude here will go back to their native land and find large farm fields inviting their industry; the depopulated counties of Ireland will be filled with the returning emigrants gone back to their native heath. Long before you young men of Ireland come here for a livelihood—long before you return to your native land, your fathers and your mothers will be gone, for with their whitened hair and their enfeebled arms they cannot fight this battle much longer. But when in God's good time you do go back again, you will be pointed out their graves, and you will pull away the heather to plant flowers of richer hue, and to put down slab and lift monument over the sepulchre of your beloved ancestry, and it shall be demonstrated, if not in time for the fathers, then in time for the sons, that as in America there is room for Americans, and in England there is room for Frenchmen, and in Italy there is room for Italians, so in Ireland there shall be grand and prosperous room for the Irish. The day will come. Meanwhile let us discountenance everything like assassination, either on this side the sea or on the other.

The trouble is that when they kill people they almost always kill the wrong man. John the Baptist assassinated, Paul assassinated, Peter assassinated, Polycarp assassinated, Huss assassinated, Jesus Christ assassinated. The best friends of the race assassinated while the enemies of the race seem to live on unhurt; and there is the devil who for long centuries has been abroad in the earth, stronger now and healthier than ever before, doing greater work for evil than when centuries ago he was tumbled headlong out of heaven. I wish the archangel would give him a fatal clip. No, my friends, it is the innocent that

are assassinated, and it is the vicious that go free. Let us have no sympathy with it under any circumstances. Though you may never lift your hand against a fellow, yet you may be guilty of the sin I now denounce, for Christ distinctly declared: "He that hateth his brother is a murderer."

My friends, out of the present evil good will come. God will make the wrath of man to praise Him, and the remainder of the wrath He will restrain. Those people who have nothing but dispiriting things to say and write are not the people for this crisis. Get out of the way, unless you believe in God and the world's emancipation. The graves of the patriot dead, are the high water mark of the rising tide of the world's civilization. Without the shedding of blood there is no remission, no emancipation, no achievement. *For every great principle some one must die*, perhaps many must die. But, O Lord God of nations, Lord God of Sabaoth, is it not enough? Have there not been tears enough, hunger enough, partings enough, graves enough? Hear Thou the wailing of mothers with starving children on their withered breasts, and the smothered groan of sunken-eyed and delirious multitudes with shrivelled arm clutching for bread, which is only a phantom of bread. I gather up the wailings and the more awful silences of three hundred years of famine, and I put them in one sob against Thy great heart of sympathy, O Christ! Is it not enough, enough? Yea, it seems as if a voice fell from the heavens to-day, saying: "Enough the tears, enough the hunger, enough the groans, enough the massacre, enough the wounds, enough the graves, enough the death—enough, enough!"

Before we close let our prayerful sympathy go toward Chatsworth. Be not among those unreasonable people who have no feeling for trouble high up. It is no wrong to inherit a fortune, or to earn a fortune, or to possess a fortune. There is no wrong in it. If you had been born the seventh Duke of Devonshire, would you have thrown the estate away? Would you have divided it all up? Lismore Castle in Ireland, Hardwick Hall in Derbyshire, and Bolton Abbey in Yorkshire, and House of Devonshire in London, and the forty other estates—would you have divided them all up? Oh, no. As far as I know you, you would have kept them all yourself. It is no sin to have a vast estate. These people are only responsible for the way they use their estates—use the estate that God has given them by the achievements of their own arm, or by inheritance. Let your sympathies go forth to Chatsworth—to that broken-hearted wife, to that broken-hearted father. It is an awful thing to lose a son, whether he die in quiet bed or in a wrestle with ruffians. The sadness of that great house of Chatsworth to-day is just like that which would be in your home if your son, or daughter died.

God pity that broken-hearted father, and as he walks through his picture gallery and looks upon Holbein's "Last Judgment" may he bethink himself of the day when all wrongs will be righted; and when he looks on the other side the wall and sees Raphael's "Virgin and the Child," may he think of Him who in sympathy for a parent's sorrow said: "Behold thy mother," and when passing a little farther on in that great gallery he shall

see "Hagar and Ishmael," may he think of the well of water, opened in the desert, and as rolling his eye toward heaven in prayer he shall behold upon the ceiling "Guido's "Aurora Scattering the Darkness," may he think of the dawn of that day

which shall drop alike on palace and cabin, of those who love and trust the Lord, in the time when all sorrow and sighing shall be done away. I drop this king's wreath on the casket.

TWELVE-GATED GOSPEL.

[THIS sermon was delivered in Music Hall, Boston, in a series of six week night sermons, in which Bishop Simpson and clergymen of various denominations preached for the benefit of a church in that city.]

"And the twelve gates were twelve pearls."—REV. 21 : 21.

OUR subject speaks of a great metropolis, the existence of which many have doubted. Standing on the wharf and looking off upon the harbor, and seeing the merchantmen coming up the bay, the flags of foreign nations streaming from the top-gallants, you immediately make up your mind that those vessels came from foreign ports, and you say : "That is from Hamburg, and that is from Marseilles, and that is from Southampton, and that is from Havana," and your supposition is accurate. But from the city of which I am now speaking no weather-beaten merchantmen or frigates with scarred bulkhead have ever come. There has been a vast emigration into that city, but no emigration from it—so far as our natural vision can descry. "There is no such city," says the undevout astronomer, "I have stood in high towers with a mighty telescope, and have swept the heavens, and I have seen spots on the sun and caverns in the moon ; but no towers have ever risen on my vision, no palaces, no temples, no shining streets, no massive wall. There is no such city." Even very good people tell me that heaven is not a material organism, but a grand spiritual fact, and that the Bible descriptions of it are in all cases to be taken figuratively. I bring in reply to this what Christ said, and He ought to know : "I go to prepare"—not a theory, not a principle, not a sentiment ; but "I go to prepare *a place* for you." The resurrected body implies this. If my foot is to be re-formed from the dust, it must have something to tread on. If my hand is to be reconstructed, it must have something to handle. If my eye, having gone out in death, is to be re-kindled, I must have something to gaze on. Your adverse theory seems to imply that the resurrected body is to be hung on nothing, or to walk in air, or to float amid the intangibles. You may say if there be material organisms, then a soul in heaven will be cramped and hindered in its enjoyments ; but I answer : Did not Adam and Eve have plenty of room in the Garden of Eden ? Although only a few miles would have described the circumference of that place, they had ample room. And do you not suppose that God, in the immensities, can build a place large enough to give the whole race room, even though there be material organisms ?

Herschel looked into the heavens. As a Swiss

guide puts his Alpine stock between the glaciers and crosses over from crag to crag, so Herschel planted his telescope between the worlds and glided from star to star, until he could announce to us that we live in a part of the universe but sparsely strewn with worlds ; and he peers out into immensity until he finds a region no larger than our solar system in which there are fifty thousand worlds moving. And Professor Lang says that, by a philosophic reasoning, there must be somewhere a world where there is no darkness, but everlasting sunshine ; so that I do not know but that it is simply because we have no telescope powerful enough that we cannot see into the land where there is no darkness at all, and catch a glimpse of the burnished pinnacles. As a conquering army marching on to take a city, comes at nightfall to the crest of a mountain from which, in the midst of the landscape, they see the castles they are to capture, and rein in their war chargers, and halt to take a good look before they pitch their tents for the night : so now, coming as we do on this mountain-top of prospect, I command this regiment of God to rein in their thoughts and halt, and before they pitch their tents for the night take one good, long

LOOK AT THE GATE

of the great city. "And the twelve gates were twelve pearls."

In the first place I want you to examine *the architecture of those gates*. Proprietors of large estates are very apt to have an ornamented gateway. Sometimes they spring an arch of masonry ; the posts of the gate flanked with lions in statuary ; the bronze gate a representation, of intertwining foliage, bird-haunted, until the hand of architectural genius drops exhausted, all its life frozen into the stone. Babylon had a hundred gates ; so had Thebes. Gates of wood, and iron, and stone guarded nearly all the old cities. Moslems have inscribed upon their gateways inscriptions from the Koran of the Mohammedan. There have been a great many fine gateways, but Christ sets His hand to the work, and for the upper city swung a gate such as no eye ever gazed on, untouched of inspiration. With the nail of His own cross He cut into its wonderful traceries stories of past suffering and of gladness to come. There

is no wood, or stone, or bronze, in that gate, but from top to base, and from side to side, it is all of pearl. Not one piece picked up from Ceylon banks and another piece from the Persian Gulf, and another from the Island of Margarett; but

ONE SOLID PEARL

picked up from the beach of everlasting light by heavenly hands, and hoisted and swung amid the shouting of angels. The glories of alabaster vase and porphyry pillar fade out before this gateway. It puts out the spark of feldspar and Bohemian diamond. You know how one little precious stone on your finger will flash under the gaslight. But O! the brightness when the great gate of heaven swings, struck through and dripping with the light of eternal noonday.

Julius Cæsar paid a hundred and twenty-five thousand crowns for one pearl. The Government of Portugal boasted of having a pearl larger than a pear. Cleopatra and Philip II. dazzled the world's vision with precious stones. But gather all these together, and lift them, and add to them all the wealth of the pearl fisheries, and set them in the panel of one door, and it does not equal this magnificent gateway. An Almighty hand hewed this, swung this, polished this. Against this gateway, on the one side, dash all the splendors of earthly beauty. Against this gate on the other side beat the surges of eternal glory. O! the gate! the gate! It strikes an infinite charm through every one that passes it. One step this side of that gate and we are paupers. One step the other side of that gate and we are kings. The pilgrim of earth going through sees in the one huge pearl all his earthly tears in crystal. O! gate of light! gate of pearl! gate of heaven! For our weary souls at last swing open.

"When shall these eyes Thy heaven-built walls

And pearly gates behold:

Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,

And streets of shining gold?"

O! Heaven is not a dull place. Heaven is not a contracted place. Heaven is not a stupid place. "I saw the twelve gates, and they were twelve pearls."

In the second place I want you to *count*

THE NUMBER OF THOSE GATES.

Imperial parks and lordly manors are apt to have one expensive gateway, and the others are ordinary; but look around at these entrances to heaven, and count them. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. Hear it all the earth and all the heavens. Twelve gates!

I admit this is rather hard on sharp sectarianisms! If a Presbyterian is bigoted, he brings his Westminster Assembly Catechism, and he makes a gateway out of that, and he says to the world: "You go through there or stay out." If a member of the Reformed Church is bigoted, he makes a gate out of the Heidelberg Catechism, and he says: "You go through there or stay out." If a Methodist is bigoted, he plants two posts, and he says: "Now you crowd in between those two posts or stay out." Or perhaps an Episcopalian may say: "Here is a liturgy out of which I mean to make a gate: go through it or stay out." Or a Baptist may say: "Here is a water-gate: you go through that or you must stay out." And so

in all our churches and in all our denominations there are men who make one gate for themselves, and then demand that the whole world go through it. I abhor this contractedness in religious views. O! small-souled man, when did God give you the contract for making gates? I tell you plainly I will not go in that gate. I will go in at any one of the twelve gates I choose. Here is a man who says, "I can more easily and more closely approach God through a prayer-book." I say, "My brother, then use the prayer-book." Here is a man who says, "I believe there is only one mode of baptism, and that is immersion." Then I say, "Let me plunge you." Anyhow, I say, away with the gate of rough panel and rotten posts and rusted latch, when there are twelve gates and they are twelve pearls.

The fact is, that a great many of the churches in this day are being doctored to death. They have been trying to find out all about God's decrees, and they want to know who are elected to be saved and who are reprobated to be damned, and they are keeping on discussing that subject when there are millions of souls who need to have the truth put straight at them. They sit counting the number of teeth in the jawbone with which Samson slew the Philistines. They sit on the beach and see a vessel going to pieces in the offing, and instead of getting into a boat, and pulling away for the wreck, they sit discussing the different styles of oarlocks. God intended us to know some things, and intended us not to know others. I have heard scores of sermons explanatory of God's decrees, but came away more perplexed than when I went. The only result of such discussion is a great fog. Here are two truths which are to conquer the world: Man, a sinner—Christ, a Saviour. Any man who adopts those two theories in his religious belief shall have my right hand in warm grip of Christian brotherhood.

A man comes down to a river in time of freshet. He wants to get across. He has to swim. What does he do? The first thing is to put off his heavy apparel, and drop everything he has in his hands. He must go empty-handed if he is going to the other bank. And I tell you when we have come down to the river of death, and find it swift and raging, we will have to put off all our sectarianism and lay down all our cumbrous creed, and empty-handed put out for the other shore. "What," say you, "would you resolve all the Christian Church into one kind of church? Would you make all Christendom worship in the same way, by the same forms?" Oh, no. You might as well decide that all people shall eat the same kind of food without reference to appetite, or wear the same kind of apparel without reference to the shape of their body. Your ancestry, your temperament, your surroundings, will decide whether you go to this or that church, and adopt this or that church polity. One church will best get one man to heaven, and another church another man. I do not care which one of the gates you go through, if you only go through one of the twelve gates that Jesus lifted.

Looking out at the one hundred and forty and four thousand, and you cannot tell at what gate they came in. One Lord. One faith. One baptism. One glassy sea. One doxology. One triumph. One heaven. "Why, Luther, how did you get

in?" "I came through the third gate." "Cramer, how did you get in?" "I came through the eighth gate." "Adoniram Judson, how did you get through?" "I came through the seventh gate." "Hugh McKail, the martyr, how did you get through?" "I came through the twelfth gate." Glory to God! twelve gates, but one heaven.

In the third place, *notice the points of the compass toward which these gates look.* They are not on one side, or on two sides, or on three sides, but on four sides. This is no fancy of mine but a distinct announcement. On the north, three gates, on the south, three gates, on the east, three gates, on the west, three gates. What does that mean? Why it means that

ALL NATIONALITIES ARE INCLUDED, and it does not make any difference from what quarter of the earth a man comes up; if his heart is right, there is a gate open before him. On the north, three gates. That means mercy for Lapland, and Siberia, and Norway and Sweden. On the south, three gates. That means pardon for Hindostan, and Algiers, and Ethiopia. On the east, three gates. That means salvation for China, and Japan, and Borneo. On the west, three gates. That means redemption for America. It does not make any difference how dark-skinned or how pale-faced men may be, they will find a gate right before them. Those plucked bananas under a tropical sun. These shot across Russian snows behind reindeer. From Mexican plateau, from Roman Campana, from Chinese tea-field, from Holland dyke, from Scotch highlands, they come, they come. Heaven is not a monopoly for a few precious souls. It is not a Windsor Castle, built only for royal families. It is not a small town with small population, but John saw it, and he noticed that an angel was measuring it, and he measured it this way, and then he measured it that way, and whichever way he measured it, it was fifteen hundred miles; so that Babylon and Thebes, and Tyre and Nineveh, and St. Petersburg and Canton, and Pekin and Paris, and London and New York, and all the dead cities of the past and all the living cities of the present, added together would not equal the census of that great metropolis.

Walking along a street, you can, by the contour of the dress, or of the face, guess where a man came from. You say: "That is a Frenchman; that is a Norwegian; that is an American." But the gates that gather in the righteous will bring them in irrespective of nationality. Foreigners sometimes get homesick. Some of the tenderest and most pathetic stories have been told of those who left their native clime, and longed for it until they died. But the Swiss, coming to the high residence of heaven, will not long any more for the Alps, standing in the eternal hills. The Russian will not long any more for the luxuriant harvest-fields he left, now that he hears the hum and the rustle of the harvests of everlasting light. The royal ones from earth will not long to go back again to the earthly court now that they stand in the palaces of the sun. Those who once lived among the groves of spice and oranges will not long to return now that they stand under the trees of life that bear twelve manner of fruit.

While I speak an ever-increasing throng is pouring through the gates. They are going up

from Senegambia, from Patagonia, from Madras, from Hong Kong. "What?" you say, "Do you introduce all the heathen into glory?" I tell you the fact is that the majority of the people in those climes die in infancy, and the infants all go straight into eternal life, and so the vast majority of those who die in China and India, the vast majority of those who die in Africa, go straight into the skies—they die in infancy. One hundred and sixty generations have been born since the world was created, and so I estimate that there must be

FIFTEEN THOUSAND MILLION CHILDREN

in glory. If at a concert two thousand children sing, your soul is raptured within you. O! the transport when fifteen thousand million little ones stand up in white before the throne of God, their chanting drawing out all the stupendous harmonies of Dusseldorf, and Leipsic, and Boston. Pour in through the twelve gates, O! ye redeemed! banner lifted, rank after rank, saved battalion after saved battalion, until all the city of God shall hear the tramp, tramp. Crowd all the twelve gates. Room yet. Room on the thrones. Room in the mansions. Room on the river bank. Let the trumpet of invitation be sounded until all earth's mountains hear the shrill blast and the glens echo it. Let missionaries tell it in pagoda, and colporteurs sound it across the Western prairies. Shout it to the Laplander on his swift sled; halloo it to the Bedouin careering across the desert. News! News! A glorious heaven and twelve gates to get into it! Hear it! O you thin-blooded nations of eternal winter—on the north, three gates. Hear it! O you bronzed inhabitants panting under equatorial heats—on the south, three gates.

But I notice when John saw these gates *they were open—wide open.* They will not always be so. After awhile heaven will have gathered up all its intended population, and the children of God will have come home. Every crown taken. Every harp struck. Every throne mounted. All the glories of the universe harvested in the great garner. And heaven being made up, of course the gates will be shut. Austria in, and the first gate shut. Russia in, and the second gate shut. Italy in, and the third gate shut. Egypt in, and the fourth gate shut. Spain in, and the fifth gate shut. France in, and the sixth gate shut. England in, and the seventh gate shut. Norway in, and the eighth gate shut. Switzerland in, and the ninth gate shut. Hindostan in, and the tenth gate shut. Siberia in, and the eleventh gate shut. All the gates are closed but one. Now, let America go in with all the islands of the sea and all the other nations that have called on God. The captives all freed. The harvests all gathered. The nations all saved. The flashing splendor of this last pearl begins to move on its hinges. Let two mighty angels put their shoulders to the gate and heave it to with silvery clang, 'tis done! It thunders. The twelfth gate shut!

Once more *I want to show you*

THE GATE-KEEPER.

There is one angel at each one of those gates. You say that is right. Of course it is. You know that no earthly palace, or castle, or fortress would be safe without a sentry pacing up and down by night and by day; and if there were no defences before heaven, and the doors set wide open with no one

to guard them, all the vicious of earth would go up after awhile, and all the abandoned of hell would go up after awhile, and heaven, instead of being a world of light, and joy, and peace, and blessedness, would be a world of darkness and horror. So I am glad to tell you that while these twelve gates stand open to let a great multitude in, there are twelve angels to keep some people out. Robespierre cannot go through there, nor Hildebrand, nor Nero, nor any of the debauched of earth who have not repented of their wickedness. If one of these nefarious men who despised God should come to the gate, one of the keepers would put his hand on his shoulder and push him into outer darkness. There is no place in that land for thieves, and liars, and whoremongers, and defrauders and all those who disgraced their race and fought against their God. If a miser should get in there he would pull up the golden pavement. If a house-burner should get in there, he would set fire to the mansion. If a libertine should get in there, he would whisper his abominations standing on the white coral of the sea-beach. Only those who are blood-washed and prayer-lipped will get through. O, my brother, if you should at last come up to one of the gates and try to get through, and you had not a pass written by the crushed hand of the Son of God, the gate-keeper would with one glance wither you forever.

There will be

A PASSWORD AT THE GATE

of heaven. Do you know what that password is? Here comes a crowd of souls up to the gate, and they say: "Let me in, let me in. I was very useful on earth. I endowed colleges, I built churches, and was famous for my charities; and having done so many wonderful things for the world, now I come up to get my reward." A voice from within says: "I never knew you." Another great crowd comes up, and they try to get through. The say: "We were highly honorable on earth, and the world bowed very lowly before us. We were honored on earth, and now we come to get

our honors in heaven;" and a voice from within says: "I never knew you." Another crowd advances, and says: "We were very moral people on earth, very moral indeed, and we come up to get appropriate recognition." A voice answers: "I never knew you."

After awhile I see another throng approach the gate, and one seems to be spokesman for all the rest, although their voices ever and anon cry, "Amen! amen!" This one stands at the gate and says: "Let me in. I was a wanderer from God. I deserve to die. I have come up to this place, not because I deserve it, but because I have heard that there is a saving power in the blood of Jesus." The gate-keeper says: "That is the password, 'Jesus! Jesus!'" and they pass in, and they surround the throne, and the cry is: "Worthy is the lamb that was slain, to receive blessing, and riches, and honor, and glory, and power, world without end!"

I stand here, this hour, to invite you into any one of the twelve gates. I tell you now that unless your heart is changed by the Grace of God, you cannot get in. I do not care where you come from, or who your father was, or who your mother was, or what your brilliant surroundings—unless you repent your sin and take Christ for your divine Saviour, you cannot get in. Are you willing, then, this moment, just where you are, to kneel down and cry to the Lord Almighty for His deliverance?

You want to get in, do you not? O, you have some good friends there. This last year there was some one who went out from your home into that blessed place. They did not have any trouble getting through the gates, did they? No, they knew the password, and, coming up, they said "Jesus!" and the cry was: "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let them come in." O, when heaven is all done, and the troops of God shout the castle taken, how grand it will be if you and I are among them. Blessed are all they who enter in through the gates into the City.

MISTAKES ABOUT THE SOUTH CORRECTED.

[THIS discourse was delivered after returning home from a somewhat extended tour in the Southern States, Sunday, April 18th, 1880.]

"Give me a blessing; for thou hast given me a South land; give me also springs of water."—JUDGES 1: 15.

CALEB'S daughter had been married to General Othniel, and she had received from her father as a wedding-gift a farm at the south, in a sunshiny and warm region. She asked the further gift of some springs of water near by, so that her farm might be properly irrigated, the water brought down through tunnels and aqueducts: "Give me a blessing; for thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water." This nation can say that God has given us a south land, and it is a

magnificent reach of country; but it especially needs to be irrigated from the fountains of divine mercy, and this nation ought to offer the prayer most devoutly, "Give us a blessing, for Thou hast given us a south land; give us also springs of water."

To meet engagements in nine of the Southern States, and to catch a glimpse of the Southern springtime, and to see how those regions are recovering from the desolations of war, I started a

few weeks ago southward, equipped with my mind full of questions, and hungry for information on all social and political, moral and religious subjects.

Among other things, I had a grave in Georgia to visit—the grave of my uncle, Rev. Dr. Samuel K. Talmage, for twenty years the President of Ogelthorpe University. After walking among the ruins of that institution, from which many men went forth to bless the earth, which institution was slain by the war, I went to see his last resting-place. When the war opened, his heart broke, and he lay down to rest near by the scene of his eminent usefulness, his grave covered with a monument adorned by his own name, and the suggestive Scripture passage, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace." He was one of those contemporary ministers of the South who, after eloquent words for God and earnest service, are resting from their labors: Dr. James H. Thornwell, his biography by Dr. Palmer a holy enchantment, and Dr. Smythe, and Dr. Duncan, and Dr. Pearce, and many others.

But my mission was not with the dead, but with the living. I went southward with no partisan predilections. I had no prejudices. I was resolved on coming back to report what I saw, whether it might meet with general favor or the condemnation of one or both sections. I had no political record to guard or look after, since most of my ministry has been passed since the war closed. My admiration for the Democratic and Republican parties, as mere parties, is so small, that it would take M'Allister's most powerful magnifying glass to see anything! *American politics are rotten*, and that party steals the most which has the most chance!

At the South all the doors of information seemed to be open. I talked with high and low—with governors of States and water-carriers, lawyers, clergymen, doctors, judges of courts—and I found that there had been a persistent and in some cases most outrageous, misrepresentation of the feeling at the South by the correspondents of some of our Northern secular and religious newspapers, and by overbearing and dishonest men who, going from the North to the South, behaved there in a way that excited no friendliness. I found out that if a man behaves well at the South he will be treated well. There is no more need of severe governmental espionage in Charleston, and Atlanta, and Augusta, than in New York and Brooklyn. The feeling at the South to-day has been so misrepresented, that I shall devote this morning's sermon to the correction of the misapprehensions, and to the overthrow, so far as I may be able of some of the slanders.

The first misrepresentation in regard to the South that I wish to correct is, that the Southern people want to get back and have reinstated negro slavery. Why, all the people are glad to get rid of it. The planters told me that they could cultivate their land now at less expense under the new system of labor than under the old. A planter, who had a hundred and twenty slaves before the war, said that there was so much care necessary in looking after so many slaves, and in looking after the aged who could not work, and helpless colored childhood, that there was constant anxiety

and vast expense and exhaustion. Now they have nothing to do but pay the wages when they are due, and each family looks after its own invalids and minors. Submit to the ballot-box of the Southern people to-day, the question, "Shall slavery be reinstated?" and all the wards, and all the cities, and all the counties, and all the States would give thundering negative. They fought for the institution eighteen years ago, but now they congratulate themselves at the overthrow of the institution. God be thanked, that, North and South, at last we have one sentiment on that subject; and those Northern politicians who keep the subject of American slavery rolling on, and rolling on, are doing a thing as useless and inapt as it would be to make the Dorr Rebellion of Rhode Island, or Aaron Burr's attempt at the overthrow of the United States Government a test for our fall elections. The whole subject of American slavery is dead and damned.

I said to the planters: "How do these men work now under the new system?" and they replied, "They work well; we have no trouble. There was a good deal of trouble just after the war closed, and a demoralization and disorganization consequent upon a change of things; but now they work most admirably, and they work far better than the Northern men who come here and work, because the climate seems better adapted to the colored people, who will on a summer day, at their nooning, go out and lie down to enjoy the sun." My friends, all this talk about the dragging of the rivers and the lakes of the South to haul ashore negroes murdered and flung in, while it may be believed by many at the North, is a falsehood so absurd it is hardly fit to mention in a religious assemblage.

The white people of the South feel their dependence on the dark people for the culture of their lands; the dark people feel their dependence on the white people for the payment of their wages. From what I have seen of the oppression of female clerks in some of the dry-goods stores at the North, and from what I have seen of the oppression of some young men at the North on small salaries which they must take or get nothing at all, I have come to the conclusion that there is more consideration and sympathy for colored labor at the South to-day, than there are consideration and sympathy for some of the employes in some of the dry-goods stores on Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn; Broadway, New York; Washington Street, Boston; Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. In all the land and in all the earth there are tyrannical employers and their maltreatment of subordinates, white or black, deserves execration. But in the work of reformation let us begin at home.

Another impression in regard to the South that I wish to correct—and that is that they are antagonistic to having Northerners come down there and settle. The whole impression given here at the North has been, that if Northerners go down South, they are Ku-Kluxed, kept out of society, or, getting into society, thrown out again, and in every way made uncomfortable. From the States where I visited the cry comes and I bring it to-day in their name, "Send down your capitalists, send down your Northern farming machines, come and buy our plantations, open stores, build cotton-factories and rice-mills—come by the hundreds,

by the thousands, and the millions, and come right away." I declare here that that is the sentiment of the South.

Of course there is no more admiration at the South for Northern fools and Northern braggarts than there is here. If a man going South shall put his valise at the depot, then go up on the nearest plantation, and say by his manner or by words: "We have come down here to show you Southern people how to farm; we whipped you in the war, now we are going to whip you in agriculture. I am from Boston, I am; that's the Hub. How much you look like a man I shot at South Mountain! I believe it was your brother. I marched right through here in the 14th Regiment of volunteers; I killed and quartered a heifer on your front stoop. What a poor, miserable race of people you Southerners are! Didn't we give it to you? ha! ha!"—such a man as that, to say the least, will not make a favorable impression! And he will not be very soon elected as elder of one of their churches, and if he should open a store he would not get many customers, and if such a man as that should get a free and rapid ride on that part of a fence which is most easily removed, and be set down without much reference to the desirability of the landing-place, you and I would not be protestants.

If a moral man go South, and he exercises just ordinary common-sense, he will be welcome, he will be made at home, and coming from Brooklyn, he will be just as well treated as though he came from Mobile. A Southern gentleman (in the audience) nods his head as much as to say, "That's so."

I could give many illustrations. I give one. There went from this church seven or eight years ago a member, to reside in Charleston, South Carolina. He took no fortune. By mercantile assiduity he toiled on, up. Was he received well? Was he treated well? Judge for yourselves when I tell you that a few days ago, when his lifeless body was carried into the Episcopal church of Charleston, where he was a vestryman, the members of the Board of Trade assembled in the church, the children and the patrons of the Orphan Asylum of which he was a director, and a great throng of the best citizens, amid a wealth of floral and musical tribute that the *Charleston Courier* describes as making an occasion almost unparalleled in the history of private obsequies.

Why, this side of heaven there is not a more hospitable people than the people of the South; and I bring you from those States which I had the pleasure of visiting, I bring you to-day an *invitation for immigration* that way. The South is to rival the West as an opening field for American enterprise. Horace Greeley's advice of "Go West" is to have its addenda in "*Go South.*"

The first avalanche of population that way will make their fortunes. It is a national absurdity that such a large proportion of the cotton of the South at great expense should be brought North, in order to be transferred into useful fabric. The new factories at the South are the pioneers of innumerable spindles which are soon to begin their hum of the grand march on the banks of the Savannah and the Appalachicola and the Tombigbee. There is Georgia with its 58,000 square miles, there is Alabama with its 50,722 square

miles, there is South Carolina with its 34,000 square miles, there is North Carolina with its 50,704 square miles, and other States, not ten per cent of their resources yet developed. When will our overcrowded populations in these Northern cities take the wings of the morning and fly to those regions where they may have room to turn around and plenty place to take a full breath, and expand, and be masters of their own cornfields, their own rice swamps, their own cotton plantations, their own lumber forests? Land to be had there from \$1 to \$20 an acre. Travel from here to that region \$15, if you are not too particular about the way you go. Afraid of the heat? Why, the thermometer in New York every summer rises to a higher point than in Georgia or North Carolina, although in those States the heat is more protracted. Afraid of the fever? The death-rate in Georgia just equals the death-rate in Michigan. The death-rate in Georgia, according to the number of the population, is less than the death-rate in Connecticut and Maine. Going either West or South you will probably have one acclimating attack. It will only be a *different style of shake!*

There is no more need that England, Ireland, and Scotland want room or want bread. I rejoice that there is such a vast population coming from foreign lands here; twenty-one thousand five hundred and sixty-eight people arriving in New York last month, March, to make their residence in this country. And let me tell you, many of them the very best people of Europe. What do I mean by "best?" I mean industrious and moral. Five thousand people last Tuesday, in and around Castle Garden, waiting for transportation. While you put on extra trains to carry them west over the Pennsylvania and the Erie and the New York Central, put on extra trains on the Baltimore and Ohio, and all the great routes to Charleston and Atlanta and Chattanooga, that they may go South. Vast opportunities opening.

Stop cursing the South, and stop lying about the South, and go South and test the cordiality of their welcome and their resources of mine and plantation and forest. Why, my friends, that is *the way this national difficulty is to be settled*. Tens of thousands of young men from the North, moral young men, intelligent young men from the North, are to go South and make their residence there, and they will invite the daughters of the South to help them build houses amid the magnolias and the orange groves, and their children will be half North and half South—half South Carolina and half Vermont, half Georgia and half New York; and then to divide the country you will have to divide the children with some such sword as Solomon sarcastically proposed for the division of a contested child, and the Northern father will say to the Southern mother, "Come, my dear, let us *put our political feud to sleep in this cradle!*"

The statements so long rampant at the North that the Southern people do not want moral and industrious people to come from the North to the South—I brand that statement as a falsehood, gotten up and kept up for base political purposes.

Another wrong impression in regard to the South that I want to correct is, that the people, there are antagonistic to the United States Govern-

ment. These people submitted to the settlement of the sword certain questions, and now they are submissive to the decision. There is no fight in them. We talk about the fire-eaters of the South. If they eat fire, they have a private platter of coals in a private room. I sat at many of their tables and I saw no such style of diet. Neither could I find a spoon or a fork or a knife that seemed to have been used in eating fire! Why, sirs, they are the most placid people you ever saw. Some of them, their property all gone, at forty and sixty years of age, starting life, with one arm or one foot, and one eye, the missing members sacrificed in battle. It is simply miraculous, and *the work of the Lord Almighty*, that those people are as amiable and as cheerful as they are, and it is dastardly mean in us to keep speaking of them as waspish and acrid, and saturnine and malevolent. I have travelled as much as most people have in this and other lands, and I am yet to find a more affable, more delicately sympathetic, more whole-souled people than the people of the South.

The people of the South are loyal to-day, and if a foreign foe should try to set its foot on this country by way of intimidation or conquest, I believe the forces of McClellan and Beauregard, Bragg and Geary, Grant and Lee, would come shoulder to shoulder, the blue and the gray, and the guns of Forts Hamilton and Pickens and Sumter would join in one great chorus of thunder and flame. The fact is, that in this country we have had a *big family fight*, and if a neighbor should come in and try to interfere, you know what the result would be. Husband and wife in contest, the one with a cane and the other with a broomstick—let an intermeddler come in and he gets all the advantage of both cane and broomstick. I have sometimes thought that the North and the South will never understand each other until the approach of a common enemy makes us a common cause. God forbid that that day should come. But if foreign despotisms think there is in our government no cohesion, no centripetal force, they have only to test it. Instead of thirteen original colonies, we own from ocean to ocean; but that is no sign of lack of governmental grip. By steam and by electricity the government is under more speedy and easy control now than it was at the start. At the foundation of the government it took an official document two weeks to cross the country; now, it takes two minutes. San Francisco and Galveston and Des Moines are to-day nearer Washington than Richmond was then. There never has been a day of more thorough consolidation and unity than now. Would that the people all appreciated it.

You see the whole impression of my Southern journey was one of encouragement. The great masses of the people are right. If half a dozen politicians at the North and half a dozen politicians at the South would only consent to die, there would be no more sectional acrimony. You see it is a mere case for undertakers! if they will bury out of sight these few demagogues, we will pay all the expense of catafalque and epitaph, and of a brass band to play the "Rogues' March!" In time, under God, this will all be settled. The generation that follows us will not share in the antipathies and the bellicose spirit of their ancestors, and they will stand in amazement at the state

of things which made the national cemeteries at Murfreesboro and Gettysburg and Richmond an awful possibility.

Week before last, I took a carriage and wound up Lookout Mountain. Up, up, up. Standing there on the tip-top rock I saw five States of the Union. *Scene stupendous and overwhelming.* One almost is disposed to take off his hat in the presence of what seems to be the grandest prospect on this continent. There is Missionary Ridge, the beach against which the red billows of Federal and Confederate courage surged and broke. There are the Blue Mountains of North and South Carolina. With strain of vision, there is Kentucky, there is Virginia. At our feet, Chattanooga and Chickamauga, the pronunciation of which proper names will thrill ages to come with thoughts of valor and desperation and agony. Looking each way, and any way from the top of that mountain, earthworks, earthworks—the beautiful Tennessee winding through the valley, curling and coiling around,

MAKING LETTER "S"

after letter "S," as if that letter stood for shame, that brothers should have gone into massacre with each other, while God and nations looked on. I have stood on Mount Washington, and on the Sierra Nevadas, and on the Alps; but I never saw so far as from the top of Lookout Mountain.

Why, sirs, I looked back seventeen years, and I saw rolling up the side of that mountain the smoke of Hooker's storming party while the foundations of eternal rock quaked with the cannonade. *Four years of internecine strife* seemed to come back, and without any chronological order I saw the events: Norfolk Navy Yard on fire; Fort Sumter on fire; Charleston on fire; Chambersburg on fire; Columbia, South Carolina, on fire; Richmond on fire. And I saw Ellsworth fall, and Lyon fall, and M'Pherson fall, and Bishop Polk fall, and Stonewall Jackson fall. And I saw hundreds of grave trenches afterward cut into two great gashes across the land, the one for the dead men of the North, the other for the dead men of the South. And my ear as well as my eye was quickened, and I heard the tramp, tramp of enlisting armies, and I heard the explosion of mines and gunpowder magazines, and the crash of fortification walls, and the "swamp angel," and the groan of dying hosts falling across the pulseless heart of other dying hosts. And I saw still further out, and I saw on the banks of the Penobscot and the Oregon and the Ohio and the Hudson and the Roanoke and the Yazoo and the Alabama, widowhood and orphanage and childlessness—some exhausted in grief and others stark and mad, and I said, "Enough, enough have I seen into the past from the top of Lookout Mountain. O God! show me the future." And standing there, it was revealed to me. And I looked out and I saw great populations from the North moving South, and great populations from the South moving North, and I found that their footsteps obliterated the hoof-mark of the war chargers. And I saw the Angel of the Lord of hosts standing in the national cemeteries, trumpet in hand, as much as to say, "I will wake these soldiers from their long encampment."

And I looked and I saw such snowy harvests of cotton and such golden harvests of corn as I had

never imagined, and I found that the earthworks were down, and the gun-carriages down, and the war barracks were all down, and I saw the rivers winding through the valley, making letter "S" after letter "S"—no more "S" for shame, but "*S*" for *salvation*.

And as I saw that all the weapons of war were turned into agricultural implements I was alarmed, and I said, "Is this safe?" And standing there

on the tip-top rock of Lookout Mountain, I was so near heaven that I heard two voices which some way slipped from the gate, and they sang, "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." And I recognized the two voices. They were the voices of two Christian soldiers who fell at Shiloh; the one a Federal, the other a Confederate. *And they were brothers!*

MR. INGERSOLL, THE CHAMPION BLASPHEMER OF AMERICA, ANSWERED.

Sermon Delivered Sunday Morning, January 13, 1882.

"Having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them."

—EPHESIANS 4 : 18.

IT seems from what we have recently heard that the Christian religion is a huge blunder ; that the Mosaic account of the creation is an absurdity large enough to throw all nations into rollicking guffaw ; that Adam and Eve never existed ; that the ancient flood and Noah's Ark were impossibilities ; that there never was a miracle ; that the Bible is the friend of cruelty, of murder, of polygamy, of obscenity, of adultery, of all forms of base crime ; that the Christian religion is woman's tyrant and man's stultification ; that the Bible from lid to lid is a fable, an obscenity, a cruelty, a humbug, a sham, a lie ; that the martyrs who died for its truth were miserable dupes ; that the Church of Jesus Christ is properly gazetted as a fool ; that when Thomas Carlyle, the sceptic, said, "The Bible is a noble book," he was dropping into imbecility ; that when Theodore Parker, the infidel, declared in Music Hall, Boston, "Never a boy or girl in all Christendom but was profited by that great book," he was becoming very weak-minded ; that it is something to bring a blush to the cheek of every patriot, that John Adams, the father of American independence, declared "The Bible is the best book in all the world ;" and that lion-hearted Andrew Jackson turned into a snivelling coward when he said, "That book, sir, is the rock on which our Republic rests ;" and that Daniel Webster abdicated the throne of his intellectual power and resigned his logic, and from being the great expounder of the Constitution and the great lawyer of his age, turned into an idiot, when he said, "My heart assures and reassures me that the Gospel of Jesus Christ must be a divine reality. From the time that at my mother's feet, or on my father's knee, I first learned to lisp verses from the sacred writings, they have been my daily study and vigilant contemplation, and if there is anything in my style or thought to be commended, the credit is due to my kind parents in instilling into my mind an early love of the Scriptures ;" and that William H. Seward, the diplomatist of the century, only showed his puerility when he declared, "The whole hope of human progress is suspended on the ever-growing influences of the Bible ;" and that it is wisest for us to take that book from the throne in the affections of uncounted multitudes, and put it under our feet to be trampled upon by hatred and hissing contempt ; and that your old father was hoodwinked, and cajoled, and cheated, and befooled, when he leaned on this

as a staff after his hair grew gray, and his hands were tremulous, and his steps shortened as he came up to the verge of the grave ; and that your mother sat with a pack of lies on her lap while reading of the better country, and of the ending of all her aches and pains, and reunion not only with those of you who stood around her, but with the children she had buried with infinite heartache, so that she could read no more until she took off her spectacles, and wiped from them the heavy mist of many tears. Alas ! that for forty and fifty years they should have walked under this delusion and had it under their pillow when they lay a-dying in the back room, and asked that some words from the vile page might be cut upon the tombstone under the shadow of the old country meeting-house where they sleep this morning waiting for a resurrection that will never come. This book, having deceived them, and having deceived the mighty intellects of the past, must not be allowed to deceive our larger, mightier, vaster, more stupendous intellects. And so out with the book from the court-room, where it is used in the solemnization of testimony. Out with it from under the foundation of Church and asylum. Out with it from the domestic circle. Gather together all the Bibles—the children's Bibles, the family Bibles, those newly bound, and those with lid nearly worn out and pages almost obliterated by the fingers long ago turned to dust—bring them all together, and let us make a bonfire of them, and by it warm our cold criticism, and after that turn under with the ploughshare of public indignation the polluted ashes of that loathsome, adulterous, obscene, cruel and deathful book which is so antagonistic to man's liberty, and woman's honor, and the world's happiness.

"Stop !" says some silly old man. "Stop !" says some weak-minded woman. "Stop !" says some small-brained child. "Perhaps you had better give the Bible a trial before you condemn it." Well, we will give it a trial. I empanel this whole audience as a jury to render their verdict in this case—Infidelity, the plaintiff, *versus* Christianity, the defendant. Twelve jurors are ordinarily enough in a case, but in this case, vaster in importance than any other, I this morning empanel all the thousands of people here gathered as a jury, and I ask them silently to affirm that they will well and truly try this issue of traverse joined between Infidelity, the

plaintiff, and Christianity, the defendant, so help you God.

The jury empanelled, call *your first witness*. Robert G. Ingersoll! "Here!" Swear the witness. But how are you to swear the witness? I know of only two ways of taking an oath in a court-room. The one is by kissing the Bible, and the other is by lifting the hand. I cannot ask him to swear by the Bible, because he considers that a pack of lies, and therefore it could give no solemnity to his oath. I cannot ask him to lift the hand, for that seems to imply the existence of a God, and that is a fact in dispute. So I swear him by the rings of Saturn, and the spots on the sun, and the caverns in the moon, and the Milky Way, and the nebular hypothesis, that he will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth in this case between Infidelity, the plaintiff, and Christianity, the defendant.

Let me say that I know nothing of the private character of that person, neither do I want to know. I have no taste for exploring private character. I shall deal with him as a public teacher. I shall not be diverted from this by the fact that he has again and again in lectures and in interviews assailed my name. I have no personal animosity. I invite him the Sabbath after he has changed his views in regard to the Christian religion to stand here where I stand and preach his first sermon. I deal with him only as a public teacher.

You say: Why preach these three or four sermons which I intend to preach in answering the champion blasphemer of America? Am I afraid that Christianity will be overborne by this scoffing harlequinade? Oh, no. Do you know how near he has come to stopping Christianity? I will tell you how near he has come to impeding the progress of Christianity in the world. About as much as one snowflake on the track will impede the half-past three o'clock Chicago lightning express train. Perhaps not so much as that. It is more like a Switzerland insect floating through the air impeding an Alpine avalanche. The Sabbath after Mr. Ingersoll in this region extinguished Christianity, we received in this church over four hundred souls in public and beautiful consecration of themselves to Christ, and that only a small illustration of the universal advance. Within ten years Mr. Ingersoll has done his most conspicuous stopping of Christianity, and he has stopped it at the following rate: In the first fifty years of this century, there were three million people who professed the faith of Christ. In the last ten years, there have been three million people connecting themselves by profession with the Church of Christ. In other words, the last ten years have accomplished as much as the first fifty years of this century. My fear is not that he will arrest Christianity. I preach these sermons *for the benefit of individuals*. There are young men who through his teachings have given up their religion and soon after gave up their morals. Ingersoll's teachings triumphant would fill all the penitentiaries, and the gambling hells and houses of shame on the continent—on the planet. No divine system of morals, and in twenty years we would have a hell on earth eclipsing in abomination the hell that

Mr. Ingersoll has so much laughed at. My fear is not that Christianity in general shall be impeded, but I want to persuade these young men to get aboard the train, instead of throwing themselves across the track. God is going to save this world anyhow, and the only question is whether you and I will refuse to get into the lifeboat. Besides that, I want to put into the mouths of these young men arguments by which they can defend themselves in the profession of their faith in Christ when they are bombarded.

But that trial comes on. The jury has been empanelled. The first witness has been called. In the opening sentences of my sermon, I gave Mr. Ingersoll's charges against Christianity. Now, my friends, it is a principle settled in all court-rooms, and among all intelligent people, "*false in part, false in all.*" If a witness is found to be making a misrepresentation on the stand, it does not make any difference what he testifies to after; it all goes overboard. The judge, the jury, every common-sense man says, "*False in part, false in all.*" Now, if I can show you, and I will show you, the Lord helping me, that Mr. Ingersoll makes misrepresentations in one respect, or two respects, or three respects, I will demand that, as intelligent men and as fair-minded women, you throw overboard his entire testimony. If he will misrepresent in one thing, he will misrepresent all the way through. "*False in one, false in all.*"

In the first place, he raises a roystering laugh against the Bible by saying: "Is this book true? the gentleman who wrote it said that the world was made out of nothing; I cannot imagine nothing being made into something." In nearly all his lectures he begins with that gigantic misrepresentation. I offer a thousand dollars reward to any man who will show me any passage in the Bible that tells me that the world was made out of nothing. The very first passage says it was *made out of God's omnipotence*. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." I do not ask you to refer to your Bible. Refer to your memory that you may see it is *an Ingersollian misstatement*—a misstatement from stem to stern, and from cutwater to taffrail, and from the top of the mainmast down to the barnacles on the bottom. If he had taken some obscure passage, he would not have been so soon found out; but he has taken the most conspicuous, the most memorable, the most magnificent passage, all geological and astronomical discovery only adding to its grandeur. "In the beginning." There you can roll in ten million years if you want to. There is no particular date given—no contest between science and revelation. You may roll in there ten million years, if you want to. Though the world may have been in process of creation for millions of years, suddenly and quickly, and in one week, it may have been fitted up for man's residence. Just as a great mansion may have been many years in building, and yet in one week it may be curtained and chandeliered and cushioned and upholstered for a bride and groom.

You are not compelled to believe that the world was made in our six days; you are not compelled to believe that. It may not have

been a day of twenty-four hours, the day spoken of in the first chapter; it may have been God's day, and a thousand years with Him are as one day. "And the evening and the morning were the first day"—God's day. "And the evening and the morning were the second day"—God's day. "And the evening and the morning were the sixth day"—God's day. You and I living in the seventh day, the Sabbath of the world, the day of Gospel redemption, the grandest day of all the week in which each day may have been made up of thousands of years. Can you tell me how a man can get his mind and soul into such a blasphemous twist as to scoff at that first chapter of Genesis, its verses billows of light surging up from sapphire seas of glory! Come now and let Mr. Ingersoll laugh at the fact that the world is made out of nothing. He rings his changes on that word nothing. He has gone all through the cities telling what every man, woman, and child of common-sense knows is a misrepresentation. There is as much difference between Mr. Ingersoll's statement and the truth as between nothing and omnipotence. Now I will take Mr. Ingersoll's first misrepresentation, and I nail it so high that North, South, East, and West may see it and remember it. Wilful misrepresentation! I repeat, there is as much difference between his statement and the Bible statement as between nothing and omnipotence. Now I demand, gentlemen of the jury, that you throw overboard his entire testimony. False in part, false in all—all that he has testified to in the past, all that he will testify to in the future—all overboard, by the common rules of evidence.

I take a step further in the impeachment of this witness. One would have thought that after misrepresenting the first passage he would have rested from his labors and given us some honest exposition. Oh, no! He rolls from side to side with laughter. He runs up and down the whole gamut of cackination. He can hardly contain his mirthfulness. He swoops upon the third and fourth verses of the same chapter in caricature and says: "Ha, ha! the Bible represents that light was created on Monday, and the sun was not created until Thursday. Just think of it! a book declaring that light was created three days before the sun shone!" Here Mr. Ingersoll shows his geological and chemical and astronomical ignorance. If Mr. Ingersoll had asked any schoolboy on his way home from one of our high schools, "My lad, can there be any light without the shining of the sun?" the lad would have said, "Yes, sir; heat and electricity emit light independent of the sun. Beside that, when the earth was in process of condensation, it was surrounded by thick vapors and the discharge of many volcanoes in the primary period, and all this obscurity may have hindered the light of the sun from falling on the earth until that Thursday morning." Beside that, he would say: "Mr. Ingersoll, don't you know that David Brewster and Herschel, the astronomer, and all the modern men of their class, agree in the fact that the sun is not light, that it is an opaque mass, that it is only the candlestick that holds the light, a phosphorescent atmosphere floating around it, changing and changing, so it

is not to be at all wondered at that not until that Thursday morning its light fell on the earth? Beside that, Mr. Ingersoll," the lad of the high school would say, "the rocks in crystallization emit light. There is light from a thousand surfaces, the alkalies, for instance." The lad would have gone on to say "The metallic bases emit light." The lad would have gone on still further to say: "Mr. Ingersoll, don't you know there was a time in the history of the world when there were thousands of miles of liquid granite flaming with light?" The lad would have gone on and told Mr. Ingersoll that by observation it has been found that there are burned-out volcanoes in other worlds which, when they were in explosion and activity, must have cast forth an insufferable light, throwing a glare all over our earth. And the boy would have asked him also if he had ever heard of the Aurora Borealis or the Aurora Anchalis. And then the boy would have unbuckled the strap from his bundle of books, and read from one, entitled "Connection of the Physical Sciences," this paragraph:

"Captain Bonnycastle, coming up the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the 17th of September, 1826, was aroused by the mate of the vessel in great alarm from an unusual appearance. It was a starlight night, when suddenly the sky became overcast. In the direction of the high land of Cornwallis County an instantaneous and intensely vivid light, resembling the aurora, shot out on the hitherto gloomy and dark sea, on the lee bow that was so brilliant, it lighted everything distinctly, even to the masthead. The light spread over the whole sea between the two shores, and the waves, which before had been tranquil, became agitated. Captain Bonnycastle describes the scene as that of a blazing sheet of awful and most brilliant light—a long and vivid line of light that showed the face of the high frowning land abreast. The sky became lowering and more intensely obscure. Long, tortuous lines of light showed immense numbers of large fish darting about as if in consternation. The topsail yard and mizzen-boom were lighted by the glare as if gaslights had been burned directly below them, and until just before day-break, at four o'clock, the most minute objects were distinctly visible."

Mr. Ingersoll has only to go to one of our high schools to learn there are ten thousand sources of light besides the light of the sun. But if he had been in one of the classes in our high schools, a class in astronomy, or geology, or chemistry, the impatient teacher would have said to him: "Robert, go down to the foot and be in disgrace—be in disgrace for your stupidity!" This is not wilful misrepresentation in this case on the part of Mr. Ingersoll. He does not know any better. It is the most profound and most disgusting ignorance ever exhibited on a lecturer's platform in America, when he says there cannot be any light, or implies there cannot be any light, except that which comes from the sun.

In the first case which I showed you it was wilful misrepresentation. In this case it is ignorance, geological, and astronomical, and chemical. But whether wilful or ignorant mis-

representation, either and both will impeach Robert G. Ingersoll as incompetent to give testimony in this case between Infidelity, the plaintiff, and Christianity, the defendant. I nail on the top of the temple of scepticism this misrepresentation by the champion blasphemer of America. He misrepresented in the first case. He has misrepresented in the second case. Now I demand, gentlemen of the jury, that you throw overboard his testimony. "False in part, false in all."

I take a step further in impeaching this witness against Christianity. He sharpens all his witticisms to destroy our belief in the ancient deluge and Noah's Ark. He says that from the account there, it must have rained eight hundred feet of water each day in order that it might be fifteen cubits above the hills. He says that the ark could not have been large enough to contain "two of every sort," for there would have been hundreds of thousands and hundreds of thousands of creatures! He says that these creatures would have come from all lands and all zones! He says there was only one small window in the ark, and that would not have given fresh air to keep the animals inside the ark from suffocation! Then he winds up that part of the story by saying that the ark finally landed on a mountain seventeen thousand feet high. He says he does not believe the story. Neither do I! There is no such story in the Bible. I will tell you what the Bible story is. I must say that I have changed my mind in regard to some matters which once were to me very mysterious. They are no more mysterious. This is the key to the facts. This is the story of an eye-witness, Noah, his story incorporated afterward by Moses in the account. Noah described the scene just as it appeared to him. He saw the flood and he fathomed its depth. As far as eye could reach everything was covered up, from horizon to horizon, or as it says, "under the whole heaven." He did not refer to the Sierra Nevadas, or to Mount Washington, for America had not been discovered, or, if it had been discovered, he could not have seen so far off. He is giving the testimony of an eye-witness. God speaks after the manner of men when He says everything went under, and Noah speaks after the manner of men when he says everything did go under. An eye-witness. There is no need of thinking that the kangaroo leaped the ocean, or that the polar bear came down from the ice.

Why did the deluge come? It came for the purpose of destroying the outrageous inhabitants of the then thinly populated earth, nearly all the population probably very near the ark before it was launched. What would have been the use of submerging North and South America, or Europe, or Africa when they were not inhabited? Mr. Ingersoll most grossly misrepresents, when he says that in order to have that depth of water it must have rained eight hundred feet every day. The Bible distinctly declares that the most of the flood rose instead of falling. Before the account where it says "the windows of heaven were opened," it says, "all the fountains of the great deep were broken up." All geologists agree in saying that there are caverns

in the earth filled with water, and they rushed forth, and all the lakes and rivers forsook their bed. What am I to think, and what are you to think of a man who, ignoring this earthquake spoken of in the Bible as preceding the falling of the rain, and for the purpose of making a laugh at the Bible, will say it must have rained over eight hundred feet every day? Taking the last half instead of the first half. The fountains of the great deep were broken up, and then the windows of heaven were opened. Is it a strange thing that we should be asked to believe in this flood of the Bible, when geologists tell us that again and again and again the dry earth has been drowned out? Just open your geology, and you will read of twenty floods. Is it not a strange thing that the infidel scientist wanting us to believe in the twenty floods of geological discovery, should, as soon as we believe in the one flood of the Bible, pronounce us asinine and *non compos mentis*?

Well, then, another thing, in regard to the size of the ark. Instead of being a mud-scow, as some of these infidels would have us understand, it was a magnificent ship, nearly as large as our Great Eastern, three times the size of an ordinary man-of-war. At the time in the world when shipbuilding was unknown, God had this vessel constructed, which turned out to be almost in the same proportions as our stanchest modern vessels. After thousands of years of experimenting in naval architecture and in ship-carpentry, we have at last got up to Noah's ark, that ship leading all the fleets of the world on all the oceans. Well, Noah saw the animal creation going into this ark. He gave the account of an eye-witness. They were the animals from the region where he lived; for the most part they were animals useful to man, and if noxious insects or poisonous reptiles went in, it was only to discipline the patience and to keep alert the generations after the flood. He saw them going in. There were a great number of them, and he gives the account of an eye-witness. They went in two and two of all flesh.

Two or three years ago I was on a steamer on the river Tay, and I came to Perth, Scotland. I got off, and I saw the most wonderful agricultural show that I had ever witnessed. There were horses and cattle such as Rosa Bonheur never sketched, and there were dogs such as the loving pencil of Edwin Landseer never portrayed, and there were sheep and fowl and creatures of all sorts. Suppose that "two and two" of all the creatures of that agricultural show were put upon the Tay steamer to be transported to Dundee, and the next day I should be writing home to America and giving an account of the occurrence, I would have used the same general phraseology that Noah used in regard to the embarkation of the brute creation in the ark—I would have said that they went in two and two of every sort. I would not have meant six hundred thousand. A common-sense man myself, I would suppose that the people who read the letter were common-sense people.

"But how could you get them into the ark?" says Mr. Ingersoll with a great sneer. "How could they be induced to go into the ark? He

would have to pick them out and drive them in, and coax them in." Could not the same God who gave instinct to the animal inspire that instinct to seek for shelter from the storm. However, nothing more than ordinary animal instinct was necessary. Have you never been in the country when an August thunder-storm was coming up and heard the cattle moan at the bars to get in? and seen the affrighted fowl go upon the perch at noonday, and heard the affrighted dog and cat calling at the door, supplicating entrance? And are you surprised that in that age of the world, when there were fewer places of shelter for dumb beasts, at the muttering and rumbling and flashing and quaking and darkening of an approaching deluge, the animal creation came moaning and bleating to the sloping embankment reaching up to the ancient Great Eastern, and passed in? I have owned horses and cattle and sheep and dogs, but I never had a horse, or a cow, or a sheep, or a dog that was so stupid it did not know enough to come in when it rained! Yet Mr. Ingersoll cannot understand how they could get in. It is amazing to him. And then, that one window in the ark which afforded such poor ventilation to the creatures there assembled—that small window in the ark which excites so much mirthfulness on the part of the great infidel. If he had known as much Hebrew as you could put on your little finger nail, he would have known that that word translated window there means *window course*, a whole range of lights. This ignorant infidel does not know a window pane from twenty windows. So, if there is any criticism of the ark, there seems to be too much window for such a long storm. If he had studied Hebrew two weeks he would have been saved the display of that appalling ignorance, that most disgraceful ignorance, when he scoffs and scoffs and scoffs, and chuckles and chuckles and chuckles over the small window in the ark. This infidel says that during the long storm the window must have been kept shut, and hence no air. There are people in this house to-day who, all the way from Liverpool to Barnegat lighthouse, and for two weeks, were kept under deck, the hatches battened down because of the storm. Some of you, in the old-time sailing vessels, were kept nearly a month with the hatches down because of some long storm.

For the tenth or the fifteenth misrepresentation by Mr. Ingersoll, he says that the ark landed on a mountain seventeen thousand feet high, and that, of course, as soon as the animals came forth they would all be frozen in the ice! Here comes in Mr. Ingersoll's geographical ignorance. He does not seem to know that Ararat is not merely the name for a mountain, but for a *hilly district*, and that it may have been a hill one hundred feet high, or five hundred, or a thousand feet high on which the ark alighted. Noah measured the depth of the water above the hill, and it is fifteen cubits or twenty-seven feet. But in order to raise a laugh against the Holy Scriptures, Mr. Ingersoll lifts the ark seventeen thousand feet high, showing an ignorance of just that altitude!

Ah! my friends, this story of the ark is no

more incredible than if you should say to me: "Last summer I was among the hills of New England, and there came on the most terrific storm I ever saw, and the whole country was flooded. The waters came up over the hills, and to save our lives we got in a boat on the river, and even the dumb creatures were so affrighted, they came moaning and bleating until we let them in the same boat." The flood that Ingersoll describes is not Noah's flood; it is Ingersoll's flood of hatred against God. It is not Noah's ark that Ingersoll describes; it is Ingersoll's ark, with a whole flock of hooting owls of the midnight of Infidelity, whole nests of viperine and adderine venom against God, whole lairs of panthers which, with spotted claw, if they could, would maul the eternal God to pieces. And there is only one small window in that ark, and it opens into the blackness of darkness described by my text, "having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them." The first misrepresentation of Mr. Ingersoll was wilful, the second was geological and astronomical ignorance, the third was geographical ignorance.

We are not dependent on the Bible for the story of the flood, entirely. All ages and all literatures have traditions, broken traditions, indistinct traditions, but still traditions. The old books of the Persians tell about the flood at the time of Ahriman, who so polluted the earth that it had to be washed by a great storm. The traditions of the Chaldeans say that in the time when Xisuthrus was king there was a great flood, and he put his family and his friends in a large vessel and all outside of them were destroyed, and after a while the birds went forth and they came back and their claws were tinged with mud. Lucian and Ovid, celebrated writers, who had never seen the Bible, describe a flood in the time of Deucalion. He took his friends into a boat, and the animals came running to him in pairs. So, all lands, and all ages, and all literatures, seem to have a broken and indistinct tradition of a calamity which Moses, here incorporating Noah's account, so grandly, so beautifully, so accurately, so solemnly records.

But I must halt in this argument, as in a great trial sometimes an attorney will stop for lack of time to finish, and I must on other Sabbath mornings take up this subject. I have only opened the door of a subject it will take me other Sabbath mornings to explore. I have impeached Robert G. Ingersoll for having misrepresented once, twice, thrice. I demand that you put into execution the principle of every court-room, gentlemen of the jury, and throw overboard his entire testimony. "False in part, false in all." I have this morning only discussed the cleanest part of Mr. Ingersoll's infidelity—the best part of Mr. Ingersoll's infidelity. There are depths below depths, and I shall go on and say all I have to say on this subject.

My prayer is that the God who created the world, not out of nothing, but out of His own omnipotence, may create us anew in Christ Jesus; and that the God who made light three days before the sun shone, may kindle in our

souls a light that will burn on long after the sun has expired ; and that the God who ordered the ark built and kept open more than one hundred years that the antediluvians might enter it for

shelter, may graciously incline us to accept the invitation which this morning rolls in music from the throne, saying : " Come thou and all thy house into the ark."

MR. INGERSOLL FURTHER ANSWERED.

Sermon Delivered Sunday Morning, January 22, 1882.

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."—PSALM 53 : 1.

No one but a fool would say so, and he would not say it with his head, for it does not require any especial brain to see a design in all things, and hence a designer. But the heart, the wicked heart, the proud heart, is hurt at such a pure and overtowering existence. "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God."

Were there any prospect of success, and an army were organized to dethrone God, or drive Him off of the edges of existence, the first division of the army would be made up of infidels, and Mr. Ingersoll, the champion blasphemer of America, would be the colonel of one of the regiments. When the world slew Jesus Christ, it showed what it would do with the eternal God, if it could get its hands on Him. Prove a benevolent God, and you prove a Bible. You cannot think of a good God not giving a revelation to His children. Atheism and infidelity are twin brothers. The war against the Bible and against God is no new thing. Mr. Ingersoll is only dealing in the second-hand furniture of Paine, and Volney and Hobbes and Voltaire and Colenso, save when he quotes from himself, and the most of his lectures are about one thing. It does not make any difference whether he calls it the Mistakes of Moses, or Skulls, or the Liberty of Man, Woman and Child, or no name at all, it is the same lecture. There never was a man who carried on so large a business on such a small capital, and that borrowed capital. He picks up one bone from Adam's skeleton and he runs with that bone through all his lectures, and it happens to be a rib, and the rib that was said to be the nucleus for the womanly creation ; and he sharpens that rib, and he flourishes it, and he gnaws on it, and gnaws on it, and holds on to it, as my greyhound for six months used to spend all his spare time in gnawing on a bleached and juiceless bone when he had plenty of good food offered him. Coming suddenly on him in the morning, I would find him gnawing that bone, though the day before I had thrown it over the fence, and he would keep on gnawing it, and look up to me as much as to say : " Sir, you don't know how much I am dependent for happiness upon this bone ; I am an infidel." People coming late to Mr. Ingersoll's lecture inquire of the janitor whether he has

got to Adam's rib yet. Garfield's assassin tried to laugh his case out of court, and Mr. Ingersoll tries to laugh God and the Bible out of existence, and the one will be as successful as the other. This obliteration, or this attempt at obliteration, of God and the Bible, is not fratricide, which is the murder of a brother, but worse than that. It is not an attempt at parricide, which is the murder of a father, but worse than that. It is not an attempt at matricide, which is the murder of a mother, but worse than that. It is not an attempt at regicide, which is the murder of a king, but worse than that. It is an attempt at deicide, or the assassination of a God. Mr. Ingersoll hurls the chief force of his caricature and vulgarity at the first book of the Bible. He feels that if he can capture that gate he can iconoclast the whole temple.

I showed you last Sabbath morning, that, sometimes through wilfulness, and sometimes through astronomical, geological, geographical and chemical ignorance, Mr. Ingersoll grossly misrepresented three occurrences in the Bible, and then I said if he would misrepresent three, he would misrepresent three thousand, on the principle acknowledged in every court-room. " False in part, false in all." Mr. Ingersoll goes on further to say that when Moses spoke of God as creating the firmament, he showed his ignorance, for he thereby implied that the heaven, that the sky, was a solid affair, and he knew nothing about evaporation. Wise Ingersoll ! Ignorant Moses ! But Noah Webster, and indeed all the lexicographers, agree in saying that the word firmament used in the Bible, instead of meaning a solidity, means an expanse—instead of representing a metallic roof, it means a stretching out and an extension. Mr. Ingersoll goes on laughing at the statement, and says that the stars are represented by Moses as being fastened to this solid roof, and that he shows he knew nothing about astronomy because all reference made to other worlds is in five words : " He made the stars also." And Mr. Ingersoll says, therefore, it is evident that Moses was very ignorant and thought the other worlds were very small or a mere nothing, while this world was very great, when they are so much larger than this. " He made the stars also." My

friends, Moses did not write Genesis because he wanted to teach us astronomy any more than he wanted to teach us botany, or chemistry, or anatomy, or physiology, or any other modern science. His only idea was to give us the origin and the outfit of the world. Had the book gone into all these particulars, all the other sciences, fifty thousand volumes would not have contained the record, and sacred literature would have been cumbersome and unmanageable.

But we see again and again indicated in this book that these Bible writers, instead of being ignoramuses, as Mr. Ingersoll represents them, really knew a great deal more than many people who in this time deride them. Ages, thousands of years, passed along before the world found out the law of condensation and evaporation; but Job knew it. He described the process when he said: "He maketh small the drops of water; they pour out according to the vapor thereof." In other words, it took the world thousands of years to find out what Job knew thousands of years before. For thousands of years people thought that the light of the sun came straight to our earth, and the law of refraction or the bending of the rays to the earth, is comparatively a modern discovery; but Job knew it. He says of the sunlight: "It is turned as clay to the seal." The world struggling thousands of years to find out what Job knew at the start. "It is turned as clay to the seal."

The astronomers thought that they made a great discovery when they found out that the world, instead of being stationary, was in motion; but Isaiah knew it—thousands of years before, had spoken of the orbit of the earth, the circle of the earth, indicating that it had a path through the heavens. For thousands of years it was thought that the earth was built on some solid foundation. Isaiah knew better. "He hangeth the earth upon nothing." Long before Maury discovered the revolution of the wind currents, and the law of the trade winds, the Bible describes it: "The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returned again according to his circuits." So that while we called General Myers "Old Probabilities," Job was the first "Old Probabilities." He described the currents of the air, which after struggling and struggling and struggling for thousands of years, were found out by philosophers. Ages passed along before the world knew anything about physiology; but Solomon speaks of the spinal cord as the silver cord, and thousands of years before Harvey found out the circulation of the blood, Solomon described it under a figure as the pitcher at the fountain, the pitcher carrying the crimson liquid up through the temple of the body. James Watt thought he was making a wonderful invention when he applied steam to the rail-carriage; but thousands of years before, the prophet Nahum had described the lightning express train at night, and the jamming of the car coupling: "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings." Professor Morse thought he was making a wonderful invention when he

found out the magnetic telegraph; but Job describes electrical communication thousands of years before, when he says: "Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go and say unto thee, Here we are?" The great work of the great lawyers, the Blackstones, the Clarendons, the Hales, the Mansfields, the Currans, the Burkes, the Emmets, the Rufus Choates, the Daniel Websters—all their works, all the English law, all American law, all Roman law, all the laws of all the nations that are worth anything founded on the ten sentences that a venerable lawyer of olden time recorded in the twentieth chapter of Exodus. So these Bible authors, instead of being ignorant and behind the time, some of them were two thousand, three thousand, four thousand years before the time. By the Leyden jar, and the voltaic pile, and the magnetic battery, and the microscope, and the telescope, and all philosophic apparatus toiling on and on and on until at last, at last, at last, Silliman, and Agassiz, and Joseph Henry, and Dr. Draper have actually caught up to antiquated Job and old Moses! Yet Mr. Ingersoll says they were ignorant. Moses knew nothing about astronomy, and thought the sky was just a solid roof, and that the stars were mere adornments hung up against it, because he says, "He made the stars also."

I must, at the risk of spoiling Mr. Ingersoll's favorite joke and raising a snarl, snatch from him his favorite bone, while I tell you that there was no absurdity in woman's creation. The word translated "rib" is a general word meaning side. Stupendous ignorance on the part of Mr. Ingersoll that he does not know that the word here translated "rib" simply means side. That man, without knowing a word or a letter of Hebrew, proposes to expound Genesis. As well might a man expound Sophocles, not knowing a word of Greek, or Horace, not knowing a word of Latin, or Richter, not knowing a word of German, or William Shakespeare, not knowing a word of English. From his side! How any man who has a good wife can find derision in the nearness and the solemnity of the relation there suggested, I cannot understand.

I will not quote Matthew Henry's overquoted theory about woman's being taken from the left side and near the door of the heart. I think she was taken from the right side and under the right arm, suggestive that he was to fight her battles for her and be her unfailing defence, and strike down her assailants, and avenge her honor. That is what fills a man with indignation unbounded, and makes him livid with rage, when you say anything against his wife. You may abuse him, you may cheat him, you may defraud him, you may assault him, and he will forgive you; but you say anything against his wife—if you propose to do it—you had better stand out of the reach of the right arm. From his side! From his side! that they might walk the path of life together. From his side, that when she steps in the deep wave of trouble he may hold her up. From his side, that when they stand by the little grave he may say to her, "Don't cry, we'll get our darling back again in the resurrection." From his side—his equal, his joy, his pride, his exulta-

tion, his care, his angelic ministry. To him the best being in all the earth. From his side! Oh, the tenderness, and the pathos, and the beauty, and the sublimity of the Mosaic account. You find no mirth in it. You who read the account of the marriage at Bennington, Thursday a week—how the two on the following day stood in the wreck of the Hudson River rail-train, and perished together, their two bodies taken up the aisle of the church, those who had been ushers at the wedding pall-bearers at the grave, letting the twain down in the same sepulchre. The conductor said she might have been rescued. His limbs were pinioned fast, but only her dress was fast. She might have been saved, but she would not come away from his side. From his side! Not so much mirth for you in that Mosaic account, if you remember the two old people at the opposite ends of the table in the old homestead—why did you put them in the village graveyard side by side? When your work is done, you will go up and find them side by side. Moses wrote a passage thrilling with centuries of magnificent power and rolling in eternal reverberation of grandeur, when he said, "From his side." Not so much mirth in it for you—not so much mirth in this Mosaic account for you who stood by the casket of the dead wife, and lifted the thin and wasted finger that was plump and round many years ago when you put the ring on, and as you stand there every unkind word you ever uttered in her hearing comes back with a sting in it, and you fold the hands that have done so many kindnesses for you over the still heart, and all the memories of the past rush upon you in an agonizing farewell. It is not so funny to you. From his side! From his side! From his side!

Mr. Ingersoll goes on, and says the Bible lies, because when the Jews went into Egypt there were seventy of them; they stayed there two hundred and fifteen years, and there were three millions; and he says, according to that calculation, there must have been sixty-eight children in each of the households. It seems a very funny thing to him. The fact is, instead of being there in Egypt two hundred and fifteen years, according to Mr. Ingersoll's statement, the Bible plainly declares they were there four hundred and thirty years, and the population of three millions was just the ordinary increase in all lands and in all ages. For the purpose of making his audience laugh, Mr. Ingersoll cuts off two hundred and fifteen years, in order that he may make that story about the enormous and improbable and impossible increase. In order that he may appear smart, he cuts off from the Jewish nation as much history as transpired, twice as much as transpired, between the Declaration of American Independence in 1776 and 1882. He says it is two hundred and fifteen years, according to the Bible, when the Bible twice declares it was four hundred and thirty. Now I say that a man who will do that will do anything but be honest about the Word of God.

Mr. Ingersoll goes on and says the Bible favors polygamy. He says to his audience: "Is there any man here who believes in polygamy? No. Then you are better than your God; for four thousand years ago He believed

in it, and taught it, and upheld it." Does the God of the Bible uphold polygamy, or did He? How many wives did God make for Adam? He made one wife. Does not your common-sense tell you when God started the marriage institution, He started it as He wanted it to continue? If God had favored polygamy He could have created for Adam five wives, or ten wives, or twenty wives, just as easily as He made one. At the very first of the Bible God shows Himself in favor of monogamy and antagonistic to polygamy. Genesis 2:24: "Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave unto his wife." Not his *wives*, but his *wife*. How many wives did God spare for Noah in the ark? Two and two the birds; two and two the cattle; two and two the lions; two and two the human race. If the God of the Bible had favored a multiplicity of wives, He would have spared a plurality of wives. When God first launched the human race, He gave Adam one wife. At the second launching of the human race He spares for Noah one wife, for Ham one wife, for Shem one wife, for Japhet one wife. Does that look as though God favored polygamy? In Leviticus 18:18, God thunders His prohibition of more than one wife.

God permitted polygamy. Yes; just as He permits to-day murder and theft and arson and all kinds of crime. He permits these things as you well know, but He does not sanction them. Who would dare to say He sanctioned them? Because Presidents Hayes and Garfield permitted, and President Arthur permits polygamy in Utah, you are not, therefore, to conclude that they patronized it, that they approved it, when, on the contrary, they denounced it. All the Jews knew that the God of the Bible was against polygamy, for in the four hundred and thirty years of their stay in Egypt there is only one case of polygamy recorded—only one. All the mighty men of the Bible stood aloof from polygamy, except those who, falling into the crime, were chastised within an inch of their lives. Adam, Aaron, Noah, Joseph, Joshua, Samuel, monogamists.

But you say: "Didn't David and Solomon favor polygamy?" Yes; and did they not get well punished for it? Read the lives of those two men, and you will come to the conclusion that all the attributes of God's nature were against their behavior. David suffered for his crimes in the caverns of Adullam and Masada, in the wilderness of Mahanaim, in the bereavements of Ziklag. The Bedouins after him, sickness after him, Absalom after him, Ahithophel after him, Adonijah after him, the Edomites after him, the Syrians after him, the Moabites after him, death after him, the Lord God Almighty after him. The poorest peasant in all the empire married to the plainest Jewess was happier than the king *liaison* with Bathsheba. How did Solomon get along with polygamy? Read his warnings in Proverbs, read his self-disgust in Ecclesiastes. He throws up his hands in loathing, and cries out: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." His seven hundred wives nearly pestered the life out of him. Solomon got well paid for his crimes—well paid. I repeat that all the mighty men of the Scriptures were aloof

from polygamy, save as they were pounded and flailed, and cut to pieces for their insult to holy marriage. Yet Mr. Ingersoll, in the face of an audience, declares the Bible approves of polygamy! If it does, why is it that in all the lands where the Bible predominates, polygamy is forbidden, and in the lands where there is no Bible, it is favored. Polygamy all over China, all over India, all over Africa, all over Persia, all over heathendom, save as the missionaries have done their work; while polygamy does not exist in England and the United States, except in defiance of law, as in Utah, from which the President of the United States and the Congress are about to eject it. The Bible abroad, God-honored monogamy. The Bible not abroad, God-aborred polygamy. And yet, Mr. Ingersoll says the Bible approves of polygamy. I take the ulcerous and accursed slander and hurl it back into his blasphemous teeth. God is against polygamy, the Bible is against polygamy, all Christendom is against polygamy. How much Mr. Ingersoll's opinion of the marriage institution is worth I leave you to judge, when I tell you that in one of his lectures he compares an English authoress of blackened reputation with Queen Victoria, to the depreciation of the latter. In other words, rather than Queen Victoria, the purest specimen of Christian womanhood on any throne in all the earth, he prefers an authoress, whose life was an offence to the marriage institution, and her example an insult to every pure woman in Christendom. As for myself, I have less admiration for the literary adulteress than I have for her who, at nineteen years of age, informed that the crown of England was hers, knelt and asked the archbishop to pray for the blessing of God on her reign, and who, rearing her princes and princesses in the faith of the Christian life, finds in her widowhood a consolation in that Gospel which comforted Prince Albert in his dying moments, when with trembling lip, in Windsor Castle, she sang to him,

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me;"

and who, whether in plain dress going out from the castle at Balmoral, or Osborne, to read the Scripture to the poor in the lane, or carrying some delicacy to tempt the invalid's appetite, or going down to Chiselhurst, holds by the hand the banished empress standing by the casket of her dead boy, "the only son of his mother, and she a widow," or cables to the capital of our nation her anxiety about our wounded chief, and then sits down and writes with her own hand such comfort as only a widowed soul can give a widowed soul—always and everywhere the same good, kind, sympathetic Christian woman for whom we Americans and Englishmen and Scotchmen, whether in earnest prayer or exultant huzza, are ready at all times to exclaim, "God save the Queen!" No, sir; you shall

not drag the Bible into the advocacy of polygamy, while on the fly-leaf of a house publishing Mr. Ingersoll's literature, on the fly-leaf of that literature there are the advertisements of books and cards as obscene as any ever imported from Paris, the titles of which books I dare not recite in decent assemblage.

Before I get through with this course of Sabbath morning discourses in reply to Mr. Ingersoll, the champion blasphemer of America, I will show you that the Bible is the friend of all that is pure, and that Infidelity is the friend of all that is impure. This much-abused book is the only fit foundation for the household. The only wine that is fit to drink at the wedding is the wine which Christ makes. It may be an old-fashioned gift, but when your daughter takes the hand of another and goes forth to her new home, better than the ring of betrothal on her hand, better than the orange blossoms in her hair, better than the wedding march to which they keep step as they start on the journey of life, will be a well-bound copy of the Holy Scriptures, her name on the fly-leaf with the inscription: "From father and mother on the marriage day." I say let it be well bound, for how many years of joy and sorrow and vicissitude it will have to serve! Let it be well bound.

Sir, you and I may give our fifty cents or our dollar to hear Mr. Ingersoll's lecture in which the Bible is caricatured and the Lord Jesus Christ insulted; but I tell you plainly the time will come when we would give the whole earth, if we owned it, for the cheer of its promises, and the whole universe, if we could, for the smile of His love. How black and terrible is departure from this life without this Gospel. One who had served the world and jeered at Christianity, and pronounced the Bible a cheat and a humbug, in the last hour, said: "It is so dark, it is so dark, it is so dark." Then, in the exhaustion, he lay quiet for a little while, and as his soul was going out of life, resumed the cry, but with fainter utterance, "It is so dark, it is so dark, it is so dark, it is so dark!" On the day when the coffin goes out of the front door, and down the front steps, it leaves a house very lonesome if there be no Bible on the stand and no Christ to stand at the desolated hearthstone. I have noticed that on the dying bed there are apt to be four or five pillows in order to give easy position to the departing loved one—rumped and dishevelled pillows. Sometimes it is one pillow under the head, and at other times another pillow. My brother, when you and I leave this world we want our choice of pillows. Let it not be a pillow of regrets, for that is stuffed with nettles. Let it not be a pillow of gloomy anticipations, for that is stuffed with nightshade. Rather let it be the soft, soothing, comforting pillow filled with what David, the Psalmist, in powerful metaphor has been pleased to call "The feathers of the Almighty."

THIRD REPLY TO MR. INGERSOLL.

Sermon Delivered Sunday Morning, January 29, 1882.

"They set their mouth against the heavens."—PSALM 73 : 9.

THIS is a full-length portrait of a blasphemer. As a wolf howls at the sky, or a dog bays at the moon, so in my text the blasphemer is represented as making mouths at the heavens; and on the night when the wolf shall frighten away the sky, and the dog shall stop the moon, that night will the blasphemer drive away the God of the Bible.

Mr. Ingersoll finds great cause for caricature in the Bible statement that in Joshua's time *the sun and moon stood still* to allow him to complete his victory. He declares that an impossibility. If a man have brain and strength enough to make a clock, can he not start it and stop it, and start it again and stop it again? If a machinist have strength and brain enough to make a corn-thresher can he not start it and stop it, and start it again and stop it again? If God have strength and wisdom to make the clock of the universe, the great machinery of the worlds, has He not strength enough and wisdom enough to start it and stop it, and start it again and stop it again? or stop one wheel, or stop twenty wheels, or stop all the wheels? Is the clock stronger than the clockmaker? Does the corn-thresher know more than the machinist? Is the universe mightier than its God? Mr. Ingersoll finds great cause of glee in the fact that the Bible states that the moon stopped as well as the sun. If you have never seen the moon in the daytime, it is because you have not been a very diligent observer of the heavens. Beside that, it was not necessary for the world literally to stop. By unusual refraction of the sun's rays the day might have been prolonged. So that, while the earth continued on its path in the heavens, it figuratively stopped. You must remember that these Bible authors used the vernacular of their own day, just as you and I say the sun went down. The sun never goes down. We simply describe what appears to the human eye. Besides that, the world, our world, could have literally stopped without throwing the universe out of balance. Does not Mr. Ingersoll know that our world has two motions—the one around the sun and the other on its own axis? It might have stopped on its own axis, while at the same time it kept on its path through the heavens. So there was no need of stellar confusion because our world slackened its speed, or entirely stopped in its revolution on its own axis. That is none of the business of Jupiter, or Mars, or Mercury, or Saturn, or the Dipper. Beside that, within the memory of

man there have been worlds that were born and that died. Only this last week astronomers telegraphed, through the Associated Press, to all the world—the astronomers from the city of Washington—that another world had been discovered. Within a comparatively short space of time, astronomers tell us, thirteen worlds have burned down. From their observatory they noticed first that the worlds looked like other worlds, then they became a deep red, showing they were on fire; then they became ashen, showing they were burned down; then they entirely disappeared, showing that even the ashes were scattered. Now, I say, if God can start a world, and swing a world, and destroy a world, He could stop one or two of them without a great deal of exertion, or He could by unusual refraction of the sun's rays, continue the illumination. Mr. Ingersoll goes into great stoff and jeer at that battle which Joshua fought, as though it were an insignificant battle, and was not worthy to have the day prolonged. Why, sirs, what Yorktown was for revolutionary times, and what Gettysburg was in our civil contest, and what Sedan was in the Franco-German war, and what Waterloo was in Napoleonic destiny—that was this battle of Joshua against the five allied armies of Gibeon. It was battle that changed the entire course of history. It was a battle to Joshua as important as though a battle now should occur in which England and the United States and France and Germany and Italy and Turkey and Russia should fight for victory or annihilation. However much any other world, solar, lunar, or stellar, might be hastened in its errand of light, it would be excusable if it lingered in the heavens for a little while and put down its sheaf of beams, and gazed on such an Armageddon.

In the early part of this century, there was what was called the Dark Day. Some of these aged men perhaps may remember it. It is known in history as the "Dark Day." Workmen at noon went to their homes, and courts and legislatures adjourned. No astronomers have ever been able to explain that Dark Day. Now, if God can advance the night earlier than its time, can He not adjourn the night until after its time? I often used to hear my father describe a night—I think he said it was in 1833—when his neighbors aroused him in great alarm. All the heavenly bodies seemed to be in motion. People thought our earth was coming to its destruction. Tens of thousands of stars shooting.

No astronomers have ever been able to explain that star shooting. Now, does not your common-sense teach you that if God could start and stop tens of thousands of worlds or meteors, He could start and stop two worlds? If God can engineer a train of ten thousand worlds or meteors, and stop them without accident or collision, can He not control two carriages of light, and by putting down a golden brake stop the sun, and by putting down a silver brake, stop the moon? A celebrated eye doctor in Boston recently declared that right after an eclipse of the sun, he had an unusual number of cases of diseases of the eye to treat, and he accounted for it by the fact that so many people were, through smoked glass, looking at the sun in eclipse. So it seems that the sun that stood above Gibeon damaged the eyes of Mr. Ingersoll, because he looks at it through a glass smoked with the fire of his own hatred against Christianity and against God. Under this explanation, instead of being sceptical about this sublime passage of the Bible, you will, when you read it, feel more like going down on your knees before God, as you read: "Sun, stand thou still above Gibeon, and thou moon in the valley of Ajalon."

The blasphemer goes on still further, and laughs at the *anointing oil* used in setting apart Aaron to his office, and he jeers at the judgments of God for the misuse of the anointing oil in olden time. Now, my friends, it is very easy to scoff at anything which is used as a symbol. I do not belong to the Order of Masons, nor have I ever seen the ceremony, but when the Order of Masons puts anointing oil on the corner-stone of a new building, no good man would laugh at it. Any man would know that it is a symbol of dedication and consecration; anybody would know that it is a prayer; just as in one case it might be a prayer of the lips, in the other case it is a prayer of the right hand—as much as to say: "Let this be a prosperous building, let this be a consecrated building." It ought not to require that a man be a Mason in order to understand the solemnity of anointing oil on a corner-stone, or it ought not to be necessary for a man to be a Christian in order to understand the solemnity of the anointing oil upon an ancient officer of religion. You might just as well laugh at a wreath, or a coffin, or a garb of grief, or a slab on a sepulchre. They are merely symbols of affection and remembrance. A man might just as well laugh at the water used in holy rite in the church; whether sprinkled from the font, or standing in the baptism, it is simply a farce unless it be a symbol, and if a symbol, then every earnest man, whether Christian or unbeliever, sees it to be beautifully significant. A man's immortal nature must be awfully atwist who can find anything to laugh at either in the water of baptism, or in the anointing oil on the corner-stone of a new building, or in the oil of the ancient sanctuary used in consecration. A man can laugh at anything if he wants to. He might laugh at the screws on his child's coffin.

Again: Mr. Ingersoll finds great cause of caricature in the Bible statement that a whale swallowed Jonah and ejected him upon the dry

ground in three days. If Mr. Ingersoll would go to the museum at Nantucket, Massachusetts, he would find the skeleton of a whale large enough to swallow a man. I said to the janitor, while I was standing in the museum, "Why, it does not seem from the looks of this skeleton that that story in the Book of Jonah is so very improbable, does it?" "Oh, no," he replied "it does not." There is a cavity in the mouth of the common whale large enough for a man to live in. There have been sharks found again and again with an entire human body in them. Beside that, if Mr. Ingersoll and the other scoffers at the Bible would only read this Book of Jonah a little more carefully, they would find that it says nothing about a whale. It says, "The Lord prepared a great fish;" and there are scientists who tell us that there were sea monsters in other days that make the modern whale seem very insignificant. I know in one place in the New Testament it speaks of the whale as appearing in the occurrence I have just mentioned; but the word may just as well be translated "sea monster"—any kind of a sea monster. Procopius says in the year 532 a sea monster was slain which had for fifty years destroyed ships. I suppose this sea monster that took care of Jonah may have been one of the great sea monsters that could have easily taken down a prophet, and he could have lived there three days if he had kept in motion so as to keep the gastric juices from taking hold of him and destroying him—a sea monster large enough to take down Mr. Ingersoll and all his blasphemy, and at the end of three days it would be as sick as the historic whale which regurgitated Jonah! Beside that, my friends, there is one word which explains the whole thing. It says, "The Lord prepared a great fish." If a ship-carpenter prepare a vessel to carry Texan beeves to Glasgow, I suppose it can carry Texan beeves; if a ship-carpenter prepare a vessel to carry coal to one of the northern ports, I suppose it can carry coal; if a ship-carpenter prepare a vessel to carry passengers to Liverpool, I suppose it can carry passengers to Liverpool; and if the Lord prepared a fish to carry one passenger, I suppose it could carry a passenger, and the ventilation have been all right.

Mr. Ingersoll goes still further, and he says the Bible is full of *indecentencies*. He picks up the Bible from his lecture stand, reads a little, and says: "I cannot read it all; it would not be proper for me to read it all," and then he affects to blush. He is overcome with modesty and delicacy! He dares the clergy to read certain passages in the pulpit, and dares parents to read certain passages in the family circle. Now my reply is this: There are parts of the Bible that were not intended either to be read in the pulpit or family circle, just as I can go into any physician's office in Brooklyn or elsewhere and find medical journals on the table, or books in his library, which he never has read to his family, yet good books, pure books, scientific books, without which he would not be worthy the name of physician. They are to be read in private. You must know that there is such a thing as the pathology of disease. You must know that there are parts of the Bible which are the anatomy of in-

iquity, which are descriptions of the lazar house of the soul when it is unrestrained, and from the reading of those portions in private we arise with a healthy disgust and horror for sin. The pathology must come before the pharmacy and the therapeutics. Every physician knows that. Any man who has the least smattering of medicine knows that. The pathology or discussion of disease, before the pharmacy, or the cure of it. From certain portions of the Word of God we go forth as from a dissecting-room, more intelligent than when we went in, but in no wise enamored of putrefaction. There is a Byronic description of sin which allures and destroys, but there is a Bible description of sin which warns and saves. Mr. Ingersoll has no right to denounce the whole Bible because there are portions of it especially appropriate to be read in private, than he has a right to denounce all medical journals and all books of pathological discussion in a physician's library. If he does one, he must do the other, to be consistent.

Mr. Ingersoll also runs his head against the *tables of stone*, and tries to break off one of the ten commandments. He says when the Bible declares we must not make any graven image, it prohibits art, and it killed all art in Palestine. He says that a commandment which is opposed to art cannot be a good commandment; it must be a bad commandment. Now every man of common-sense knows that when the commandment prohibits the making of graven images, it is the making of them for purposes of worship, and that it does not forbid painting and sculpture, which are the regalement of elevated taste.

Let us see—Is the Bible opposed to art? Just look over and find that God sent two sculptors, Bezaleel and Aholiab, to ornament the ancient temple. If God were opposed to art, if the Bible were hostile to sculpture, would Bezaleel and Aholiab have been ordained of high heaven to ornament that ancient building? Is the Bible antagonistic to painting? Go through all the picture galleries of the world, and find that the great subjects of the painters are Bible subjects. Blot out all the Bible subjects from the art galleries of the world, and you blot out the best part of the galleries at Naples, and at Florence, and at Rome, and at Paris, and at Edinburgh, and of all the private picture galleries of the world; and you tear down St. Paul's, and Westminster Abbey, and the cathedrals of Cologne and Milan, and you destroy the Vatican.

Is the Bible opposed to the art of painting, as Mr. Ingersoll over and over again declares? What were the subjects of Raphael's great paintings? The Transfiguration, The Miraculous Draught of Fishes, The Charge to Peter. The Holy Family, The Massacre of the Innocents, Moses at the Burning Bush, The Nativity, Michael, the Archangel, and four or five exquisite Madonnas. Is the Bible opposed to art? What were Tintoretto's great pictures? Fall of Adam, Cain and Abel, The Golden Calf, The Plague of the Fiery Serpents, Paradise, Agony in the Garden, The Temptation, The Adoration of the Magi, The Communication, Baptism, Massacre of the Innocents, The Flight into Egypt, The Crucifixion, The Madonna. What were Titian's great pictures? The Flagellation of Christ, The

Supper at Emmaus, The Death of Abel, the Assumption, The Entombment, Faith, The Madonna. What were Michael Angelo's great pictures? The Annunciation, The Spirits in Prison, At the Feet of Christ, The Infant Christ, The Crucifixion, The Last Judgment. What were Paul Veronese's great pictures? Queen of Sheba, The Marriage in Cana, Magdalen Washing the Feet of Christ, The Holy Family. Who has not heard of Da Vinci's Last Supper? Who has not heard of Turner's Pools of Solomon? Who has not heard of Rubens's Scourging of Jesus Christ? When the janitor pulled aside the covering of that picture, The Scourging of Christ, as I stood looking at it in the cathedral at Antwerp, I looked only a minute, and then I staggered back against the columns exhausted, body, mind, and soul, with emotion. Who has not heard of Claude's Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca? Who has not heard of Dürer's Dragon of the Apocalypse? Who has not heard of Doré on everything from the creation to the last conflagration? The mightiest paintings ever made on Bible subjects, and yet Mr. Ingersoll dares to stand in the presence of an American audience and tell them that the Bible is antagonistic to art. Never a ghastlier or more outrageous misrepresentation since the world stood. The very best painting, the very grandest art, born at the altars of our God.

Mr. Ingersoll goes on in his caricature, and he denounces the Bible because, he says, there is not a word in the Old Testament but is *woman's shame and humiliation*, and then he picks up the Bible and reads a few verses in the New Testament to show that the Bible all the way through is the degradation of woman. Come now, let us see. Come into the picture gallery, the Louvre, the Luxembourg of the Bible, and see which pictures are the more honored. Here is Eve, a perfect woman, as perfect a woman as could be made by a perfect God. Here is Deborah, with her womanly arm hurling a host into the battle. Here is Miriam, leading the Israelitish orchestra on the banks of the Red Sea. Here is womanly Hannah, with her own loving hand replenishing the wardrobe of her son Samuel, the prophet. Here is Abigail, kneeling at the foot of the mountain until the four hundred wrathful men, at the sight of her beauty and prowess halt, halt—a hurricane stopped at the sight of a water lily, a dewdrop dashing back Niagara. Here is Ruth, putting to shame all the modern slang about mothers-in-law as she turns her back on her home and her country and faces wild beasts and exile and death, that she may be with Naomi, her husband's mother. Ruth, the queen of the harvest fields. Ruth, the grandmother of David. Ruth, the ancestress of Jesus Christ. The story of her virtues and her life sacrifice the most beautiful pastoral ever written. Here is Vashti, defying the bacchanal of a thousand drunken lords, and Esther, willing to throw her life away that she may deliver her people. And here is Dorcas, the sunlight of eternal flame gilding her philanthropic needle, and the woman with perfume in a box made from the hills of Alabastron, pouring the holy chrism on the head of Christ, the aroma lingering all down the corridor of the

centuries. Here is Lydia, the merchantess of Tyrian purple immortalized for her Christian behavior. Here is the widow with two mites, more famous than the Peabodys and the Lenoxes and the Girards of all the ages, while here comes in slow of gait and with careful attendants and with especial honor and high favor, leaning on the arm of inspiration, one who is the joy and pride of any home so rarely fortunate as to have one, an old Christian grandmother, Grandmother Lois. Oh, how the Bible hates women! Who has more worshippers to-day than any being that ever lived on earth, except Jesus Christ? Mary. For what purpose did Christ perform His first miracle upon earth? To relieve the embarrassment of a womanly housekeeper at the falling short of a beverage. Why did Christ break up the silence of the tomb, and tear off the shroud and rip up the rocks? It was to stop the bereavement of the two Bethany sisters. For whose comfort was Christ most anxious in the hour of dying excruciation? For a woman, an old woman, a wrinkle-faced woman, a woman who in other days had held Him in her arms, His first friend, His last friend, as it is very apt to be, His mother. All the pathos of the ages compressed into one utterance, "Behold thy mother." Oh, how the Bible hates women!

If the Bible is so antagonistic to woman, how do you account for the difference in woman's condition in China and Central Africa, and her condition in England and America? There is no difference except that which the Bible makes. In lands where there is no Bible, she is hitched like a beast of burden to the ploughs, she carries the hod, she submits to indescribable indignities. She must be kept in a private apartment and if she come forth she must be carefully hooded and religiously veiled as though it were a shame to be a woman. Do you not know that the very first thing the Bible does when it comes into a new country is to strike off the shackles of woman's serfdom? O woman, where are your chains to-day? Hold up both your arms and let us see your handcuffs. Oh, we see the handcuffs; they are bracelets of gold bestowed by husbandly, or fatherly, or brotherly, or sisterly, or loving affection. Unloosen the warm robe from your neck, O woman, and let us see the yoke of your bondage. Oh, I find the yoke is a carcenet of silver, or a string of cornelians, or a cluster of pearls that must gall you very much. How bad you must all have it!

Since you put the Bible on your stand in the sitting-room, has the Bible been to you, O woman, a curse or a blessing? Why is it that a woman when she is troubled will go to her worst enemy, the Bible? Why do you not go for comfort to some of the great infidel books, Spinoza's Ethics or Hume's Natural History of Religion, or Paine's Age of Reason, or Dedro's dramas, or any one of the two hundred and sixty volumes of Voltaire? No, the silly, deluded woman persists in hanging about the Bible verses, "Let not your heart be troubled," "All things work together for good," "Weeping may endure for a night," "I am the resurrection," "Peace, be still." Why do more women read the Bible

than men? Because while the Bible is a good book for a man, it is a better book for a woman, and it has done her more good and more kindness, and brought her more grace. The Bible is a friend of man; it is a better friend to woman.

Just read some of the cruel injunctions this Bible gives in regard to woman. See how the Scriptures maltreat her case. "Honor thy mother," "Husbands, love your wives even as Christ loved the church and gave Himself for it." "Let them"—that is, the male converts—"let them learn first to show piety at home." "She hath done what she could." While showing that this Bible has more kindness for woman than any other book, you have only to look at that wonderful picture, where the bailiffs rushed a woman of debased character into the presence of Christ, demanding her immediate death as by court-martial, and Christ, with flashing eye and quivering lip, drew upon them the sword of His sarcasm, and cut them through from scalp to heel, with the utterance: "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone at her." Ah! you know there is not a person in all the house to-day but knows that the Bible is woman's emancipation, woman's eulogy, woman's joy, woman's heaven, and yet, Mr. Ingersoll stands in the presence of an audience and declares that the Bible is woman's shame, woman's degradation, woman's enemy, and one thousand idiots clap their hands in commendation!

While I must adjourn to other Sabbath mornings much of what I have to say in reply to Mr. Ingersoll, the Champion Blasphemer of America, I want this morning to caution you against putting off making up your mind about this Book. Ever since 1772 there has been great discussion as to who was the author of Junius's Letters, those letters so full of sarcasm and vituperation and power. The whole English nation stirred up with it. More than a hundred volumes written to discuss that question: "Who was Junius?" "Who wrote the letters of Junius?" Well, it is an interesting question to discuss, but still, after all, it makes but little practical difference to you and to me who Junius was, whether Sir Philip Francis, or Lord Chatham, or John Horne Tooke, or Horace Walpole, or Henry Grattan, or any one of the forty-four men who were seriously charged with the authorship. But it is an absorbing question, it is a practical question, it is an overwhelming question to you and to me, the authorship of this Holy Bible—whether the Lord God of heaven and earth, or a pack of dupes, scoundrels, and impostors. We cannot afford to adjourn that question a week or a day or an hour any more than a sea captain can afford to say, "Well, this is a very dark night. I have really lost my bearings; there's a light out there, I don't know whether it's a lighthouse, or a false light on the shore, I don't know what it is; but I'll just go to sleep, and in the morning I'll find out." In the morning the vessel might be on the rocks, and the beach strewn with the white faces of the dead crew. The time for that sea captain to find out about the lighthouse is before he goes to sleep. Oh, my friends, I want you to understand that in our deliberations about this Bible, we are not at

calm anchorage, but we are rapidly coming toward the coast, coming with all the furnaces ablaze, coming at the rate of seventy heart throbs a minute, and I must know whether it is going to be harbor or shipwreck.

I was so glad to read in the papers yesterday morning of the fact that the steamship Edam had come safely into harbor. A week ago yesterday, the Persian Monarch ploughing its way toward the Narrows, a hundred miles out saw signals of distress, bore down upon the vessel, and found it was the steamship Edam. She had lost her propeller. She had two hundred passengers on board. The merciful captain of the Persian Monarch endeavored to bring her in, but the tow-line broke. He fastened it again, but the sea was rough and the tow-line broke again. Then the night came on and the merciful captain of the Persian Monarch "lay to," thinking in the morning he could give rescue to the passengers. The morning came, but during the night the steamship Edam disappeared, and the captain of the Persian Monarch brought his vessel into harbor saying how sad he felt because he could not give complete rescue to that lost ship. I am glad that afterward another vessel saw her and brought her into safety. But when I saw the story of that steamship Edam, drifting, drifting, drifting, I do not know where, but with no rudder, no lighthouse, nor harbor, no help, I

said: "That is a sceptic, that is an infidel, drifting, drifting, drifting, not knowing where he drifts. And then when I thought of the Persian Monarch anchored in harbor, I said, 'That is a Christian, that is a man who does all he can on the way, crossing the sea to help others, coming perhaps through a very rough voyage into the harbor, there safe and safe forever. Would God that there might be some one to-day who would go forth and bring in these souls that are drifting. In this assemblage, how many—a score shall I say, or a hundred, or a thousand?—not quite certain about anything in the Bible, not quite certain about their immortality, not certain about anything. Drifting, drifting, drifting. Oh, how I would like to tow them in. I throw you this cable. Lay hold of that cable of the Gospel. Lay hold of it. I invite you all in. The harbor is wide enough, large enough for all the shipping. Come in, O you wanderers on the deep. Drift no more, drift no more. Come into the harbor. See the glorious lighthouse of the Gospel. 'Peace on earth, good will to men.' Come into the harbor. God grant that it may be said of all you who are now drifting in your unbelief as it might have been said yesterday or the day before of the passengers of the steamship Edam, and as it was said centuries ago of the wrecked corn ship of Alexandria, 'It came to pass that they all escaped safe to land.'

THE MEANNESS OF INFIDELITY.

FOURTH REPLY TO MR. INGERSOLL.

Sermon Delivered Sunday Morning, February 5, 1882.

"When Jehudi had read three or four leaves, he cut it with the penknife."—JEREMIAH 36 : 23.

ON a former occasion I employed this text for a different purpose from that for which I shall employ it this morning. There sits Jehoiakim in the winter house, his feet to the fire which is blazing and crackling on the hearth. His private secretary, Jehudi, is reading to him from a scroll containing God's words to Jeremiah. Jehoiakim is displeased at the message, gets very red in the face, jumps up and snatches the scroll from the hand of his private secretary, takes out his penknife, and cuts and slashes it all to pieces. Jehoiakim was under the impression that if he destroyed the scroll he would destroy the prophecy. Ah! no. Jeremiah immediately takes another scroll and the prophecy is redictated. The fact is that all the penknives ever made at Sheffield and in all the cutleries of the world cannot successfully destroy the Scriptures. We have a Jehoiakim in our day, Mr. Ingersoll, the representative of the infidelity of the hour, who proposes with his penknife to hack the Word of God to pieces. With that penknife he tries to

stab Moses, and to stab Joshua, and to stab all the prophets and apostles, and evangelists, and to stab Christ, and to stab the God of the Bible; but while he is cutting to pieces his own copy of the Bible—for I suppose he has only one copy of this dangerous book in his house, and that carefully guarded and locked up so none of his friends may be poisoned by it—there are innumerable copies of the Bible being distributed. No book, secular or religious, ever multiplied with such speed and into such vastness as the Word of God. Disraeli's "Endymion," Macaulay's "History of England," Shakespeare's tragedies, having very small and limited reading and very small and limited sale and distribution as compared with this Book; which, after for centuries being bombarded by thousands of Ingersolls, to-day has abroad over three hundred millions of copies. Where one Bible dies, ten thousand Bibles are born. Cut away, then, with your infidel penknives.

Mr. Ingersoll proposes—and when I mention

his name I only mention him as the representative of thousands of people; of course we could not spend an hour or five minutes in the discussion of what one man says, but he is the exponent of thousands of people antagonistic to the Scriptures, and therefore I call him by name—Mr. Ingersoll with his knife-blade proposes to cut the Bible to pieces in ridicule. Now, I like fun; no man was ever built with a keener appreciation of it. There is health in laughter instead of harm—physical health, mental health, moral health, spiritual health—provided you laugh at the right thing. The morning is jocund. The Indian with its own mist baptizes the cataract Minnehaha, or laughing water. You have not kept your eyes open, or your ears alert, if you have not seen the sea smile, or heard the forests clap their hands, or the orchards in blossom-week agree with redolence. But there is a laughter which is deathful, there is a laughter which has the rebound of despair. It is not healthy to giggle about God, or chuckle about eternity, or smirk about the things of the immortal soul. You know what caused the accident a few weeks ago on the Hudson River Railroad. It was an intoxicated man who for a joke pulled the string of the air brake and stopped the train at the most dangerous point of the journey. But the lightning train, not knowing there was any impediment in the way, came down crushing out of the mangled victims the immortal souls that went speeding instantly to God and judgment. It was only a joke. He thought it would be such fun to stop the train. He stopped it! And so Mr. Ingersoll is chiefly anxious to stop the long train of the Bible, and the long train of the churches, and the long train of Christian influences, while coming down upon us are death, judgment, and eternity, coming a thousand miles a minute, coming with more force than all the avalanches that ever slipped from the Alps, coming with more strength than all the lightning express trains that ever whistled, or shrieked, or thundered across the continent. Stop! says Mr. Ingersoll, it is only a joke. It is a spectacle which almost splits him with laughter. It is a subject which, though agonizing the nations, throws him into uproars of laughter; and the theme of his funniest lecture, as you see it advertised, is the most stupendous question that was ever asked: "What must I do to be saved?" It is only a joke.

In my reply to the champion of infidelity, I have shown you in other discourses the untruth of infidelity, the blasphemy of it, the unfairness of it, the outrage of it. This morning, I show you, the meanness of it, a subject upon which no one has yet dwelt—the meanness of infidelity.

Mr. Ingersoll in many of his lectures satirizes his early home. He demonstrates the meanness of infidelity by *satirizing his early home*, and leaving the people of this country under the impression that his father at least was a bigot, and a tyrant, and a fool. Now, can you imagine anything meaner than the assailing of a parent's reputation after he is dead and gone? I had a Christian ancestry of elevated type, but suppose my father or mother had been hypocritical and tyrannical, and bigoted, and bad, would it not

have been debasing in me to have hooked up the horses to the ploughshare of contempt, and turned up the mound of their graves? It is a demonstration of the unutterable, the unnatural meanness of infidelity that assails a parent's reputation.

We have two accounts of Mr. Ingersoll's parentage. One is, that he was a minister of the Presbyterian Church, a good man, on one occasion preaching a sermon under which over a hundred souls were converted to God, liberal in fraternization with all other denominations of Christians, indulgent to a fault with his children. But I received during this last week a letter from one of the places of his residence which gives just the opposite account. It says of Mr. Ingersoll's father: "He was abstemious to a fault, and the family suffered accordingly. The children were commanded to eat, drink, and dress sparingly. He never spoke a kind word to his wife, who was a noble Christian woman, neither to his children, within the knowledge of persons now living here who were familiar with the family. At last the mother died. She was cared for by friends in her sickness, and on the day of interment gentle hands carried her form and rested it for a time on the catafalque. Mr. Ingersoll's father, to the astonishment of all present, deliberately removed his cravat and gloves, stepped on the rostrum and delivered a eulogy over the body. He attempted to extol her virtues and panegyrize her conduct. It was the first time he had ever been known publicly to speak well of her." I know not which account is accurate. I prefer the former, because I prefer to think well of any man, living or dead. But that is not the question. It seems to me most mean, most insufferably mean, that a man should assail a parent gone. Far better the conduct of Shem and Japhet, who at their father's inebriation took a mantle and walked backward, and with averted eyes threw it over him to hide the shame. While Mr. Ingersoll leads his audiences to believe that his father was a tyrant and a bigot, why does he not say something about his mother? All the accounts agree in saying she was a grandly good Christian woman. Why does he not tell us the source of her goodness? Where is the Bible she used to read? Is it still in the family? Why does he not extol her Christian graces? Has his father's frigidity made more impression upon him than his mother's tenderness? Where has she gone to? Has she gone to the same place with his dead father? He does not like the Westminster Assembly Catechism, or the Shorter Catechism. Perhaps he will answer a few questions of Talmage's catechism! How did religion seem to agree with her? Did the Christian religion make her cross and sour, and queer, and crabbed, or did it make her kind, and genial, and loving, and patient? Did it give her comfort in the days of trouble? Was she deluded with it to the last? In her dying hour was it a pest or an encouragement? He has left us to believe that his father was a tyrant and a bigot. Why does he not say something about his mother, his Christian mother, his sainted mother, at whose side, I warrant you, he used to kneel and say his evening prayers. Amid all the flowers of

rhetoric can he not twist one garland for her memory?

He is said to be a very brave man. I dare him to do one thing. I dare him to take his mother's Bible, and some Sunday afternoon go into his room, and locking the door, kneel down, and while kneeling read the fourteenth chapter of John. Nothing there about Jonah and the whale; nothing there about the sun and moon stopping. Nothing there about the manner in which Eve was made. Certainly a man so brave that he defies the God of the Universe and scoffs at the army of martyrs, and apostles, and prophets, and bullies perdition—certainly, a man as brave as that ought to be brave enough on a Sabbath afternoon to go into his room and kneel down, if the door is locked, and read the fourteenth chapter of John.

Oh, it is insufferably mean, it is accursedly mean, that a man should throw a cloud of obloquy on his early home when there was at least one parent who loved God, kept His commandments, and lived a grandly beautiful and useful life. I stand at the door of the sepulchre of that Christian mother and I cry out for justice from the infidel lecturer. O ungrateful man, you are nothing to the bosom that nursed you, and the arm that encircled you, and the lips that prayed for you, and the hands that were blistered for you, and the shoulders that stooped to carry your burdens. You do not believe in the Bible, you do not believe in the God of the Bible. Do you believe in your mother? I do not implead you by John Calvin's God, for you say he is a fiend; I do not implead you by John Wesley's God, for you say he is a fanatic; I do not implead you by the God of the Westminster Catechism; I do not implead you by your father's God; but I implead you by your mother's God. By the birth pang that launched you, by the Christian cradle that rocked you, by the solemn hour in which you were held up in the old country meeting house while the minister of religion said: "Robert, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost"—by that God I implead you to reconsider, and turn and live. I hold before you that bombardment of the early home and that maligning of the Christian consecration and devotion—I hold all that before you as specimens of the meanness of infidelity. I know nothing to equal it in all the day. I do not know another man on the American Continent who would do it, who would stoop to do it.

Mr. Ingersoll also demonstrates the meanness of infidelity, by trying to *substitute for the chief consolation of the world absolutely nothing*. You have only to hear him at the edge of the grave, or at the edge of the coffin, discoursing, to find out that there is no comfort in infidelity. There is more good cheer in the hooting of an owl at midnight than in his discourses at the verge of the grave. You might as well ask the spirit of eternal darkness to discourse on the brightness of everlasting day. You know there are millions of people who get their chief consolation from this Holy Book. Now, Mr. Ingersoll proposes to take away that consolation. What do you think of it? What would you

think of a crusade of this sort? Suppose a man should resolve that he would organize a conspiracy to destroy all the medicines from all the apothecaries and from all the hospitals of the earth. The work is done. The medicines are taken and they are thrown into the river, or the lake, or the sea. A patient wakes up at midnight in a paroxysm of distress, and wants an anodyne. "Oh," says the nurse, "the anodynes are all destroyed; we have no drops to give you, but instead of that I'll read you a lecture on the absurdities of morphine, and on the absurdities of all remedies." But the man continues to writhe in pain, and the nurse says: "I'll continue to read you some discourses on anodynes, the cruelties of anodynes, the indecencies of anodynes, the absurdities of anodynes. For your groan, I'll give you a laugh." Here in the hospital is a patient having a gangrened limb amputated. He says, "Oh, for ether. Oh, for chloroform." The doctors say, "Why, they are all destroyed; we don't have any more chloroform, or ether; but I have got something a great deal better. I'll read you a lecture on the mistakes of James G. Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform as an anæsthetic, and upon the mistakes of Doctors Agnew, and Hamilton, and Hosack, and Mott, and Harvey, and Abernethy." "But," says the man, "I must have some anæsthetics." "No," say the doctors, "they are all destroyed, but we have got something a great deal better." "What is that?" "Fun." Fun about medicines. Lie down, all ye patients in Bellevue Hospital and stop your groaning—all ye broken-hearted of all the cities, and quit your crying; we have the catholicon at last! Here is a dose of wit, here is a strengthening plaster of sarcasm, here is a bottle of ribaldry that you are to keep well shaken up and take a spoonful of after each meal, and if that does not cure you, here is a solution of blasphemy in which you may bathe, and here is a tincture of derision. Tickle the skeleton of death with a repartee! Make the King of Terrors cackle! For all the agonies of all the ages, a joke! Millions of people willing with uplifted hand toward heaven to affirm that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is full of consolation for them, and yet Mr. Ingersoll proposes to take it away, giving nothing, absolutely nothing, except fun. Is there any greater height, or depth, or length, or breadth, or immensity of meanness in all God's universe!

Mr. Ingersoll still further demonstrates the meanness of infidelity by trying to substitute for the Bible explanation of the future world a religion of "don't know." Is there a God? Don't know! Is the soul immortal? Don't know! If we should meet each other in the future world will we recognize each other? Don't know! This man proposes to substitute the religion of "don't know" for the religion of "I know." "I know in whom I have believed." "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Infidelity proposes to substitute a religion of awful negatives for our religion of glorious positives showing right before us a world of reunion and ecstasy, and high companionship, and glorious worship, and stupendous victory; the mightiest joy of earth not

high enough to reach to the base of the Himalaya of uplifted splendor awaiting all those who on wing of Christian faith will soar toward it.

Have you heard of the conspiracy to put out all the lighthouses on the coast? Do you know that on a certain night of next month, Eddystone Lighthouse, Bell Rock Lighthouse, Sherryvore Lighthouse, Montauk Lighthouse, Hatteras Lighthouse, New London Lighthouse, Barnegat Lighthouse, and the 640 lighthouses on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts are to be extinguished? "Oh," you say, "what will become of the ships on that night? What will be the fate of the one million sailors following the sea? What will be the doom of the millions of passengers? Who will arise to put down such a conspiracy?" Every man, woman, and child in America, and the world. But that is only a fable. That is what infidelity is trying to do, put out all the lighthouses on the coast of eternity, letting the soul go up the "Narrows" of death with no light, no comfort, no peace—all that coast covered with the blackness of darkness. Instead of the great lighthouse, a glowworm of wit, a firefly of jocosity. Which do you like the better, O voyager for eternity—the firefly or the lighthouse? What a mission infidelity has started on! The extinguishment of lighthouses, the breaking up of lifeboats, the dismissal of all the pilots, the turning of the inscription on your child's grave into a farce and a lie.

Walter Scott's "Old Mortality," chisel in hand, went through the land to cut out into plainer letters the half obliterated inscriptions on the tombstones, and it was a beautiful mission. But Mr. Ingersoll is spending his life, and the men who are like him are spending their lives, with hammer and chisel trying to cut out from the tombstones of your dead all the story of resurrection and heaven. He is the iconoclast of every village graveyard, and of every city cemetery, and of Westminster Abbey. Instead of Christian consolation for the dying, a freezing sneer. Instead of prayer, a grimace. Instead of Paul's triumphant defiance of death, a going out you know not where, to stop you know not when, to do you know not what. That is infidelity.

To show that infidelity can provide no substitute for what it proposes to destroy, I ask you to mention the names of the merciful and the educational institutions which infidelity founded and is supporting, and has supported all the way through; institutions pronounced against God and the Christian religion, and yet pronounced in behalf of suffering humanity. What are the names of them? Certainly not the United States Christian Commission, or the Sanitary Commission; for Christian George H. Stuart was the president of the one, and Christian Henry W. Bellows was the president of the other. Where are the asylums and merciful institutions founded by infidelity, and supported by infidelity, pronounced against God and the Bible, and yet doing work for the alleviation of suffering? Infidelity is so very loud in its braggadocio it must have some to mention. Certainly, if you come to speak of educational institutions it is not Yale, it is not Harvard, it is not Princeton, it is not Middletown, it is not Cambridge or

Oxford, it is not any institution from which a diploma would not be a disgrace. Do you point to the German universities as exceptions? I have to tell you that all the German universities to-day are under positive Christian influences, except the University of Heidelberg, where the ruffianly students cut and maul and mangle and murder each other as a matter of pride instead of infamy. The duello is the chief characteristic of that institution.

There stands Christianity. There stands Infidelity. Compare what they have done. Compare their resources. There is Christianity, a prayer on her lip; a benediction on her brow; both hands full of help for all who want help; the mother of thousands of colleges; the mother of thousands of asylums for the oppressed, the blind, the sick, the lame, the imbecile; the mother of missions for the bringing back of the outcast; the mother of thousands of reformatory institutions for the saving of the lost; the mother of innumerable Sabbath-schools bringing millions of children under a drill to prepare them for respectability and usefulness, to say nothing of the great future. That is Christianity.

Here is Infidelity; no prayer on her lips, no benediction on her brow, both hands clenched—what for? To fight Christianity. That is the entire business. The complete mission of Infidelity to fight Christianity. Where are her schools, her colleges, her asylums of mercy? Let me throw you down a whole ream of foolscap paper that you may fill all of it with the names of her beneficent institutions, the colleges and the asylums, the institutions of mercy and of learning, founded by Infidelity, and supported alone by Infidelity, pronounced against God and the Christian religion and yet in favor of making the world better. "Oh," you say, "a ream of paper is too much for the names of those institutions." Well, then, I throw you a quire of paper. Fill it all up now. I will wait until you get all the names down. "Oh," you say, "that is too much." Well, then, I will just hand you a *sheet* of letter paper. Just fill up the four sides while we are talking of this matter, with the names of the merciful institutions and the educational institutions founded by Infidelity and supported all along by Infidelity, pronounced against God and the Christian religion, yet in favor of humanity. "Oh," you say, "that is too much room; we don't want a whole sheet of paper to write down the names." Perhaps I had better tear out one leaf from my hymn book, and ask you to fill up both sides of it with the names of such institutions. "Oh," you say, "that would be too much room; you wouldn't want so much room as that." Well, then, suppose you count them on your ten fingers. "Oh," you say, "not quite so much as that." Well, then, count them on the fingers of one hand. "Oh," you say, "we don't want quite so much room as that." Suppose, then, you halt and count on one finger the name of any institution founded by Infidelity, supported entirely by Infidelity, pronounced against God and the Christian religion, yet toiling to make the world better. Not one! Not one!

Is Infidelity so poor, so starveling, so mean, so useless? Get out, you miserable pauper of the universe! Crawl into some rat hole of everlasting nothingness. Infidelity standing to-day amid the suffering, groaning, dying nations and yet doing absolutely nothing save trying to impede those who are toiling until they fall exhausted into their graves in trying to make the world better. Gather up all the work, all the merciful work, that Infidelity has ever done, add it all together, and there is not so much nobility in it as in the smallest bead of that sister of charity who last night went up the dark alley of the town, put a jar of jelly for an invalid appetite on a broken stand, and then knelt on the bare floor, praying the mercy of Christ upon the dying soul.

Infidelity scrapes no lint for the wounded, bakes no bread for the hungry, shakes up no pillow for the sick, rouses no comfort for the bereft, gilds no grave for the dead. While Christ, our Christ, our wounded Christ, our risen Christ, the Christ of this old-fashioned Bible—blessed be His glorious name forever!—our Christ stands this morning pointing to the hospital, or to the asylum, saying: "I was sick

and ye gave Me a couch, I was lame and ye gave Me a crutch, I was blind and ye physicianed My eyesight, I was orphaned and ye mothered My soul, I was lost on the mountains and ye brought Me home; inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it to Me."

Oh, what a magnificent array of men and women have been made by the religion of the Bible. I cannot call the roll; it would take me all of this day and to-night, and to-morrow to call the roll. I call the roll only of a part of one company of a regiment of a battalion of an army of magnificent men and women innumerable: John Howard, John Milton, David Brainard, George Whitefield, Martin Luther, Adoniram Judson, Alexander Duff, Henry Martyn, William Wilberforce, Richard Cobden, Bishop McIlvaine, James A. Garfield, George Washington, Victoria the Queen; Hannah More, Charlotte Elizabeth, Harriet Newell, Mrs. Sigourney, Florence Nightingale, Lucretia Mott, and ten thousand other men and women, living and dead, standing in the present and in the past, aflame with the transpicuous glories of the Christian religion!

FIFTH REPLY TO MR. INGERSOLL.

Sermon Delivered Sunday Morning, February 12, 1882.

"Do men gather grapes of thorns?"—MATTHEW 7 : 16.

NOT in this country; not in any country. Thorns stick, thorns bruise, thorns lacerate, but all the thorns put together never yielded one cluster of Catawba or Isabella grapes. Christ, who was the Master of apt and potent illustration, is thus setting forth what you and I well know, that you cannot get that which is pleasant and healthful and good from that which is bad. If you find a sound, large, beautiful cluster of grapes, you know that it was produced by a good grape-vine, and not from a tangle of Canada thistle. Now, if I can show you that this Holy Bible yields good fruit, healthful fruit, grand fruit, splendid fruit, you will come to the conclusion it is a good Bible, and all the arguments of Mr. Ingersoll against it, when he tries to show it is a bad book, will go overboard. "Do men gather grapes of thorns?" Can a bad book produce good results?

Mr. Ingersoll and his coadjutors—for there is no personality in this matter; I only mention one name as a representative of a class—Mr. Ingersoll and his coadjutors, with great vehemence, declare that *the Bible is a cruel book*. They read the story of the extermination of the Canaanites, and of all the ancient wars, and of the history of David and Joshua, and they come to the conclusion that the Bible is in favor of laceration and manslaughter and massacre. Now, a bad book will produce a bad result, a cruel book will produce a cruel result. You have friends who have been in the habit of reading the Bible a great many years. Have you noticed a tendency to cruelty on their part? Have you ever heard any of them come out and practically say, "I have been reading the story about the extermination of the Canaanites, and I am seized upon with a disposition to cut and slash and maul and pinch and murder and knock to pieces everything I can lay my hands on?" Have you friends who, in proportion as they became diligent Bible students and disciples of the Christ of the Bible, have shown a tendency toward massacre and murder and manslaughter? Has that been your observation? What has been the effect upon your children of this cruel book? Or, if you do not allow the book to be read in your household, what has been the effect upon the children of other households where the Word of God is honored? Have they as a result of reading this cruel book gone forth with a cruel spirit to pull the wings off of flies and to pinion grasshoppers and to rob birds' nests? A cruel book ought to

make cruel people; if they diligently read it and get absorbed with its principles, that cause must produce that effect. At what time did you notice that the teachings of this Holy Bible created cruelty in the heart and the life of George Peabody, of Miss Dix, of Florence Nightingale, of John Howard, of John Frederick Oberlin, of Abbot Lawrence? Have you noticed in reading the biography of these people that in proportion as they became friends of the Bible they became enemies to humanity? Have you not, on the contrary, noticed that all the institutions of mercy were established, or being established were chiefly supported by the friends of this book? There is the hospital in war time. There are twenty Christian women. They are binding up wounds, they are offering cordials, they are kneeling down by the dying, praying for their departing spirits. Where does the cruelty crop out? They have been reading the Bible all their lives. They read it every morning; they read it every night; they carry it under their arm when they go into the hospital. Where does the cruelty of the book crop out? Is it in the gentleness of their step? Is it in the cadence of their voice? Is it in the sympathetic prayer they offer at the bedside of the dying? Your common-sense tells you that a cruel book must produce cruel results. When you can make a rose leaf stab like a bayonet, and when you can manufacture icicles out of the south wind, and when you can poison your tongue with honey gotten from blossoming buckwheat, then you can get cruelty out of the Bible. That charge of Mr. Ingersoll and his coadjutors falls flat in the presence of every honest man.

Again: Mr. Ingersoll and his coadjutors go on and most vehemently charge that *this Bible is an impure book*. You all know that an impure book produces impure results. No amount of money could hire you to allow your child to read an unclean book. Now, if this Bible be an impure book, where are the victims? Your father read it—did it make him a bad man? Your mother read it—did it make her a bad woman? Your sister, fifteen years in heaven, died in the faith of this Gospel—did it despoil her nature? Some say there are two million copies of the Bible in existence, some say there are three million copies of the Bible. It is impossible to get the accurate statistic; but suppose there are two million copies of the Bible abroad, this one book read more than any

twenty books that the world ever printed, this book abroad for ages, for centuries—where are the victims? Show me a thousand. Show me five hundred victims of an impure book. Show me a hundred despoiled of the Bible. Show me fifty. Show me ten. Show me two. Show me one. Two hundred million copies of an impure book, and not one victim of the impurity! On the contrary, you know very well that it is where the Bible has the most power that the family institution is most respected. What is the difference between the home in Sodom, in Constantinople, in Pekin, in Madras, and the home in Brooklyn? The only difference is Bible and no Bible. I challenge all earth and hell for one victim. The charge that the Bible is an impure book falls flat in the presence of every honest man.

But Mr. Ingersoll and his coadjutors go on still further, and they say *the Bible is a mass of contradictions*, and they put prophet against prophet, evangelist against evangelist, apostle against apostle, and they say, if this be true, how then can that be true? Mr. Mill, who was a friend of the Bible, said he had discovered thirty thousand different readings of the Scriptures, and yet not one important difference—not one important difference out of thirty thousand—only the difference that you might expect from the fact that the book came down from generation to generation and was copied by a great many hands, and yet I put before you this fact to-day, that all the Bible writers agree in the four great doctrines of the Bible. What are those four great doctrines? God, good, kind, patient, just, loving, omnipotent. Man—a lost sinner. Two destinies—one for believers, the other for unbelievers, all who accept Christ reaching that home, and only those destroyed who destroy themselves; only those who turn their back upon Christ and come to the precipice and jump off, for God never pushes a man off, he jumps off. Now, in these four great doctrines all the Bible writers agree. Mozart, Beethoven, Handel, Hadyn never wrote more harmonious music than you will find in this perfect harmony of the Word of God, the harmony in providence and in grace. You must remember also that the authors of the Bible came from different lands, from different ages, and from different centuries. They had no communication with each other; they did not have an idea as to what was the chief design of the Bible, and yet their writings, gotten up from all these different lands, and from all these different ages, and all these different centuries, coming together make a perfect harmony in the opinion of the very best scholars of this country and of England. Is not that a most remarkable fact? It is as though a cathedral were to be built by a hundred workmen, and they lived in different lands, different ages, different centuries, had no communication with each other, did not know what the one design of the building was to be, all these one hundred workmen doing their own work in their own way, and then all the results of their work brought together, making a complete architectural triumph, although the man who built the pillar never saw the man who made the dome, and the man who

fashioned the doorway never knew anything about the man who fashioned the arch, yet perfect architecture, perfect concord, perfect triumph.

Again: Mr. Ingersoll and his coadjutors vehemently charge that *the Bible is an unscientific book*. In a former discussion I showed you by an array of facts that there was no collision between science and revelation, and I went from point to point in the discussion; but now let us have authority in this matter. You and I cannot give forty, or fifty, or sixty years exclusively to the study of science that some men give. Let us have authority in this matter. Who says there is a collision between science and revelation? Well, Herbert Spencer, Tyndall, Darwin, Ingersoll. They say there is a discord between science and revelation; but I will bring you names of men who have found a perfect accord between science and revelation—men as much higher in intellectual character above those whom I have mentioned as the Alps and Mount Washington and the Himalayas are higher than Ridgewood Water Works—Herschel, Kepler, Leibnitz, Ross, Isaac Newton. My friends, we are in respectable company, when we believe in the Word of God—very respectable. Have you never heard John Mitchell or Dr. Doremus lecture on the harmony between science and revelation? Science is the boy, Revelation is the man. The boy asks a great many questions that remain unanswered. Let him come to manhood, and he will know more than he does now. Let science come out of the infantile period, out of its juvenile condition, it may after a while know almost as much as revelation. In the temple of nature there are two orchestras, the orchestra of revelation and the orchestra of science. The orchestra of revelation has all the musical instruments full strung, and it is ready for the burst of eternal accord. The orchestra of science is only just stringing the instruments. If you will only wait long enough you will find that it is as in the old German cathedrals where they have an organ at one end the building and an organ at the other end the building, both responding to each other and making mighty music. So it will be in the temple of the universe—the orchestra of revelation and the orchestra of science will respond to each other after awhile, and it will be found that the roar of the ocean is only the magnificent base of the temple voices, and that the earth is only the pedals of a great organ of which the heavens are the keyboard.

Now, I might, as Mr. Ingersoll and his coadjutors have failed to prove that the Bible is a cruel book, that the Bible is an impure book, that the Bible is a contradictory book, that the Bible is an unscientific book—I might move a non-suit in this case of Infidelity, the plaintiff, against Christianity, the defendant; but I will not take advantage of the circumstances, for when Mr. Ingersoll and his coadjutors go on to say that we are a gullible people; when he goes on to say, as he often does in his lectures, that the greater the improbability the more we like to believe it; when he goes on to say that the Bible is made up of a lot of manuscripts, one picked up here and another there, and another

from some other place, and that the whole thing is an imposition on the credulity of the human race, I must reply to that charge.

The Bible is made up of the Old Testament and the New Testament. Let us take the New Testament first. Why do I believe it? Why do I take it to my heart? It is because it can be traced back to the divine heart just as easily as that aisle can be traced to that door, and that aisle to that door. Jerome and Eusebius in the first century, and Origen in the second century, and other writers in the third and fourth centuries gave a list of the New Testament writers just exactly corresponding with our own lists, showing that the same New Testament which we have they had in the fourth century, and the third century, and the second century, and the first century. But where did they get the New Testament? They got it from Irenæus. Where did Irenæus get it? He got it from Polycarp. Where did Polycarp get it? He got it from St. John, who was the personal associate of the Lord Jesus Christ. My grandfather gave a book to my father, my father gave it to me, I gave it to my child. Is there any difficulty in tracing that line? Is there any difficulty in finding out the honesty of the book, or my honesty in regard to the book? You would not come into my house, and seeing me take down some picture, or some relic of other days, say to me, after I had told you that that belonged to my grandfather and it came down in the line, and we thought it a very precious work, you would not say, "I don't believe it. I don't believe you got it from your father." I don't believe your father got it from his father." You would not be so unfair as that. That is the way they treat the Bible.

I was looking in my room this morning, in my study, at an old staff that belonged to my father. My brother, a missionary to China, gave that staff to my father. At my father's death it came to me. I shall give it to my son. Will there be any difficulty in tracing that down from generation to generation? It is just as easy to trace this New Testament. On Communion day I will start the chalice at that end of the aisle, and the chalice will pass along to the other end of this aisle. Will it be difficult to trace the line of that holy chalice? No difficulty at all. This one will say, "I gave it to that one," and this one will say, "I gave it to that one." But it will not be so long a line as this to trace the New Testament. It is easier to get at the facts.

But you say, "Although this was handed right down in that way, who knows but they were lying impostors? How can you take their testimony?" They died for the truth of that book. Men never die for a lie cheerfully and triumphantly. They were not lying impostors. They died in triumph for the truth of that New Testament.

"Well," say some, "now I am ready to believe that the New Testament is from the heart of Christ, but how about the Old Testament? Why do you believe that?" I believe the Old Testament because the prophecies foretold events hundreds and thousands of years ahead, events which afterward took place. How far can you

see ahead? Two thousand years? Can you see ahead a hundred years? Can you see ahead five minutes? No, no. Human prophecy amounts to nothing. Here these old prophets stood thousands of years back, and they foretold events which came accurately true far on in the future centuries. Suppose I should stand here this morning and say to you, twenty-five hundred and sixty years from now, three miles and a half from the city of Moscow, there will be an advent, and it will be in a certain family, and it will be amid certain surroundings. It would make no impression upon you, because you know I cannot foresee a thousand years, or one year, or one minute, and I cannot tell what is going to transpire in a land that I have never looked at. But that is what these old prophets did. You must remember that Tyre and Babylon and Nineveh were in full pomp and splendor when these prophecies, these old prophecies, said they would be destroyed. Those cities had architecture that make the houses on Madison Square and Fifth Avenue perfectly insignificant. Yet these old prophets walked right through those magnificent streets, and said: "This has all got to come down; this is all going to be levelled." Suppose a man should stand up in these cities to-day and say: "The East River will overflow and Brooklyn will be destroyed, and the Hudson River will overflow and New York will be destroyed, and then there will be a great earthquake and the two rivers will forsake their beds, and there will be harvests of wheat and corn where these cities now stand, and Fulton Street and Broadway will be pasture for cattle." Such a man would be sent to Bloomingdale Insane Asylum. Yet the old prophets did that very thing. They stood in those old cities in the most magnificent moments of their career, with all the pomp and glory around them, and said: "These cities have got to come down, they will be destroyed; they will become places for the cattle, they will be pasture fields, there will be harvests of corn and wheat all around here." They foretold it, and it came true. Where is Babylon to-day? You go and walk over the ruins of Babylon and you will not find a leaf or a grass blade of those splendid hanging gardens, and in the summer-time the ground actually blisters the feet of the traveller. Babylon destroyed according to the prophecy. Where is Tyre? In the day of its pomp the prophet said: "The fishermen will dry their nets where this city stands." If you should go to that place to-day you would find that literally. The fishermen are drying their nets on the rocks where the city of Tyre once stood, Tartar and Turk and Saracen, never having seen the Bible, fulfilling to-day the prophecy made thousands of years ago—drying their nets on the rocks.

Go up Chatham Street to-morrow and find the fulfilment of a prophecy made thousands of years ago. Why is it the Jew is always distinguishable, whether you see him in New York or Brooklyn, or Madras, or Berlin, or Vienna, or Stockholm, or London, or Paris? The Englishman comes to America, and after a while he loses his nationality. The American goes to England, and after a while he loses his nation-

ality. The Norwegian his, the Russian his, the Italian his, the Spaniard his, the Jew never. Why? Because this book prophesied thousands of years ago that the Jews should be scattered in all lands, and that they should be kept separate—separate until the Lord took them back to Jerusalem. And ye who persecute the Jews had better look out. They are God's people yet, and worse calamities than the assassination of a Czar will come upon Russia if she does not take her foot off of the Jews. They are God's people, and according to the prophecy made thousands of years ago they are distinguishable, they are kept separate until the Lord takes them to their native land. How could those old prophets foretell that? How could they know that thousands of years ago? Was it mere human skill? Could you have seen so far ahead? Could you have predicted anything like it?

Those old prophets stood looking down in the great future, and said a *Messiah would be born*, in a certain nation, in a certain tribe, in a certain family, in a certain place, at a certain time, thousands of years ahead. Ages rolled on, ages on ages, and after a while Christ—the only one who has ever been called Messiah by any great number of people—Christ was born in that very nation predicted, in that very tribe, in that very family, in that very place, at that very time. Could human skill have predicted it? Does not that prove beyond all controversion and beyond all doubt that those prophets were inspired of the Lord Almighty, looking down in the future and seeing thousands of years ahead occurrences to take place, just as plainly as I see your faces this morning?

"Well," says some one, "now I am ready to take the New Testament as from the heart of Christ, and I am ready to believe the prophecies. The evidence is beyond all dispute. But you must remember," says my friend, "that the prophecies are only a small part of the old book; you don't expect us to believe all the old book." If you found one of your good, honest letters in an envelope with ten or twenty obscene, cruel, lying, filthy letters, how long would you allow that honest letter to stay there. In a half minute you would either snatch it out of the envelope, or you would destroy the whole envelope. Now, do you suppose the Lord God would allow their pure prophecies, their prophecies which you admit must have come from the hand of God, from divine inspiration—do you suppose God would allow these pure prophecies to be bound up and put in the same envelope with the Book of Job, and the Book of Psalms, and the Book of Deuteronomy, and the other books, if they were not in good company, if those books were not not good books? If those books were cruel books, if they were impure books, if they were lying books, as is charged, would God allow it? Your common sense says no. If God lets that pure prophecy stay in the same envelope century after century with those other books, those other books must be good—they must be good. Would God let His fair daughter of prophecy be affianced to a brigand of falsehood? Your common-sense says no. Prophecy being pure, the companionship of that book must be good and pure.

Now, these things being true, these things appealing to your common-sense, what are you going to do with the Bible? Will you surrender it? It is asked that you surrender it. You, gentlemen of the jury—for God has impanelled you in this trial between Infidelity, the plaintiff, and Christianity, the defendant—you, gentlemen of the jury, are to render a verdict. Shall this Bible be surrendered? Is it guilty or not guilty?

Besides all this, you must remember that most of the writers of this book were uneducated men. How can you account for the fact that when Thomas Babington Macaulay, standing in the House of Parliament in London, wants to finish off a magnificent sentence he quotes from the fishermen of Galilee? or, sitting in his house, wanting to finish one of his great paragraphs of history, he quotes the words of the fishermen of Galilee? Why is it that those uneducated men have more influence on modern times than all the scholars of antiquity? Because they were divinely inspired, because God stood back of them. They were not educated and scholarly. It was not by force of rhetoric that they triumphed; but to-day those humble fishermen, those uneducated fishermen, wield more influence in all our modern cities than any twenty-five men living in this generation and day. They must have been inspired; there must have been a divine influence behind them, and before them, and above them, and within them.

Beside that, you must remember that this book has been under fire for centuries, and after all the bombardment of the Ingersolls of all the centuries, they have not knocked out of this Bible a piece as large as the small end of a sharp needle. Oh, how the old book sticks together. Unsanctified geologists try to pull away the Book of Genesis. They say they do not believe it; it cannot be there was light before the sun shone; it cannot be, all this story about Adam and Eve, and they pull at the Book of Genesis, and they have been pulling a great while, yet where is the Book of Genesis? Standing just where it stood all the time. There is not a man on earth who has ever erased it from his Bible. Then all the undevout astronomers went to work to pull away the Book of Joshua. They say, "That cannot be true, the sun's halting above Gibeon and the moon over the valley of Ajalon; it cannot be possible; we must pull that Book of Joshua away." And they pull away at it, and they pull away at it, and yet what has become of the Book of Joshua? Like the sun above Gibeon and like the moon over the valley of Ajalon, it stands still. All the undevout anatomists and physiologists get hold of the Book of Jonah, and they pull away and they say, "That story about Jonah and the whale can't be true." Every infidel carries a harpoon especially for that whale, and they pull away at the Book of Jonah, but where is the Book of Jonah to-day? Just where it has been all the time—the grandest thing that was ever written to prove that when God sends a man to Nineveh he cannot get to Tarshish, if God to stop him has to upset the Mediterranean sea with a cyclone. He cannot get to Tarshish. And so the infidels have been

trying to pull away the miracles—pulling away at the blasted fig-tree, at the turning of the water into wine, at the raising of Lazarus from the dead. Can you show me a Bible from which one of these miracles has been erased?

Oh, how marvellously the old book sticks together. All the striking at these chapters only driving them in deeper until they are clinched on the other side with the hammers of eternity. And the book is going to keep right on until the fires of the last day are kindled. Some of them will begin on one side and some on the other side of the old book. They will not find a bundle of loose manuscripts easily consumed like a tinder thrown into the fire. When the fires of the last day are kindled, some will burn on this side, from Genesis toward Revelation, and others will burn on this side, from Revelation toward Genesis, and in all their way they will not find a single chapter or a single verse out of place. That will be the first time we can afford to do without the Bible. What will be the use of the Book of Genesis, descriptive of how the world was made, when the world is destroyed? What will be the use of the prophecies when they are all fulfilled? What will be the use of the evangelistic or Pauline description of Jesus Christ when we see Him face to face? What will be the use of His photograph when we have met Him in glory? What will be the use of the Book of Revelation, standing as you will with your foot on the glassy sea, and your hand on the ringing harp, and your forehead chapleted with eternal coronation, amid the amethystine and twelve-gated glories of heaven? The emerald dashing its green against the beryl, and the beryl dashing its blue against the sapphire, and the sapphire throwing its light on the jacinth, and the jacinth dashing its fire against the chrysoprasus, and you and I standing in the glories of ten thousand sunsets.

But I do not think we will give up the Bible even at that time. I think we will want the

Bible in heaven. I really think the fires of the last day will not consume the last copy, for when you and I get our dead children out of the dust, we want to show them just the passages, just the promises which comforted us in the dark day of interment, and we will want to talk over with Christians who have had trials and struggles, and we will want to show them the promises that especially refreshed and consoled us. I think we shall have the Bible in heaven. Oh, I want to hear David with his own voice read: "The Lord is my Shepherd." I want to hear Paul with his own voice read: "Thanks be unto God that giveth us the victory." I want to hear the archangel play Paul's march of the resurrection with the same trumpet with which he awoke the dead. Oh, blessed book! good enough for earth, good enough for heaven.

Dear old book—book bespattered with the blood of martyrs who died for its defence—book sprinkled all over with the tears of those who by it were comforted. Put it in the hand of your children on their birthday. Put it on the table in the sitting-room when you begin to keep house. Put it under your head when you die. Dear old book! I press it to my heart, I press it to my lips. "Where shall I go?" said a dying Hindoo to the Brahmaic priest to whom he had given money to pay for his salvation. "Where shall I go after I die?" The Brahmaic priest said: "You will first of all go into a holy quadruped." "But," said the dying Hindoo, "where shall I go then?" "Then you shall go into a singing-bird." "But," said the dying Hindoo, "where then shall I go?" "Then," said the Brahmaic priest, "you will go into a beautiful flower." The dying Hindoo threw up his arms in an agony of solicitation as he said: "But where shall I go last of all?" Thank God this Bible tells the Hindoo, tells you, tells me, not where shall I go to-day, not where shall I go to-morrow, not where shall I go next year, but where shall I go last of all!

VICTORY FOR GOD.

SIXTH REPLY TO MR. INGERSOLL.

Sermon Delivered Sunday Morning, February 26, 1882.

"Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that the ploughman shall overtake the reaper."—AMOS 9 : 13.

PICTURE of a tropical clime with a season so prosperous that the harvest reaches clear over to the planting time, and the swarthy husbandman swinging the sickle in the thick grain almost feels the breath of the horses on his shoulders, the horses hitched to the plough preparing for a new crop. "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that the ploughman shall

overtake the reaper." When is that? That is now. That is this day when hardly have you done reaping one harvest than the ploughman is getting ready for another.

I know that Mr. Ingersoll and his coadjutors say in their lectures and in their interviews, and in phraseology charged with all venom and abuse and caricature, that Christianity has col-

lapsed, that the Bible is an obsolete book, that the Christian Church is on the retreat. I shall answer that wholesale charge this morning, in this my last sermon on infidelity, because I must enter into the pentecostal blessing which is coming upon us, and turn your attention to other subjects. But I now here declare what I declare for the first time, what has been the chief motive in the delivery of these discourses against infidelity. It was merely a preparation for what we are now to begin in the way of evangelistic services. I know, as you know, that thorough belief in the Bible as the Word of God is the best influence to waken people up to act in regard to their present and everlasting welfare. Vast multitudes, I believe, during these sermons have been persuaded that the Bible is a commonsensical book, that it is a reasonable book, that it is an authentic book. Men have told me that while they had been accustomed to receive the New Testament they had disbelieved the Old Testament, until by the blessing of God upon this exposition they have come to believe that the Old Testament is just as true as the New Testament, and I have had so many encouragements to go on that I have kept on to this time with these discourses. A man said to me last Saturday night in Cleveland, Ohio, as he tapped me on the shoulder: "I want to tell you that my son who was at college and who was a confirmed infidel, wrote me in a letter which I got this morning, saying that through the arguments you have presented in behalf of the truth of the Bible, he has given up his scepticism and surrendered his heart to God. I thought you would like to hear it." I said, "God bless you, that is the best thing I have heard to-night." And so I believe the people are all going to be persuaded that this is God's word.

An Arab guide was leading a French infidel across a desert, and ever and anon the Arab guide would get down in the sand and pray to the Lord. It disgusted the French infidel, and after a while as the Arab got up from one of his prayers the infidel said: "How do you know there is any God?" and the Arab guide said: "How do I know that a man and a camel passed along our tent last night? I know it by the footprint in the sand. And you want to know how I know whether there is any God. Look at that sunset. Is that the footstep of a man?" And by the same process you and I have come to understand that this is the footstep of a God.

But now let us see whether the Bible is a last year's almanac. Let us see whether the Church of God is in a Bull Run retreat, muskets, canteens, and haversacks strewn all the way. The great English historian, Sharon Turner, a man of vast learning and of great accuracy, not a clergyman, but an attorney, as well as a historian, gives this overwhelming statistic in regard to Christianity and in regard to the number of Christians in the different centuries. In the first century 500,000 Christians; in the second century, 2,000,000 Christians; in the third century, 5,000,000 Christians; in the fourth century, 10,000,000 Christians; in the fifth century, 15,000,000 Christians; in the sixth century, 20,000,000

Christians; in the seventh century, 24,000,000 Christians; in the eighth century, 30,000,000 Christians; in the ninth century, 40,000,000 Christians; in the tenth century, 50,000,000 Christians; in the eleventh century, 70,000,000 Christians; in the twelfth century, 80,000,000 Christians; in the thirteenth century, 75,000,000 Christians; in the fourteenth century, 80,000,000 Christians; in the fifteenth century, 100,000,000 Christians; in the sixteenth century, 125,000,000 Christians; in the seventeenth century, 155,000,000 Christians; in the eighteenth century, 200,000,000 Christians—a decadence, as you observe, in only one century, and more than made up in the following centuries, while it is the usual computation that there will be, when the record of the nineteenth century is made up, at least 300,000,000 Christians. Poor Christianity! what a pity it has no friends. How lonesome it must be. Who will take it out of the poor-house? Poor Christianity! Three hundred millions in one century. In a few weeks of last year 2,500,000 copies of the New Testament distributed. Why, the earth is like an old castle with twenty gates and a park of artillery ready to thunder down every gate. Lay aside all Christendom and see how heathendom is being surrounded and honeycombed and attacked by this all-conquering Gospel. At the beginning of this century there were only 150 missionaries; now there are 25,000 missionaries and native helpers and evangelists. At the beginning of this century there were only 50,000 heathen converts; now there are 1,650,000 converts from heathendom. There is not a sea-coast on the planet but the battery of the Gospel is planted and ready to march on, north, south, east, west. You all know that the chief work of an army is to plant the batteries. It may take many days to plant the batteries, and they may do all the work in ten minutes. These batteries are being planted all along the sea-coasts and in all nations. It may take a good while to plant them, and they may do all their work in one day. They will. Nations are to be born in a day. But just come back to Christendom and recognize the fact that during the last ten years as many people have connected themselves with evangelical churches as connected themselves with the churches in the first fifty years of this century.

So Christianity is falling back, and the Bible, they say, is becoming an obsolete book. I go into a court, and wherever I find a judge's bench or a clerk's desk, I find a Bible. Upon what book could there be uttered the solemnity of an oath? What book is apt to be put in the trunk of the young man as he leaves for city life? The Bible. What shall I find in nine out of every ten homes in Brooklyn? The Bible. In nine out of every ten homes in Christendom? The Bible. Voltaire wrote the prophecy that the Bible in the nineteenth century would become extinct. The century is gone all except eighteen years, and as there have been more Bibles published in the latter part of the century than in the former part of the century, do you think the Bible will become extinct in the next eighteen years. I have to tell you that the room in which Voltaire wrote that prophecy,

not long ago was crowded from floor to ceiling with Bibles from Switzerland. Suppose the Congress of the United States should pass a law that there should be no more Bibles printed in America, and no more Bibles read. If there are thirty million grown people in the United States there would be thirty million people in an army to put down such a law and defend their right to read the Bible. But suppose the Congress of the United States should make a law against the reading or the publication of any other book, how many people would go out in such a crusade? Could you get thirty million people to go out and risk their lives in the defence of Shakespeare's tragedies or Gladstone's tracts, or Macaulay's History of England? You know that there are a thousand men who would die in the defence of this book, where there is not more than one man who would die in defence of any other book. You try to insult my common-sense by telling me the Bible is fading out from the world. It is the most popular book of the century. How do I know it? I know it just as I know in regard to other books. How many volumes of that book are published? Well, you say, five thousand. How many copies of that book are published? A hundred thousand. Which is the more popular? Why of course the one that has a hundred thousand circulation. And if this book has more copies abroad in the world, if there are five times as many Bibles abroad as any other book, does not that show you that the most popular book on the planet to-day is the Word of God?

"Oh," say people, "the church is a collection of hypocrites, and it is losing its power and it is fading out from the world. Is it? A bishop of the Methodist Church told me that that denomination averages a new church every day of the year. In other words, they build three hundred and sixty-five churches in that denomination in a year, and there are at least one thousand new Christian churches built in America every year. Does that look as though the church were fading out, as though it were a defunct institution? Which institution stands nearest the hearts of the people of America to-day? I do not care in what village or in what city, or what neighborhood you go. Which institution is it? Is it the post-office? Is it the hotel? Is it the lecturing hall? Ah, you know it is not. You know that the institution which stands nearest to the hearts of the American people is the Christian church. If you have ever seen a church burn down, you have seen thousands of people standing and looking at it—people who never go into a church—the tears raining down their cheeks. The whole story is told.

You may talk about the church being a collection of hypocrites, but when the diphtheria sweeps your children off, whom do you send for? The postmaster? the attorney-general? the hotel keeper? alderman? No, you send for a minister of this Bible religion. And if you have not a room in your house for the obsequies, what building do you solicit? Do you say: "Give me the finest room in the hotel?" Do you say: "Give me that theatre?" Do you say: "Give me a place in that public building

where I can lay my dead for a little while until we say a prayer over it?" No; you say: "Give us the house of God." And if there is a song to be sung at the obsequies what do you want? What does anybody want? The Marseillaise Hymn? God Save the Queen? Our own grand national air? No. They want the hymn with which they sang their old Christian mother into her last sleep, or they want sung the Sabbath-school hymn which their little girl sang the last Sabbath afternoon she was out before she got that awful sickness which broke your heart. I appeal to your common-sense. You know the most endearing institution on earth, the most popular institution on earth to-day, is the church of the Lord Jesus Christ. A man is a fool that does not recognize it.

The infidels say: "There is great liberty now for infidels; we never had such freedom of platform; infidelity shows its power from the fact that it is everywhere accepted, and it can say what it will." Why, my friends, infidelity is not half so blatant in our day as it was in the days of our fathers. Do you know that in the days of our fathers there were pronounced infidels in public authority and they could get any political position? Let a man to-day declare himself antagonistic to the Christian religion, and what city wants him for mayor, what State wants him for governor, what nation wants him for president or for king? Let a man openly proclaim himself the enemy of our glorious Christianity, and he cannot get a majority of votes in any State, in any city, in any country, in any ward of America.

Mr. Ingersoll, years ago, riding in a rail-car in Illinois, said: "What has Christianity ever done?" An old Christian woman said: "It has done one thing, anyhow; it has kept Mr. Ingersoll from being Governor of Illinois!" As I stood in the side room of the opera house at Peoria, Illinois, a prominent gentleman of that city said: "I can tell you the secret of that tremendous bitterness against Christianity." Said I: "What was it?" "Why," said he, "in this very house there was a great convention to nominate a governor, and there were three or four candidates. At the same time, there was in a church in this city a Sabbath-school convention, and it happened that one of the men who was in the Sabbath-school convention was also a member of the political convention. In the political convention, the name highest on the roll at that time and about to be nominated was the name of the great champion infidel. There was an adjournment between ballots, and in the afternoon, when the nominations were being made, a plain farmer got up and said: "Mr. Chairman, that nomination must not be made; the Sunday-schools of Illinois will defeat him." That ended all prospect of his nomination. The Christian religion mightier to-day than it ever was.

Do you think that such a scene could be enacted now as was enacted in the days of Robespierre, when a shameless woman was elevated to a goddess, and was carried in a golden chair to a cathedral where incense was burned to her and people bowed down before her as a divine being, she taking the place of the

Bible and God Almighty, while in the corridors of that cathedral were enacted such scenes of drunkenness and debauchery and obscenity as have never been witnessed. Do you believe such a thing could possibly occur in Christendom to-day? No, sir. The police, whether of Paris or New York, would swoop on it. I know infidelity makes a good deal of talk in our day. One infidel can make great excitement, but I will tell you on what principle it is. It is on the principle that if a man jump overboard from a Cunard steamer he makes more excitement than all the five hundred people that stay on the decks. But the fact that he jumps overboard—does that stop the ship? Does that wreck the five hundred passengers? It makes great excitement when a man jumps from the lecturing platform, or from the pulpit, into infidelity; but does that keep the Bible and the Church from carrying their millions of passengers into the skies?

They say, these men, that science is overcoming religion in our day. They look through the spectacles of the infidel scientists, and they say, "It is impossible that this book be true; people are finding it out; the Bible has got to go overboard; science is going to throw it overboard." Do you believe that the Bible account of the origin of life will be overthrown by infidel scientists who have fifty different theories about the origin of life? If they should come up in solid phalanx, all agreeing on one sentiment and one theory, perhaps Christianity might be damaged; but there are not so many differences of opinion inside the church as outside the church. People used to say, "there are so many different denominations of Christians—that shows there is nothing in religion." I have to tell you that all denominations agree on the two or three or four radical doctrines of the Christian religion. They are unanimous in regard to Jesus Christ, and they are unanimous in regard to the divinity of the Scriptures. How is it on the other side? All split up, you cannot find two of them alike. Oh, it makes me sick to see these literary fops going along with a copy of Darwin under one arm and a case of transfixed grasshoppers and butterflies under the other arm, telling about the "survival of the fittest," and Huxley's protoplasm, and the nebular hypothesis. The fact is, that some naturalists just as soon as they find out the difference between the feelers of a wasp and the horns of a beetle, they begin to patronize the Almighty; while Agassiz, glorious Agassiz, who never made any pretension to being a Christian, puts both his feet on the doctrine of evolution, and says: "I see that many of the naturalists of our day are adopting facts which do not bear observation, or have not passed under observation." These men warring with each other—Darwin warring against Lamarch, Wallace warring against Cope, even Herschel denouncing Ferguson. They do not agree about anything. They do not agree on embryology, do not agree on the gradation of the species. What do they agree on? Herschel writes a whole chapter on the errors of astronomy. La Place declares that the moon was not put in the right place. He says if it had been put four times further from the earth than it is now,

there would be more harmony in the universe; but Lionville comes up just in time to prove that the moon was put in the right place. How many colors woven into the light? Seven, says Isaac Newton. Three, says David Brewster. How high is the Aurora Borealis? Two and a half miles, says Lias. One hundred and sixty-eight miles, says Twining. How far is the sun from the earth. Seventy-six million miles, says Lacalle. Eighty-two millions miles, says Humboldt. Ninety million miles, says Henderson. One hundred and four million miles, says Mayer. Only a little difference of twenty-eight million miles! All split up among themselves—not agreeing on anything. They come and say that the churches of Jesus Christ are divided on the great doctrines. All united they are, in Jesus Christ, in the divinity of the Scriptures; while they come up and propose to render their verdict, and no two of them agree on that verdict. "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed on a verdict?" asks the court or the clerk of the jury as they come in after having spent the whole night in deliberating. If the jury say "Yes, we have agreed," the verdict is recorded; but suppose one of the jurymen says, "I think the man was guilty of murder," and another says, "I think he was guilty of manslaughter in the second degree," and another man says, "I think he was guilty of assault and battery with intent to kill," the judge would say, "Go back to your room and bring in a verdict; agree on something; that is no verdict."

Here these infidel scientists have empanelled themselves as a jury to decide this trial between Infidelity, the plaintiff, and Christianity, the defendant, and after being out for centuries they come in to render their verdict. Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed on a verdict? No, no. Then go back for another five hundred years and deliberate and agree on something. There is not a poor miserable wretch in the Tombs court to-morrow that could be condemned by a jury that did not agree on the verdict, and yet you expect us to give up our glorious Christianity to please these men who cannot agree on anything.

Ah! my friends, the church of Jesus Christ instead of falling back is on the advance. I am certain it is on the advance. I see the glittering of swords, I hear the tramping of the troops, I hear the thunderings of parks of artillery. O my God and Saviour, I thank Thee that I have been permitted to see this day—this day of Thy triumph, this day of the confusion of Thine enemies. O Lord God, take Thy sword from Thy thigh and ride forth to the victory.

I am mightily encouraged because I find among other things that while this Christianity has been bombarded for centuries, infidelity has not destroyed one church, or crippled one minister, or uprooted one verse of one chapter of all the Bible. If that has been their magnificent record for the centuries that are past, what may we expect for the future? The church all the time getting the victory, and their shot and shell all gone. I have been examining their ammunition lately, I have looked all through their cartridge-boxes. They have not in the last

twenty years advanced one new idea. They have utterly exhausted their ammunition in the battle against the church and against the Scriptures, while the sword of the Lord Almighty is as keen as it ever was. We are just getting our troops into line; they are coming up in companies and in regiments and in battalions, and you will hear a shout after a while that will make the earth quake and the heavens ring with Alleluia. It will be this: "Forward, the whole line."

And then I find another most encouraging thought in the fact that the secular printing-press and the pulpit seem harnessed in the same team for the proclamation of the Gospel. Every Wall Street banker to-morrow in New York, every State Street banker to-morrow in Boston, every Third Street banker to-morrow in Philadelphia, every banker in the United States, and every merchant will have in his pocket a treatise on Christianity, a call to repentance, ten, twenty, or thirty passages of Scripture in the reports of sermons preached throughout these cities and throughout the land to-day. It will be so in Chicago, so in New Orleans, so in Charleston, so in Boston, so in Philadelphia, so everywhere. I know the tract societies are doing a grand and glorious work, but I tell you there is no power on earth to-day equal to the fact that the American printing-press is taking up the sermons which are preached to a few hundred or a few thousand people, on Monday morning and Monday evening, in the morning and evening papers, scattering that truth to the millions. What a thought it is! What an encouragement for every Christian man.

Beside that, have you noticed that during the past few years every one of the doctrines of the Bible came under discussion in the secular press? Do you not remember a few years ago—I think not more than six or seven years ago—when every paper in the United States had an editorial on the subject: "Is there such a thing as future punishment?" It was the strangest thing that there should be a discussion in the secular papers on that subject, but every paper in the United States and in Christendom discussed: "Is there such a thing as retribution?" I know there were small wits who made sport of the discussion, but there was not an intelligent man on earth who as the result of that discussion did not ask himself the question: "What is going to be my eternal destiny?" So it was in regard to Tyndall's prayer gauge. Some seven or nine years ago you remember the secular papers discussed that, and with just as much earnestness as the religious papers, and there was not a man in Christendom who did not ask himself the question: "Is there anything in prayer? May the creature impress the Creator?" Oh, what a mighty fact, what a glorious fact, the secular printing-press and the pulpit of the Church of Jesus Christ harnessed in the same team.

Then look at the International Series of Sunday-school lessons. Do you know that this afternoon, I suppose between three and five o'clock, there will be five million children studying the same lesson, a lesson prepared by

the leading minds of the country, and printed in the papers, and then these subjects are discussed and given over to the teachers, who give them over to the children; so whereas once—and within our memory—the children nibbled here and there at a story of the Bible, now they are taken through from Genesis to Revelation, and we shall have five million children forestalled for Christianity. My soul is full of exultation. I feel as if I could shout—I will shout, "Alleluia, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

Then you notice a more significant fact still further—you have noticed if you have talked with people on the subject, that they are getting dissatisfied with philosophy and science as a matter of comfort. They say it does not amount to anything when you have a dead child in the house. They tell you when they were sick and the door of the future seemed opening, the only comfort they could find was in the Gospel. People are having demonstrated all over the land that science and philosophy cannot solace the trouble and woes of the world, and they want some other religion, and they are taking Christianity, the only sympathetic religion that ever came into the world. You just take your scientific consolation into that room where a mother has lost her child. Try in that case your splendid doctrine of the "survival of the fittest." Tell her that child died because it was not worth as much as the other children. That is your "survival of the fittest." Go to that dying man and tell him to pluck up courage for the future. Use your transcendental phraseology upon him. Tell him he ought to be confident in "the great to be," and the "everlasting now," and the "eternal what-is-it." Just try your transcendentalism and your philosophy and your science on him. Go to that widowed soul, and tell her it was a geological necessity that her companion should be taken away from her, just as in the course of the world's history the megatherium had to pass out of existence; and then you go on in your scientific consolation until you get to the sublime fact that fifty million years from now we ourselves may be scientific specimens on a geological shelf, petrified specimens of an extinct human race. And after you have got all through with your consolation, if the poor afflicted soul is not crazed by it, I will send forth from this church the plainest Christian we have, and with one half hour of prayer and reading of Scripture promises, the tears will be wiped away, and the house from floor to cupola will be flooded with the calmness of an Indian summer sunset. There is where I see the triumph of Christianity. People are dissatisfied with everything else. They want God. They want Jesus Christ.

Talk about the exact sciences, there is only one exact science. It is not mathematics. Taylor's logarithms have many imperfections. The French metric system has many imperfections. The only exact science is Christianity—the only thing under which you can appropriately write: "*Quod erat demonstrandum.*" You tell me that two and two make four. I do not dispute it, but it is not so plain that two and two

make four as that the Lord God Almighty made this world and for man, the sinner, He sent His only begotten Son to die.

In this trial that has been going on between Infidelity and Christianity, we have only called one witness, and that was Robert G. Ingersoll. He testified in behalf of Infidelity. We have put one witness on the stand. We have shown that his testimony was not worthy of being received. We showed it was founded on ignorance geological, ignorance chemical, ignorance astronomical, ignorance geographical, and if he would misrepresent in one case he would misrepresent in all cases. We had one witness on the stand. I put the others on the stand this morning. I put on the church on earth and all the church in heaven. Not fifty, not a thousand, not a million, but all of the church on earth and all the redeemed in heaven. Whose testimony is worth the most?

You tell me James A. Garfield was inaugurated President of the United States on the fourth of March last. How do I know it? You tell me there were twenty thousand persons who distinctly heard his inaugural address. I deny both. I deny that he was inaugurated. I deny that his inaugural address was delivered. You ask why? I did not see it, I did not hear it. But you say that there were twenty thousand persons who did see and hear him. I say I cannot take it anyhow; I did not see and hear him. Whose testimony will you take? You will not take my testimony. You say, "You know nothing about it, you were not there; let us have the testimony of the twenty thousand persons who stood before the capitol and heard that magnificent inaugural." Why, of course, that is as your common-sense dictates.

Now, here are some men who say they have never seen Christ crowned in the heart and they do not believe it is ever done. There is a group of men who say they have never heard the voice of Christ, they have never heard the voice of God. They do not believe it ever transpired, or was ever heard—that anything like it ever occurred. I point to twenty, a hundred thousand or a million people who say: "Christ was crowned in our heart's affections, we have seen Him and felt Him in our soul, and we have heard His voice; we have heard it in storm and darkness; we have heard it again and again. Whose testimony will you take? These men, the Ingersolls of earth, who say they have not heard the voice of Christ, have not seen the coronation; or will you take the thousands and tens of thousands of Christians who testify of what they saw with their own eyes and heard with their own ears?

Father Pierson, after fifty years' experience of the power of godliness in his soul, put his testimony against Robert G. Ingersoll's. Ask this man whether, when he buried his dead, the religion of Jesus Christ was not a consolation. Ask him if through the long years of his pilgrimage the Lord ever forsook him. Ask him when he looks forward to the future, if he has

not a peace and a joy and a consolation the world cannot take away. Put his testimony of what he has seen and what he has felt opposite to the testimony of a man who says he has not seen anything on the subject or felt anything on the subject—confesses he has not tried it. Will you take the testimony of people who have not seen, or people who have seen?

You say morphia puts one to sleep. You say in time of sickness it is very useful. I deny it. Morphia never puts anybody to sleep, it never alleviates pain. You ask why I say that. I have never tried it, I never took it. I deny that morphia is any soothing to the nerves, or any quiet in times of sickness. I deny that morphia ever put anybody to sleep; but here are twenty persons who say they have all felt the soothing effects of a physician's prescribing morphine. Whose testimony will you take? Those who took the medicine, or my testimony, I never having taken the medicine. Here is the Gospel of Jesus Christ, an anodyne for all trouble, the mightiest medicine that ever came down to earth. Here is a man who says: "I don't believe in it; there is no power in it." Here are other people who say, "We have found out its power, and know its soothing influence; it has cured us." Whose testimony will you take in regard to this healing medicine?

I feel that I have convinced every man in this house that it is utter folly to take the testimony of those who have never tried the Gospel of Jesus Christ in their own heart and life. We have tens of thousands of witnesses. I believe you are ready to take their testimony.

Young man, do not be ashamed to be a friend of the Bible. Do not put your thumb in your vest, as young men sometimes do, and swagger about, talking of the glorious light of the nineteenth century, and of there being no need of a Bible. They have the light of nature in India and China and in all the dark places of the earth. Did you ever hear that the light of nature gave them comfort for their trouble? They have lancets to cut and juggernauts to crush, but no comfort. Ah! my friends, you had better stop your scepticism. Suppose you are put in this crisis. O father! Your child is dying. What are you going to say to her?

Colonel Ethan Allen was a famous infidel in his day. His wife was a very consecrated woman. The mother instructed the daughter in the truths of Christianity. The daughter sickened and was about to die, and she said to her father: "Father, shall I take your instruction? or shall I take mother's instruction? I am going to die now; I must have this matter decided." That man, who had been loud in his infidelity, said to his dying daughter: "My dear, you had better take your mother's religion." My advice is the same to you, O young man, you had better take your mother's religion. You know how it comforted her. You know what she said to you when she was dying. You had better take your mother's religion.

THE SPIDER IN PALACES.

A Sermon on the Insignificant.

"The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces."—PROV. 30. 28.

WE are all watching for phenomena. A sky full of stars shining from January to January calls out not so many remarks as the blazing of one meteor. A whole flock of robins take not so much of our attention as one blundering bat darting into the window on a summer-eve. Things of ordinary sound, and sight, and occurrence, fail to reach us, and yet no grasshopper ever springs up in our path, no moth ever dashes into the evening candle, no mote ever floats in the sunbeam that pours through the crack of the window shutter, no barnacle on ships' hull, no bur on a chestnut, no limpet clinging to a rock, no rind of an artichoke but would teach us a lesson if we were not so stupid. God in His Bible sets forth for our consideration the lily, and the snowflake, and the locust, and the stork's nest, and the hind's foot, and the aurora borealis, and the ant hills. One of the sacred writers, sitting amid the mountains, sees a hind skipping over the rocks. The hind has such a peculiarly shaped foot that it can go over the steepest places without falling, and as the prophet looks upon that marking of the hind's foot on the rocks, and thinks of the Divine care over him, he says: "Thou makest my feet like hinds' feet, that I may walk on high places." And another sacred writer sees the ostrich leaving its egg in the sand of the desert, and without any care of incubation, walk off; and the Scripture says, that is like some parents, leaving their children without any wing of protection or care. In my text inspiration opens before us the gate of a palace, and we are inducted amid the pomp of the throne and the courtier, and while we are looking around upon the magnificence, inspiration points us to a spider plying its shuttle and weaving its net on the wall. It does not call us to regard the grand surroundings of the palace, but to a solemn and earnest consideration of the fact that: "The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces."

It is not very certain what was the particular species of insect spoken of in the text, but I shall proceed to learn from it *the exquisiteness of the Divine mechanism*. The king's chamberlain comes into the palace, and looks around and sees the spider on the wall, and says: "Away with that intruder," and the servant of Solomon's palace comes with his broom and dashes down the insect, saying: "What a loathsome thing it is." But under microscopic inspection I find it more wondrous of construction than

the embroideries on the palace wall, and the upholstery about the windows. All the machinery of the earth could not make anything so delicate and beautiful as the prehensile with which that spider clutches its prey, or as any of its eight eyes. We do not have to go so far up to see the power of God in the tapestry hanging around the windows of heaven, or in the horses and chariots of fire with which the dying day departs, or to look at the mountain swinging out its sword-arm from under the mantle of darkness until it can strike with its scimeter of the lightning. I love better to study God in the shape of a fly's wing, in the formation of a fish's scale, in the snowy whiteness of a pond lily. I love to track His footsteps in the mountain mass, and to hear His voice in the hum of the rye fields, and discover the rustle of His robe of light in the south wind. Oh, this wonder of Divine power that can build a habitation for God in an apple blossom, and tune a bee's voice until it is fit for the eternal orchestra, and can say to a firefly: "Let there be light;" and from holding an ocean in the hollow of His hand goes forth to find heights, and depths, and length, and breadth of omnipotency in a dewdrop, and dismounts from the chariot of midnight hurricane to cross over on the suspension bridge of a spider's web. You may take your telescope and sweep it across the heavens in order to behold the glory of God; but I shall take the leaf holding the spider, and the spider's web, and I shall bring the microscope to my eye, and while I gaze, and look, and study, and am confounded, I will kneel down in the grass and cry: "Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty!"

Again, my text teaches me that *insignificance is no excuse for inaction*. This spider that Solomon saw on the wall might have said: "I can't weave a web worthy of this great palace; what can I do amid all this gold and embroidery? I am not able to make anything fit for so grand a place, and so I will not work my spinning-jenny." Not so said the spider. "The spider taketh hold with her hands." Oh, what a lesson that is for you and me! You say if you had some great sermon to preach, if you only had a great audience to talk to, if you had a great army to marshal, if you only had a constitution to write, if there was some tremendous thing in the world for you to do—then you would show us. Yes, you would show us! What if the Levite in the ancient temple had refused to

snuff the candle because he could not be a high priest? What if the humming-bird should refuse to sing its song into the ear of the honey-suckle because it cannot, like the eagle, dash its wing into the sun? What if the rain-drop should refuse to descend because it is not a Niagara? What if the spider of the text should refuse to move its shuttle because it cannot weave a Solomon's robe? Away with such folly. If you are lazy with the one talent, you would be lazy with the ten talents. If Milo cannot lift the calf he never will have strength to lift the ox. In the Lord's army there is order for promotion; but you cannot be a general until you have been a captain, a lieutenant, and a colonel. It is step by step, it is inch by inch, it is stroke by stroke that our Christian character is builded. Therefore be content to do what God commands you to do. God is not ashamed to do small things. He is not ashamed to be found chiselling a grain of sand, or helping a honey bee to construct its cell with mathematical accuracy, or tinging a shell in the surf, or shaping the bill of a chaffinch. What God does, He does well. What you do, do well, be it a great work or a small work. If ten talents, employ all the ten. If five talents, employ all the five. If one talent, employ the one. If only the thousandth part of a talent, employ that. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life." I tell you if you are not faithful to God in a small sphere, you would be indolent and insignificant in a large sphere.

Again, my text teaches me that *repulsiveness and loathsomeness will sometimes climb up into very elevated places*. You would have tried to have killed the spider that Solomon saw. You would have said: "This is no place for it. If that spider is determined to weave a web, let it do so down in the cellar of this palace, or in some dark dungeon." Ah! the spider of the text could not be discouraged. It clambered on, and climbed up, higher, and higher, and higher, until after awhile it reached the king's vision, and he said: "The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces." And so it often is now that things that are loathsome and repulsive get up into very elevated places.

The Church of Christ, for instance, is a palace. The King of heaven and earth lives in it. According to the Bible, her beams are of cedar, and her rafters of fir, and her windows of agate, and the fountains of salvation dash a rain of light. It is a glorious palace—the Church of God is; and yet, sometimes, unseemly and loathsome things creep up into it—evil-speaking, and rancor, and slander, and backbiting, and abuse, crawling up on the walls of the Church, spinning a web from arch to arch, and from the top of one communion tankard to the top of another communion tankard. Glorious palace in which there ought only to be light, and love, and pardon, and grace; yet a spider in the palace!

Home ought to be a castle. It ought to be the residence of everything royal. Kindness, love, peace, patience, and forbearance ought to be the princes residing there; and yet sometimes dissipation crawls up into that home, and the jealous eye comes up, and the scene of peace and plenty

becomes the scene of domestic jargon and dissipation. You say: "What is the matter with the home?" I will tell you what is the matter with it. A spider in the palace.

A well-developed *Christian character* is a grand thing to look at. You see some man with great intellectual and spiritual proportions. You say: "How useful that man must be!" But you find, amid all his splendor of faculties, there is some prejudice, some whim, some evil habit, that a great many people do not notice, but that you have happened to notice, and it is gradually spoiling that man's character—it is gradually going to injure his entire influence. Others may not see it, but you are anxious in regard to his welfare, and now you discover it. A dead fly in the ointment. A spider in the palace.

Again, my text teaches me that *perseverance will mount into the king's palace*. It must have seemed a long distance for that spider to climb in Solomon's splendid residence, but it started at the very foot of the wall and went up over the panels of Lebanon cedar, higher and higher, until it stood higher than the highest throne in all the nations—the throne of Solomon. And so God has decreed it that many of those who are down in the dust of sin and dishonor shall gradually attain to the King's palace. We see it in worldly things. Who is that banker in Philadelphia? Why, he used to be the boy that held the horses of Stephen Girard while the millionaire went in to collect his dividends. Arkwright toils on up from a barber's shop until he gets into the palace of invention. Sextus V. toils on up from the office of a swineherd until he gets into the palace of Rome. Fletcher toils on up from the most insignificant family position until he gets into the palace of Christian eloquence. Hogarth, engraving pewter pots for a living, toils on up until he reaches the palace of world-renowned art. And God hath decided that, though you may be weak of arm, and slow of tongue, and be struck through with a great many mental and moral deficits, by His almighty grace you shall yet arrive in the King's palace—not such an one as is spoken of in the text—not one of marble—not one adorned with pillars of alabaster and thrones of ivory, and flagons of burnished gold—but a palace in which God is the King and the angels of heaven are the cup-bearers. The spider crawling up the wall of Solomon's palace was not worth looking after or considering, as compared with the fact that we, who are worms of the dust, may at last ascend into the palace of the King Immortal. By the grace of God may we all reach it. Oh, heaven is not a dull place. It is not a worn-out mansion with faded curtains, and outlandish chairs, and cracked ware. No; it is as fresh, and fair, and beautiful as though it were completed but yesterday. The kings of the earth shall bring their honor and glory into it.

A palace means splendor of apartments. Now, I do not know where heaven is, and I do not know how it looks, but, if our bodies are to be resurrected in the last day, I think heaven must have a material splendor as well as a spiritual grandeur. Oh, what grandeur of apartments when that Divine hand which plunges the sea

into blue, and the foliage into green, and sets the sunset on fire, shall gather all the beautiful colors of earth around His throne, and when that arm which lifted the pillars of Alpine rock, and bent the arch of the sky, shall raise before our soul the eternal architecture, and that hand which hung with loops of fire the curtains of morning shall prepare the upholstery of our kingly residence!

A *palace also means splendor of associations.* The poor man, the outcast, cannot get into the Tuileries, or Windsor Castle. The sentinel of the king or the queen stands there and cries "Halt!" as he tries to enter. But in that palace, we may all become residents, and we shall all be princes and kings. We may have been beggars, we may have been outcasts, we may have been wandering and lost as we all have been, but there we shall take our regal power. What companionship in heaven! To walk side by side with John, and James, and Peter, and Paul, and Moses, and Joshua, and Caleb, and Ezekiel, and Jeremiah, and Micah, and Zachariah, and Wilberforce, and Oliver Cromwell, and Philip Doddridge, and Edward Payson, and John Milton, and Elizabeth Fry, and Hannah More, and Charlotte Elizabeth, and all the other kings and queens of heaven. O my soul, what a companionship.

A *palace means splendor of banquet.* There will be no common ware on that table. There will be no unskilled musicians at that entertainment. There will be no scanty supply of fruit or beverage. There have been banquets spread that cost a million of dollars each; but who can tell the untold wealth of that banquet? I do not know whether John's description of it is literal or figurative. A great many wise people

tell me it is figurative; but prove it. I do not know but that it may be literal. I do not know but that there may be real fruits plucked from the tree of life. I do not know but that Christ referred to the real juice of the grape when He said that we should drink new wine in our Father's kingdom, but not the intoxicating stuff of this world's brewing. I do not say it is so; but I have as much right for thinking it is so as you have for thinking the other way. At any rate, it will be a glorious banquet. Hark! the chariots rumbling in the distance. I really believe the guests are coming now. The gates swing open, the guests dismount, the palace is filling, and all the chalices flashing with pearl and amethyst, and carbuncle are lifted to the lip of the myriad banquetters, while standing in robes of snowy white they drink to the honor of our glorious King! "Oh," you say: "that is too grand a place for you and for me." No, it is not. If a spider, according to the text, could crawl up on the wall of Solomon's palace, shall not our poor souls, through the blood of Christ, mount up from the depths of its sin and shame, and finally reach the palace of the eternal King? "Where sin abounded, grace shall much more abound, that whereas sin reigned unto death, even so may grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord."

In the far East there is a bird called the Huma, about which is the beautiful superstition that upon whatever head the shadow of that bird rests, upon that head there shall be a crown. Oh, thou dove of the Spirit, floating above us, let the shadow of Thy wing fall upon this congregation, that each, at last, in heaven may wear upon his head a crown! a crown! and hold in his right hand a star! a star!

THE ROYAL EXILE.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, March 4, 1883.

"Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows."—ISA. 53: 4.

FAR up and far back in the history of heaven there came a period when its most illustrious citizen was about to absent Himself. He was not going to sail from beach to beach; we have often done that; He was not going to put out from one hemisphere to another hemisphere; many of us have done that; but He was to sail from world to world, the spaces unexplored and the immensities untravelled. No world had ever hailed heaven, and heaven had never hailed any other world. I think that the windows and the balconies were thronged, and that the pearl-beach was crowded with those who had come to see Him sail out the harbor of light into the oceans beyond.

Out and out and out, and on and on and on, and down and down and down He sped, until one night with only one to greet Him He arrived. His disembarkation so unpretending, so quiet that it was not known on earth until the excitement in the cloud gave intimation to the Bethlehem rustics that something grand and glorious had happened. Who comes there? From what port did He sail? Why was this the place of His destination? I question the shepherds. I question the camel drivers. I question the angels. I have found out.

He was an exile. But the world has had plenty of exiles. Abraham an exile from Ur of Chaldee, John an exile from Ephesus, Kosciusco an exile from Poland, Mazzini an exile from Rome, Emmet an exile from Ireland, Victor Hugo an exile from France, Kossuth an exile from Hungary. But this one of whom I speak to-day had such resounding farewell and came into such chilling reception, for not even a hostler went out with his lantern to help Him in, that He is more to be celebrated than any other expatriated one of earth or heaven.

I. First, I remark, that Christ was an *imperial exile*. He got down off of a throne. He took off a tiara. He closed a palace gate behind Him. His family were princes and princesses. Vashti was turned out of the throne room by Ahasuerus. David was dethroned by Absalom's infamy. The five kings were hurled into a cavern by Joshua's courage. Some of the Henrys of England and some of the Louis of France were jostled on their thrones by discontented subjects. But Christ was never more honored, or more popular, or more loved than the day He left heaven.

Australian exile very severe for English criminals, Siberian exile very severe for Russian political offenders; but Christ turned Himself out from throne-room into sheep-pen, and down from the top to the bottom. He was not pushed off.

He was not manacled for foreign transportation. He was not put out because they no more wanted Him in celestial domain, but by choice departing and descending into an exile five times as long as that of Napoleon at St. Helena and a thousand times worse, the one exile suffering for that he had destroyed nations, the other exile suffering because He came to save a world. An imperial exile. King Eternal! "Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne."

II. But I go further and tell you He was an exile *on a barren island*. This world is one of the smallest islands of light in the ocean of immensity. Other, stellar kingdoms are many thousand times larger than this. Christ came to this small Patmos of a world. When exiles are sent out they are generally sent to regions that are sandy, or cold, or hot—some Dry Tortugas of disagreeableness. Christ came as an exile to a world scorched with heats, and bitten with cold, to deserts simoon swept, to a howling wilderness. It was seemingly the back dooryard of the universe.

Yea, Christ came to the poorest part of this barren island of a world. Asia Minor, with its intense summers unfit for the residence of a foreigner, and in the rainy season unfit for the residence of a foreigner. Christ came not to such a land as America, or England, or France, or Germany, but to a land one third of the year drowned, another third of the year burned up, and only one third of the year tolerable. Oh, it was the barren island of a world. Barren enough for Christ, for it gave such small worship, and such inadequate affection, and such little gratitude. Imperial exile on the barren island of a world!

III. I go further and tell you that He was an exile *in a hostile country*. Turkey not so much against Russia, France not so much against Germany as this earth against Christ. It took Him in through the door of a stable. It thrust Him out at the point of a spear. The Roman Government against Him with every bayonet of its army, and every decision of its courts, and every beak of its war eagles. For years after His arrival, the only question was how best to put Him out.

Herod hated Him, the high-priest hated Him, the Pharisees hated Him, Judas Iscariot hated Him, Gestas, the dying thief hated Him. The whole earth seemingly turned into a detective to watch His steps. And yet He faced this ferocity. Notice that most of Christ's wounds were in front. Some scourging on the shoulders, but the most of Christ's wounds in front. He

was not on retreat when He expired. Face to face with the world's ferocity. Face to face with the world's sin. Face to face with the world's woe. His eye on the raging countenances of His foaming antagonists when He expired.

When the cavalry officer roweled his steed so that he might come nearer up and see the tortured visage of the suffering exile, Christ saw it. When the hammer was lifted for His feet, and when the reed was raised to strike deeper down the spikes of thorn, Christ watched the whole procedure. When His hands were fastened to the cross they were wide open still with benediction. Mind you, His head was not fastened, He could look to the right, and He could look to the left, and He could look up and He could look down. He saw when the spikes had been driven home and the hard, round, iron heads of them were in the palms of His hands; He saw them as plainly as you ever saw anything in the palms of your hands.

No ether, no chloroform, no merciful anæsthetic to dull or stupefy, but wide awake. He saw the obscuration of the heavens, the unbalancing of the rocks, the countenances quivering with rage and the cachination diabolic. Oh, it was the hostile as well as the barren island of a world.

IV. I go further and tell you that this exile was far from home. It is ninety-five million miles from here to the sun, and all astronomers agree in saying that our solar system is only one of the small wheels of the great machinery of the universe turning around some one great centre, the centre so far distant it is beyond all imagination and calculation, and, if, as some think, that great centre in the distance is heaven, Christ came far from home when He came here.

Have you ever thought of *the homesickness of Christ*? Some of you know what homesickness is when you have been only a few weeks absent from the domestic circle. Christ was thirty-three years away from home. Some of you feel homesickness when you are a hundred or a thousand miles away from the domestic circle. Christ was more millions of miles away from home than you could calculate if all your life you did nothing but calculate. You know what it is to be homesick even amid pleasurable surroundings, but Christ slept in huts, and He was athirst, and He was a hungered, and He was on the way from being born in another man's barn to being buried in another man's grave.

I have read how the Swiss when they are far away from their native country, at the sound of their national air, get so homesick that they fall into melancholy and sometimes they die under the homesickness. But oh, the homesickness of Christ. Poverty homesick for celestial riches. Persecution homesick for hosanna. Weariness homesick for rest. Homesick for angelic and archangelic companionship. Homesick to get out of the night and the storm and the world's execration. Homesickness will make a week seem as long as a month, and it seems to me that the three decades of Christ's residence on earth must have seemed to Him almost interminable. You have often tried to

measure the other pangs of Christ, but you have never tried to measure the magnitude and ponderosity of a Saviour's homesickness.

V. I take a step further and tell you that Christ was in an exile which He knew *would end in assassination*. Holman Hunt, the master painter, has a picture in which he represents Jesus Christ in the Nazarene carpenter shop. Around Him are the saws, the hammers, the axes, the drills of carpentry. The picture represents Christ as rising from the carpenter's working bench and wearily stretching out His arms as one will after being in contracted or uncomfortable posture, and the light of that picture is so arranged that the arms of Christ wearily stretched forth, together with His body, throw on the wall the shadow of a cross. Oh, my friends, that shadow was on everything in Christ's lifetime. Shadow of a cross on the Bethlehem swaddling clothes. Shadow of a cross on the road over which the three fugitives fled into Egypt. Shadow of a cross on Lake Galilee as Christ walked its mosaic floor of opal and emerald and crystal. Shadow of a cross on the road to Emmaus. Shadow of a cross on the brook Kedron, and door of temple, and on the side of Olivet. Shadow of a cross on sunrise and sunset. Constantine marching with his army saw just once a cross in the sky, but Christ saw the cross all the time.

On a rough journey we cheer ourselves with the fact that it will end in warm hospitality; but Christ knew that His rough path would end at a defoliated tree without one leaf and only two branches, bearing fruit of such bitterness as no human lips had ever tasted. Oh, what an exile, starting in an infancy without any cradle, and ending in assassination. Thirst without water. Day without sunlight. The doom of a desperado for more than angelic excellence.

For what, that expatriation and that exile? Worldly good sometimes comes from worldly evil. The accidental glance of a sharp blade from a razor grinder's wheel put out the eye of Gambetta, and excited sympathies which gained him an education and started him on a career that made his name more magnetic among Frenchmen than any other name in the last decade. Hawthorne turned out of the office of collector at Salem, went home in despair. His wife touched him on the shoulder and said, "now is the time to write your book," and his famous "Scarlet Letter" was the brilliant consequence.

Worldly good sometimes comes from worldly evil. Then be not unbelieving when I tell you that from the greatest crime of all eternity and of the whole universe, the murder of the Son of God, there shall come results which shall eclipse all the grandeurs of eternity past and eternity to come. Christ an exile from heaven, opening the way for the deportation toward heaven and to heaven of all those who will accept the proffer. Atonement, a ship large enough to take all the passengers that will come aboard it. In my boyhood, I often used to hear my father talk with enthusiasm of the Colonization Society which proposed to take all the colored population of America to Africa, and the most eloquent lips in the American Senate and in the American pulpit advocated that theory, and

there was something inspiring about it. But how tame all that compared with Christ's work by which He proposed the colonization of the whole human race from earth into the free lands of heaven. Millions have already been shipped and other millions will make the magnificent passage. For this royal exile this morning I bespeak the love and service of all the exiles here present; and in one sense or the other, that includes all of us. The gates of this continent have been so widely opened that there are on the main floor to-day, and in the aisles, and in the galleries many voluntary exiles from other lands.

Some of you are Scotchmen. I see it in your high cheek bones and in the glory that illumines your face when I mention the land of your nativity. *Bonnie Scotland!* Dear old kirk! Some of your ancestors sleeping in Greyfriars' churchyard, or by the deep lochs filled out of the pitchers of heaven, or under the heather sometimes so deep of color it makes one think of the blood of the Covenanters who signed their names for Christ, dipping their pens into the veins of their own arms opened for that purpose. How every fibre of your nature thrills as I mention the names of Robert Bruce, and the Campbells and Grizel Cochrane. I bespeak for this royal exile of my text the love and the service of all Scotch exiles.

Some of you are Englishmen. Your ancestry served the Lord. Have I not read of the sufferings of the Haymarket? and have I not seen in Oxford the very spot where Ridley and Latimer mounted the red chariot? Some of your ancestors heard George Whitefield thunder, or heard Charles Wesley sing, or heard John Bunyan tell his dream of the celestial city, and the cathedrals under the shadow of which some of you were born had in their grandest organ roll the name of the Messiah. I bespeak for the royal exile of my sermon the love and the service of all English exiles.

Yes, some of you came from the island of distress over which Hunger on a throne of human skeletons sat queen. All efforts at amelioration halted by massacre. Procession of famines, procession of martyrdoms marching from Northern Channel to Cape Clear, and from Irish Sea across to the Atlantic. An island not bounded as geographers tell us, but as every philanthropist knows—bounded on the north and the south and the east and the west by woe which no human politics can alleviate and only Almighty God can assuage.

Land of Goldsmith's rhythm, and Sheridan's wit, and O'Connell's eloquence, and Edmund Burke's statesmanship, and O'Brien's sacrifice. Another Patmos with its apocalypse of blood. Yet you cannot think of it to-day without having your eyes blinded with emotion, for there your ancestors sleep in graves, some of which they entered for lack of bread. For this royal exile of my sermon I bespeak the love and the service of all Irish exiles.

Yea, some of you are from Germany, the land of Luther, and some of you are from Italy, the land of Garibaldi, and some of you are from France, the land of John Calvin, one of the

three mighties of the glorious Reformation. Some of you are descendants of the Puritans. and they were exiles, and some of you are descendants of the Huguenots, and they were exiles, and some of you are descendants of the Holland refugees, and they were exiles. Some of you were born on the banks of the Yazoo, or the Savannah, and you are now living in this latitude. Some of you on the banks of the Kennebec, or at the foot of the Green Mountains, or on the prairies of the West or the table-lands, and you are here now.

Oh, how many of us far away from home. *All of us exiles.* This is not our home. Heaven is our home. Oh, I am so glad when the royal exile went back He left the gate ajar, or left it wide open. "Going home!" that is the dying exclamation of the majority of Christians. I have seen many Christians die. I think nine out of ten of them in the last moment say: "going home." Going home out of this banishment of sin and sorrow and sadness. Going home to join in the hilarities of our parents and our dear children who have already departed. Going home to Christ. Going home to God. Going home to stay.

Where are your loved ones that died in Christ? You pity them. Ah, they ought to pity you. You are an exile far away from home. They are home. Oh, what a time it will be for you when the gatekeeper of heaven shall say: "Take off that rough sandal; the journey's ended. Put down that sabre; the battle's won. Put off that iron coat of mail and put on the robe of conqueror." At that gate of triumph I leave you this morning, only reciting three tender cantos translated from the Italian. If you ever heard anything sweeter I never did, although I cannot fully adopt all its theology:

"'Twas whispered one morning in heaven,
How the little child angel May,
In the shade of the great white portal,
Sat sorrowing night and day.
How she said to the stately warden,
He of the key and bar,
'O angel, sweet angel, I pray you
Set the beautiful gates ajar.
Only a little, I pray you,
Set the beautiful gates ajar.

"I can hear my mother weeping,
She is lonely, she cannot see
A glimmer of light in the darkness
When the gates shut after me.
Oh, turn me the key, sweet angel,
The splendor will shine so far.
But the warden answered, 'I dare not
Set the beautiful gates ajar.'
Spoke low, and answered the warden, 'I dare not
Set the beautiful gates ajar.'

"Then up rose Mary the blessed,
Sweet Mary, the mother of Christ,
Her hand on the hand of the angel
She laid, and her touch sufficed.
Turned was the key in the portal,
Fell ringing the golden bar,
And, lo! in the little child's fingers
Stood the beautiful gates ajar;
In the little child's angel fingers
Stood the beautiful gates ajar."

PETER COOPER, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, April 8, 1883.

"Now Barzillai was a very aged man, even fourscore years old; and he had provided the king of sustenance while he lay at Mahanaim; for he was a very great man."—II SAMUEL 19: 32.

BARZILLAI of the text was a very old man, a very kind man, a very affectionate man, a very patriotic man, a very wealthy man of the tenth century before Christ, suggestive of our modern philanthropist Peter Cooper, of the nineteenth century after Christ. And so there has been many a man in the centuries B.C. typical of some men in the centuries A.D.

When I see this Barzillai of the text going out to meet David's retreating army and providing them with flour and corn and mattresses, it makes me think of our modern philanthropist who was always ready to make response in time of necessity, whether it were individual, municipal or national. The snow of his white locks has melted from our sight, and the benediction of his genial face has come to its long amen; but his influence, halting not a second for the obsequies to be finished, moved right on with no change save that of augmentation, for in the arithmetical sum of a useful life, death is multiplication instead of subtraction, and the marble of the tomb instead of being the goal at the end of the race, is only the starting point for a grander career.

Why so many good people with hat off in reverence before a man who never wielded a sword, or made masterly oration, or stood in senatorial place? He was neither general, nor lord, nor governor, nor president. The learned title of LL.D. bestowed by a university did not stick to him one minute. The prefix of "Mr." and the suffix of "Esq." seemed always an incongruity when connected with his name. For all Christendom he has been, and for all ages to come he will be, plain Peter Cooper. But why all the flags at half mast? And why the complimentary resolutions of legislatures and common councils? And why a deep-fetched sigh from millions of hearts which cannot make adequate expression of their grief?

I. First, I remark, in answering these questions: Peter Cooper was *the father of many American philanthropies*. There have been larger donations for the public good since his great munificence of 1857, but that great gift of Cooper Institute has brought forth scores and hundreds of philanthropies and charities all the land over. As a father may have six children all of whom shall grow up to be larger than himself, so that munificence of 1857 has brought forth hundreds and thousands of charities, some of them larger in bulk than the original.

You must remember when that six-storied temple of instruction on Third and Fourth Avenues was built at an expense of \$630,000, and

then endowed with \$150,000 more—you must remember that in those days \$100,000 was more than \$500,000 now, and while in our days millionaires are so common we hardly stop to look at them, in those times a millionaire was a rare spectacle. Why Stephen Girard, and John Jacob Astor of olden times would almost have excited the sympathy of our modern railroad magnates. The well on to \$800,000 expended in building and in endowing Cooper Institute were more than \$5,000,000 now. There have been larger gifts in our time which have not produced more than a fraction of the good produced by that munificence of 1857.

That gift brooded other charities, that beneficence mothered hundreds of educational institutions, that generosity gave glorious suggestion to many a man whose fortune was held with iron grip of selfishness. If you should trace back the ancestral line of many of the hospitals and infirmaries and colleges and universities and benevolent institutions of this country, you would find that Peter Cooper was their glorious progenitor. That institution there, standing twenty-six years on the great thoroughfare, saying to the populations surging to and fro: "Here I stand, without money and without price to bless and educate all the struggling who will come under my wings." That institution standing for twenty-six years, from all its windows crying out against miserliness and cupidity. That free reading room, the birthplace of hundreds of free reading rooms all over America. Great reservoir of Christian beneficence—Cooper Institute.

II. Peter Cooper has also impressed us all with the fact that it is a *very wise thing for a man to become his own executor*. How much more beautiful is *ante-mortem* charity than *post-mortem* benevolence. There is many a man who has kept his money as long as he could keep it, and then when he had to die, he has made some charitable institution a legatee. Many a man has kept his money just as long as he could keep it, and then when death met him, said: "Well, if I must, I must, and now, Bible Society, you take so many thousands, and, reformatory institution, you take so many thousands." The fact is if that man had had four or five stout pockets in his shroud, he would have taken all his wealth with him. Better late than never to be charitable, but greater will be the reward of that man who gives to charitable institutions while he has the power to retain what he is giving away.

It seems to me that often a donation in a last will and testament is merely an attempt to

bribe the ferryman of the river Styx to land the man in celestial instead of infernal regions. Mean as sin while he lives, he expects to cross over and be ushered up the shining banks of heaven. A skinflint when he leaves this world, he expects to be hailed on the other shore as a George Peabody.

Beside that, how often it is that charitable contribution in last will and testament fails to reach its right destination. If you have pride in being a sane man, and if you are at the same time desirous of making charitable contribution, make the contribution before your death, for the probability is your heirs will prove you are crazy. How often it is that an estate is taken into the Surrogate's Court and there is a great quarrel over the matter, and as every positive man has some idiosyncrasies, your idiosyncrasies will be taken out, and they will be ventilated and they will be enlarged and they will be caricatured until the courts of Brooklyn and New York will pronounce you a fool.

If a man have a second wife the children of the first wife will prove in the courts that the man was subjected to undue influence, and many a man who, when he made his will, had more brain than all his children ever will have, has been pronounced after death to have been fit for the lunatic asylum. Be your own executor like Peter Cooper. Do not let charitable institutions be chiefly indebted for your last sickness and death. Better, like Peter Cooper, to walk through the halls you have built by your beneficence and see young men whom you have educated by your charity, and get the sublime satisfaction of your generosity.

I am not surprised to read that the Barzillai of my text lived to be eighty years of age. He stood in the perpetual sunshine of his own generosity. I am not surprised that our modern Barzillai lived to be ninety-two years of age. He felt the reaction of his helpfulness for others. Doing good was one of the strongest reasons of his longevity.

There is great excitement in a chase, and many an old hunter's heart has throbbed at the baying of the hounds; but there is one kind of chase that is very exhausting and that is deathful. Many a man with a large fortune behind him has called up all his past dollars as a pack of hounds to go out with him and hunt up one more dollar before he dies. Away, away, the old hunter and all the hounds. Hotter and hotter the chase. Closer on the track and closer on the track, the old man a little ahead and his dollars following on like a pack of hounds. Now they are coming in at the death, the dollar only a little way ahead, and the old man, with pale cheek and panting breath and shrivelled arm, clutches for the dollar just as it turns on its track, and missing it, he still pursues and still pursues until the exhausted dollar plunges into a hole and burrows deeper down, and burrows deeper down until the old hunter with both hands, takes hold and claws out the dirt from the embankment, burrowing deeper down and deeper down until just clutching that last dollar, the burrowed embankment breaks and he rolls over into his own grave, while a clap of thunder from a clear sky sounds: "What shall it profit a

man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?"

We talk a great deal about old misers. There are no old misers, or but very few of them. The most of the misers are comparatively young. Avarice kills more than war. In contrast with all that, look at the philanthropist at ninety-two years of age dying of a cold caught in going out to look after the prosperity of a charitable institution which himself had founded, two thousand students in its evening schools.

III. Peter Cooper also impresses us with the best way of settling this old quarrel between capital and labor, this altercation between the rich and the poor. There are two ways in which this quarrel between capital and labor will never be settled. One is, by the violent suppression of the laboring classes, and the other is, by maltreatment of rich people. This is fast getting to be the age of dynamite. Dynamite under the Kremlin. Dynamite near the Parliament Houses and railroad bridges. Dynamite in Ireland. Dynamite in England. Dynamite in Germany. Dynamite in Russia. Dynamite in America. The rich are becoming more arrogant and the poor more unreasonable.

I prescribe for the cure of this great evil the largest kind of allopathic dose of Peter Cooperism. Whoever heard of dynamite under Cooper Institute? Whoever looked for a keg of dynamite in the cellar of Peter Cooper's house? In the times of great public excitement, when public men have had to have their houses guarded by soldiers, no sentinel has ever stood at that man's door, and there has not been a time in the last forty years that the plainest man in New York and Brooklyn could not ring his door-bell and go in and shake hands with Peter Cooper. The poorest man with a hod of bricks on his shoulder climbing the ladder on a wall never begrudged this philanthropist his ride in an easy carriage.

On great occasions, when there came great audiences in Cooper Institute, and the founder of that institute walked on the platform, the hard hands of American laborers in the applause clapped the loudest. When the opulent men of America and England and Russia and all the other lands shall stretch out to the laboring classes and the suffering classes as kind and as genial a hand as that of Peter Cooper, that will terminate the age of dynamite. What the police cannot do, what shot and shell cannot do, what severe laws severely executed cannot do, what armies with bayonets cannot do, will yet be accomplished by what I see fit this morning to baptize as Peter Cooperism.

I hail the early twilight of that day when the men of fortune in all lands will come forth and say: "There are seventy thousand destitute children in New York city, and out of my fortune I will build this line of asylums to take care of them. There are vast multitudes of people in all the cities living in filthy and unventilated tenement houses, and out of my fortune I will build a line of residences with cheap rents. There are nations that know nothing of Jesus Christ; I will turn my fortune inside out to send them flaming evangelists. There shall be no more hunger, there shall be no more ignorance, there

shall be no more crime, so far as I can help it."

When that day comes, this quarrel between capital and labor, and between the poor and the rich will cease, and the last torch of incendiarism will be extinguished, and the last dagger of assassination will go to slicing bread for poor children, and the last pound of dynamite that now threatens death will go to work in the quarries to blast foundation stones for churches and universities and asylums. May the spirit of Peter Cooper come down upon all the bank stock, and the government securities, and the railroad companies and business houses of America.

IV. Peter Cooper also has impressed us with the new style of *monumental and epitaphal commemoration*. You all want to be remembered. It would not be a pleasant thought to you to think that the moment you are gone out of the world you will be forgotten. But if the executors of Peter Cooper should expend \$20,000,000 for a mausoleum in Greenwood it would not make him so well remembered as that building on Third and Fourth Avenues, New York. How few the people who would walk around the silent mausoleum as compared with the vast multitudes that will move up and down by that structure in the ages that are to come! Among the thousands who will be educated in that building will there ever be one so stupid as not to know who founded it? And how great a heart he had! And how he struggled to achieve a fortune, and always mastered that fortune and never allowed the fortune to master him.

What would be a monument of Aberdeen granite compared with a monument built out of the intellects and souls of immortal men and women? What would be an epitaph cut by a sculptor's chisel compared with the epitaph that will be written by generations and centuries that are to come writing his praise? Adorned and beautiful be all the crypts and catacombs and shrines of the dead, but if the superfluous and inexcusable expense of catafalque and necropolis and mausoleum had been put into practical use, there would have been bread for all the hungry, and knowledge for all the ignorant, and a home for all the lost.

The pyramids of Egypt are the tombs of the dead kings, their names even obliterated, and travellers tell us that even the pyramids of Egypt are crumbling away. But monuments of good last forever. Long after Walter Scott's "Old Mortality" shall have worn out his chisel in reviving the names faded from the old tombstones, the names of those who have helped others will be held in everlasting remembrance.

The Sabbath-school teacher builds her monument in the heavenly thrones and palaces of her converted class. George Müller, of England, builds his monument in the orphan-houses of Bristol. George Peabody builds his monument in the library of his native village and the school houses for educating the blacks in different parts of the South. Handel built his monument in the "Hallelujah Chorus." Cyrus W. Field has built his monument in the cables underlying the sea, lashing the continents together and hastening on the day of universal brotherhood. He who prays or gives for a church of

Jesus Christ builds his monument in all that sacred edifice shall accomplish for good. Wilberforce built his monument in the piled-up shackles of a demolished slave trade. Livingstone built his monument in what shall be regenerated Africa. Paul built his monument in the magnificent story of the resurrection. William E. Dodge built his monument in the reformatory institutions he either established or helped to support. Peter Cooper built his monument in the philanthropies he encouraged by the establishment of that one institution for the education of the masses.

Ah! that is a fame worth having—that is an immortality you can strive after without the degradation of worldly ambition. Let such monuments be built all the lands over until every crippled limb is straightened and every inebriate learns the luxury of cold water, and every outcast is brought home to his God, and the last crime is extirpated, and Paradise Lost becomes Paradise Regained.

V. But once more I am impressed with the fact that the *longest life-path has a terminus*. What a gauntlet to run—ninety-two years of epidemics and ailments and accidents! Why, it seemed as if he would always stay with us. Living on from the administration of George Washington to that of President Arthur. But the liberal hand is closed, the beaming eye is shut, the world-encompassing heart is still. When he was at my house I felt I was entertaining a king. But the king is dead. The largest volume of human life we see has its last chapter, and its last page, and its last line, and its last word. And what are the ninety-two years of earthly existence compared with the five hundred thousand million years which just open the chapter of the great future? For that let us all get ready. Christ came to reconstruct us into purity and holiness and happiness and heaven.

What were the minutiae of Peter Cooper's religious experiences I do not know. Some men are worse than their creed. Some men are better than their creed. In my estimation the grandest profession of the religion of Jesus Christ a man can ever make is a holy life devoted to making the world good and happy. I make no depreciation of the important duty of professing faith in Jesus Christ in the usual modes in the Christian church; but grander than that is a life all devoted to making the world better and to making the world good.

A man may be a member of the most orthodox church in Christendom, and he may sit at all the communions for half a century, if he be mean and selfish and careless of the world's condition, he is no Christian; while on the other hand, a man may have peculiarities of religious belief, and yet if he spend his whole life for others, he is so much like Christ I shall call him a Christian. The grandest philanthropist the world ever saw was Christ, and the greatest charity of all the ages, that which gave His life for the redemption of a world.

Standing in the shadow of Peter Cooper's grave to-day, I implore God for the sanctification of all the wealth of this country, and pray that it may be consecrated to that which is good and helpful. We are as a nation about to enter

upon an age of prosperity such as has never been imagined. There may be recoil, there may be here and there as the years go by a set-back in our national prosperity; but God only can tell the wealth that is to roll into the lap of this nation.

Between my journey at the South five years ago and my journey at the South last month, there has been a change for the better amounting to a resurrection. The Chattahoochee will soon rival the Merrimac, and already all over the South you hear the dash of the water-wheel and the clatter of the spindle. In the one city of Atlanta six million dollars invested in manufacturing. The South has gone out of politics and gone into business, and there is going to roll up from that part of this land a wealth unimaginable.

Then from the West all the mines and the quarries will disgorge, and there will be silver and gold and precious stones rolled over all this land. But the need will be just as appalling as

the opulence will be tremendous. Five million people in the United States to-day over ten years of age who cannot read. Six million people in the United States to-day over ten years of age who cannot write, and two million of them voters—a fact enough not only to appall but to stun every philanthropist.

We want five hundred Cooper Institutes. We want churches innumerable. We want just one great revival, one reaching from the St. Lawrence to Key West and from Barnegat Light-house to the Golden Gate of the Pacific. You and I have a responsibility in the matter. God help you to do your work and help me to do mine. I like the sentiment and I like the rhythm of that verse written by some anonymous poet :

“When I am dead and gone,
And the mould upon my breast,
Say not he did ill or well,
Only, ‘he did his best.’”

HELPFULNESS.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, April 13, 1883.

“Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.”—GAL. 6 : 2.

EVERY man for himself! If there be room for only one more passenger in the lifeboat, get in yourself. If there be a burden to lift, you supervise while others shoulder it. You be the digit while others are the ciphers on the right hand side—nothing in themselves but augmenting you. In opposition to that theory of selfishness Paul advances in my text the Gospel theory : “Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.”

Everybody has burdens. Sometimes they come down upon the shoulders, sometimes they come down upon the head, sometimes they come down upon the heart. Looking over this assembly, you all seem well and bright and easy; but each one has a burden to lift, and some of you have more than you can lift. Paul proposes to split up these burdens into fragments. You take part of mine and I must take part of yours, and each one will take part of the other's, and so we will fulfil the law of Christ.

Mrs. Appleton, of Boston, the daughter of Daniel Webster, was dying after long illness. The great lawyer after pleading an important case in the court-room, on his way home stopped at the house of his daughter and went into her sick-room. She said to him, “Father, why are you out to-day in this cold weather without an overcoat?” The great lawyer went into the next-room and was in a flood of tears, saying, “Dying herself, yet thinking only of me.” Oh, how much more beautiful is care for others than

this everlasting taking care of ourselves. High up in the wall of the Temple of Balbec there are three stones, each weighing eleven hundred tons. They were lifted up by a style of machinery that is now among the lost arts. But in my text is the Gospel machinery, by which the vaster and the heavier tonnage of the world's burden is to be lifted from the crushed heart of the human race. What you and I most need to learn is the spirit of helpfulness.

Encourage the merchant. If he have a superior style of goods, tell him so. If he have with his clerks adorned the show windows and the shelves, compliment his taste. If he have a good business locality, if he have had great success, if he have brilliant prospects for the future, recognize all this. Be not afraid that he will become arrogant and puffed up by your approval. Before night some shop-going person will come in and tell him that his prices are exorbitant and that his goods are of an inferior quality, and that his show-window gave promise of far better things than he found inside. Before the night of the day in which you say encouraging words to that merchant there will be some crank, male or female, who will come into the store and depreciate everything, and haul down enough goods from the shelves to fit out a family for a whole winter without buying a cent's worth.

If the merchant be a grocer there will be some one before night who will come into his establishment, and taste of this and taste of that and

taste of something else, in that way stealing all the profits of anything that he may purchase—buying three apples while he is eating one orange! Before the night of the day when you approve that merchant, he will have a bad debt which he will have to erase, a bad debt made by some one who has moved away from the neighborhood without giving any hint of the place of destination. Before the night of the day when you have uttered encouraging words to the merchant, there will be some woman who will return to his store and say she has lost her purse, she left it there in the store, she brought it there, she did not take it away, she knows it is there, leaving you to make the delicate and complimentary inference that you prefer to make. Before night that merchant will hear that some style of goods of which he has a large supply is going out of fashion, and there will be some one who will come into the store and pay a bill under protest, saying he has paid it before, but the receipt has been lost. Now, encourage that merchant, not fearing that he will become arrogant or puffed up, for there will be before night enough unpleasant things said to keep him from becoming apoplectic with plethora of praise.

Encourage newspaper men. If you knew how many annoyances they have, if you understood that their most elaborate article is sometimes flung out because there is such great pressure on the columns, and that an accurate report of a speech is expected although the utterance be so indistinct the discourse is one long stenographic guess, and that the midnight which finds you asleep demands that they be awake, and that they are sometimes ground between the wheels of our great brain manufactories; sickened at the often approach of men who want complimentary newspaper notices, or who want newspaper retraction; one day sent to report a burial, the next day to report a pugilistic encounter; shifted from place to place by sudden revolution which is liable to take place any day in our great journalistic establishments; precarious life, becoming more and more precarious—if you understood it, you would be more sympathetic. Be affable when you have not an axe to be sharpened on their grindstone. Discuss in your mind what the nineteenth century would be without the newspaper, and give encouraging words to all who are engaged in this interest, from the chief of editorial department down to the boy that throws the morning or evening newspaper into your basement window.

Encourage mechanics. They will plumb the pipes, or they will kalsomine the ceilings, or they will put down the carpets, or they will grain the doors, or they will fashion the wardrobe. Be not among those who never say anything to a mechanic except to find fault. If he has done a job well tell him it is splendidly done. The book is well bound, the door is well grained, the chandelier is well swung, the work is grandly accomplished. Be not among those employers who never say anything to their employes except to swear at them. Do not be afraid you will make that mechanic so puffed up and arrogant he will never again want to be seen with working-apron or in shirt sleeves, for before the night comes of that day when you praise him there will be a

lawsuit brought against him because he did not finish his work as soon as he promised it, forgetful of the fact that his wife has been sick and two of his children have died of scarlet fever and he has had a felon on a finger of the right hand. Denounced perhaps because the paint is so very faint in color, not recognizing the fact that the mechanic himself has been cheated out of the right ingredients and that he did not find out the trouble in time; or scolded at because he seems to have lamed a horse by unskilful shoeing, when the horse has for months become spavined, or ringbone, or springhalt. You feel you have the right to find fault with a mechanic when he does ill. Do you ever praise a mechanic when he does well?

Encourage the farmers. They come into your stores, you meet them in the city markets, you often associate with them in the summer months. Office-seekers go through the land and they stand on political platforms, and they tell the farmers the story about the independent life of a farmer, giving flattery where they ought to give sympathy. Independent of what? I was brought up on a farm, I worked on a farm, I know all about it. I hardly saw a city until I was grown, and I tell you that there are no class of people in this country who have it harder and who more need your sympathy than farmers. Independent of what? Of the curculio that stings the peach trees? of the rust in the wheat? of the long rain with the rye down? Independent of the grasshopper? of the locust? of the army worm? of the potato bug? Independent of the drought that burns up the harvest? Independent of the cow with the hollow horn? or the sheep with the foot rot? or the pet horse with a nail in his hoof? Independent of the cold that freezes out the winter grain? Independent of the snowbank out of which he must shovel himself? Independent of the cold weather when he stands threshing his numbed fingers around his body to keep them from being frosted? Independent of the frozen ears and the frozen feet? Independent of what? Fancy-farmers who have made their fortunes in the city and go out in the country to build houses with all the modern improvements, and make farming a luxury, may not need any solace; but the yeomanry who get their living out of the soil, and who that way have to clothe their families and educate their children, and pay their taxes and meet the interest on mortgaged farms—such men find a terrific struggle. I demand that office-seekers and politicians fold up their gaseous and imbecile speeches about the independent life of a farmer, and substitute some word of comfort drawn from the fact that they are free from city conventionalities and city epidemics and city temptations. My most vivid remembrance of boyhood is of my father coming in on a very hot day from the harvest-field and seating himself on the door-sill because he was too faint to get into the house, the perspiration streaming from forehead and from chin, and my mother trying to resuscitate him with a cup of cold water which he was too faint to hold to his own lips, while saying to us: "Don't be frightened; there's nothing the matter; a little tired that's all, a little tired." Ever since that day when I hear people talking about the indepen-

dent life of a farmer I see through the sham. Farmers want not your flatteries but your sympathies.

Encourage the doctors. You praise the doctor when he brings you up from an awful crisis of disease, but do you praise the doctor when through skilful treatment of the incipient stages of disease, he keeps you from sinking down to the awful crisis? There is a great deal of cheap and heartless wit about doctors, but I notice that the people who get off that wit are the first to send for a doctor when there is anything the matter. There are those who undertake to say in our day that doctors are really useless. One man has written a book entitled, "Every Man His Own Doctor." That author ought to write one more book entitled "*Every Man His Own Undertaker.*"

"Oh," says some one, "physicians in constant presence of pain get hard-hearted!" Do they? The most celebrated surgeon of the last generation stood in a clinical department of one of the New York medical colleges, the students gathered in the amphitheatre to see a very painful operation on a little child. The old surgeon said: "Gentlemen, excuse me if I retire; these surgeons can do this as well as I can, and as I get older it gives me more and more distress to see pain."

Physicians have so many hardships, so many interruptions, so many annoyances, I am glad they have so many encouragements. All doors open to them. They are welcome to mansion and to cot. Little children shout when they see them coming down the road, and the aged recognizing the step, look up and say, "Doctor, is that you?" They stand between our families and the grave, fighting back the troops of disorder that come up from their encampment by the cold river. No one hears such thanks as the doctor hears. They are eyes to the blind, they are feet to the lame, their path is strewn with the benedictions of those whom they have befriended.

One day there was a dreadful foreboding in our house. All hope was gone. The doctor came four times that day. The children put away their toys and all walked on tip-toe, and at the least sound said, "Hush!" How loudly the clock did tick, and how the banister creaked though we tried to keep it so still. That night the doctor stayed all night. He concentrated all his skill upon the sufferer. At last the restlessness of the sufferer subsided into a calm, sweet slumber, and the doctor looked up and smiled and said: "The crisis is past." When propped up with pillows, in the easy chair, she sat, and the south wind tried to blow a rose-leaf into the faded cheek, and the children brought flowers—the one, a red clover top; the other, a violet from the lawn—to the lap of the convalescent, and Bertha stood on a high chair with a brush smoothing her mother's hair, and we were told in a day or two she might ride out, joy came back to our house. And as we helped the old country doctor into his gig, we noticed not that the step was broken, or the horse stiff in the knees, and we all realized for the first time in our life what doctors were worth. Encourage them.

Encourage the lawyers. They are often cheated out of their fees, and so often have to breathe the villainous air of court-rooms, and they so often have to bear ponderous responsibility, and they have to maintain against the sharks in their profession the dignity of that calling which was honored by the fact that the only man allowed to stand on Mount Sinai beside the Lord was Moses, the lawyer, and that the Bible speaks of Christ as the advocate. Encourage lawyers in their profession of transcendent importance—a profession honored by having on the bench a Chief Justice Story and at the bar a Rufus Choate.

Encourage the teachers in our public schools—occupation arduous and poorly compensated. In all the cities when there comes a fit of economy on the part of officials, the first thing to do is always to cut down teachers' salaries. To take forty or fifty boys whose parents suppose them precocious and keep the parents from finding out their mistake; to take an empty head and fill it; to meet the expectation of parents who think their children at fifteen years of age ought to be mathematicians and metaphysicians and rhetoricians; to work successfully that great stuffing machine, the modern school system, is a very arduous work. Encourage them by the usefulness and the everlastingness and the magnitude of their occupation, and when your children do well, compliment the instructor, praise the teacher, thank the educator.

Encourage all invalids by telling them how many you have known with the same ailments, who got well, and not by telling them of their sunken eye, or asking them whether the color of their cheek is really hectic, or mentioning cases in which that style of disease ended fatally, or telling them how badly they look. Cheerful words are more soothing than chloral, more stimulating than cognac, more tonic than bitters. Many an invalid has recovered through the influence of cheerful surroundings.

Encourage all starting in life by yourself becoming reminiscent. Established merchants by telling these young merchants when you got your first customer, and how you sat behind the counter eating your luncheon with one eye on the door. Established lawyers, encourage young lawyers by telling of the time when you broke down in your first speech. Established ministers of the Gospel, encourage young ministers by merciful examination of theological candidates, not walking around with a profundity and overwhelmingness of manner as though you were one of the eternal decrees. Doctors established, by telling young doctors how you yourself once mistook the measles for scarlatina. And if you have nothing to say that is encouraging, O man! put your teeth tightly together and cover them with the curtain of your lip; compress your lips and put your hand over your mouth and keep still.

A gentleman was passing along, crossing a bridge in Germany, and a lad came along with a cage of birds for sale. The stranger said, "How much for those birds and the cage?" The price was announced, the purchase was made, and the first thing the stranger did was to open the door of the cage and the birds flew out into the sun-

light and the forest. Some one who saw the purchase and the liberation said : " What did you do that for ? " " Ah ! " said the stranger, "*I was a captive myself once, and I know how good it is to be free.*" Oh, ye who remember hardships in early life but have come beyond those hardships, sympathize with those who are in the struggle ! Free yourself, help others to get free. Governor Alexander Stephens dying a few weeks ago persisted in having business matters brought to his bedside. There was on the table a petition for the pardon of a distinguished criminal, the petition signed by distinguished men. There was also on that table a letter from a poor woman in the penitentiary, written and signed by herself alone. Dying Alexander Stephens said, " You think that because I have been ill so many times and got well, I shall get well now, but you are mistaken ; I will not recover. Where is that letter by that woman in the penitentiary ? I think she has suffered enough. As near as I can tell she has no friends. Bring me that paper that *I may sign her pardon.*" A gentleman standing by thinking this too great a responsibility for the sick man, said : " Governor, you are very sick now ; perhaps you had better wait till to-morrow ; you may feel stronger and you may feel better." Then the eye of the old governor flashed, and he said : " I know what I am about." Putting his signature to that pardon he wrote the last word he ever wrote, for then the pen fell from his pale and rheumatic and dying hand forever. Oh, my soul, how beautiful that the closing hours of life should be spent in helping one who had no helper !

Encourage the troubled by thoughts of release and reassociation. Encourage the aged by thoughts of eternal juvenescence. Encourage the herdsman amid the troughs of sin to go back to the banquet at the father's homestead. Give us tunes in the major key instead of the minor. Give us "Coronation" instead of "Naomi." You have seen cars so arranged that one car going down the hill rolled another car up the hill. They nearly balanced each other. And every man that finds life up hill ought to be helped by those

who have passed the heights and are descending to the vale. Oh, let us bear each other's burdens !

A gentleman in England died leaving his fortune by will to two sons. The son that stayed at home destroyed the father's will and pretended that the brother who was absent was dead and buried. The absent brother after a while returned and claimed his part of the property. Judges and jurors were to be bribed to say that the returned brother and son was no son at all but only an impostor. The trial came on. Sir Matthew Hale, the pride of the English court room and for twenty years the pride of jurisprudence, heard that that injustice was about to be practised. He put off his official robe. He put on the garb of a miller. He went to the village where that trial was to take place. He entered the court room. He somehow got empanelled as one of the jurors. *The bribes came around*, and the man gave ten pieces of gold to the other jurors, but as this was only a poor miller the briber gave to him only five pieces of gold. A verdict was brought in rejecting the rights of this returned brother. He was to have no share in the inheritance. " Hold ! my lord," said the miller. " Hold ! we are not all agreed on this verdict. These other men have received ten pieces of gold in bribery and I have received only five." " Who are you ? Where do you come from ? " said the judge on the bench. The response was : " I am from Westminster Hall ; my name is Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of the king's bench. Off of that place, thou villain ! " And so the injustice was balked, and so the young man got his inheritance.

It was all for another that Sir Matthew Hale took off his robe and put on the garb of a miller. And so Christ took off His robe of royalty and put on the attire of our humanity, and in that disguise He won our eternal portion. Now are we the sons of God. Joint heirs ! We went off from home sure enough, but we got back in time to receive our eternal inheritance. And if Christ bore our burden, surely we can afford to bear each other's burdens.

THE BIRD ANTHEM.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, April 29, 1883.

"The time of the singing of birds is come."—SOLOMON'S SONG, 2 : 12.

As the artist draws a curtain over the studio that he may better present his picture, so the dark clouds of this stormy morning will help us better to bring out the vernal scene of the text. This morning coming by the park I noticed that all the tree-tops were filled with music. It is only the voice of man that halts in the storm. "The time of the singing of birds is come." Christ was in full sympathy with the natural

world. He pressed a lily in one of His sermons. You hear the echo of a bird's voice in one of His paragraphs. After a hot day in Jerusalem He went out to spend the evening at a merchant's country seat that He might be surrounded by beautiful natural objects. The book of nature is as certainly inspired as the Book of Revelation.

For years I have wanted to preach a sermon

on the spring-time, but it is so difficult to tell just when the spring begins and when the spring closes, and sometimes when I have desired to speak upon this subject I have awakened on Sabbath morning and found the ground covered with the frosts, and then I have adjourned and adjourned the theme. This spring-time I have seen Louisiana and Canada—the one covered with roses, and in the other I was struck with the hailstorm. But the almanac says that two thirds of the season have already gone. And when shall we celebrate the fact that "the time of the singing of birds is come"?

The wise men of the East brought to the feet of Christ frankincense and cassia, and shall we not throw down at His feet all the bloom and the redolence of orchard and garden? In New Testament times Christ is represented as stooping down and with His finger writing on the ground, and they marvelled at it. Christ is still doing that very thing, and in the verdure of the mountain and the valley, and the spring-time flowers, and the sweet shrubs, Christ the Lord is still stooping down, and with His finger *writing on the ground*. When it thunders a mother is apt to say to her child, "That is God's voice." Why not when there comes some bright, radiant spring-time have the mother say to her child, "This is God's smile"? When the odors of the fruit blossoms laden the air would it not be well for us to say to our children, "This is God's breath."

Poor children, bare-footed, and with no mother with her needle to earn them shoes, have longed for the spring-time. Farmers, the cribs empty and the cattle looking up moaningly to the hay lying thin on the poles of the mow, have longed for fresh pastures, and the ploughboy's song and the rattle of cleaves over the sod turned by glistering coulter. Invalids with their forehead pressed against the window-pane have for months been looking out; and seeing the storm shaking down their cold blossoms on the ground, or have wrapped around them tighter the shawl as they heard the winds beating a dead march among the hills, and have longed for the sweet serenade of April or May at their hoisted window, and have sat on the porch on a sunny afternoon, or walked among the violets after the dew has gone up from the grass. Gladness on all sides that spring has arrived. Rejoice! "The time of the singing of birds is come. Winter, wailing and sobbing in the equinoctial storm, falls dead at the feet of spring, and the tree branches at this moment are telegraphs sending the news ahead, writing on the air, "Spring has come! spring has come!"

Again and again has the season been defeated. Marching up the mountain-side, ever and anon hurled back and driven down the rocks, but climbing up again, until it will plant its green standards on the topmost cliff led on by bands of music in the tree-tops, for "the time of the singing of birds is come." Now, let the ploughmen sharpen their coulter and charge on the tough glebe, and the harrows with iron teeth chew up the clods, and the waters clap their hands with gladness, and the trees put bridal blossoms in their hair, and the ponds with multitudinous life make the bogs quake, for "the time of the singing of birds is come."

I. Learn first from this season described in the text, by the bird anthem, *the goodness of your God*. Do you realize the mercy of the Lord in the dominant color of the spring-time? He might have covered the earth with a dull brown, depressing all nations into melancholy. or He might have covered the earth with a crimson, wearying the eye with its strong blaze. But no. He touches the eye with the color most appropriate for a long while—the color half-way between the blue and the red, the green in which is so kindly and lovingly mingled the mercy, the goodness of our God.

As sea monsters struck by harpoon shove quickly away at sea, so the winter storm cloud struck by lances of light swims off the sky. The trees at this moment are pulling on their sleeves of foliage, and the roots their boots of sod. Buds burst like harmless bombshells scattering aroma on the fields. Joy of fishes in the water. joy of insects in the air, joy of cattle in the fields, joy of wings in the sky. for "the time of the singing of birds is come." Gracious and blessed God, all the sunshine Thou hast shaken from Thy robe, all the verdure is only the track of Thy feet, all the music is struck from Thy harp. At early sunrise nature goes to morning prayers, reading the 148th Psalm: "Praise the Lord! Mountains and all hills; fruitful trees and all cedars." Fowl in the yard. Flocks on the hill. Insects drinking dew from cups of hyacinth. Jasmine climbing over the stone wall. Martins come back to build their nest in the rafters of the barn, or becoming harmless eavesdroppers at our roof. All the natural world accordant and filled with the praises of God. Have you praised Him? The winds thank Him, humming amid the tree branches. The birds thank Him, and for the drop they dip from the brook fill all the sky with roundelay. The honeysuckles praise Him, burning incense of fragrance before the throne. The oceans praise Him with open diapason of tempest. Is our voice silent? Is this the snapped harp-string? Is the human heart the only broken instrument in the orchestration of earth and sky and sea? Are we the only discord in the grand oratorio of the eternities?

II. Again, the season of bird anthem in the text suggests to me *the wisdom of our God*. Dr. Paley, the Christian philosopher, wrote a very brilliant chapter about the wonders of a bird's wing. Musicians have listened in the woods, and they have written down in their portfolio in musical score the song of the birds—the libretto of the forests. Oh, the wisdom of God in the structure of a bird's wing. Oh, the wisdom of God in the structure of a bird's voice. Could all the artists and artisans and philosophers of the earth make one dandelion? In one cup of China-aster enough wine of wisdom for all nations to drink. Where is the architect that could plan the pillar of one pond lily? Break off this morning the branch of a tree, and see in the flowing sap the divine chemistry of the alum, the sugar, the tannin, the potash, the carbonate of lime. Let them try to explain the wonders of an artichoke or radish. Let them look at a vegetable and tell the story how it has lungs, and how it has feet, and how it has an ancestry as old as the ages, and how it will have

descendants as long as time, and how that in one square inch its three hundred thousand cells, each one of which requiring the omnipotence of a God. Galileo in prison for his advanced notions of things was asked why he persisted in believing in God, and he pointed down to a broken straw on the floor of his dungeon, and said: "Sirs, if I had no other reason to believe the wisdom and the goodness of God, I would argue them from that straw on the floor of this dungeon." Behold the wisdom of God in the construction of the seeds from which all the growths of this spring-time come forth—seeds so wonderfully constructed that they keep their vitality for hundreds and thousands of years. Grains of corn found in the cerements of the Egyptian mummies buried thousands of years ago, planted now come up as luxuriantly and easily as grains of corn that grew last year planted this spring-time. After the fire in London in 1666, the Sisymbrium Iris, seeds of which must have been planted hundreds and hundreds of years before that, grew all over the ruins of the fire. Could the universities of the earth explain the mysteries of one ruta-baga seed? Could they girdle the mysteries of one grain of corn? Oh, the shining firmament in one drop of dew! Oh, the untravelled continents of mystery in a crystal of snow! Oh, the gorgeous upholstery in one tuft of mountain moss! Oh, the triumphal arch in one tree branch! Oh, the God in an atom!

Where is the loom in which He wove the curtains of the morning? Where is the *vat of beauty* out of which He dipped the crimson and the gold and the saffron and the blue and the green and the red? Where are the moulds in which He ran out the Alps and the Pyrenees? Where is the harp that gave the warble to the lark and the sweet call to the robin, and the carol to the canary, and the chirp to the grasshopper? It is the same God who has all your affairs and mine under His care and guidance. The same God who pairs the birds in this spring-time gave us our companions. The same God who shows the chaffinch how to take care of her brood will protect our children. The same God who shows the sparrow in the spring-time how to build its nest will give us a habitation. The same God who gathers the down for the pheasant's breast will give us apparel. The same God who this day feeds the squirrels in the wood will feed us. The same God who swung a bridge of gossamer for the insect to walk over has marked out all our pathway. Praise His name! None of us so insignificant as to miss His care.

Oh, ye who are worried about your health, and worried about your reputation, and worried about your children, and worried about your property, and worried about everything, in these spring-time days go out and listen to the song of the English sparrow, one of the richest possessions of Brooklyn. Are ye not of more value than many sparrows? Behold the fowls of the air, they gather not into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them, oh, ye of little faith.

III. Again, the season of the text suggests the wisdom of *right building of the home nest*. I have noticed that birds build always with reference to safety. Safety against the elements, safety against intruders. But the trouble with

us is that we are not so wise, and some of us build too high, and some of us build too low. God says in Obadiah, "Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord." The eagle constructs its nest at an inaccessible height from rough materials and large sticks by strong claws gathered from great distances. The eider-duck takes its own feathers to help make up the nest. The magpie surrounds its nest with briars to keep off invaders. The blackbird covers its nest with loam.

I have hour after hour studied the structure of a bird's nest—a structure having more than mathematical accuracy and more than human ingenuity. Sometimes built in trees, sometimes built in rocks, sometimes built at the eaves of dwellings, but always in reference to safety; safety for themselves and safety for their young, safety from the elements and safety from intruders. Wiser than some of us, for we are apt to build too high, or build too low. He who tries to find his satisfactions in the pleasures of this world, the applause of this world, the emoluments of this world, will come to disturbance and will come to destruction. There are weasels, there are foxes, there are hawks of temptation ever hunting for prey, and the only safe place in which to build a nest is the tree of the cross, and *the only safe rock* on which to build a nest is the Rock of Ages.

I saw a man gather around him all the luxuries of life. His house was fine, his family were affectionate, his property was great, his horses were of the highest mettle, and his cattle of purest blood pastured in the meadows. His emoluments increased, his investments gathered great treasures into his lap. There was hardly room in front of his house for the gay turnouts that rolled up to the dwelling. His library and his art gallery were a miracle of opulence, and I heard him say: "Now I have all I need; my soul, eat, drink, and be merry." But the tide turned. His property went, his cattle went, his horses went, his estate went, and I saw him coming down in poverty and utterly penniless, down the hill. What was the matter? He built his nest too high, and God shoved him out of it.

I saw a man finding his chief delight in sensualities. He drank the cup of iniquity to the dregs. He defied God and the retributions of the Judgment Day. But after a while sorrow came, and sickness came, and exposure came, and death came down to the ditch of sin in which he was hiding himself, and the drunken orgie and bestial carousal ended in darkness infinite. What was the matter? He built his nest too low and God dragged him out of it. Napoleon Bonaparte built his nest too high. Drunken and licentious Tom Paine, the pride of modern infidels, built his nest too low. They only are safe who build their home in God.

IV. This season of the text, the season of the bird anthem suggests to me *the superlative glories of heaven*. If this world, blasted with sin and swept with storms, is still so beautiful, what must be the attraction of the sinless world toward which we travel? This spring-time I had an opportunity of seeing almost all the phases of the spring as I went southward, from the open-

ing buds of the northern orchards down to the blush of the gardens reaching across many States. But, my friends, the magnificence of nature, after all, is only the corpse of a dead Paradise, it is only the charred hulk of a giant vessel which six thousand years ago foundered, and has ever since been beating on the rocks. It is only the ruins of a temple in which lambs of innocence were to be offered, but on whose altars swine and vultures of sin have been sacrificed. Now, I say, if this world, notwithstanding all the curse of thousands of years, is so beautiful, what must be that land toward which we go? that land from which all sorrow and sighing and sin and curse is banished, and even sun and moon as too common became the Lamb is the light thereof.

I would not want to take the responsibility of saying that in addition to the spiritual excellence of heaven there shall not be also a physical and a material beauty. The Rose of Sharon, once trampled down by the horse-hoofs of crucifying soldiers, there blooming in heaven. The humble lily transplanted from the valleys of earth to the heights of Lebanon. The hawthorn, white and scarlet, reminding the beholder of his innocence and the blood which made him so. The passion flower blooming in this cold world a day, there in the more temperate zone blooming through the long years of God's life-time. A river flowing over beds of precious stones and riches, not such as go down with wrecked argosies, but such as He alone could strew who hath sown the mountains with diamond and the sea with pearl. Birds with wing never torn of sportsman or tempest, dipping the surface as you wander to its source and catch the crystal stream where it drips fresh from the everlasting rock. Such luxuriance shall kiss the pleased vision and fill the air with winged aroma, and the saints of God wandering among them may look up through the branches of the tree of life and listen and find that "the time of the singing of birds is come."

How it adds to our joy when we have friends with us while we are listening to some sweet sound or gazing upon some beautiful object, and how our rapture will be enkindled as with our hand in Christ's we shall walk up and down amid the things which eye hath not seen nor ear heard. The tameness of earth exchanged for the yellow of jasper, and the blue of sapphire, and the green of emerald, and the fire of jacinth.

V. Once more, this scene of the text, this season of the bird anthem suggests to me the *importance of learning how to sing*. In a little while there will be no pause in the melody of the woods, for "the time of the singing birds is come." Whether it be a warble, or a chant, or a carol, or a chirp, or a croak, God will be praised by it as the songsters of the forest clutching a leaf as though the notes were on it, send forth their joy, answered by a score of applauding echoes. Shall not we, more intelligent appreciators, sing?

I tell you, my friends, it is as much our duty to sing as it is to pray. Let parents educate their children in this art, this holy science. Let Sabbath-schools resound with it. Let the churches of Jesus Christ be faithful in this department of worship, and let the Word of Christ

dwell in you richly in all wisdom teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your heart unto the Lord. Why, my brethren, we have so much to sing about, how can we be silent?

I have noticed that sailors going out of port have a sadness in their song, I have noticed that sailors mid-Atlantic have a weariness in their song, but I have noticed that when sailors are coming into port they have an ecstasy in their song. So many of us coming nearer and nearer to the haven of everlasting rest, shall we not be jubilant in our music?

Oh, the importance of this exercise! If this part of the service in church be dull, everything runs down to the same temperature. Dull songs and dull sermons are twin brothers. In this part of the services, do not act as though you were mumbling a mass. Take the minstrelsy of the woods, and sing out. All the young whose pulses bound with health—let the house of God be filled with your praise. All these business men—let them drown their cares and the chink of dollars in a song of praise. Ye aged ones, so near the song of Moses and the Lamb—better be getting ready for the music.

"Oh," says some one, "there is no music in my ear, there is no music in my voice, and therefore I am silent." Did you ever hear a quail after putting head under wing say: "I can't sing because I am not a lark, and I am not a nightingale; at the best I can only whistle"? Ah, my friend, the world may laugh at you, but God will not laugh at you, and the most tremulous tone of the humblest Christian will be more musical as it reaches heaven, than the most artistic display of elaborated opera.

Come now, each one for himself, and each one for all, one heart and one voice, let our songs on the Sabbath day be like an acclamation of victory. Our songs on earth are only Saturday night rehearsals for the songs of the Sabbath morning which shall dawn on the hills and the crystals of heaven. And, mark you, if the song here is so sweet what will be the anthem of heaven, when all the redeemed break forth into music? In this world it is sometimes very difficult to sing; the voice is muffled with the cold, or the heart is depressed with some fresh sorrow, and it is hard to sing; but when we are all free, what an anthem!

Who are these singing ones before the throne? Well, there are many little children. They came up from homes of earth, from the Sabbath-schools of earth. They came up, some from the banks of the Ganges, where they were offered in sacrifice. Now, let them sing, ten thousand times ten thousand children before the throne of God, let them sing. And there are some very aged. They struggled all through a long life, but they have got through the wilderness and got to the Promised Land. Why not let them sing now before the throne. And there is another group of those who had great heart-break. They had privations and sorrows and misfortunes and agonies untold; but they have fought their last battle, they have wept their last tear, they have conquered their last enemy, they have broken their last shackle. Now let the martyrs sing.

Oh, what a doxology. Every hand on a harp. Every foot on a throne. Every voice taking the key of rapture. Songs soft as slumbers, but loud as storm. Chorus of elders. Chorus of saints. Chorus of martyrs. Chorus of cherubim. Chorus of seraphim. Chorus of morning

stars. Unto Him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God—unto Him be glory in the church throughout all ages, world without end. Amen, and amen.

SHAMS IN RELIGION.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, May 6, 1883.

"Faith without works is dead."—JAMES 2 : 20.

THE Roman Catholic Church has been charged with putting too much stress upon good works and not enough upon faith. I charge Protestantism with putting not enough stress upon good works as connected with salvation. Good works will never save a man, but if a man have not good works he has no real faith and no genuine religion. There are those who depend upon the fact that they are all right inside, while their conduct is wrong outside. Their religion, for the most part, is made up of talk—vigorous talk, fluent talk, boastful talk, perpetual talk. They will entertain you by the hour in telling you how good they are. They come up to such a higher life that they have no patience with ordinary Christians in the plain discharge of their duty. As near as I can tell this ocean craft is mostly sail and very little tonnage. Foretopmast stay sail, foretopmast studding sail, maintopsail, mizzen-topsail—everything from flying jib to mizzen spanker, but making no useful voyage. Now, the world has got tired of this, and it wants a religion that will work into all the circumstances of life. We do not want a new religion, but the old religion applied in all possible directions.

Yonder is a river with steep and rocky banks, and it roars like a young Niagara as it rolls on over its rough bed. It does nothing but talk about itself all the way from its source in the mountain to the place where it empties into the sea. The banks are so steep the cattle cannot come down to drink. It does not run one fertilizing rill into the adjoining field. It has not one grist mill or factory on either side. It sulks in wet weather with chilling fogs. No one cares when that river is born among the rocks, and no one cares when it dies into the sea. But yonder is another river, and it mosses its banks with the warm tides, and it rocks with floral lullaby the water lilies asleep on its bosom. It invites herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and coveys of birds to come there and drink. It has three grist mills on one side and six cotton factories on the other. It is the wealth of two hundred miles of luxuriant farms. The birds of heaven chanted when it was born in the mountains, and the ocean shipping will press in from the sea to hail

it as it comes down to the Atlantic coast. The one river is a man who lives for himself. The other river is a man who lives for others.

Do you know how the site of the ancient city of Jerusalem was chosen? There were two brothers who had adjoining farms. The one brother had a large family, the other had no family. The brother with a large family said : "There is my brother with no family ; he must be lonely, and I will try to cheer him up, and I will take some of the sheaves from my field in the night-time and set them over on his farm, and say nothing about it." The other brother said : "My brother has a large family, and it is very difficult for him to support them, and I will help him along, and I will take some of the sheaves from my farm in the night-time and set them over on his farm, and say nothing about it." So the work of transference went on night after night, and night after night ; but every morning things seemed to be just as they were, for though sheaves had been subtracted from each farm, sheaves had also been added, and the brothers were perplexed, and could not understand. But one night the brothers happened to meet while making this generous transference, and the spot where they met was so sacred that it was chosen as the site of the city of Jerusalem. If that tradition should prove unfounded, it will nevertheless stand as a beautiful allegory setting forth the idea that wherever a kindly and generous and loving act is performed, that is the spot fit for some temple of commemoration.

I have often spoken to you about faith, but this morning I speak to you about works, for "faith without works is dead." I think you will agree with me in the statement that the great want of this world is more practical religion. *We want practical religion to go into all merchandise.* It will supervise the labelling of goods. It will not allow a man to say that a thing was made in one factory when it was made in another. It will not allow the merchant to say that watch was manufactured in Geneva, Switzerland, when it was manufactured in Massachusetts. It will not allow the merchant to say that wine came from Madeira when it came

from California. Practical religion will walk along by the store shelves, and tear off all the tags that make misrepresentation. It will not allow the merchant to say that is pure coffee, when dandelion root and chicory and other ingredients go into it. It will not allow him to say that is pure sugar, when there are in it sand and ground glass.

When practical religion gets its full swing in the world, it will go down the street, and it will come to that shoe store and rip off the fictitious soles of many a fine-looking pair of shoes, and show that it is pasteboard sandwiched between the sound leather. And this practical religion will go right into a grocery store, and it will pull out the plug of all the adulterated syrups, and it will dump into the ash-barrel, in front of the store, the cassia bark that is sold for cinnamon and the brickdust that is sold for cayenne pepper; and it will shake out the Prussian blue from the tea leaves, and it will sift from the flour plaster of Paris and bonedust and soapstone, and it will by chemical analysis separate the one quart of Ridgewood water from the few honest drops of cow's milk, and it will throw out the live animalcules from the brown sugar.

There has been so much adulteration of articles of food that it is an amazement to me that there is a healthy man or woman in America. Heaven only knows what they put into the spices and into the sugars and into the butter and into the apothecary drug. But chemical analysis and the microscope have made wonderful revelations. The Board of Health in Massachusetts analyzed a great amount of what was called pure coffee, and found in it not one particle of coffee. In England, there is a law that forbids the putting of alum in bread. The public authorities examined fifty-one packages of bread, and found them all guilty. The honest physician, writing a prescription, does not know but that it may bring death instead of health to his patient, because there may be one of the drugs weakened by a cheaper article, and another drug may be in full force, and so the prescription may have just the opposite effect intended. Oil of wormwood warranted pure from Boston was found to have forty-one per cent of resin and alcohol and chloroform. Scammony is one of the most valuable medical drugs. It is very rare, very precious. It is the sap or the gum of a tree or a bush in Syria. The root of the tree is exposed, an incision is made into the root and then shells are placed at this incision to catch the sap or the gum as it exudes. It is very precious, this scammony. But the peasant mixes it with a cheaper material; then it is taken to Aleppo, and the merchant there mixes it with a cheaper material; then it comes on to the wholesale druggist in London or New York, and he mixes it with a cheaper material; then it comes to the retail druggist, and he mixes it with a cheaper material, and by the time the poor sick man gets it into his bottle, it is ashes and chalk and sand, and some of what has been called pure scammony after analysis has been found to be no scammony at all.

Now, practical religion will yet rectify all this. It will go to those hypocritical professors of religion who got a "corner" in corn and wheat

in Chicago and New York, sending prices up and up until they were beyond the reach of the poor, keeping these breadstuffs in their own hands, or controlling them until the prices going up and up and up, they were, after a while, ready to sell, and they sold out, making themselves millionnaires in one or two years—trying to fix the matter up with the Lord by building a church or a university or a hospital—deluding themselves with the idea that the Lord would be so pleased with the gift He would forget the swindle. Now, as such a man may not have any liturgy in which to say his prayers, I will compose for him one which he practically is making: "O Lord, we, by getting a 'corner' in breadstuffs, swindled the people of the United States out of ten million dollars, and made suffering all up and down the land, and we would like to compromise this matter with Thee. Thou knowest it was a scaly job, but then it was smart. Now, here we compromise it. Take one per cent of the profits, and with that one per cent you can build an asylum for these poor miserable ragamuffins of the street, and I will take a yacht and go to Europe, forever and ever. Amen!"

Ah! my friends, if a man hath gotten his estate wrongfully and he build a line of hospitals and universities from here to Alaska, he cannot atone for it. After a while, this man who has been getting a "corner" in wheat, dies, and then Satan gets a "corner" in him. He goes into a great, long Black Friday. There is a "break" in the market. According to Wall Street parlance, he wiped others out, and now he is himself wiped out. No collaterals on which to make a spiritual loan. *Eternal defalcation.*

But this practical religion will not only rectify all merchandise; it will also rectify *all mechanism, and all toil*. A time will come when a man will work as faithfully by the job as he does by the day. You say when a thing is slightly done, "Oh, that was done by the job." You can tell by the swiftness or slowness with which a hackman drives whether he is hired by the hour or by the excursion. If he is hired by the hour he drives very slowly, so as to make as many hours as possible. If he is hired by the excursion, he whips up the horses so as to get around and get another customer. All styles of work have to be inspected. Ships inspected, horses inspected, machinery inspected. Boss to watch the journeyman. Capitalist coming down unexpectedly to watch the boss. Conductor of a city car sounding the punch bell to prove his honesty as a passenger hands to him a clipped nickel. All things must be watched and inspected. Imperfections in the wood covered with putty. Garments warranted to last until you put them on the third time. Shoddy in all kinds of clothing. Chromos. Pinchbeck. Diamonds for a dollar and a half. Bookbindery that holds on until you read the third chapter. Spavined horses, by skilful dose of jockeys, for several days made to look spry. Wagon tires poorly put on. Horses poorly shod. Plastering that cracks without any provocation and falls off. Plumbing that needs to be plumbed. Imperfect car wheel that halts the whole train with a hot

box. So little practical religion in the mechanism of the world. I tell you, my friends, the law of man will never rectify these things. It will be the all-pervading influence of the practical religion of Jesus Christ that will make the change for the better.

Yes, this practical religion will also go into *agriculture*, which is proverbially honest, but needs to be rectified, and it will keep the farmer from sending to the New York market veal that is too young to kill, and when the farmer farms on shares, it will keep the man who does the work from making his half three fourths, and it will keep the farmer from building his post and rail fence on his neighbor's premises, and it will make him shelter his cattle in the winter storm, and it will keep the old elder from working on Sunday afternoon in the new ground where nobody sees him. And this practical religion will hover over the house, and over the barn, and over the field, and over the orchard.

Yes, this practical religion of which I speak will come into the learned professions. *The lawyer* will feel his responsibility in defending innocence and arraigning evil, and expounding the law, and it will keep him from charging for briefs he never wrote, and for pleas he never made, and for percentages he never earned, and from robbing widow and orphan because they are defenceless. Yes, this practical religion will come into *the physician's* life, and he will feel his responsibility as the conservator of the public health, a profession honored by the fact that Christ Himself was a physician. And it will make him honest, and when he does not understand a case he will say so, not trying to cover up lack of diagnosis with ponderous technicalities, or send the patient to a reckless drug store because the apothecary happens to pay a percentage on the prescriptions sent. And this practical religion will come to *the school-teacher*, making her feel her responsibility in preparing our youth for usefulness and for happiness and for honor, and will keep her from giving a sly box to a dull head, chastising him for what he cannot help, and sending discouragement all through the after years of a lifetime. This practical religion will also come to *the newspaper men*, and it will help them in the gathering of the news, and it will help them in setting forth the best interests of society, and it will keep them from putting the sins of the world in larger type than its virtues, and its mistakes than its achievements, and it will keep them from misrepresenting interviews with public men, and from starting suspicions that never can be allayed, and will make them stanch friends of the oppressed instead of the oppressor.

Yes, this religion, this practical religion will come and put its hand on what is called *good society*, elevated society, successful society, so that people will have their expenditures within their income, and they will exchange the hypocritical "not at home" for the honest explanation "too tired," or "too busy to see you," and will keep innocent reception from becoming intoxicated conviviality, and it will by frank manners and Christian sentiment drive out that creature with sharp-toed shoe and tightly bandaged limb, and elbows drawn back, and idiotic

talk, and infinitesimal cane, and sickening swagger, born in America, but a poor copy of a foppish Englishman, the *nux vomica* of modern society, commonly called the "Dude!"

Yea, there is great opportunity for missionary work in what are called the successful classes of society. It is no rare thing now to see a fashionable woman intoxicated in the street, or the rail-car, or the restaurant. The number of fine ladies who drink too much is increasing. Perhaps you may find her at the reception in most exalted company, but she has made too many visits to the wine-room, and now her eye is glassy, and after a while her cheek is unnaturally flushed, and then she falls into fits of excruciating laughter about nothing, and then she offers sickening flatteries, telling some homely man how well he looks, and then she is helped into the carriage, and by the time the carriage gets to her home it takes the husband and the coachman to get her up the stairs. The report is, She was taken suddenly ill at a german. Ah! no. She took too much champagne, and mixed liquors, and got drunk. That was all.

Yea, this practical religion will have to come in and fix up *the marriage relation* in America. There are members of churches who have too many wives and too many husbands. Society needs to be expurgated and washed and fumigated and Christianized. We have missionary societies to reform the Five Points in New York, and Bedford Street, Philadelphia, and Shore-ditch, London, and the Brooklyn docks; but there is need of an organization to reform much that is going on in Beacon Street, and Madison Square, and Rittenhouse Square, and West End, and Brooklyn Heights, and Brooklyn Hill. We want this practical religion not only to take hold of what are called the lower classes, but to take hold of what are called the higher classes. The trouble is that people have an idea they can do all their religion on Sunday with hymn-book and prayer-book and liturgy, and some of them sit in church rolling up their eyes as though they were ready for translation, when their Sabbath is bounded on all sides by an inconsistent life, and while you are expecting to come out from under their arms the wings of an angel, there come out from their forehead the horns of a beast.

There has got to be a new departure in religion. I do not say a new religion. Oh, no; but *the old religion brought to new appliances*. In our time we have had the daguerreotype and the ambrotype and the photograph; but it is the same old sun, and these arts are only new appliances of the old sunlight. So this glorious Gospel is just what we want to photograph the image of God on one soul, and daguerreotype it on another soul. Not a new Gospel, but the old Gospel put to new work. In our time we have had the telegraphic invention and the telephonic invention and the electric light invention; but they are all the children of old electricity, an element that the philosophers have a long while known much about. So this electric Gospel needs to flash its light on the eyes and ears and souls of men, and become a telephonic medium to make the deaf hear; a telegraphic medium to dart invitation and warning to all

nations; an electric light to illumine the Eastern and Western hemispheres. Not a new Gospel, but the old Gospel doing a new work.

Now you say, "That is a very beautiful theory, but is it possible to take one's religion into all the avocations and business of life?" Yes, and I will give you some specimens. Medical doctors who took their religion into every-day life: Dr. John Abercrombie, of Aberdeen, the greatest Scottish physician of his day, his book on "Diseases of the Brain and Spinal Cord," no more wonderful than his book on "The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings," and often kneeling at the bedside of his patients to commend them to God in prayer. Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, immortal as an author, dying recently under the benediction of the sick of Edinburgh; myself remembering him as he sat in his study in Edinburgh talking to me about Christ, and his hope of heaven. And a score of Christian family physicians in Brooklyn just as good as they were.

Lawyers who carried their religion into their profession: Lord Cairns, the queen's adviser for many years, the highest legal authority in Great Britain—Lord Cairns, every summer in his vacation preaching as an evangelist among the poor of his country. John McLean, Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States and President of the American Sunday-School Union, feeling more satisfaction in the latter office than in the former. And scores of Christian lawyers as eminent in the Church of God as they are eminent at the bar.

Merchants who took their religion into every-day life: Arthur Tappan, derided in his day because he established that system by which we come to find out the commercial standing of business men, starting that entire system, derided for it then, himself, as I knew him well, in moral character A 1. Monday mornings inviting to a room in the top of his storehouse the clerks of his establishment, asking them about their worldly interests and their spiritual interests, then giving out a hymn, leading in prayer, giving them a few words of good advice, asking them what church they attended on the Sabbath, what the text was, whether they had any especial troubles of their own. Arthur Tappan. I never heard his eulogy pronounced. I pronounce it now. And other merchants just as good. William E. Dodge in the iron business, Moses H. Grinnell in the shipping business, Peter Cooper in the glue business. Scores of men just as good as they were.

Farmers who take their religion into their occupation: Why, this minute their horses and wagons stand around all the meeting-houses in America. They began this day by a prayer to God, and when they get home at noon, after they have put their horses up, will offer a prayer to God at the table, seeking a blessing, and this summer there will be in their fields not one dishonest head of rye, not one dishonest ear of

corn, not one dishonest apple. Worshipping God to-day away up among the Berkshire Hills, or away down amid the lagoons of Florida, or away out amid the mines of Colorado, or along the banks of the Passaic and the Raritan, where I knew them better because I went to school with them.

Mechanics who took their religion into their occupations: James Brindley, the famous millwright, Nathaniel Bowditch, the famous ship chandler, Elihu Burritt, the famous blacksmith, and hundreds and thousands of strong arms which have made the hammer and the saw and the adze and the drill and the axe sound in the grand march of our national industries.

Give your heart to God and then fill your life with good works. Consecrate to Him your store, your shop, your banking house, your factory, and your home. They say no one will hear it. God will hear it. That is enough. You hardly know of any one else than Wellington as connected with the victory at Waterloo; but he did not do the hard fighting. The hard fighting was done by the Somerset cavalry and the Ryland regiments, and Kempt's infantry, and the Scotch Grays, and the Life Guards. Who cares, if only the day was won.

In the latter part of the last century a girl in England became a kitchen maid in a farm-house. She had many styles of work and much hard work. Time rolled on, and she married the son of a weaver of Halifax. They were industrious. They saved money enough after a while to build them a home. On the morning of the day when they were to enter that home, the young wife arose at four o'clock, entered the front doorway, knelt down, consecrated the place to God, and there made this solemn vow: "O Lord, if Thou wilt bless me in this place, the poor shall have a share of it." Time rolled on and a fortune rolled in. Children grew up around them, and they all became affluent, one a member of Parliament, in a public place declared that his success came from that prayer of his mother in the door-yard. All of them were affluent. Four thousand hands in their factories. They built dwelling houses for laborers at cheap rents, and where they were invalid and could not pay they had the houses for nothing. One of these sons came to this country, admired our parks, went back, bought land, opened a great public park, and made it a present to the city of Halifax, England. They endowed an orphanage, they endowed two almshouses. All England has heard of the generosity and the good works of the Crossleys. Moral: Consecrate to God your small means and your humble surroundings, and you will have larger means and grander surroundings. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." "Have faith in God by all means, but remember that faith without works is dead."

ANXIETY.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, April 2, 1882.

"Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"—ACTS 16:30.

LAST week the board fences, the stone walls and the city car windows were covered with the advertisement of an infidel lecture on the subject of "What must we do to be saved?" Of course the allusion was to the scene of the text. I warrant you that the facetious lecturer on Tuesday and Wednesday nights in Steinway Hall and Academy of Music, asked the question in a different mood from that in which it was asked when it was originally propounded. I warrant you also that the audience who heard the question were in a different condition from the audience that originally heard it. The audience that gathered last week to hear the question of the text discussed, entered a beautiful auditorium, having paid fifty or seventy-five cents to hear the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ ridiculed. I would rather pay fifty cents for almost anything than to hear the Lord Jesus Christ dishonored. I would rather pay fifty cents to hear my dead father, or dead mother, or dead brother, or dead sister derided and ridiculed than to pay fifty cents to hear the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ defamed. Fifty cents are not much, but he who hears Christ caricatured, or His religion defamed, has an entertainment costly at any price.

The difference was incomparable between the scene last Tuesday and Wednesday evenings when the question was discussed, and the scene when the text was originally propounded. Incarcerated in a Philippian penitentiary, a place cold, and dark, and damp, and loathsome, and hideous, unilluminated save by the torch of the official who comes to see if they are alive yet, are two ministers of Christ, their feet fast in instruments of torture, their shoulders dripping from the stroke of leathern thongs, their mouths hot with inflammation of thirst, their heads faint because they may not lie down. In a comfortable room of that same building, and amid pleasant surroundings, is a paid officer of the government whose business it is to supervise the prison. It is night and all is still in the corridors of the dungeon save as some murderer struggles with a horrid dream, or a ruffian turns over in his chains, or there is the cough of a dying consumptive amid the dampness; but suddenly, crash! go the walls. The two clergymen pass out free. The jail-keeper, although familiar with the darkness and the horrors hovering around the dungeon, is startled beyond all bounds, and flambeau in hand he rushes through amid the falling walls, shouting at the top of

his voice: "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"

I stand to-day before hundreds, and perhaps thousands, who are asking the same question with more or less earnestness, and I accost you in this crisis of your soul with a message from heaven. There are those in this audience who might be more skilful in argument than I am; there are those here who can dive into deeper depths of science, or have larger knowledge; there are in this audience those before whom I would willingly bow as the inferior to the superior; but I yield to no one in this assemblage in a desire to have all the people saved by the power of an omnipotent Gospel, and with an all-consuming desire that sometimes almost impedes my utterance, I beg you to accept immortal life.

I. I shall proceed this morning to characterize the question of the agitated jail-keeper. And, first, I characterize that question as *courteous*. He might have rushed in and said: "Paul and Silas, you vagabonds, are you tearing down this prison? Aren't you satisfied with disturbing the peace of the city by your infamous doctrines? and are you now going to destroy public property? Back with you to your places, you vagabonds!" He said no such thing. The word of four letters, "Sirs!" equivalent to "lords," recognized the majesty and the honor of their mission. Sirs! If a man with a capacious spirit tries to find the way to heaven, he will miss it. If a man comes out and pronounces all Christians as hypocrites and the religion of Jesus Christ as a fraud, and asks irritating questions about the mysterious and the inscrutable, saying, "Come, my wise man, explain this and explain that; if this be true how can that be true"—no such man finds the way to heaven. The question of the text was decent, courteous, gentlemanly, deferential. Sirs!

II. Again, I characterize this question of the agitated jail-keeper by saying that it was a *practical question*. He did not ask why God let sin come into the world, he did not ask how Christ could be God and man in the same person, he did not ask the doctrine of the decrees explained or want to know whom Cain married, or what was the cause of the earthquake. His present and everlasting welfare was involved in the question, and was not that practical? But I know multitudes of people who are bothering themselves about the non-essentials of religion. What would you think of a man who should,

while discussing the question of the light and heat of the sun, spend his time down in a coal cellar, when he might come out and see the one and feel the other? Yet there are multitudes of men who, in discussing *the chemistry of the Gospel*, spend their time down in the dungeon of their unbelief, when God all the while stands, telling them to come out into the noonday light and warmth of the Sun of righteousness. The question for you, my brother, to discuss is not whether Calvin or Arminius was right, not whether a handful of water in holy baptism or a baptism is the better, not whether foreordination and free agency can be harmonized. The practical question for you to discuss, and for me to discuss, is, "Where will I spend eternity?"

III. Again, I characterize this question of the agitated jail-keeper as one *personal to himself*. I have no doubt he had many friends, and he was interested in their welfare. I have no doubt he found that there were persons in that prison who, if the earthquake had destroyed them, would have found their case desperate. He is not questioning about them. The whole weight of his question turns on the pronoun "I." "What shall I do?" Of course, when a man becomes a Christian, he immediately becomes anxious for the salvation of other people; but until that point is reached the most important question is about your own salvation. "What is to be my destiny?" "What are my prospects for the future?" "Where am I going?" "What shall I do?" The trouble is we shuffle the responsibility off upon others. We prophesy a bad end to that inebriate, and terrific exposure to that defaulter, and awful catastrophe to that profligate. We are so busy in weighing other people we forget ourselves to get into the scales. We are so busy watching the poor gardens of other people that we let our own dooryard go to weeds. We are so busy sending off other people into the lifeboat we sink in the wave. We cry "fire!" because our neighbor's house is burning down and seem to be uninterested although our own house is in the conflagration. O wandering thoughts, disappear to-day. Blot out this entire audience except yourself. *Your sin, is it pardoned?* Your death, is it provided for? Your heaven, is it secured? A mightier earthquake than that which demolished the Philipian penitentiary will rumble about your ears. The foundations of the earth will give way. The earth by one tremor will fling all the American cities into the dust. Cathedrals and palaces and prisons which have stood for thousands of years will topple like a child's blockhouse. The surges of the sea will submerge the land, and the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans above the Alps and the Andes clap their hands. What then will become of me? What then will become of you? I do not wonder at the anxiety of this man of my text, for he was not only anxious about the falling of the prison, but the falling of a world.

IV. Again, I remark: I characterize this question of the agitated jail-keeper as one of *incomparable importance*. Men are alike, and I suppose he had scores of questions on his mind, but all questions for this world are hushed up, forgotten, annihilated in this one question of the text:

"What must I do to be saved?" And have you, my brother, any question of importance compared with that question? Is it a question of business? Your common-sense tells you that you will soon cease worldly business. You know very well that you will soon pass out of that partnership. You know that beyond a certain point, of all the millions of dollars of goods sold in New York and Brooklyn, you will not handle a yard of cloth, or a pound of sugar, or a penny's worth. After that, if a conflagration should start at Central Park and sweep clear to the Battery, it would not touch you, and would not damage you. If every cashier should abscond and every bank suspend payment, and every insurance company fail, it would not affect you. Oh, how insignificant is business this side the grave with business on the other side the grave! Have you made any purchases for eternity? Have you any securities that will last forever? Are you jobbing for time when you might be wholesaling for eternity? Is there any question so broad at the base, so altitudinous, so overshadowing as the question: "What must I do to be saved?" Or, is it a domestic question, is it something about father, or mother, or husband, or wife, or son, or daughter that is the more important question? You know by universal and inexorable law that relation will soon be broken up. Father will be gone, mother will be gone, children will be gone, you will be gone; but after that, the question of the text will begin to harvest its chief gains, or deplore its worst losses, or roll up its mightiest magnitudes, or sweep its vaster circles—the question whether you will take wing and soar, or chain and drop, whether you shall be built up or pulled down, whether God will be your Father or your Foe, whether in eternity you will be praising or blaspheming, chanting or groaning, in a land of light and purity and joy, or in a death that never dies.

Oh, what a question, what an important question. Is there any question that compares with it in importance? What is it now to Napoleon III, whether he triumphed or surrendered at Sedan, whether he died at the Tuileries or Chislehurst, whether he was emperor or exile? Because he was laid out in the coffin in the dress of a field marshal, did that give him any better chance for the future than if he had been laid out in a plain shroud? What difference will it soon make to you or to me whether in this world we walked or rode, whether we were bowed to or maltreated, whether we were applauded or hissed at, welcomed in, or kicked out? while laying hold of every moment of the future, and burning in every splendor or every grief, and overarching or undergirding all time and all eternity will be the plain, startling, infinite, stupendous question of the text: "What must I do to be saved?"

V. Again, I characterize this question of the agitated jail-keeper as one *crushed out by his misfortunes*, pressed out by his misfortunes. The falling of the penitentiary, his occupation was gone. Besides that the flight of a prisoner was ordinarily the death of the jailer. He was held responsible. If all had gone well, if the prison walls had not been shaken of the earthquake, if

the prisoners had all stayed quiet in the stocks, if the morning sunlight had calmly dropped on the jailor's pillow, do you think he would have hurled this red-hot question from his soul into the ear of his apostolic prisoners? Ah! no; you know as well as I do it was the earthquake that roused him up. And it is trouble that starts a great many people to asking the same question. It has been so with a vast multitude of you. Your apparel is not as bright as once it was. Why have you changed the garb? Do you like solferino, and crimson, and purple, as well as once? Yes. But you say: "While I was prospered and happy those colors were accordant with my feelings; now they would be discord to my soul." And so you have plaited up the shadows into your apparel. Oh, the world is a very different place from what it was once for you! Once you said: "Oh, if I could only have it quiet a little while." It is too quiet. Some people say that they would not bring back their departed friends from heaven even if they had the opportunity; but if you had the opportunity you would bring back your loved ones and soon their feet would be sounding in the hall, soon their voices would be heard in the family, and the old times would come back just as the festal days of Christmas and Thanksgiving—days gone forever. Oh, it is the earthquake that startled you to asking this question—the earthquake of domestic misfortune. Death is so cruel, so devouring, so relentless, that when it swallows up our loved ones we must have some one to whom we can carry our torn and bleeding hearts. We need a balsam better than anything that ever exuded from earthly tree to heal the pang of the soul. It is pleasant to have our friends gather around us and tell us how sorry they are, and try to break up the loneliness; but nothing but the hand of Jesus Christ can take the bruised soul and put it in His bosom, hushing it with the lullaby of heaven. O brother! O sister! the gravestone will never be lifted from your heart until Christ lifts it. Was it not the loss of your friends, or the persecution of your enemies, or the overthrow of your worldly estate—was it not an earthquake that started you out to ask this stupendous question of my text?

VI. But I remark again: I characterize this question of the agitated jail-keeper as *hasty, urgent, and immediate*. He put it on the run. By the light of his torch as he goes to look for the apostles, behold his face, see the startled look and see the earnestness. No one can doubt by that look that the man is in earnest. He must have that question, answered before the earth stops rocking, or perhaps he will never have it answered at all. Is that the way, my brother, my sister, you are putting this question? Is it on the run? Is it hasty? Is it urgent? Is it immediate? If it is not, it will not be answered. That is the only kind of question that is answered. It is the urgent and the immediate question of the Gospel Christ answers. A great many are asking this question, but they draw it out, and there is indifference in their manner as if they do not mean it. Make it an urgent question and then you will have it answered before an hour passes, before

a minute passes. When a man with all the earnestness of his soul cries out for God he finds Him, and finds Him right away. I swing back the door of the lost world, and if one word might come up, only one word of warning, what do you think that word would be? I can imagine what it would be. Only one word. It would come up like the howling of the everlasting storm, that one word: "Now! now!"

How did those young men miss heaven? "Oh," they said, "we'll wait until we get to mid-life or old age; time enough yet." But the railtrain rushed from the track and their life was dashed out, or their foot slipped on the icy pavement and their skull was fractured, or typhoid fever came down and rushed them out of life in delirium. They never saw mid-life. How did those men in mid-life lose their soul? Oh, they were waiting until their business matters were fixed up. They never had an opportunity, a better opportunity, than that which was offered to them then, but they procrastinated, they adjourned, they adjourned the case until the bill of costs destroyed the case. Adjourned, and adjourned, and adjourned. Bonds, mortgages, certificates of stock, safety deposits, government securities, are of no use where they are now. How did those old men miss heaven? "Oh," they said, "we'll put it off until the very last." They put it off. Their hearts were hardened. They tried to pray, but they could not pray. They tried to believe, but they could not believe. They tried to repent, but they could not repent. And the old man leaned heavier and heavier on the staff of old age, heavier and heavier until the staff broke and he fell headlong.

Oh, are there not in this house to-day those who are postponing until the last hour of living the attending to the things of the soul? I give it as my opinion that ninety-nine out of the one hundred deathbed repentances amount to nothing. Of all the scores of persons mentioned as dying in the Bible, of how many do you read that they successfully repented in the last hour? Of fifty? No. Of forty? No. Of thirty? No. Of twenty? No. Of ten? No. Of five? No. Of one—only one, barely one, as if to demonstrate the fact that there is a bare possibility of repenting in the last hour. But that is improbable, awfully improbable, terrifically improbable. One hundred to one against the man. If, my brother, my sister, you have ever seen a man try to repent in the last hour, you have seen something very sad. I do not know anything on earth so sad as to see a man try to repent on a deathbed. There is not from the moment that life begins to breathe in infancy, to the last gasp, such an unfavorable, completely unfavorable, hour for repentance as the death hour, the last hour. There are the doctors standing with the medicines. There is the lawyer standing with the half-written will. There is the family in consternation as to what is to become of them. All the bells of eternity ringing the soul out of the body. All the past rising before us and all the future. Angels flying through the room. Devils plotting for the overthrow. Oh, that man is an infinite fool, an infinite fool, who procrastinates to the deathbed his repentance!

My text does not answer the question. It only asks it, with deep and importunate earnestness asks it, and according to the rules of sermonizing you would say, "Adjourn that to some other time;" but I dare not. What are the rules of sermonizing to me when I am after souls? What other time could I have, when perhaps this is the only time? This might be my last time for preaching; this might be your last time for hearing.

After my friend in Philadelphia died, his children gave his church Bible to me and I read it, looked over it with much interest. I saw in the margin, written in lead pencil: "Mr. Talmage said this morning that the most useless thing in all God's universe is that any sinner should perish." I did not remember saying it, but it is true, and I say it now whether I said it then or not; the most useless thing in all God's universe is that any sinner should perish. Twelve gates wide open. Have you not heard how Christ bore our sorrows, and how sympathetic He is with all our woes? Have you not heard how that with all the sorrows of heart and all the agonies of hell upon Him He cried: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do?" By His feet blistered of the mountain way—by His back whipped until the skin came off, by His death-couch of four spikes, two for the hands and two for the feet—by His sepulchre, in which for the first time for thirty-three years the cruel world let Him alone—and by the heavens from which He this morning bends in compassion, offering pardon and peace, and life eternal to all your souls, I beg of you put down your all at His feet.

"I saw one hanging on a tree
In agony and blood,
Who put his languid eyes on me
As near His cross I stood.

"Oh, never till my latest breath,
Will I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke."

In the troubled times of Scotland, Sir John Cochrane was condemned to death by the king. The death-warrant was on the way. Sir John Cochrane was bidding farewell to his daughter Grizelle at the prison door. He said: "Farewell, my darling child! I must die." His daughter said: "No, father, you shall not die." "But," he said, "the king is against me, and the law is after me, and the death-warrant is on its way, and I must die; do not deceive yourself, my dear child." The daughter said: "Father, you shall not die," as she left the prison gate. At night, on the moors of Scotland, a disguised wayfarer stood waiting for the horseman carrying the mail-bags containing the death-warrant. The disguised wayfarer, as the horse came by, clutched the bridle and shouted to the rider—to the man who carried the mail-bags: "Dismount!" He felt for his arms, and was about to shoot, but the wayfarer jerked him from his saddle and he fell flat. The wayfarer picked up the mail-bags, put them on his shoulder and vanished in the darkness, and fourteen days were thus gained for the prisoner's life, during which the father confessor was pleading

for the pardon of Sir John Cochrane. The second time the death-warrant is on its way. The disguised wayfarer comes along, and asks for a little bread and a little wine, starts on across the moors, and they say: "Poor man, to have to go out such a stormy night; it is dark and you will lose yourself on the moors." "Oh, no," he says, "I will not." He trudged on and stopped amid the brambles and waited for the horseman to come carrying the mail-bags containing the death-warrant of Sir John Cochrane. The mail-carrier spurred on his steed, for he was fearful because of what had occurred on the former journey, spurred on his steed, when suddenly through the storm and through the darkness there was a flash of firearms and the horse became unmanageable, and as the mail-carrier discharged his pistol in response, the horse flung him, and the disguised wayfarer put his foot on the breast of the overthrown rider, and said: "Surrender now!" The mail-carrier surrendered his arms, and the disguised wayfarer put upon his shoulders the mail-bags, leaped upon the horse, and sped away into the darkness, gaining fourteen more days for the poor prisoner, Sir John Cochrane; and before the fourteen days had expired pardon had come from the king. The door of the prison swung open, and Sir John Cochrane was free. One day when he was standing amid his friends, they congratulating him, the disguised wayfarer appeared at the gate, and he said, "Admit him right away." The disguised wayfarer came in and said: "Here are two letters; read them, sir, and cast them into the fire." Sir John Cochrane read them. They were his two death-warrants, and he threw them into the fire. Then said Sir John Cochrane: "To whom am I indebted? Who is this poor wayfarer that saved my life? Who is it?" And the wayfarer pulled aside and pulled off the jerkin and the cloak, and the hat, and lo! it was Grizelle, the daughter of Sir John Cochrane. "Gracious Heaven!" he cried, "my child, my saviour, my own Grizelle!" But a more thrilling story. The death-warrant had come forth from the King of heaven and earth. The death-warrant read: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." The death-warrant coming on the black horse of eternal night. We must die! We must die! But breasting the storm and putting out through the darkness was a disguised wayfarer who gripped by the bridle the on-coming doom and flung it back, and put His wounded and bleeding foot on the overthrown rider. Meanwhile pardon flashed from the throne, and, Go free! Open the gate! Strike off the chain! Go free! And to-day; your liberated soul stands in the presence of the disguised wayfarer, and as He pulls off the disguise of His earthly humiliation and the disguise of His thorns, and the disguise of the seamless robe, you find He is bone of your bone, flesh of your flesh, your brother, your Christ, your pardon, your eternal life, let all earth and heaven break forth in vociferation. Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall;
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all."

THE PARENTAGE OF THE SHOWER.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, October 22, 1877.

"Hath the rain a father?"—JOB 38 : 28.

THIS Book of Job has been the subject of unbounded theological wrangle. Men have made it the ring in which to display their ecclesiastical pugilism. Some say that this Book of Job is a true history ; others, that it is an allegory ; others, that it is an epic poem ; others, that it is a drama. Some say that Job lived eighteen hundred years before Christ, others say that he never lived at all. Some say that the author of this book was Job ; others, David ; others, Solomon. The discussion has landed some in blank infidelity. Now, I have no trouble with the Books of Job or Revelation—the two most mysterious books in the Bible—because of a rule I adopted some years ago. I wade down into a Scripture passage as long as I can touch bottom, and when I cannot, then I wade out. I used to wade in until it was over my head, and then I got drowned. I study a passage of Scripture so long as it is a comfort and help to my soul ; but when it becomes a perplexity and a spiritual upturning, I quit. In other words, we ought to wade in up to our heart, but never wade in until it is over our head. No man should ever expect to swim across this great ocean of Divine truth. I go down into that ocean as I go down into the Atlantic Ocean at East Hampton, Long Island, just far enough to bathe ; then I come out. I never had any idea that with my weak hand and foot I could strike my way clear over to Liverpool.

I suppose you understand your family genealogy. You know something about your parents, your grandparents, your great-grandparents. Perhaps you know where they were born, or where they died. Have you ever studied the parentage of the shower : "Hath the rain a father?" This question is not asked by a poetaster or a scientist, but by the head of the universe. To humble and to save Job, God asks him fourteen questions ; about the world's architecture, about the refraction of the sun's rays, about the tides, about the snow crystal, about the lightnings, and then He arraigns him with the interrogation of the text : "Hath the rain a father?" With the scientific wonders of the rain I have nothing to do. A minister gets through with that kind of sermons within the first three years, and if he has piety enough he gets through with it in the first three months. A sermon has come to me to mean one word of four letters : "help!" You all know that the rain is not an orphan. You know it is not cast out of the gates of heaven a foundling. You would

answer the question of my text in the affirmative. Safely housed during the storm, you hear the rain beating against the window pane, and you find it searching all the crevices of the window sill. It first comes down in solitary drops, pattering the dust, and then it deluges the fields and angers the mountain torrents, and makes the traveller implore shelter. You know that the rain is not an accident of the world's economy. You know it was born of the cloud. You know it was rocked in the cradle of the wind. You know it was sung to sleep by the storm. You know that it is a flying evangel from heaven to earth. You know it is the gospel of the weather. You know that God is its father.

If this be true, then, how wicked is our murmuring about climatic changes. The first eleven Sabbaths after I entered the ministry it stormed. Through the week it was clear weather, but on the Sabbaths the old country meeting-house looked like Noah's Ark before it landed. A few drenched people sat before a drenched pastor ; but most of the farmers stayed at home and thanked God that what was bad for the Church was good for the crops. I committed a good deal of sin in those days in denouncing the weather. Ministers of the Gospel sometimes fret about stormy Sabbaths, or hot Sabbaths, or inclement Sabbaths. They forget the fact that the same God who ordained the Sabbath and sent forth His ministers to announce salvation, also ordained the weather. "Hath the rain a father?"

Merchants, also, with their stores filled with new goods, and their clerks hanging idly around the counters, commit the same transgression. There have been seasons when the whole spring and fall trade has been ruined by protracted wet weather. The merchants then examined the "weather probabilities" with more interest than they read their Bibles. They watched for a patch of blue sky. They went complaining to the store, and came complaining home again. In all that season of wet feet, and dripping garments, and impassable streets, they never once asked the question : "Hath the rain a father?"

So agriculturists commit this sin. There is nothing more annoying than to have planted corn rot in the ground because of too much moisture, or hay all ready for the mow dashed of a shower, or wheat almost ready for the sickle spoiled with the rust. How hard it is to bear the agricultural disappointments. God has in-

finite resources, but I do not think He has capacity to make weather to please all the farmers. Sometimes it is too hot, or it is too cold; it is too wet, or it is too dry; it is too early, or it is too late. They forget that the God who promised seed time and harvest, summer and winter, cold and heat, also ordained all the climatic changes. There is one question that ought to be written on every barn, on every fence, on every hay-stack, on every farmhouse: "Hath the rain a father?"

If we only knew what a vast enterprise it is to provide appropriate weather for this world, we would not be so critical of the Lord. Isaac Watts, at ten years of age, complained that he did not like the hymns that were sung in the English chapel. "Well," said his father, "Isaac, instead of your complaining about the hymns, go and make hymns that are better." And he did go and make hymns that were better. Now, I say to you, if you do not like the weather, get up a weather company, and have a president, and a secretary, and a treasurer, and a board of directors, and ten million dollars of stock, and then provide weather that will suit all of us. There is a man who has a weak head, and he cannot stand the glare of the sun. You must have a cloud always hovering over him. I like the sunshine; I cannot live without plenty of sunlight, so you must always have enough light for me. Two ships meet mid-Atlantic. The one is going to Southampton, and the other is coming to New York. Provide weather that, while it is abaft for one ship, it is not a head wind for the other. There is a farm that is dried up for the lack of rain, and here is a pleasure-party going out for a field-excursion. Provide weather that will suit the dry farm and the pleasure-excursion. No, sirs, I will not take one dollar of stock in your weather company. There is only one Being in the universe who knows enough to provide the right kind of weather for this world. "Hath the rain a father?"

My text also suggests God's minute supervisal. You see the Divine Sonship in every drop of rain. The jewels of the shower are not flung away by a spendthrift who knows not how many he throws or where they fall. They are all shining princes of heaven. They all have an eternal lineage. They are all the children of a King. "Hath the rain a father?" Well, then, I say if God takes notice of every minute raindrop, He will take notice of the most insignificant affair of my life. It is the astronomical view of things that bothers me. We look up into the night-heavens, and we say: "Worlds! worlds!" and how insignificant we feel! We stand at the foot of Mount Washington or Mont Blanc, and we feel that we are only insects, and then we say to ourselves: "Though the world is so large, the sun is one million four hundred thousand times larger." "Oh," we say, "it is no use, if God wheels that great machinery through immensity, He will not take the trouble to look down at me." Infidel conclusion. Saturn, Mercury, and Jupiter are no more rounded, and weighed, and swung by the hand of God than are the globules on a lilac-bush the morning after a shower. God is no more in magnitudes than He is in minutiae. If He has scales to

weigh the mountains, He has balances delicate enough to weigh the infinitesimal. You can no more see Him through the telescope than you can see Him through the microscope; no more when you look up than when you look down. Are not the hairs of your head all numbered? and if Himalaya has a God, "Hath not the rain a father?"

I take this doctrine of a particular Providence, and I thrust it into the very midst of your every-day life. If God fathers a rain-drop, is there anything so insignificant in your affairs that God will not father that? When Druyse, the gunsmith, invented the needle-gun, which decided the battle of Sadowa, was it a mere accident? When a farmer's boy showed Blucher a short cut by which he could bring his army up soon enough to decide Waterloo for England, was it a mere accident? When Lord Byron took a piece of money and tossed it up to decide whether or not he should be affianced to Miss Millbank, was it a mere accident which side of the money was up and which was down? When the Protestants were besieged at Beziers, and a drunken drummer came in at midnight and rang the alarm bell, not knowing what he was doing, but waking up the host in time to fight their enemies that moment arriving, was it an accident? When in the Irish rebellion, a starving mother, flying with her starveling child, sank down and fainted on the rocks in the night and her hand fell on a warm bottle of milk, did that just happen so?

God is either in the affairs of men, or our religion is worth nothing at all, and you had better take it away from us, and instead of this Bible, which teaches the doctrine, give us a secular book, and let us, as the famous Mr. Fox, the member of Parliament, in his last hour, cry out: "Read me the eighth book of Virgil." Oh, my friends, let us rouse up to an appreciation of the fact that all the affairs of our life are under a King's command, and under a Father's watch. Alexander's war horse, Bucephalus, would allow anybody to mount him when he was unharnessed; but as soon as they put on that war horse, Bucephalus, the saddle, and the trappings of the conqueror, he would allow no one but Alexander to touch him. And if a soulless horse could have so much pride in his owner, shall not we immortals exult in the fact that we are owned by a King? "Hath the rain a father?"

Again, my subject teaches me that God's dealings with us are inexplicable. That was the original force of my text. The rain was a great mystery to the ancients. They could not understand how the water should get into the cloud, and getting there, how it should be suspended, or falling, why it should come down in drops. Modern science comes along and says there are two portions of air of different temperature, and they are charged with moisture, and the one portion of air decreases in temperature so the water may no longer be held in vapor, and it falls. And they tell us that some of the clouds that look to be only as large as a man's hand, and to be almost quiet in the heavens, are great mountains of mist four thousand feet from base to top, and that they rush miles a minute. But

after all these brilliant experiments of Dr. James Hutton, and Lausurre, and other scientists, there is an infinite mystery about the rain. There is an ocean of the unfathomable in every rain-drop, and God says to-day as He said in the time of Job: "If you cannot understand one drop of rain, do not be surprised if My dealings with you are inexplicable."

Why does that aged man, decrepit, beggared, vicious, sick of the world, and the world sick of him, live on, while here is a man in mid-life, consecrated to God, hard-working, useful in every respect, who dies? Why does that old gossip, gadding along the street about everybody's business but her own, have such good health, while the Christian mother, with a flock of little ones about her whom she is preparing for usefulness and for heaven—the mother who you think could not be spared an hour from that household—why does she lie down and die with a cancer? Why does that man, selfish to the core, go on adding fortune to fortune, consuming everything on himself, continue to prosper, while *that* man, who has been giving ten per cent of all his income to God and the Church, goes into bankruptcy? Before we make stark fools of ourselves, let us stop pressing this everlasting "why." Let us worship where we cannot understand. Let a man take that one question "Why?" and follow it far enough, and push it, and he will land in wretchedness and perdition. We want in our theology fewer interrogation marks and more exclamation points. Heaven is the place for explanation. Earth is the place for trust. If you cannot understand so minute a thing as a rain-drop, how can you expect to understand God's dealings? "Hath the rain a father?"

Again, my text makes me think that the rain of *tears* is of Divine origin. Great clouds of trouble sometimes hover over us. They are black, and they are gorged, and they are thunderous. They are more portentous than Salvator or Claude ever painted—clouds of poverty, or persecution, or bereavement. They hover over us, and they get darker and blacker, and after a while a tear starts, and we think by an extra pressure of the eyelid to stop that tear; but we cannot stop it. Others follow, and after a while there is a shower of tearful emotion. Yea, there is a rain of tears. "Hath that rain a father?"

"Oh," you say, "a tear is nothing but a drop of limpid fluid secreted by the lachrymal gland—it is only a sign of weak eyes." Great mistake. It is one of the Lord's richest benedictions to the world. There are people in Blackwell's Island Insane Asylum, and at Ithaca, and at all the asylums of this land, who were demented by the fact that they could not cry at the right time. Said a maniac in one of our public institutions, under a Gospel sermon that started the tears: "Do you see that tear? that is the first that I have wept for twelve years. I think it will help my brain." There are a great many in the grave who could not stand any longer under the glacier of trouble. If that glacier had only melted into weeping, they could have endured it. There have been times in your life when you would have given the world, if you

had possessed it, for one tear. You could shriek, you could blaspheme, but you could not cry. Have you never seen a man holding the hand of a dead wife, who had been all the world to him! The temples livid with excitement, the eye dry and frantic, no moisture on the upper or lower lid. You saw there were bolts of anger in the cloud, but no rain. To your Christian comfort, he said: "Don't talk to me about God, there is no God; or if there is I hate Him; don't talk to me about God; would He have left me and these motherless children?" But a few hours or days after, coming across some lead-pencil that she owned in life, or some letters which she wrote when he was away from home, with an outcry that appalls, there bursts the fountain of tears, and as the sunlight of God's consolation strikes that fountain of tears, you find out that it is a tender-hearted, merciful, pitiful, and all-compassionate God who was the father of that rain.

"Oh," you say, "it is absurd to think that God is going to watch over tears." No, my friends. There are three or four kinds of them that God counts, bottles, and eternizes. First, there are all parental tears, and there are more of these than of any other kind, because the most of the race die in infancy, and that keeps parents mourning all around the world. They never get over it. They may live to shout and sing afterward, but there is always a corridor in the soul that is silent, though it once resounded. My parents never mentioned the death of a child who died fifty years before, without a tremor in the voice and a sigh, oh, how deep fetched. It was better she should die. It was a mercy she should die. She would have been a life-long invalid. But you cannot argue away a parent's grief. How often you hear the moan: "O my child, my child!"

Then there are the filial tears. Little children soon get over the loss of parents. They are easily diverted with a new toy. But where is the man that has come to thirty, or forty, or fifty years of age, who can think of the old people without having all the fountains of his soul stirred up. You may have had to take care of her a good many years, but you never can forget how she used to take care of you. During this past winter, we have had many sea-captains converted in this church, and the peculiarity of them was that they were nearly all prayed ashore by their mothers, though the mothers went into the dust soon after they went to sea. Have you never heard an old man in the delirium of some sickness, call for his mother? The fact is we get so used to calling for her the first ten years of our life we never get over it, and when she goes away from us it makes deep sorrow. You sometimes, perhaps, in days of trouble and darkness, when the world would say: "You ought to be able to take care of yourself"—you wake up from your dreams finding yourself saying: "O mother! mother!" Have these tears no Divine origin? Why, take all the warm hearts that ever beat in all lands, and in all ages, and put them together, and their united throb would be weak compared with the throb of God's eternal sympathy.

Yes, God also is the Father of all that *rain of repentance*. Did you ever see a rain of repent-

ance? Do you know what it is that makes a man repent? I see people going around trying to repent. They cannot repent. Do you know, no man can repent until God helps him to repent? How do I know? By this passage: "Him hath God exalted to be a prince and a Saviour to give repentance." Oh, it is a tremendous hour when one wakes up and says: "I am a bad man, I have not sinned against the laws of the land, but I have wasted my life; God asked me for my services, and I haven't given those services. O my sins, God forgive me." When that tear starts it thrills all heaven. An angel cannot keep his eye off it, and the Church of God assembles around, and there is a commingling of tears—there is a rain of tears, and God is the Father of that rain—the Lord, long suffering, merciful and gracious. In a religious assemblage, a man arose and said: "I have been a very wicked man; I broke my mother's heart; I became an infidel; but I have seen my evil way, and I have surrendered my heart to God; but it is a grief I never can get over that my parents should never have heard of my salvation; I don't know whether they are living or dead." While yet he was standing in the audience, a voice from the gallery said: "O my son, my son!" He looked up, and he recognized her. It was his old mother. She had been praying for him for a great many years, and when, at the foot of the cross, the prodigal son and the praying mother embraced each other, there was a rain, a tremendous rain, of tears, and God was the Father of those tears. I wonder if it will be so this morning. Oh, that God would break us down with a sense of our sin, and then lift us with an appreciation of His

mercy. Tears over our wasted life. Tears over a grieved Spirit. Tears over an injured father. Oh, that God would move upon this audience this morning with a great wave of religious emotion! Repent! Repent!

The King of Carthage was dethroned. His people rebelled against him. He was driven into banishment. His wife and children were outrageously abused. Years went by, and the King of Carthage made many friends. He gathered up a great army. He marched again toward Carthage. Reaching the gates of Carthage, the best men of the place came out barefooted and bare-headed, and with ropes around their necks, crying for mercy. They said: "We abused you and we abused your family, but we cry for mercy." The King of Carthage looked down upon the people from his chariot and said: "I came to bless, I didn't come to destroy. You drove me out, but this day I pronounce pardon for all the people. Open the gate and let the army come in." The king marched in and took the throne, and the people all shouted: "Long live the king!" My friends, you have driven the Lord Jesus Christ, the King of the Church, away from your heart; you have been maltreating Him all these years; but He comes back to-day; He stands in front of the gates of your soul. If you will only pray for His pardon, He will meet you with His gracious spirit and He will say: "Thy sins and thine iniquities I will remember no more. Open wide the gate; I will take the throne. My peace I give unto you." And then, all through this audience, from the young and from the old, there will be a rain of tears, and God will be the Father of that rain!

THE POPULAR CHRIST.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, September 3, 1882.

"Unto him shall the gathering of the people be."—GENESIS 49 : 10.

THROUGH a supernatural lens, or what I might call a *prophescope*, dying Jacob looks down through the corridor of the centuries until he sees Christ the centre of all popular attraction and the greatest Being in all the world, so everywhere acknowledged. It was not always so. The world tried hard to put Him down and to put Him out. In the year 1200, while excavating for antiquities fifty-three miles north-east of Rome, a copper plate tablet was found containing the death-warrant of the Lord Jesus Christ, reading in this wise: "In the year 17 of the Empire of Tiberius Cæsar, and on the 25th of March, I, Pontius Pilate, Governor of the Præ-tore, condemn Jesus of Nazareth to die on the cross between two thieves, Quintius Cornelius to lead Him forth to the place of execution." That death-warrant was signed by several names. First, by Daniel, rabbi pharisee; secondly, by Johannes, rabbi; thirdly, by Raphael; fourthly, by Capet, a private citizen. This capital punishment was executed according to law. The name of the thief crucified on the right-hand side of Christ was Dismas; the name of the thief crucified on the left-hand side of Christ was Gestes. Pontius Pilate describing the tragedy says the whole world lighted candles from noon until night.

Thirty-three years of maltreatment. They ascribed His birth to bastardy, and His death to excruciation. A wall of the city, built about those times, and recently exposed by archæologists, shows a caricature of Jesus Christ, evidencing the contempt in which He was held by many in His day—that caricature on the wall representing a cross and a donkey nailed to it, and under it the inscription: "This is the Christ whom the people worship." But I rejoice that that day is gone by, and Christ is coming out from under the world's abuse. The most popular name on earth to-day is the name of Christ. Where He had one friend Christ has a thousand friends. The scoffers have become the worshippers. Of the twenty most celebrated infidels in Great Britain in our day, sixteen have come back to Christ, trying to undo the blatant mischief of their lives—sixteen out of the twenty. Every man who writes a letter, or signs a document, wittingly or unwittingly honors Jesus Christ. We date everything as B.C. or as A.D. B.C., before Christ—A.D., *anno domini*, in the year of our Lord. All the ages of history on the pivot of the upright beam of the cross of the Son of God, B.C., A.D. I do not care what you

call Him—whether Conqueror, or King, or Morning Star, or Sun of Righteousness, or Balm of Gilead, or Lebanon Cedar, or Brother, or Friend, or take the name used in the verse from which I take my text, and call Him Shiloh, which means His Son, or the Tranquilator, or the Peacemaker, Shiloh. I only want this morning to tell you that "unto Him shall be the gathering of the people."

In the first place, the people are gathered around Christ for *pardon*. No sensible man or healthfully ambitious man is satisfied with his past life. A fool may think he is all right. A sensible man knows he is not. I do not care who the thoughtful man is, the review of his lifetime behavior before God and man gives to him no especial satisfaction. "Oh," he says, "there have been so many things I have done I ought not to have done, there have been so many things I have said I ought never to have said, there have been so many things I have written I ought never to have written, there have been so many things I have thought I ought never to have thought, I must somehow get things readjusted, I must somehow have the past reconstructed; there are days and months and years which cry out against me in horrible vociferation." Ah! my brother, Christ adjusts the past by obliterating it. He does not erase the record of our misdoing with a dash of ink from a register's pen, but lifting His right hand crushed red at the palm, He puts it against His bleeding brow, and then against His pierced side, and with the crimson accumulation of all these wounds He rubs out the accusatory chapter, He blots out our iniquities. O men anxious about the future, better be anxious about the past. I put it not at the end of my sermon, I put it at the front; mercy and pardon through Shiloh, the sin-pardoning Christ.

"Oh," says some man, "I have for forty years been as bad as I could be, and is there any mercy for me?" "Mercy for you?" "Oh," says some one here, "I had a grand ancestry, the holiest of fathers, and the tenderest of mothers, and for my perfidy there is no excuse; do you think there is any mercy for me?" "Mercy for you." "But," says another man, "I fear I have committed what they call 'the unpardonable sin,' and the Bible says if a man commit that sin he is neither to be forgiven in this world nor the world to come; do you think there is any mercy for me?" The fact that you have any solicitude about the matter at all

proves positively that you have not committed the unpardonable sin. Mercy for you. Oh, the grace of God which bringeth salvation. The grace of God!

Let us take the surveyor's chain and try to measure God's mercy through Jesus Christ. Let one surveyor take that chain and go to the north, and another surveyor take that chain and go to the south, and another surveyor take that chain and go to the east, and another surveyor take that chain and go to the west, and then make report of the square miles of that vast kingdom of God's mercy. Ah! you will have to wait to all eternity for the report of that measurement. It cannot be measured. Paul tried to climb the height of it and he went height over height, altitude above altitude, mountain above mountain, then sank down in discouragement and gave it up, for he saw Sierra Nevadas beyond and Matterhorn beyond, and waving his hand back to us in the plain, he says: "Past finding out—unsearchable, that in all things He might have the pre-eminence."

You notice that nearly all the sinners mentioned as pardoned in the Bible were great sinners. David, a great sinner. Paul, a great sinner, Rahab, a great sinner. Magdalen, a great sinner. The prodigal son, a great sinner. The world easily understood how Christ could pardon a half-and-half sinner; but what the world wants to be persuaded of is that Christ will forgive the worst sinner, the hardest sinner, the oldest sinner, the most inexcusable sinner. To this sin-pardoning Shiloh let all the gathering of the people be.

But I remark again: The people will gather around Christ as a *sympathizer*. Oh, we all want sympathy. I hear people talk as though they were independent of it. None of us could live without sympathy. At this season of the year we come home from our summer absence and perhaps we leave a portion of our family away until the cool weather is established, and how lonely the house seems until they all get home. But alas me! for those who never come home. Sometimes it seems as if it must be impossible. What, will the feet never again come over the threshold? Will they never again sit with us at the table? Will they never again kneel with us at family prayer? Shall we never again look into their sunny faces? Shall we never again on earth take counsel with them for our work? Alas me! who can stand under these griefs?

O Christ, Thou canst do more for a bereft soul than any one else. It is He that stands beside us to tell of the resurrection. It is He that comes to bid peace. It is He that comes to tell us of future reunion. It is He that comes to us and breathes into us the spirit of submission until we can look up from the wreck and ruin of our brightest expectations and say, "Father, not my will, but Thine be done." Oh, yes, ye who are bereft, some of you have gone through the deep waters of trouble—ye anguish-bitten, come into this refuge. The roll of those who come for relief to Christ is larger and larger. Unto this Shiloh of omnipotent sympathy the gathering of the people shall be. Oh, that Christ would stand by all these empty cradles and all

these desolated homesteads and all these broken hearts, and persuade us it is well. The world cannot offer you any help at such a time. Suppose the world comes and offers you money. You would rather live on a crust in a cellar and have your departed loved ones with you than live in palatial surroundings and they away. Suppose the world offers you its honors to console you. What is the Presidency to Abraham Lincoln when little Willie lies dead in the White House? Perhaps the world comes and says: "Time will cure it all." Ah, there are griefs that have raged on for thirty years and are raging yet. And yet hundreds have been comforted, thousands have been comforted, millions have been comforted, and Christ has done the work. Oh, what you want is sympathy.

The world's heart of sympathy beats very irregularly. Plenty of sympathy when we do not want it, and often, when we are in appalling need of it, no sympathy. There are multitudes of people dying for sympathy. Sympathy in their work, sympathy in their fatigues, sympathy in their bereavements, sympathy in their financial losses, sympathy in their physical ailments, sympathy in their spiritual anxieties, sympathy in the time of declining years. Wide, deep, high, everlasting, almighty sympathy. We must have it, and Christ has it. Christ is it; that is the cord with which He is going to draw all nations to Him. At the story of punishment a man's eye flashes and his teeth set and his fist clenches and he prepares to do battle, even though it be against the heavens, but what heart so hard but it will succumb to the story of compassion. Even a man's sympathy is pleasant and helpful. When we have been in some hour of weakness, to have a brawny man stand beside us and promise to see us through, what courage it gives to our heart and what strength it gives to our arm. Still mightier a woman's sympathy. Let him tell the story who, when all his fortunes were gone and all the world was against him, came home and found in that home a wife who could write on the top of the empty flour barrel: "The Lord will provide," or write on the door of the empty wardrobe: "Consider the lilies of the field; if God so clothe the grass of the field, will He not clothe us and ours?" Or let that young man tell the story who has gone the whole round of dissipation. The shadow of Blackwell's Island is upon him, and even his father says: "Be off—never come home again." The young man finding still his mother's arm outreached for him, and how she will stand at the wicket of the prison to whisper consolation, or get down on her knees before the Governor begging for pardon, hoping on for her vagrant boy after all others are hopeless. Or let her tell the story, who under *villainous allurements* and impatient of parental restraint has wandered off from a home of which she was the idol into the murky and thunderous midnight of abandonment, away from God, and farther away until some time she is tossed on the beach of that early home a mere splinter of a wreck. Who will pity her now? who will gather those disheveled locks into her lap? who will wash off the blood from the gashed forehead? who will tell her of that Christ who came to save the lost? who will

put that weary head upon the clean white pillow and watch the day and watch the night until the hoarse voice of the sufferer becomes the whisper, and the whisper becomes only a faint motion of the lips, and the faint motion of the lips is exchanged for a silent look, and the cut feet are still, and the weary eyes are still, and the frenzied heart is still, and all is still? who will have compassion on her when no others have compassion? Mother! Mother!

Oh, there is something beautiful in sympathy, in manly sympathy, wifely sympathy, motherly sympathy, yea, and neighborly sympathy. Why was it that our city was aroused with excitement last week when a little child was kidnapped from one of our streets? Why were whole columns of the newspapers filled with the story of a little child. It was because we are all one in sympathy, and every parent said: "How if it had been my Lizzie? how if it had been my Mary? how if it had been my Maud? how if it had been my child? how if there had been one unoccupied pillow in our trundle bed to-night? how if my little one, bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh, were to-night carried captive into some den of vagabonds never to come back to me? how if it had been my sorrow looking out of the window, watching and waiting, that sorrow worse than death?" Then when they found her why did we declare the news all through the households, and everybody that knew how to pray said: "Thank God!" Because we are all one, bound by one great golden chain of sympathy. Oh, yes, but I have to tell you this morning that if you will aggregate all neighborly, manly, wifely, motherly sympathy, it will be found only a poor starveling thing compared with the sympathy of our great Shiloh who has held in His lap the sorrows of the ages and who is ready to nurse on His holy heart the woes of all who will come to Him. Oh, what a God, what a Saviour we have.

But in larger vision see the nations in some kind of trouble ever since the world was derailed and hurled down the embankments. The demon of sin came to this world, but other demons have gone through other worlds. The demon of conflagration, the demon of volcanic disturbance, the demon of destruction. La Place says he saw one world in the northern hemisphere sixteen months burning. Tycho Brahe said he saw another world burning. A French astronomer says that in three hundred years fifteen hundred worlds have disappeared. I do not see why infidels find it so hard to believe that two worlds stopped in Joshua's time, when the astronomers tell us that fifteen hundred worlds have stopped. Even the moon is a world in ruins. Stellar, lunar, solar catastrophes innumerable. But it seems as if the worst sorrows have been reserved for our world. By one toss of the world at Trinboro, of 12,000 inhabitants only twenty-six people escaped. By one shake of the world at Lisbon, in five minutes 60,000 perished and 200,000 before the earth stopped rocking. A mountain falls in Switzerland burying the village of Goldau. A mountain falls in Italy in the night when 2000 people are asleep and they never arouse. By a convulsion of the earth Japan broken off from China. By a convulsion of the

earth the Caribbean islands broken off from America. Three islands near the mouth of the Ganges, with 340,000 inhabitants—a great surge of the sea breaks over them and 214,000 perish that day. Alas! alas, for our poor world!

It has been recently discovered that a whole continent has sunk, a continent that connected Europe and America—part of the inhabitants of that continent going to Europe, part coming to America over the table lands of Mexico, up through the valleys of the Mississippi, and we are finding now the remains of their mounds and cities in Mexico, in Colorado and the table lands of the west. It is a matter of demonstration that a whole continent has gone down, the Azores off the coast of Spain only the highest mountain of that sunken continent. Plato described that continent, its grandeur, the multitude of its inhabitants, its splendor and its awful destruction, and the world thought it was a romance; but archæologists have found out its history, and the English and the German and the American fleets have gone forth with archæologists, and the Challenger and the Dolphin and the Gazelle have dropped anchor, and in deep sea soundings they have found the contour of that sunken continent and given us a map of it. The Australian archipelago only the mountain tops of another sunken continent.

Oh, there is trouble marked on the rocks, on the sky, on the sea, on the flora, and the fauna. Astronomical trouble, geological trouble, oceanic trouble, political trouble, social trouble, domestic trouble, and standing in the presence of all those stupendous devastations, I ask if I am not right in saying that the great want of this age and all the ages is divine sympathy and omnipotent comfort; and they are found, not in the Brahma of the Hindoo, or the Allah of the Mahomedan, but in the Christ unto whom shall the gathering of the people be. Other worlds may fall, but this morning star will never be blotted from the heavens. The earth may quake, but this Rock of Ages will never be shaken from its foundation. The same Christ who fed the five thousand will feed all the world's hunger. The same Christ who cured Bartimeus will illumine all blindness. The same Christ who made the dumb speak will put on every tongue a hosanna. The same Christ who awoke Lazarus from the sarcophagus will yet rally all the pious dead in glorious resurrection. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and that "to Him shall the gathering of the people be."

Ah! my friends, when Christ starts thoroughly and quickly to lift this miserable wreck of a sunken world, it will not take Him long to lift it. I have thought that this particular age in which we live may be given up to discoveries and inventions by which through quick and instantaneous communication all cities and all communities and all lands will be brought together, and then in another period perhaps these inventions, which have now been used for worldly purposes, will be brought out for Gospel invitation, and some great prophet of the Lord will come and snatch the mysterious, sublime, and miraculous telephone from the hand of commerce, and all lands and kingdoms connected by a wondrous wire, this prophet of the Lord may through tel-

epiphonic communication in an instant announce to all nations pardon and sympathy and life through Jesus Christ; and then putting the wondrous tube to the ear of the Lord's prophet, the response shall come back, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ His only begotten Son." You and I may not live to see the day. I think those of us who are over forty years of age can hardly expect to see the day. I expect before that time our bodies will be sound asleep in the hammocks of the old Gospel ship as it goes sailing on. But Christ will wake us up in time to see the achievement. We who have sweated in the hot harvest field will be at the door of the garden when the sheaves come in. That work, for which in this world we toiled and wept and struggled and wore ourselves out, shall not come to consummation and we be oblivious of the achievement. We will be allowed to come out and shake hands with the victors. We who toiled in the earlier battles will have just as much right to rejoice as those who reddened their feet in the last Armageddon. Ah! yes, those who could only give a cupful of cold water in the name of a disciple, those who could only scrape a handful of lint for a wounded soldier, those who could only administer to old age in its decrepitude, those who could only coax a poor waif of the street to go back home to her God, those who could only lift a little child in the arms of Christ, will have as much right to take part in the ovation to the Lord Jesus Christ as Chrysostom. It will be your victory and mine as well as Christ's. He the conqueror, we shouting in His train. Christ the Victor will pick out the humblest of His disciples in the crowd, and turning half around on the white horse of victory He shall point her out for approval by the multitude as He says: "She did what she could." Then putting His hand on the head of some man who by his industry made one talent do the work of ten, He will say, "Thou hast been faithful over a few things—I will make thee ruler over ten cities." Two different theories about the fulfilment of this promise.

There are people here to-day who think Christ will come in person and sit on a throne. Perhaps He may. I should like to see the scarred feet going up the stairs of a palace in which all the glories of the Alhambra and St. Marks and the Winter Palace are gathered. I should like to see the world pay Christ in love for what it did to Him in maltreatment. I should like to be one of the grooms of the chargers, holding the stirrup as the King mounts. Oh, what a glorious time it would be on earth if Christ would break through the heavens and right here where He has suffered and died have this prophecy fulfilled: "Unto Him shall the gathering of the people be."

But failing in that, I bargain to meet you at the ponderous gate of heaven on the day when our Lord comes back. Garlands of all nations on his brow—of the bronzed nations of the south and the pallid nations of the north—Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, and the other continents that may arise meantime from the sea to take the places of their sunken predecessors. Arch of Trajan, Arch of Titus, Arch of Triumph in the *Champs Elysées* all too poor to welcome this King of kings, and Lord of lords, and Conqueror of conquerors in His august arrival. Turn out all heaven to meet Him. Hang all along the route the flags of earthly dominion, whether decorated with crescent, or star, or eagle, or lion, or coronet. Hang out heaven's brightest banner, with its one star of Bethlehem and blood striped of the cross. I hear the procession now. Hark! the tramp of the feet, the rumbling of the wheels, the shouts of the riders. Ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands. Put up in heaven's library right beside the completed volume of the world's ruin, the completed volume of Shiloh's triumph. The old promise struggling through the ages fulfilled at last, "Unto Him shall the gathering of the people be."

"While everlasting ages roll,
Eternal love shall feast their soul,
And scenes of bliss forever new
Rise in succession to their view."

THE SPICERY OF RELIGION.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, May 20, 1883.

"Of spices great abundance: neither was there any such spice as the Queen of Sheba gave King Solomon."—II CHRON. 9 : 9.

WHAT is that building out yonder, glittering in the sun? Have you not heard? It is the House of the forest of Lebanon. King Solomon has just taken to it his bride, the princess of Egypt. You see the pillars of the portico, and a great tower, adorned with one thousand shields of gold, hung on the outside of the tower—five hundred of the shields of gold manufactured at Solomon's order, five hundred were captured by David, his father, in battle. See how they blaze in the noonday sun!

Solomon goes up the ivory stairs of his throne, between twelve lions in statuary, and sits down on the back of the golden bull, the head of the bronze beast turned toward the people. The family and the attendants of the king are so many, that the caterers of the palace have to provide every day one hundred sheep and thirteen oxen, besides the birds and the venison. I hear the stamping and pawing of four thousand fine horses in the royal stables. There were important officials who had charge of the work of gathering the straw and the barley for these horses. King Solomon was an early riser, tradition says, and used to take a ride out at day-break; and when, in his white apparel, behind the swiftest horses of all the realm, and followed by mounted archers in purple, as the cavalcade dashed through the streets of Jerusalem, I suppose it was something worth getting up at five o'clock in the morning to look at.

Solomon was not like a great many of the kings of the present day—crowned imbecility. All the splendor of his palace and retinue were eclipsed by his intellectual power. Why, he seemed to know everything. He was the first great naturalist the world ever saw. Peacocks from India strutted the basaltic walk, and apes chattered in the trees, and deer stalked the parks and aquariums with foreign fish, and aviaries with foreign birds; and tradition says these birds were so well-tamed, that Solomon might walk clear across the city under the shadow of their wings as they hovered and flitted about him.

More than this, he had a great reputation for the conundrums and riddles that he made and guessed. He and King Hiram, his neighbor, used to sit by the hour and ask riddles, each one paying in money if he could not answer or guess the riddle. The Solomonic navy visited all the world, and the sailors, of course, talked about

the wealth of their king, and about the riddles and enigmas that he made and solved; and the news spread until Queen Balkis, away off south, heard of it, and sent messengers with a few riddles that she would like to have Solomon solve, and a few puzzles that she would like to have him find out. She sent among other things, to King Solomon, a diamond with a hole so small that a needle could not penetrate it, asking him to thread that diamond. And Solomon took a worm and put it at the opening in the diamond, and the worm crawled through, leaving the thread in the diamond. The queen also sent a goblet to Solomon, asking him to fill it with water that did not pour from the sky, and that did not rush out from the earth; and immediately Solomon put a slave on the back of a swift horse and galloped him around and around the park until the horse was nigh exhausted, and from the perspiration of the horse the goblet was filled. She also sent to King Solomon five hundred boys in girls' dress, and five hundred girls in boys' dress, wondering if he would be acute enough to find out the deception. Immediately Solomon, when he saw them wash their faces, knew from the way they applied the water that it was all a cheat.

Queen Balkis was so pleased with the acuteness of Solomon, that she said: "I'll just go and see him for myself." Yonder it comes—the cavalcade—horses and dromedaries, chariots and charioteers, jingling harness and clattering hoofs, and blazing shields, and flying ensigns, and clapping cymbals. The place is saturated with the perfume. She brings cinnamon, and saffron, and calamus, and frankincense, and all manner of sweet spices. As the retinue sweeps through the gate, the armed guard inhale the aroma. "Halt!" cry the charioteers, as the wheels grind the gravel in front of the pillared portico of the king. Queen Balkis alights in an atmosphere bewitched with perfume. As the dromedaries are driven up to the king's storehouses, and the bundles of camphor are unloaded, and the sacks of cinnamon, and the boxes of spices are opened, the purveyors of the palace discover what my text this morning announces: "Of spices, great abundance; neither was there any such spices as the Queen of Sheba gave to King Solomon."

Well, my friends, you know that all theologians agree in making Solomon a type of Christ.

and in making the Queen of Sheba a type of every truth-seeker ; and I shall take the responsibility this morning of saying that all the spike-nard, and cassia, and frankincense which the Queen of Sheba brought to King Solomon is mightily suggestive of the sweet spices of our holy religion. Christianity is not a collection of sharp technicalities, and angular facts, and chronological tables, and dry statistics. Our religion is compared to frankincense and to cassia, but never to nightshade. It is a bundle of myrrh. It is a dash of holy light. It is a sparkle of cool fountains. It is an opening of opaline gates. It is a collection of spices. Would God that we were as wise in taking spices to our Divine King as Queen Balkis was wise in taking the spices to the earthly Solomon.

The fact is that the duties and cares of this life, coming to us from time to time, are stupid often, and inane, and intolerable. Here are men who have been battering, climbing, pounding, hammering for twenty years, forty years, fifty years. One great, long drudgery has their life been. Their face anxious, their feelings benumbed, their days monotonous. What is necessary to brighten up that man's life, and to sweeten that acid disposition, and to put sparkle into the man's spirits ? The spicery of our holy religion. Why, if between the losses of life there dashed a gleam of an eternal gain ; if between the betrayals of life there came the gleam of the undying friendship of Christ ; if in dull times in business we found ministering spirits flying to and fro in our office, and store, and shop, every-day life, instead of being a stupid monotone, would be a glorious inspiration, penduluming between calm satisfaction and high rapture.

How any woman keeps house without the religion of Christ to help her, is a mystery to me. To have to spend the greater part of one's life, as many women do, in planning for the meals, and stitching garments that will soon be rent again, and deploring breakages, and supervising tardy subordinates, and driving off dust that soon again will settle, and doing the same thing day in and day out, and year in and year out, until the hair silvers, and the back stoops, and the spectacles crawl to the eyes, and the grave breaks open under the thin sole of the shoe—oh, it is a long monotony ! But when Christ comes to the drawing-room, and comes to the kitchen, and comes to the nursery, and comes to the dwelling, then how cheery become all womanly duties. She is never alone now. Martha gets through fretting and joins Mary at the feet of Jesus. All day long Deborah is happy because she can help Lapidoth ; Hannah, because she can make a coat for young Samuel ; Miriam, because she can watch her infant brother ; Rachel, because she can help her father water the stock ; the widow of Sarepta because the cruse of oil is being replenished. O woman, having in your pantry a nest of boxes containing all kinds of condiments, why have you not tried in your heart and life the spicery of our holy religion ? " Martha ! Martha ! thou art careful and troubled about many things ; but one thing is *needful*, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

I must confess that a great deal of the religion of this day is utterly insipid. There is nothing piquant or elevating about it. Men and women go around humming psalms in a minor key, and culturing melancholy, and their worship has in it more sighs than raptures. We do not doubt their piety. Oh, no. But they are sitting at a feast where the cook has forgotten to season the food. Everything is flat in their experience and in their conversation. Emancipated from sin, and death, and hell, and on their way to a magnificent heaven, they act as though they were trudging on toward an everlasting Botany Bay. Religion does not seem to agree with them. It seems to catch in the wind-pipe and become a tight strangulation instead of an exhilaration. All the infidel books that have been written, from Voltaire down to Herbert Spencer, have not done so much damage to our Christianity as lugubrious Christians. Who wants a religion woven out of the shadows of the night ? Why go growling on your way to celestial enthronement ? Come out of that cave, and sit down in the warm light of the Sun of Righteousness. Away with your odes to melancholy and Hervey's " Meditations among the Tombs."

" Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high."

I have to say, also, that we need to put more spice and enlivenment in our religious teaching ; whether it be in the prayer-meeting, or in the Sabbath-school, or in the Church. We ministers need more fresh air and sunshine in our lungs, and our heart, and our head. Do you wonder that the world is so far from being converted when you find so little vivacity in the pulpit and in the pew ? We want, like the Lord, to plant in our sermons and exhortations more lilies of the field. We want few rhetorical elaborations, and fewer sesquipedalian words ; and when we talk about shadows, we do not want to say adumbration ; and when we mean queer-ness, we do not want to talk about idiosyncrasies ; or if a stitch in the back, we do not want to talk about lumbago ; but, in the plain vernacular of the great masses, preach that Gospel which proposes to make all men happy, honest, victorious, and free. In other words, we want more cinnamon and less gristle. Let this be so in all the different departments of work to which the Lord calls us. Let us be plain. Let us be earnest. Let us be common-sensical. When we talk to the people in a vernacular they can understand, they will be very glad to come and receive the truth we present. Would to God that Queen Balkis would drive her spice-laden dromedaries into all our sermons and prayer-meeting exhortations.

More than that, we want more life and spice in our Christian work. The poor do not want so much to be groaned over as sung to. With the bread, and medicines, and the garments you give them, let there be an accompaniment of smiles and brisk encouragement. Do not stand and talk to them about the wretchedness of their abode, and the hunger of their looks, and the hardness of their lot. Ah ! they know it better than you can tell them. Show them the bright

side of the thing, if there be any bright side. Tell them good times will come. Tell them that for the children of God there is immortal rescue. Wake them up out of their stolidity by an inspiring laugh, and while you send in help, like the Queen of Sheba also send in the spices. There are two ways of meeting the poor. One is to come into their house with a nose elevated in disgust, as much as to say: "I don't see how you live here in this neighborhood. It actually makes me sick. There is that bundle—take it, you poor miserable wretch, and make the most of it." Another way is to go into the abode of the poor in a manner which seems to say: "The blessed Lord sent me. He was poor Himself. It is not more for the good I am going to try to do you than it is for the good that you can do me." Coming in that spirit, the gift will be as aromatic as the spikenard on the feet of Christ, and all the hovels on that alley will be fragrant with the spice.

We need more spice and enlivenment in our church-music. Churches sit discussing whether they shall have choirs, or precentors, or organs, or bass-violis, or cornets; I say, take that which will bring out the most inspiring music. If we had half as much zeal and spirit in our churches as we have in the songs of our Sabbath-schools, it would not be long before the whole earth would quake with the coming God. Why, nine-tenths of the people in church do not sing; or they sing so feebly that the people at their elbows do not know they are singing. People mouth and mumble the praises of God; but there is not more than one out of a hundred who makes a joyful noise unto the Rock of our Salvation. Sometimes when the congregation forgets itself, and is all absorbed in the goodness of God, or the glories of heaven, I get an intimation of what church-music will be a hundred years from now, when the coming generation shall wake up to its duty.

I promise a high spiritual blessing to any one who will sing in church, and who will sing so heartily that the people all around cannot help but sing. Wake up! all the churches from Bangor to San Francisco, and across Christendom. It is not a matter of preference; it is a matter of religious duty. Oh, for fifty times more volume of sound than has ever yet rolled up among these arches. I have been told that sometimes they hear our singing on Fulton Street. I wish we could get in such a headway of praise to God that they would hear us half way to the ferry! German chorals in German cathedrals surpass us, and yet Germany has received nothing at the hands of God compared with America; and ought the acclaim in Berlin be louder than that in Brooklyn? Soft, long-drawn-out music, is appropriate for the drawing-room and appropriate for the concert; but St. John gives an idea of the sonorous and resonant congregational singing appropriate for churches when, in listening to the temple service of heaven, he says: "I heard a great voice, as the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings. Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

Join with me in a crusade, giving me not only your hearts, but the mighty uplifting of your

voices, and I believe we can, through Christ's grace, sing five thousand souls into the kingdom of Christ. An argument, they can laugh at; a sermon, they may talk down; but a five-thousand voiced utterance of praise to God is irresistible. Would that Queen Balkis would drive all her spice-laden dromedaries into our church-music. "Neither was there any such spice as the Queen of Sheba gave King Solomon."

Now I want to impress this audience this morning with the fact that religion is sweetness and perfume, and spikenard, and saffron, and cinnamon, and cassia, and frankincense, and all sweet spices together. "Oh," you say, "I have not looked at it as such. I thought it was a nuisance; it had for me a repulsion; I held my breath as though it were a *mal odor*; I have been appalled at its advance; I have said, if I have any religion at all, I want to have just as little of it as is possible to get through with it. Oh, what a mistake you have made, my brother. The religion of Christ is a present and everlasting redolence. It counteracts all trouble. Just put it on the stand beside the pillow of sickness. It catches in the curtains, and perfumes the stifling air. It sweetens the cup of bitter medicine, and throws a glow on the gloom of the turned lattice. It is a balm for the aching side, and a soft bandage for the temple stung with pain. It lifted Samuel Rutherford into a revelry of spiritual delight, while he was in physical agonies. It helped Richard Baxter until, in the midst of such a complication of diseases as perhaps no other man ever suffered, he wrote "The Saint's Everlasting Rest." And it poured light upon John Bunyan's dungeon—the light of the shining gate of the shining city. And it is good for rheumatism, and for neuralgia, and for low spirits, and for consumption; it is the *catholicon* for all disorders. Yes, it will heal all your sorrows.

Why did you look so sad this morning when you came in? Alas! for the loneliness and the heart-break, and the load that is never lifted from your soul. Some of you go about feeling like Macaulay when he wrote: "If I had another month of such days as I have been spending, I would be impatient to get down into my little, narrow crib in the ground, like a weary factory child." And there have been times in your life when you wished you could get out of this life. You have said: "Oh, how sweet to my lips would be the dust of the valley," and wished you could pull over you in your last slumber the coverlet of green grass and daisies. You have said: "Oh, how beautifully quiet it must be in the tomb. I wish I was there."

I see all around about me widowhood, and orphanage, and childlessness; sadness, disappointment, perplexity. If I could ask all those to rise in this audience who have felt no sorrow, and been buffeted by no disappointment—if I could ask all such to rise, how many would rise? Not one.

A WIDOWED MOTHER, with her little child, went West, hoping to get better wages there; and she was taken sick, and died. The overseer of the poor got her body and put it in a box, and put it in a wagon, and started down the street toward the cemetery at

full trot. The little child—the only child—ran after it through the streets, bare-headed, crying: "Bring me back my mother! bring me back my mother!" And it was said that as the people looked on and saw her crying after that which lay in the box in the wagon—all she loved on earth—it is said the whole village was in tears. And that is what a great many of you are doing—chasing the dead. Dear Lord, is there no appeasement for all this sorrow that I see about me? Yes, the thought of resurrection and reunion far beyond this scene of struggle and tears. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Across the couches of your sick, and across the graves of your dead, I fling this shower of sweet spices. Queen Balkis, driving up to the pillared portico of the house of cedar, carried no such pungency of perfume as exhales to-day from the Lord's garden. It is peace. It is sweetness. It is comfort. It is infinite satisfaction, this Gospel I commend to you.

Some one could not understand why an old German Christian scholar used to be always so calm, and happy, and hopeful, when he had so many trials, and sicknesses, and ailments. A man secreted himself in the house. He said: "I mean to watch this old scholar and Christian;" and he saw the old Christian man go to his room and sit down on the chair beside the stand, and open the Bible and begin to read. He read on and on, chapter after chapter, hour after hour, until his face was all aglow with the tidings from heaven, and when the clock struck twelve, he arose, and shut his Bible, and said: "Blessed Lord, *we are on the same old terms yet.* Good-night. Good-night." Oh, you sin-parched and you trouble-pounded, here is comfort, here is satisfaction. Will you come and get it? I cannot tell you what the Lord offers you hereafter so well as I can tell you now. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

Have you read of the Taj Mahal in India, in some respects the most majestic building on earth? Twenty thousand men were twenty years in building it. It cost about sixteen millions of dollars. The walls are of marble, inlaid with cornelian from Bagdad, and turquoise from Thibet, and jasper from Punjaub, and amethyst from Persia, and all manner of precious stones.

A traveller says that it seems to him like the shining of the enchanted castle of burnished silver. The walls are two hundred and forty-five feet high, and from the top of these springs a dome thirty more feet high, that dome containing the most wonderful echo the world has ever known; so that ever and anon travellers standing below with flutes, and drums, and harps, are testing that echo, and the sounds from below strike up and then come down as it were the voices of angels all around about the building. There is around it a garden of tamarind, and banyan, and palm, and all the floral glories of the ransacked earth. But that is only a tomb of a dead empress, and it is tame compared with the grandeurs which God has builded for your living and immortal spirit.

Oh, home of the blessed! Foundations of gold! Arches of victory! Cap-stones of praise! and a dome in which there are echoing and re-echoing the hallelujahs of the ages. And around about that mansion is a garden—the garden of God—and all the springing fountains are the bottled tears of the Church in the wilderness, and all the crimson of the flowers is the deep hue that was caught up from the carnage of earthly martyrdoms, and the fragrance is the prayer of all the saints, and the aroma puts into utter forgetfulness the cassia and the spikenard, and the frankincense, and the world-renowned spices which the Queen Balkis, of Abyssinia, flung at the feet of King Solomon.

"When shall these eyes Thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?"

Through obduracy on our part, and through the rejection of that Christ who makes heaven possible, I wonder if any of us will miss that spectacle? I fear. I fear. The queen of the South will rise up in judgment against this generation and condemn it, because she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon, and behold, a greater than Solomon is here!

May God grant that through your own practical experience you may find that religion's ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are paths of peace—that it is perfume now and perfume forever. And there was an abundance of spice; "neither was there any such spice as the Queen of Sheba gave to King Solomon."

THRESHED OUT.

A Sermon of Solace.

"For the fitches are not threshed with a threshing instrument, neither is a cart wheel turned about upon the cummin; but the fitches are beaten out with a staff, and the cummin with a rod. Bread-corn is bruised; because he will not ever be threshing it."—ISA. 28 : 27, 28.

THE first sermon after my autumnal return is apt to be consolatory, and this one shall be no exception. The heat has been almost insufferable; in the furnace much human life has been consumed; many families have been broken; misfortunes of various kinds have come upon various people; and I suppose, standing in any congregation to-day, in this country, the great need of ninety-nine out of a hundred is solace. Look then to this unfrequented allegory of my text. There are three kinds of seed mentioned: fitches, cummin, and corn. Of the last we all know. But it may be well to state that the fitches and the cummin were small seeds like the carraway or the chick-pea. When these grains or herbs were to be threshed, they were thrown on the floor, and the workmen would come around with staff, or rod, or flail, and beat them until the seed would be separated; but when the corn was to be threshed, that was thrown on the floor, and the men would fasten horses or oxen to a cart with iron-dented wheels; that cart would be drawn around the threshing-floor, and so the work would be accomplished. Different kinds of threshing for different products. "The fitches are not threshed with a threshing instrument, neither is a cart-wheel turned about upon the cummin; but the fitches are beaten out with a staff, and the cummin with a rod. Bread-corn is bruised; because he will not ever be threshing it."

The great thought that the text presses upon our souls to-day is, that *we all go through some kind of threshing process*. The fact that you may be devoting your life to honorable and noble purposes will not win you any escape. Wilberforce, the Christian emancipator, was in his day derisively called "Doctor Cantwell." Thomas Babington Macaulay, the advocate of all that was good long before he became the most conspicuous historian of his day, was caricatured in one of the quarterly reviews as "Babble-tongue Macaulay." Norman McLeod, the great friend of the Scotch poor, was industriously maligned in all quarters, although when he was carried out to his burial, a workman stood and looked at the funeral procession, and said: "If he had done nothing for anybody more than he has done for me, he would shine as the stars for ever and ever." All the small wits of London had their fling at John Wesley, the father of Methodism.

If such men as I have mentioned could not escape the maligning of the world, neither can you expect to get rid of the sharp, keen stroke of the tribulum. All who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. Besides that, there are the sicknesses and the bankruptcies and the irritations and the disappointments which are ever putting a cup of aloes to your lips. Those wrinkles on your face are hieroglyphics which, if deciphered, would make out a thrilling story of trouble. The footstep of the rabbit is seen the next morning on the snow, and I see on the white hairs of this audience the footprints showing where swift trouble alighted.

Even amid the joys and the hilarities of life, trouble will sometimes break in. As when the people were assembled in the Charlestown Theatre, during the Revolutionary war, and while they were witnessing a farce, and the audience was in great gratulation, the guns of an advancing army were heard, and the audience broke up in wild panic and ran for their lives, so oft-times while you are seated amid the joys and festivities of this world, you hear the cannonade of some great disaster. All the fitches, and the cummin, and the corn must come down on the threshing-floor and be pounded.

My subject, in the first place, teaches us *that it is no compliment to us if we escape great trial*. The fitches and the cummin on one threshing-floor might look over to the corn on another threshing-floor, and say: "Look at that poor, miserable, bruised corn. We have only been a little pounded, but that has been almost destroyed." Well, the corn, if it had lips, would answer and say: "Do you know the reason you have not been as much pounded as I have? It is because you are not of so much worth as I am; if you were, you would be as severely run over." Yet there are men who suppose they are the Lord's favorites, simply because their barns are full, and their bank-account is flush, and there are no funerals in the house. It may be because they are fitches and cummin; while down at the end of the lane, the poor widow may be the Lord's corn. You are but little pounded because you are but little worth, and she bruised and ground because she is the best part of the harvest. The heft of the threshing machine is according to the value of the grain. If you have not been much threshed in life, perhaps there is not much to thresh! If you have

not been much shaken of trouble, perhaps it is because there is going to be a very small yield. When there are plenty of blackberries, the gatherers go out with large baskets; but when the drought has almost consumed the fruit, then a quart-measure will do as well. It took the venomous snake on Paul's hand, and the pounding of him with stones until he was taken up for dead, and the jamming against him of prison gates, and the Ephesian vociferation, and the skinned ankles of the painful stocks, and the foundering of the Alexandrian corn-ship, and the beheading stroke of the Roman sheriff, to bring Paul to his proper development. It was not because Robert Moffat, and Lady Rachel Russell, and Frederick Oberlin were worse than other people, that they had to suffer; it was because they were better, and God wanted to make them best. By the carefulness of the threshing, you may always conclude the value of the grain.

Next, my text teaches us that God *proportions our trials to what we can bear*. The staff for the fitches. The rod for the cummin. The iron wheel for the corn. Sometimes people in great trouble say: "Oh, I can't bear it." But you did bear it. God would not have sent it upon you if He had not known that you could bear it. You trembled and you swooned; but you got through. God will not take from your eye one tear too many, nor from your lungs one sigh too deep, nor from your temples one throb too sharp. The perplexities of your earthly business have not in them one tangle too intricate. You sometimes feel as if our world were full of bludgeons flying hap-hazard. Oh, no, they are threshing instruments that God just suits to your case. There is not a dollar of bad debt on your ledger, or a disappointment about goods that you expected to go up but that have gone down, or a swindle of your business-partner, or a trick on the part of those who are in the same kind of business that you are, but God intended to overrule for your immortal help. "Oh," you say, "there is no need talking that way to me—I don't like to be cheated and outraged." Neither does the corn like the corn-thresher; but after it has been threshed and winnowed, and is banked up in golden hue at the side of the barn, it has a great deal better opinion of winnowing-mills and corn-threshers.

"Well," you say, "if I could choose my troubles I would be willing to be troubled." Ah, my brother, then it would not be trouble. You would choose something that would not hurt, and unless it hurts, it does not get sanctified. Your trial, perhaps, may be childlessness. You are fond of children. You say: "Why does God send children to that other household where they are unwelcome, and are beaten and banged about, when I would have taken them in the arms of my affection?" You say: "Any other trial but this." Your trial perhaps may be a disfigured countenance, or a face that is easily caricatured, and you say: "Oh, I could endure anything if only I was good-looking." And your trial, perhaps, is a violent temper, and you have to drive it like six unbroken horses amid the gunpowder explosions of a great holiday, and ever and anon it runs away with you.

Your trial is the asthma. You say: "Oh, if it were rheumatism, or neuralgia, or erysipelas, but it is this asthma, and it is such an exhausting thing to breathe." Your trouble is a husband, short, sharp, snappy, and cross about the house, and raising a small riot because a button is off! How could you know the button is off? Your trial is a wife ever in contest with the servants, and she is a sloven. Though she was very careful about her appearance in your presence once, now she is careless because she says her fortune is made! Your trial is a hard school-lesson you cannot learn, and you have bitten your finger-nails until they are a sight to behold. Everybody has some vexation, or annoyance, or trial, and he or she thinks it is the one least adapted. "Anything but this," all say. "Anything but this."

Oh, my hearer, are you not ashamed to be complaining all this time against God? Who manages the affairs of this world, anyhow? Is it an infinite Modoc? or a Sitting Bull savage? or an omnipotent Nana Sahib? No; it is the most merciful and glorious and wise Being in all the universe. *You cannot teach omnipotence anything.* You have fretted and worried almost enough. Do you not think so? Some of you are making yourselves ridiculous in the sight of the angels. Here is a naval architect, and he draws out the plan of a ship of many thousand tons. Many workmen are engaged on it for a long while. The ship is done; and some day, with the flags up and the air gorgeous with bunting, that vessel is launched for Southampton. At that time, a lad six years of age comes running down the dock with a toy-boat which he has made with his own jack-knife; and he says: "Here, my boat is better than yours. Just look at this jib-boom and these weather cross jack-braces;" and he drops his little boat beside the great ship, and there is a roar of laughter on the docks. Ah, my friends, that great ship is your life as God planned it—vast, million-tonned, ocean-destined, eternity-bound. That little boat is your life as you are trying to hew it out, and fashion it, and launch it. Ah, do not try to be a rival of the great Jehovah. God is always right, and in nine cases out of ten you are wrong. He sends just the hardships, just the bankruptcies, just the cross that it is best for you to have. He knows what kind of grain you are, and he sends the right kind of threshing-machine. It will be rod, or staff, or iron wheel, just according as you are fitches, or cummin, or corn.

Again: My subject teaches us that *God keeps trial on us until we let go*. The farmer shouts "whoa!" to his horses as soon as the grain has dropped from the stalk. The farmer comes with his fork and tosses up the straw, and he sees that the straw has let go the grain, and the grain is thoroughly threshed. So God. Smiting rod and turning wheel, both cease as soon as we let go. We hold on to this world with its pleasures, and riches, and emoluments, and our knuckles are so firmly set that it seems as if we could hold on forever. God comes along with some threshing trouble and beats us loose. We started under the delusion that this was a great world. We learned out of our geography that it

was so many thousand miles in diameter, and so many thousand miles in circumference, and we said: "O my, what a world!" But troubles came in after-life, and this trouble sliced off one part of the world, and that trouble sliced off another part of the world, and it has got to be a smaller world, and, in some of your estimations a very insignificant world; and it is depreciating all the time as a spiritual property. Ten per cent off, fifty per cent off, and there are those here who would not given ten cents for this world—for the entire world—as a soul-possession.

We thought that friendship was a grand thing. In school we used to write compositions about friendship; and perhaps we made our graduating speech on commencement-day on friendship. Oh, it was a charming thing; but does it mean to you as much as it used to? You have gone on in life, and one friend has betrayed you, and another friend has misinterpreted you, and another friend has neglected you, and friendship comes now sometimes to mean to you merely another axe to grind! So with money. We thought if a man had a competency he was safe for all the future; but we have learned that a mortgage may be defeated by an unknown previous encumbrance; that signing your name on the back of a note may be your business death-warrant; that a new tariff may change the current of trade; that a man may be rich to-day and poor to-morrow.

And God by all these misfortunes is trying to loosen our grip; but still we hold on. God smites us with a staff; but we hold on. And He strikes us with a rod; but we hold on. And He sends over us the iron wheel of misfortune; but we hold on. There are men who keep their grip on this world until the last moment, who suggest to me the condition and conduct of the poor Indian in the boat in the Niagara rapids, coming on toward the fall. Seeing that he could not escape, a moment or two before he got to the verge of the plunge, he lifted a wine-bottle and drank it off, and then tossed the bottle into the air. So there are men who clutch the world, and they go down through the rapids of temptation and sin, and they hold on in the very last moment of life, drinking to their eternal damnation as they go over and go down. Oh, let go! let go! The best fortunes are in heaven. There are no absconding cashiers from that bank, no failing in promises to pay. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth. Let go! Depend upon it that God will keep upon you the staff, or the rod, or the iron wheel until you do let go.

Another thing my text teaches us is, that *Christian sorrow is going to have a sure terminus*. My text says: "The fitches are not threshed with a threshing instrument, neither is a cart-wheel turned about upon the cummin; but the fitches are beaten out with a staff, and the cummin with a rod. Bread-corn is bruised because *He will not be ever threshing it.*" Blessed be God for that! Pound away, O flail. Turn on, O wheel! Your work will soon be done. "He will not be ever threshing it." Now the Christian has almost as much use in the organ for the

stop tremulant as he has for the trumpet; but after awhile he will put the last dirge into the portfolio forever. So much of us as is wheat will be separated from so much as is chaff, and there will be no more need of pounding. "He will not be ever threshing it."

They never cry in heaven, because there is nothing to cry about. There are no tears of bereavement, for you shall have your friends all around about you. There are no tears of poverty, because each one sits at the King's table, and has his own chariot of salvation, and free access to the wardrobe where princes get their array. No tears of sickness, for there are no pneumonias on the air, and no malarial exhalations from the rolling river of life, and no crutch for the lame limb, and no splint for the broken arm; but the pulses throbbing with the health of the eternal God, in a climate like our June before the blossoms fall, or our gorgeous October before the leaves scatter. In that land, the souls will talk over the different modes of threshing. Oh, the story of the staff that struck the fitches, and the rod that beat the cummin, and the iron wheel that went over the corn. Daniel will describe the lions, and Jonah leviathan, and Paul the elmwood whips with which he was scourged, and Eve will tell how aromatic Eden was the day she left it, and John Rodgers will tell of the smart of the flame, and Elijah of the fiery team that wheeled him up the sky-steeps, and Christ of the numbness, and the paroxysm, and the hemorrhages of the awful crucifixion. There they are before the throne of God. On one elevation all those who were struck of the staff. On a higher elevation all those who were struck of the rod. On a highest elevation, and amid the highest altitudes of heaven, all those who were under the wheel. "He will not be ever threshing it."

Oh, my hearers, is there not enough salve in this text to make a plaster large enough to heal all your wounds? When a child is hurt, the mother is very apt to say to it: "Now, it will soon feel better." And that is what God says when He embosoms all the trouble in the hush of this great promise: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." You may leave your pocket-handkerchief sopping wet with tears on your death-pillow, but you will go up absolutely sorrowless. They will wear black; you will wear white. Cypress for them; palms for you. You will say: "Is it possible that I am here? Is this heaven? Am I so pure now I will never do anything wrong? Am I so well that I will never again be sick? Are these companionships so firm that they will never again be broken? Is that Mary? Is that John? Is that my loved one I put away into darkness? Can it be that these are the faces of those who lay so wan and emaciated in the back room that awful night, dying? Oh, how radiant they are! Look at them! How radiant they are! Why, how unlike this place is from what I thought when I left the world below. Ministers drew pictures of this land, but how tame compared with the reality. They told me on earth that death was sunset. No, no! It is sunrise! Glorious sunrise! I see the light now purpling the hills, and the clouds flame with the coming

day." Then the gates of heaven will be opened, and the entranced soul, with the acuteness and power of celestial vision, will look ten thousand of miles down upon the bannered procession—a river of shimmering splendor—and will cry out: "Who are they?" And the angel of God, standing close by, will say: "Don't you know who they are?" "No," says the entranced soul, "I cannot guess who they are." The angel will say: "I will tell you, then, who they are. These are they who came out of great tribulation or threshing, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

Oh, that I could administer some of these drops of celestial anodyne to these nervous and excited souls! If you would take enough of it, it would cure all your pangs. The thought that you are going to get through with this after awhile—all this sorrow and all this trouble. We shall have a great many grand days in heaven, but I will tell you which will be the grandest day of all the million ages of heaven. You say: "Are you sure you can tell me?" Yes, I can. It will be the day we get there. Some say heaven is growing more glorious. I suppose it is; but I do not care much about that. Heaven now is good enough for me.

History has no more gratulatory scene than the breaking-in of the English army upon Lucknow, India. A few weeks before a massacre had occurred at Cawnpore, and two hundred and six women and children had been put in a room. Then five professional butchers went in and slew them. Then the bodies of the slain were taken out and thrown into a well. As the English army came into Cawnpore they went into the room; and oh, what a horrid scene! Sword-strokes on the wall near the floor, showing that the poor things had crouched when they died; and they saw also that the floor was ankle-deep in blood. The soldiers walked on their heels across it, lest their

shoes be submerged of the carnage. And on that floor of blood there were flowing locks of hair and fragments of dresses. Out in Lucknow they had heard of the massacre, and the women were waiting for the same awful death—waiting amid anguish untold, waiting in pain and starvation, but waiting heroically—when, one day, Havelock, and Outram, and Norman, and Sir David Baird, and Peel, the heroes of the English army—huzza! for them—broke in on that horrid scene; and while yet the guns were sounding, and while cheers were issuing from the starving, dying people on the one side, and from the travel-worn and powder-blackened soldiers on the other—right there, in front of the king's palace, there was such a scene of hand-shaking, and embracing, and boisterous joy as would utterly confound the pen of the poet and the pencil of the painter. And no wonder, when these emaciated women, who had suffered so heroically for Christ's sake, marched out from their incarceration, one wounded English soldier got up in his fatigue and wounds, and leaned against the wall, and threw his cap up, and shouted: "Three cheers, my boys, for the brave women!" Oh, that was an exciting scene, but a gladder and more triumphant scene will it be when you come up into heaven from the conflicts and incarcerations of this world, streaming with the wounds of battle and wan with hunger; and while the hosts of God are cheering their great hosanna, you will strike hands of congratulation and eternal deliverance in the presence of the throne. On that night there will be bonfires on every hill of heaven, and there will be illumination in every palace, and there will be a candle in every window—ah, no; I forget, I forget—they have no need of the candle or of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever. Hail! hail! sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty.

ESTHER, THE MEDIATRIX.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, November 7, 1875.

"If I perish, I perish."—ESTHER 4 : 16.

WHAT a splendid woman is the heroine of the text. Her first name Hadassah, which means a myrtle. Her name afterward Esther, which means a star. So often is it that one that is humble enough to be willing to be called a flower is raised afterward to be lustrous enough for a constellation—the myrtle blooming into the star.

There is a whole nation on its face, before God, in trouble. I hear the scratching of the pens of the secretaries of King Xerxes. I look over their shoulders to see what they are writing, and behold! they are writing death-warrants for all the Jewish people. These death-warrants are folded up, and sent on horses, on mules, on camels, on swift dromedaries, all over the provinces. Men, women, and children given up to die. Wailing, wailing, wailing all through the land. O for some one to go up and get the king to revoke the awful decree of extermination. But he is unapproachable. The masses of the people cannot get up into the palace, and even Esther, the queen, is in danger of banishment and death if she dare to come to the throne-room without a positive invitation. What, then? Must all the Jews perish? If so, then Esther, the queen, also perishes, for she is a Jewess. Something must be done quickly and boldly, or, from India to Ethiopia, the gullies will run with human gore, and the marble pillars and ivory stairs will be dappled with the blood of massacre.

If any people ever wanted a diplomatist, a go-between, then it is this Jewish nation. Who shall undertake to ask that king to revoke his decree? Mordecai? No. Haman? No. Hatash, the king's chamberlain? No. Esther? No. She says: "I have no right to go in to the king. If I attempt to go into the throne-room I shall probably fall under the lances of the imperial guard." If she do not undertake it, it will never be undertaken. O, queen, see you not the thousands and the tens of thousands of your poor despised countrymen condemned to death? It must be you, or no one. "Go," says Mordecai. "Go," say the doomed people. "Go," commands Esther's own conscience. But her life is as precious to her as our life is to us, and shall she dash it out on the granite of the king's throne-room? Well, she makes up her mind that it is her duty to accept that commission. She will probably fall under the spears of the imperial guard, and there is only the least possible chance that she will succeed; but when

a woman, in the strength of God, resolves upon some noble service, she may not be turned back. Woman's life, at best, is one of sacrifice; but behold here the master-stroke of womanly self-abnegation.

The decisive day comes. Esther kisses goodbye to her uncle, Mordecai, who had brought her up. She turns a loving and a lingering look at her beautiful home, the more beautiful from the fact that she had been a captive orphan, and had not, for much of the time, had a home. I see her standing at the mirror, her fair cheek reflected as she arranges her apparel; for if she die, she will die beautiful, and will die gracefully. Knowing that on the success of her mission depends her own life and the life of her people, she starts for the throne-room. The officers of the palace shudder with horror as she goes by to throw herself into the face of the king's wrath, and into instantaneous destruction. "Stop! stop!" cry the sympathetic officers of the guard; "don't go in there." But there is a glare of determination in her eye, which, once seen, a woman never turns back. I hear her sweet voice ringing out through the palace—a voice sweeter than the falling waters in the marble basin, as she goes up; sweeter than the musical blast of the king's trumpeters, as she pushes back the guard, dashes ahead, and rushes into the throne-room, and casts herself down at the feet of the king, crying, with a mingling of pathos, and enthusiasm, and desperation: "If I perish, I perish."

My hearers, what does that make you think of? A thousand people say: "That makes me think of Christ." *this Esther had two relationships.* She was a Jewess, and so was in sympathy with the Jewish nation. She was the wife of the king, and so she had the confidence of the throne. It was these two relationships that made her the accomplished mediatrix. So it was two relationships that made Jesus Christ the efficient mediator. He was human, and therefore was on our side. He was Divine, and therefore on God's side. A decree, and in this case a righteous decree, had gone forth, that because of their sins the race must die. Jesus says: "That shall not be. I belong to God. I belong to the race. I will take these two relationships into the negotiation. I will go into the place though it cost my life." "O, stop!" cried all the hosts of heaven. "Your blood will redder the doorstep of the king. You will run against the halberds. You will only be sacri-

ficed." "No," says Christ, "I will not stop. I know all the torment; I know all the bleeding; I know the death that is to come; but I willingly throw myself across the sharp edges of this undertaking. Stand back, men, angels, and devils, I come to the rescue. God must be reconciled. The decree must be revoked. Here I drop into the tortures and massacre. If I perish, I perish." No wonder they called this woman of the text a myrtle. No wonder they called Jesus a lily. No wonder they both won the nomenclature of a star—the one of the Persian court and the other the Morning Star of the world's redemption. Were ever two names so suggestive of fragrance and of lustre? Esther and Christ. Mediatrix and Mediator. Esther, with the chain of her oppressed people in one hand, and the crown of her queenly influence in the other, approaches the throne-room and pleads for the deliverance of her people. Jesus, with the tears of human sin and sorrow in one hand, and the key of eternal dominion in the other, appears before high heaven to plead for our rescue. See it. Wonder at it. Esther, the Jewess and the queen. Jesus the Man and the God!

I see also *an analogy in the beauty* of this one of Shushan and this One of the cross. Historians tell us that the most beautiful women in the world were these Persian women, and of that nation the most attractive persons were gathered, and then the king walked along the line and his eye fixed upon Esther as the fairest of them all. Suggestive of Him who was the fairest among the children of men. Tradition tells us His facial proportions were absolutely perfect. They compared Him to a rose, to the morning, to the tinkling of the water on the rocks. On the day when Christ left heaven, I suppose all the heavenly dominions were present, and the seraphim were fair and the cherubim were fair, and troops of radiant ones came out of the gardens of God, and it was there decided that the fairest one of all the realm should go forth to help a shining world on the outskirts of God's dominions—a world in trouble. And methinks they gathered a thousand of the fairest of all heaven together, and then took from them a hundred of the fairest, and out of these hundred, fifty of the fairest, and from the fifty, ten, and after they had ten of the fairest in all the realm, they then out of the ten selected one fairer than all. And who was it? Jesus. Beautiful before His descent. More beautiful after His ascent. Beautiful to the pardoned soul.* Beautiful to the delivered captive. Beautiful to the dying Christian. Beautiful to the glorified saint. O, it needs all the colors of the prism, and all the whispers of the evening breeze, and all the melting rhythms of Pope's "Messiah," and all the thunders of Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus," to tell that beauty. I wish we could have a full picture of Him. We have pictures giving us an imaginary Christ. Sometimes they want to show His humanity, and then the picture is effeminate; or they want to show His divinity, and then it is a stern picture; or, attempting to combine the two natures, it is a picture without any expression. Would that some archangel, standing on evening cloud

in summer time, might with one bold sketch trace the face which is altogether lovely, that the nations might admire it. Wait, we shall see the original. Esther, fairer than when she burst into the court of Ahasuerus. Jesus surrounded by all the redeemed of heaven. Esther, the beautiful mediatrix. Jesus, the beautiful Mediator.

There is one other analogy, and that is in the *success of their mediation*. You say: "I thought that a law of the Medes and Persians might never be revoked." Well, that was so; but I hear the scratching of the pens of the secretaries of the king again. What are they writing now? They are writing to all the people of the realm to take up arms and defend themselves, and they are telling them that the king, and the lieutenants, and all the officers of the realm will be on the side of the Jews; and these happy missives are folded up, and they are sent on horses, on mules, on camels, on swift dromedaries, and the day of mourning for the Jews suddenly became a day of festivity. And so the Lord Jesus Christ comes in. He says: "This race has been decreed to death. Spare them, O Lord, for My sake." And another decree comes forth from the throne, and they are spared; and though we may have to fight for it, even the good fight of faith, we shall come off more than victors. Esther, the successful mediatrix. Jesus, the successful Mediator. Let the musical bands in the palace of Shushan wake up all the echoes at what Esther has done. Let the harpers of heaven put finger to string, and the trumpeters put lip to cornet, and the eternal orchestras roll down in avalanche of Doxology the news that the edict of condemnation has become the edict of deliverance, and that Jesus, with wounds in His head, and wounds in His hands, and wounds in His feet, and wounds in His heart, and with a dying world at His back, has flung Himself into the breach, crying: "If I perish, I perish." O, was it not grand that the Jewish nation had some one to plead their cause? Is it not grand that we have some one to plead our cause? God forbid that any one of us should fall under the infatuation of rejecting this wonderful mediation.

But you say: "That was a *risky thing for Esther to do*." I admit it. She faced social disgrace, domestic ruin, physical death, when she went into the throne-room, and you feel like putting your hand on her shoulder and saying: "Back, O queen! back into the gardens where you sauntered, and to the halls of porphyry and alabaster." "No," she says, "I cannot do otherwise. If they slay me, they will have to slay me. If I perish, I perish." And so there are those here to-night who, if they discharge their Christian duty, will have to go across the customs of society. The circles in which you move drink, and swear, and tell impure stories; but they do not pray. And if tomorrow morning it were announced that you, awakened by the Spirit of God, had started out for heaven, weeping and wailing over your sin; and if it were told that you had thrown yourself at the feet of Jesus, crying: "If I perish, I perish," what astonishment and consternation it would carry all through the city wherever you are known. But yet, do you not sometimes

think that you had better give up your sin? Sometimes, with the dissipating wine-cup in your hand, are you not led to think of the cup of the wine of the wrath of Almighty God against iniquity? Sometimes, when you are shuffling the cards, are you not called to ask yourself: "When I play my last card, will Satan have won the game?" When your laughter dies up amid the chandeliers of the bacchanal, do you not sometimes seem to hear the derisive laughter of Him who said: "I will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh?" In the ten-pin alley of the gambling saloon, can you not hear the rumbling of the thunders of God's omnipotent indignation? O, there are those who were as fair as you, as educated as you, as high-positioned as you, who have gone down, driven and crushed. They were too arrogant and vain to take Esther's step, so they could not have Esther's deliverance.

Yes, there are those here to-night who, like Esther, in doing their duty will run the risk of almost breaking up their homes. How bright and beautiful was that home to Esther. This poor orphan girl had been lifted to that grand position, and now, in the discharge of her duty, she is risking that home.

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,"

was not written in an easy-chair, or on a damask cushion. It was written by a young woman who for Christ's sake had been driven from her father's house; and you account for the pathos of that hymn when I tell you that she dipped the pen in the tears and the blood of her own broken heart, writing:

"Jesus, I my cross have taken

All to leave and follow Thee:

Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,

Thou from hence my all shall be."

Your father hates religion. Your husband despises Christ. Your guardian cannot bear Christianity. When you kneel down and pray, do they not sneer at you? When you prepare yourself for church, do they not scoff at you? And often are you not brought under severe criticism? And do you not hear them say: "You are a pretty Christian?" Yea, perhaps your father has gone so far as to say you shall be disinherited. Then be disinherited, and become an heir of God—a joint heir with Christ; for I will tell you that Christ and heaven are worth all it costs to win them. Set your teeth together and push through. There is no danger like the danger of losing the soul. What is it to be cast out of men to be compared with being cast out of God? What is it to be houseless on earth when compared with being homeless for eternity? What is it to fall from a palace stair compared with falling forever? Great God, what is temporal peril compared with banishment from Thy presence! "If thou hast run with the footmen, and they weary thee, how canst thou contend with horses? and if in the land of peace they have wearied thee, what wilt thou do in the swellings of Jordan?"

There seems to be a cry of desperation in this exclamation of Esther: "If I perish, I perish." It was as if she said: "Now, if I stay here it is

death, and if I go into the throne-room it is death. It is dark whichever way I look, O, if I had only continued to be an unknown orphan! O, if my cheek had only been repulsive instead of fair! O, if my stature had been insignificant, if my bearing had been graceless! Then the king would not have called me into the palace, and I should not have had all this grief. But here I am. I must start. The welfare of my own soul, the welfare of all my people, demand it. I must go. I cannot help what they do with me. I cannot help what they say. If they strike me down, very well. If I perish, I perish." And you would be surprised to know how many cases of desperation there are in this house to-night. You have tried praying, you have tried hearing sermons, you have asked for religious counsel. You got no light, no hope, no peace, no comfort. You do not know what to do. Your worldly affairs are entangled. Your spiritual affairs are entangled. You know not which way to turn. Desperation! That one word describes your state to-night. You would put an end to your earthly existence; but beyond death is something worse for your unpardoned soul, so you dare not do it. If you did as you are impelled to do, now, while I speak, you would shriek out, not for God—perhaps you do not believe there is a God; not in prayer—you have no faith in prayer; not to Christian people—you have no confidence in Christian people. Desperation! Desperation! You look forward. It is darkness. You look behind you. It is darkness.

You look up into my face and say: "O, weak man, do you think you can comfort me?" I can. *I have a prescription* from an apothecary that never fails—a prescription which, taken once, cures as quick as a flash. You know that this world cannot help you, do you not? "Yes, I know it," you say. You know that the spirits of darkness beneath are not disposed to help you? "Yes," you say, "I know that." Then if you are persuaded that there is no help to come from around you, and no help to come from beneath you, I ask you, as men of common sense, where is help to come from? "Well," you say: "it must come from above." Blessed be God, you have found that out. Then run up-stairs and throw yourself at the king's feet. Go there with all your sins and sorrows about you, all the impending dreads of the great future about you, and throw yourself at His feet, saying: "Lord Jesus, I have tried everything else. I am hounded of temptation and sin. I know not which way to turn. It is a case of desperation with me. This is my last hope. 'If I perish, I perish.'" You will perish any way, unless you go—wildly perish, miserably perish, perish forever; but there is no such thing as failure if you take this council. God will not cast you off. "How do I know it?" I know it by the fact that He has not cast me off. But I have a better reason than that for knowing it. He has positively declared: "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." Kneeling at His feet with the self-abnegation of Esther, the sceptre of pardon will touch you, and from the tip of that sceptre heaven will drop into your soul.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, June 11, 1882.

"The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee."—I COR. 12 : 21.

THIS week I have been in the Carolinas, and I saw the coming on of such a harvest as has never been witnessed in that clime; and whatever story the speculators in fruit and the speculators in grain may tell you, there will be reaped from all parts of this land a mighty crop, and there is going to be plenty to eat and plenty to wear.

At this time of prosperity one hundred and fifty thousand workmen halt in their industries. Some persons suppose that this stopping is of no very great importance, since the toilers have gone out on a picnic and all seems mild and beautiful and pleasant; but every picnic comes to an end, and men are the same in all ages, and hunger and starvation always mean violence. So that the only safety for the people in this land is as soon as possible to have this great labor trouble adjusted and the strike stopped and the mills opened.

The most alarming and appalling part of the whole business is that skilled labor is about to be imported from beyond the sea, and that many of those who have quit their toil have quit those places of occupation forever; and any man who has any sympathies, any man who has any patriotism, any man who has any love either for God or the human race, ought to be praying now; and every man who has any Christian views of this important contest between capital and labor ought now utter them in most emphatic style. You have seen an elaborate piece of machinery with a thousand wheels and a thousand bands and a thousand pulleys all controlled by one great water wheel, the machinery so adjusted that when you jar one part of it you jar all parts of it. Well, human society is a great piece of mechanism controlled by one great and ever-revolving force—the wheel of God's providence. You harm one part of the machinery of society and you harm all parts. All professions interdependent. All trades interdependent. All classes of people interdependent. Capital and Labor interdependent. No such thing as independence. I come in and I wave the flag of truce between these two contestants, and I say: "The eye cannot say to the hand, 'I have no need of thee.'"

That brings me to the first suggestion, and that is, that Labor and Capital are to be brought to a better understanding by a *complete canvass* of the whole subject. They will be brought to peace when they find that they are identical in

their interests. When one goes down, they all go down. When one rises they all rise. There will be an equilibrium after a while. There never has been an exception to the rule. That which is good for one class of society eventually will be good for all classes of society, and that which is bad for one class of society will eventually and in time be bad for all. Every speech that Labor makes against Capital postpones the day of permanent prosperity. Every speech that Capital makes against Labor postpones the day of permanent prosperity. When Capital maligns Labor, it is the eye cursing the hand. When Labor maligns Capital, it is the hand cursing the eye. As far as I have observed, the vast majority of capitalists are successful laborers. If the capitalists would draw their glove, you would see the broken finger nail, the scar of an old blister, the stiffened finger joint. The great publishers of the country for the most part were book-binders, or type-setters, on small pay. The great carriage manufacturers for the most part sand-papered wagon bodies in wheelwright shops. While, on the other hand, in all our large manufacturing establishments you will find men on wages who once employed a hundred or five hundred hands. The distance between Capital and Labor is not a great gulf over which is swung a Niagara suspension bridge; it is only a step, and the capitalists are crossing over to become laborers, and the laborers are crossing over to become capitalists. Would God they might shake hands while they cross.

Again: There is to come relief to the laboring classes of this country through *co-operative associations*. I am not at this moment speaking of trades unions, but of that plan by which laborers put their surplus together and become their own capitalists. Instead of being dependent upon the beck of this capitalist or that capitalist, they manage their own affairs. In England and Wales there are 813 co-operative associations. They have 340,000 members, they have a capital of \$18,000,000, or what corresponds to our dollars, and they do a business annually of \$63,000,000.

"But," says some one, "haven't these institutions sometimes been a failure?" Yes. Every great movement has been a failure at some time. Application of the steam power a failure, electro-telegraphy a failure, railroading a failure, but now the chief successes of the

world. "But," says some one, "why talk of surplus being put by laborers into co-operative associations when the vast multitude of toilers of this country are struggling for their daily bread, and they have no surplus?" I reply: Put into my hand the money spent by the laboring classes of America for *rum and tobacco*, and I will establish co-operative associations in all parts of this land, some of them mightier than any financial institutions of the country. We spend in this country over \$100,000,000 every year for tobacco. We spend over \$1,500,000,000 directly or indirectly for rum. The laboring classes spend their share of this money. Now, suppose the laboring man who has been expending the money in those directions, should just add up how much he has expended during these past few years, and then suppose that that money to be put into a co-operative association, and then suppose he should have all his friends in toil, who had made the same kind of expenditure, do the same thing, and that should be added up and put into a co-operative association. And then take all that money expended for over dress and over style and over living on the part of toiling people in order that they may appear as well as persons who have more income—gather that all up and you could have co-operative associations all over this land.

I am not saying anything now about trades unions. You want to know what I think of trades unions. I think they are most beneficial in some directions, and they have a specific object, and in this day, when there are vast monopolies—a thousand monopolies concentrating the wealth of the people into the possession of a few men, unless the laboring men of this country and all countries band together they will go under. There is a lawful use of a trade union, but then there is an unlawful use of a trade union. If it means sympathy in time of sickness, if it means finding work for people when they are out of work, if it means the improvement of the financial, the moral or the religious condition of the laboring classes, that is all right. Do not painters band together in an art union? Do not singers band together in Handel and Haydn Societies? Do not newspaper men band together in Press Clubs? Do not ministers of religion band together in conferences and associations? There is not in all the land a city where clergymen do not come together, many of them once a week, to talk over affairs. For these reasons you should not blame labor guilds. When they are doing their *legitimate work* they are most admirable, but when they come around with drum and fife and flag, and drive people off from their toil, from their scaffoldings, from their factories, then they are nihilistic, then they are communistic, then they are barbaric, then they are a curse. If a man wants to stop work let him stop work, but he cannot stop me from work. So with trades unions, if they have a really legitimate position; but what practical good could ever come from such an association as is to be found in Manchester, England, called the Manchester Bricklayers' Association, which has enacted this law: "Any man found running the work beyond a regular speed shall be fined two shillings and

sixpence for the first offence, five shillings for the second offence, ten shillings for the third, and if still persisted in, shall be dealt with as the committee think proper." Talk about tyranny! There is no tyranny on earth like that of such a trades union. Of course, no good man would have any sympathy with such an institution as that.

But now suppose that all the laboring classes banded together for beneficent purposes in co-operative association, under whatever name they put their means together. Suppose they take the money that they waste in rum and tobacco, and use it for the elevation of their families, for the education of their children, for their moral, intellectual, and religious improvement? what a different state of things we would have in this country, and they would have in Great Britain!

Do you not realize the fact that men work better without stimulant? You say, "Will you deny the laboring men this help which they get from strong drink, borne down as they are with many anxieties and exhausting work?" I would deny them nothing that is good for them; I would deny them strong drink, if I had the power, because it is damaging to them. My father said, "I became a temperance man in early life because I found that in the harvest field, while I was naturally weaker than the other men, I could hold out longer than any of them; they took stimulant and I took none." Everybody knows they cannot endure great fatigue—men who indulge in stimulants. All our young men understand that. When they are preparing for the regatta, or the ball club, or the athletic wrestling, they abstain from strong drink. Now, suppose all this money that is wasted were gathered together and put into co-operative institutions—O! we would have a very different state of things from what we have now.

I remark again: the laboring classes of this country are to find great relief when they learn, all of them learn, *forecast and providence*. Vast numbers of them put down their income and they put down their expenses, and if the income meets the expenses that is all that is necessary. I know laboring men who are in a perfect fidget until they have spent their last dollar. They fly around everywhere until they get it spent. A case came under my observation where a young man was receiving \$700 a year, and earned it by very hard work. The marriage day came. The bride had received \$500 as an inheritance from her grandfather. She put the \$500 in wedding equipment. Then the twain hired two rooms on the third story. Then this man, who had most arduous employment, just as much as he could possibly endure, got evening employment so he could earn a few dollars more, and by this extra evening employment almost extinguished his eyesight. Why did he take this extra evening employment? Was it to lay by something for a rainy day? No. Was it to get a life insurance so that if he should die his wife would not be a pauper? No. It was for the one purpose of getting his wife a \$150 sealskin sacque. I am just giving you a fact I know. The sister of this woman, although she was a very poor girl, was not to be eclipsed, and so she went to work day and

night, and toiled and toiled and toiled almost into the grave until she got a \$150 sealskin sacque! Well, the news went abroad all through the street. Most of the people on that street were laboring, hardworking people, and they were not to be overcome in this way, and they all went to work in the same direction, and practically said, though not literally: "Though the Heavens fall we must have sealskin sacques!" A clergyman in Iowa told me two or three years ago that his church and the entire neighborhood had been ruined by the fact that the people mortgaged their farms in order to go down to the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876. First one family would go, then another family, and finally it was not respectable not to go to the Centennial at Philadelphia, and they mortgaged their farms. The church and the neighborhood ruined in that way.

Now, between such fools and pauperism there is only a very short step. In time of peace, prepare for war. In time of prosperity prepare for adversity. Yet how many there are who drive on the verge of the precipice and at the least touch of accident or sickness over they go. Ah! my friends, it is not right, it is not honest. He that provideth not for his own, and especially those of his own household, is worse than an infidel. A man has got no right to live in luxury and have all comforts and all brightness around him, taking his family with him at that rate—everything bright and beautiful and luxuriant, until he stumbles against a tombstone and falls in, and they all get down into the poorhouse. That is not common honesty.

I am no advocate of skinflint saving. I abhor it. But I plead for Christian providence. There are some people who are disgusted if they see anything like economy, such as a man might show in turning down the gas in the parlor when he goes out. There are families actually embarrassed if you ring their door-bell before they have the hall lighted. There are people who apologize if you surprise them at the table. Now, it is mean, or it is magnificent to save just according to what you save for. If it is for the miserly hoarding of it, then it is despicable, but if it means better education for your children, if it means more house help for your wife when she is not strong enough to do much work, if it means that the day of your death shall not be a horror beyond all endurance because it is to throw your family into disruption and annihilation and the poorhouse—then it is magnificent, if it is to avoid all that.

Some of these older persons remember very well *Abraham Van Nest*, of New York, one of its Christian merchants. He was often called mean because he calculated so closely. Why did he calculate closely? That he might have the more to give. There was not a Bible society, or a tract society, or a reformatory institution in the city of New York but he had his hand in it. He denied himself many luxuries that he might give to others the necessities. He has been many years reaping his reward in Heaven; but I shall never forget the day when I, a green country lad, came to his house and spent the evening, and at the close of the evening as I was departing he accompanied me to the

door, accompanied me to the steps, came down off of the steps and said, "Here, De Witt, is \$40 for books; don't say anything about it." It is mean or it is magnificent to save according as you save for a good or for a bad object.

I know there are many people who have much to say against savings banks and life insurances. I have to tell you that the vast majority of the homesteads of this country have been the result of such institutions, and I have to tell you also that the vast majority of the homesteads of the future for the laboring classes will be the result of such institutions. Savings banks and especially life insurance companies have had great stress of weather during the past few years, but those that have come out and through all the storm have proved themselves invulnerable, they are most valuable institutions for the community. It will be a great day for the working classes of England and the United States when the workingman can buy a barrel of flour instead of flour by the small sack, when he can buy a barrel of sugar instead of sugar by the pound, when he can pay cash for coats and hats and shoes rather than to pay an additional amount for the reason that he has to get it all charged.

Again I remark: Great relief is to come for the laboring classes of this country by appreciation on the part of employers that they had better *take their employes into their confidence*. I can see very easily, looking from my standpoint, what is the matter. Employes seeing the employer in seeming prosperity do not know all the straits, all the hardships, all the losses, all the annoyances. They look at him and they think, "Why, he has it easy and we have it hard." They do not know at that very moment the employer is at the last point of desperation to meet his engagements. Now, there is the trouble, my friends.

I know a gentleman very well who has over a thousand hands in his employ. I said to him some years ago when there was great trouble in the labor market, "How are you getting on with your men?" "O!" he said, "I have no trouble." "Why," I said, "haven't you had any strikes?" "O! no," he said, "I never had any trouble." "What plan do you pursue?" He said, "I will tell you. All my men know every year just how matters stand. Every little while I call them together and say, 'Now, boys, last year I made so much—this year I made less; so you see I can't pay you as much as I did last year. Now, I want to know what you think I ought to have as a percentage out of this establishment, and what wages I ought to give you. You know I put all my energy in this business and risked everything, put all my fortune in it and risked everything. What do you really think I ought to have and you ought to have?' By the time we come out of that consultation we are unanimous; there never has been an exception. When we prosper we all prosper together; when we suffer, we all suffer together, and my men would die for me.' Now, let all employers be frank with their employes. Take them into your confidence. Let them know just how matters stand. There is an immense amount of common-sense in the world. It is safe always to appeal to it.

I remark again : Great relief will come to the laboring classes of this country through the *religious rectification of it*. Labor is honored and rewarded in proportion as a community is Christianized. Why is it that our smallest coin in this country is a penny, while in China it takes a half dozen pieces of coin, or a dozen, to make one of our pennies in value, so the Chinese carry the cash, as they call it, like a string of beads around the neck? We never want to pay less than a penny for anything in this country. They must pay that which is worth only the sixth part or the twelfth part of a penny. Heathenism and iniquity and infidelity depress everything. The Gospel of Jesus Christ elevates everything. How do I account for this? I account for it on the plainest philosophy. The religion of Jesus Christ is a democratic religion. It tells the employer that he is a brother to all the operatives in his establishment—made by the same God, to lie down in the same dust, and to be saved by the same supreme mercy. It does not make the slightest difference how much money you have, you cannot buy your way into the kingdom of Heaven. If you have the grace of God in your heart, you will enter Heaven. So you see it is a democratic religion. Saturate our populations with this Gospel and labor will be respectful, labor will be rewarded, labor will be honored, capital will be Christian in all its behavior, and there will be higher tides of thrift set in. Let me say

A WORD TO ALL CAPITALISTS.

Be your own executors. Make investments for eternity. Do not be like some of those capitalists I know who walk around among their employes with a supercilious air, or drive up to the factory in a manner which seems to indicate they are the autocrat of the universe with the sun and the moon in their vest pockets, chiefly anxious when they go among laboring men not to be touched by the greasy or smirched hand and have their broadcloth injured. Be a Christian employer. Remember those who are under your charge are bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh, that Jesus Christ died for them and that they are immortal. Divide up your estates, or portions of them, for the relief of the world, before you leave it. Do not go out of the world like that man who two or three weeks ago died in New York, leaving in his will \$40,000,000, yet giving how much for the Church of God? how much for the alleviation of human suffering? He gave some money a little while before he died. That was well; but in all this will of \$40,000,000, how much? One million? No. Five hundred thousand? No. One hundred dollars? No. Two cents? No. One cent? No. These great cities groaning in anguish, nations crying out for the bread of everlasting life. A man in a will giving forty millions of dollars and not one cent to God. It is a disgrace to our civilization. Or as illustrated in a letter which I have here—I shall only make reference to it—concerning a man who departed this life during this year leaving between five and eight millions of dollars. Not one dollar was left, this writer says, to comfort the aged workmen and workwomen, not one dollar to

elevate and instruct the hundreds of pale children who stifled their childish growth in the heat and clamor of his factory. Is it strange that the curse of the children of toil follow such ingratitude? How well could one of his many millions have been disbursed for the present and the future benefit of those whose hands had woven literally the fabric of the dead man's princely fortune. O! capitalists of the United States, be your own executors. Be a George Peabody, if need be, on a small scale. God has made you a steward—discharge your responsibility.

My word is

TO ALL LABORING MEN

in this country. I congratulate you at your brightening prospects. I congratulate you on the fact that you are getting your representatives at Albany, at Harrisburgh, and at Washington. I have only to mention such a man as Henry Wilson, the shoemaker; as Andrew Johnson, the tailor; as Abraham Lincoln, the boatman. This will go on until you will have representatives at all the headquarters, and you will have full justice. Mark that. I congratulate you also at the opportunities for your children. Your children are going to have vast opportunities. They are above men of fortune. I congratulate you that you have to work and that when you are dead your children will have to work. I congratulate you also on your opportunities of information. Plato paid one thousand three hundred dollars for two books. Jerome ruined himself financially by buying one volume of Origen. What vast opportunities for intelligence for you and your children. A workingman goes along by the show window of some great publishing house and he sees a book that costs five dollars. He says, "I wish I could have that information; I wish I could raise five dollars for that costly and beautiful book." A few months pass on and he gets the value of that book for fifty cents in a pamphlet. There never was such a day for the workingmen of America as this day and the day that is coming. I also congratulate you because your work is only prefatory and introductory. You want the grace of Jesus Christ, *the carpenter of Nazareth*. He toiled Himself, and He knows how to sympathize with all who toil. Get His grace in your heart and you can sing on the scaffolding amid the storm, in the shop shoving the plane, in the mine plunging the crowbar, on shipboard climbing the ratlines. He will make the drops of sweat on your brow scattering pearls for the eternal coronet. Are you tired, He will rest you. Are you sick, He will give you help. Are you cold, He will wrap you in the mantle of His love. Who are they before the throne. "Ah!" you say, "their hands were never calloused with toil." Yes, they were. You say, "Their feet were never blistered with the long journey." Yes, they were; but Christ raised them to that high eminence. Who are these? "These are they that came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." That for every Christian workingman and for every Christian working woman will be the beginning of eternal holiday.

THE EYE.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, February 11, 1883.

"He that formed the eye, shall He not see?"—PSALM 94 : 9.

THE imperial organ of the human system is the eye. All up and down the Bible God honors it, extols it, illustrates it, or arraigns it. Five hundred and thirty-four times is it mentioned in the Bible. *Omnipresence*—"the eyes of the Lord are in every place." *Divine care*—"as the apple of the eye." *The clouds*—"the eyelids of the morning." *Irreverence*—"the eye that mocketh at its father." *Pride*—"oh, how lofty are their eyes." *Inattention*—"the fool's eye in the ends of the earth." *Divine inspection*—"wheels full of eyes." *Suddenness*—"in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump." *Olivetian sermon*—"the light of the body is the eye." This morning's text: "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?"

The surgeons, the doctors, the anatomists, and the physiologists understand much of the glories of the two great lights of the human face; but the vast multitudes go on from cradle to grave without any appreciation of the two great masterpieces of the Lord God Almighty. If God had lacked anything of infinite wisdom He would have failed in creating the human eye. We wander through the earth trying to see wonderful sights, but the most wonderful sight that we ever see is not so wonderful as the instruments through which we see it.

It has been a strange thing to me for thirty years that some scientist with enough eloquence and magnetism, did not go through the country with illustrated lecture on canvas thirty feet square, to startle and thrill and overwhelm Christendom with the marvels of the human eye. We want the eye taken from all its technicalities and some one who shall lay aside all talk about the pterygomaxillary fissures, the sclerotic, and the chiasma of the optic nerve, and in plain, common parlance which you and I and everybody can understand, present the subject. We have learned men who have been telling us what our origin is and what we were. Oh, if some one should come forth from the dissecting-table and from the class room of the university and take the platform, and asking the help of the Creator demonstrate the wonders of what we are. If I refer to the physiological facts suggested by the former part of my text, it is only to bring out in plainer way the theological lessons of the latter part of my text. "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?"

I suppose my text referred to the human eye since it excels all others in structure and in adaptation. The eyes of fish and reptiles and moles and bats are very simple things because they have not much to do. There are insects with a hundred eyes, but the hundred eyes have less faculty than the two human eyes. The black beetle swimming the summer pond has two eyes under the water

and two eyes above the water, but the four insectile are not equal to the two human. Man placed at the head of all living creatures must have supreme equipment, while the blind fish in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky have only an undeveloped organ of sight, an apology for the eye, which if through some crevice of the mountain they should go into the sunlight might be developed into positive eyesight.

In the first chapter of Genesis we find that God without any consultation created the light, created the trees, created the fish, created the fowl, but when He was about to make man He called a convention of divinity, as though to imply that all the powers of Godhead were to be enlisted in the achievement. "Let us make man." Put a *whole ton of emphasis* on that word "us." "Let us make man." And if God called a convention of divinity to create man, I think the two great questions in that conference were how to create a soul and how to make an appropriate window for the emperor to look out of.

See how God honored the eye before He created it. He cried until chaos was irradiated with the utterance: "Let there be light"! In other words, before He introduced man into this temple of the world, He illumined it, prepared it for the eyesight. And so after the last human eye has been destroyed in the final demolition of the world, stars are to fall and the sun is to cease its shining, and the moon is to turn into blood. In other words, after the human eyes are no more to be profited by their shining the *chandeliers of heaven* are to be turned out. God to educate and to bless and to help the human eye, set on the mantel of heaven two lamps—a gold lamp and a silver lamp—the one for the day and the other for the night.

To show how God honors the eye, look at the two halls built for the residence of the eyes. Seven bones making the wall for each eye, the seven bones curiously wrought together. Kingly palace of ivory is considered rich, but the halls for the residence of the human eyes are richer by so much as human bone is more sacred than elephantine tusk. See how God honored the eyes when He made a roof for them, so that the sweat of toil should not smart them, and the rain dashing against the forehead might not drip into them; the eyebrows not bending over the eye, but reaching to the right and to the left so that the rain and the sweat should be compelled to drop upon the cheek instead of falling into this divinely protected human eyesight.

See how God honored the eye in the fact presented by anatomists and physiologists that there are 800 contrivances in every eye. For window

shutters, the eyelids opening and closing 30,000 times a day. The eyelashes so constructed that they have their selection as to what shall be admitted saying to the dust, "stay out," and saying to the light "come in." For inside curtain the iris, or pupil of the eye, according as the light is greater or less, contracting or dilating. The eye of the owl is blind in the day time, but the human eye so marvellously constructed it can see both by day and by night.

Many of the other creatures of God can move the eye only from side to side, but the human eye so marvellously constructed has one muscle to lift the eye and another muscle to lower the eye, and another muscle to roll it to the right, and another muscle to roll it to the left, and another muscle passing through a pulley to turn it round and round—an elaborate gearing of six muscles as perfect as God could make them.

There also is the *retina* gathering the rays of light and passing the visual impression along the optic nerve about the thickness of the lamp wick, passing the visual impression on to the sensorium and on into the soul. What a delicate lens, what an exquisite screen, what soft cushions, what wonderful chemistry of the human eye. The eye washed by a slow stream of moisture whether we sleep or wake, rolling imperceptibly over the pebble of the eye and emptying into a bone of the nostril—a contrivance so wonderful that it can see the sun, ninety-five millions of miles away, and the point of a pin. Telescope and microscope in the same contrivance. The astronomer swings and moves this way and that, and adjusts and readjusts the telescope until he gets it to the right focus; the microscopist moves this way and that, and adjusts and readjusts the magnifying glass until it is prepared to do its work, but the human eye without a touch beholds the star and the smallest insect. The traveller among the Alps with one glance taking in Mont Blanc and the face of his watch to see whether he has time to climb it. Oh, this wonderful *camera obscura* which you and I carry about with us, so to-day we can take in this audience, so from the top of Mount Washington we can take in New England, so at night we can sweep into our vision the constellations from horizon to horizon. So delicate, so semi-infinite, and yet the light coming ninety-five millions of miles at the rate of two hundred thousand miles a second, is obliged to halt at the gate of the eye, waiting until the portcullis be lifted. Something hurled ninety-five millions of miles and striking an instrument which has not the agitation of even winking under the power of the stroke.

There also, is the merciful arrangement of the *tear gland* by which the eye is washed and through which rolls the tide which brings the relief that comes in tears when some bereavement or great loss strikes us. The tear not an augmentation of sorrow, but the breaking up of the Arctic of frozen grief in the warm Gulf Stream of consolation. Incapacity to weep is madness or death. Thank God for the tear glands and that the crystal gates are so easily opened. Oh, the wonderful hydraulic apparatus of the human eye. Divinely constructed vision. Two lighthouses at the harbor of the immortal soul under the shining of which the world sails in and drops anchor.

What an anthem of praise to God is the human eye. The tongue is speechless and a clumsy instrument of expression as compared with it. Have you not seen it flash with indignation, or kindle with enthusiasm, or expand with devotion, or melt with sympathy, or stare with fright, or leer with villainy, or droop with sadness, or pale with envy, or fire with revenge, or twinkle with mirth, or beam with love? It is tragedy and comedy and pastoral and lyric in turn. Have you not seen its uplifted brow of surprise, or its frown of wrath, or its contraction of pain? If the eye say one thing and the lips say another thing, you believe the eye rather than the lips. The eyes of Archibald Alexander and Charles S. Finney, were the mightiest part of their sermon. George Whitefield enthralled great assemblages with his eyes though they were crippled with strabismus. Many a military chieftain has with a look hurled a regiment to victory or to death. Martin Luther turned his great eye on an assassin who came to take his life, and the villain fled. Under the glance of the human eye the tiger with five times a man's strength snarls back into the African jungle.

But those best appreciate the value of the eye who have lost it. The Emperor Adrian by accident put out the eye of his servant, and he said to his servant, "What shall I pay you in money, or in lands? anything you ask me; I am so sorry I put your eye out." But the servant refused to put any financial estimate on the value of the eye, and when the emperor urged and urged again the matter, he said: "O emperor, I want nothing but my lost eye." Alas for those for whom a thick and impenetrable veil is drawn across the face of the heavens and the face of one's own kindred. That was a pathetic scene when a blind man lighted a torch at night and was found passing along the highway, and some one said, "Why do you carry that torch when you can't see?" "Ah!" said he, "I can't see, but I carry this torch that others may see me and pity my helplessness and not run me down." Samson, the giant, with his eyes put out of the Philistines is more helpless than the smallest dwarf with vision undamaged. All the sympathies of Christ were stirred when He saw Bartimeus with darkened retina, and the only salve He ever made that we read of was a mixture of dust and saliva, and a prayer with which He cured the eyes of a man blind from his nativity. The value of the eye shown as much by its catastrophe as by its healthful action.

Ask the man who for twenty years has not seen the sunrise. Ask the man who for half a century has not seen the face of a friend. Ask in the hospital the victim of ophthalmia. Ask the man whose eyesight perished in a powder blast. Ask the Bartimeus who never met a Christ, or the man born blind who is to die blind. Ask him.

The Earl of Bridgewater in his last will and testament bequeathed \$40,000 for essays to be written on the power and wisdom and goodness of God as manifested in creation, and Sir Charles Bell, the British surgeon fresh from Corunna and Waterloo, where he had been tending the wounded and studying the formation of the human body amid the amputating horrors of the battle-field, accepted the invitation to write one of those Bridgewater treatises, and he wrote his book on the human hand—a book that will live as long as the

world lives. This morning, in my imperfect way, I have only hinted at the splendors, the glories, the wonders, the divine revelations, the apocalypses of the human eye, and I stagger back from the awful portals of the physiological miracle which must have taxed the ingenuity of a God, to cry out in your ears the words of my text: "He that formed the eye, shall He not see"? Shall Herschel not know as much as his telescope? Shall Fraunhofer not know as much as his spectroscope? Shall Swammerdam not know as much as his microscope? Shall Dr. Hooke not know as much as his micrometer? Shall the thing formed know more than its maker? "He that formed the eye, shall He not see"?

The recoil of this question is tremendous. We stand at the centre of a vast circumference of observation. No privacy. On us, eyes of cherubim, eyes of seraphim, eyes of archangel, eyes of God. We may not be able to see the inhabitants of other worlds, but perhaps they may be able to see us. We have not optical instruments strong enough to descry them; perhaps they have optical instruments strong enough to descry us. The mole cannot see the eagle mid air, but the eagle mid-sky can see the mole mid grass. We are able to see mountains and caverns of another world; but perhaps the inhabitants of other worlds can see the towers of our cities, the flash of our seas, the marching of our processions, the white robes of our weddings, the black scarfs of our obsequies. It passes out from the guess into the positive, when we are told in the Bible that the inhabitants of other worlds do come or convey to this. Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation.

But human inspection and angelic inspection and stellar inspection and lunar inspection and solar inspection are tame as compared with the thought of divine inspection. "You converted me twenty years ago," said a black man to my father. "How so?" said my father. "Twenty years ago," said the other, "in the old schoolhouse prayer-meeting at Bound Brook, you said in your prayer, 'Thou God seest me,' and I had no peace under the eye of God until I became a Christian." Hear it: "The eyes of the Lord are in every place." "His eyelids try the children of men." "His eyes were as a flame of fire." "I will guide thee with Mine eye." Oh,

THE EYE OF GOD,

so full of pity, so full of power, so full of love, so full of indignation, so full of compassion, so full of mercy. How it peers through the darkness. How it outshines the day. How it glares upon the offender. How it beams on the penitent soul. Talk about the human eye as being indescribably wonderful—how much more wonderful the great, searching, overwhelming eye of God. All eternity past and all eternity to come on that retina. The eyes with which we look into each other's face to-day suggest it. It stands written twice on your face and twice on mine, unless through casualty one or both have been obliterated. "He that formed the eye shall He not see"? Oh, the eye of God. It sees our sorrows to assuage them, sees our perplexities to disentangle them, sees our wants to sympathize with them. If we fight Him back, the eye of an antagonist. If we ask His grace, the eye of an everlasting friend.

You often find in a book or manuscript a star calling your attention to a footnote or explanation. That star the printer calls an asterisk. But all the stars of the night heavens are asterisks calling your attention to God, an all observing God. Our every nerve a divine handwriting. Our every muscle a pulley divinely swung. Our every bone sculptured with divine suggestiveness. Our every eye a reflection of the divine eye. God above us, and God beneath us, and God before us, and God behind us, and God within us. What a stupendous thing to live! What a stupendous thing to die. No such thing as hidden transgression.

A dramatic advocate in olden times at night in a court-room persuaded of the innocence of his client, charged with murder, and of the guilt of the witness who was trying to swear the poor man's life away—that advocate took up two bright lamps and thrust them close up to the face of the witness and cried: "May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury, behold the murderer!" and the man practically under that awful glare, confessed that he was the criminal instead of the man arraigned at the bar. Oh, my friends, our most hidden sin is under a brighter light than that; it is under the burning eye of God.

He is not a blind giant stumbling through the heavens. He is not a blind monarch feeling for the step of His chariot. Are you wronged? He sees it. Are you poor? He sees it. Have you domestic perturbation of which the world knows nothing? He sees it. "Oh," you say, "my affairs are so insignificant I can't realize that God sees me and sees my affairs." Can you see the point of a pin? Can you see the eye of a needle? Can you see a mote in the sunbeam? And has God given you that power of minute observation and does He not possess it Himself? "He that formed the eye, shall He not see"?

But you say, "God is in one world and I am in another world; He seems so far off from me I don't really think He sees what is going on in my life." Can you see the sun ninety-five million miles away? and do you not think God has as prolonged vision? But you say, "there are phases of my life and there are colors, shades of color in my annoyances and my vexations that I don't think God can understand." Does not God gather up all the colors and all the shades of color in the rainbow? And do you suppose there is any phase or any shade in your life that He has not gathered up in His own heart?

Beside that, I want to tell you it will soon all be over, this struggle. That eye of yours so exquisitely fashioned and strung and hinged and roofed will before long close in the last slumber. Loving hands will smooth down the silken fringes. So He giveth His beloved sleep.

A LEGEND OF SAINT FROBERT is that his mother was blind and he was so sorely pitiful for the misfortune, that one day in sympathy he kissed her eyes and by miracle she saw everything. But it is not a legend when I tell you that all the blind eyes of the Christian dead under the kiss of the resurrection morn shall gloriously open. Oh, what a day that will be for those who went groping through this world under perpetual obscurity, or were dependent on the hand of a friend, or with an uncertain staff felt their way; and for the aged of dim sight, about whom it

might be said that "they which look out of the windows be darkened," when eternal daybreak comes in.

What a beautiful epitaph that was for a tomb-

stone in a European cemetery: "Here reposes in God, Katrina, a Saint, 85 years of age and blind. The light was restored to her May 10th, 1840."

THE EAR.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, February 18, 1883.

"He that planted the ear, shall He not hear?"—PSALM 94: 9.

ARCHITECTURE is one of the most fascinating arts, and the study of Egyptian, Grecian, Etruscan, Roman, Byzantine, Moorish, Renaissance styles of building, has been to many a man a sublime lifework. Lincoln and York cathedrals, St. Paul's and St. Peter's, and Arch of Titus, and Theban Temple and Alhambra and Parthenon are the monuments to the genius of those who built them. But more wonderful than any arch they ever lifted, or any transept window they ever illumined, or any Corinthian column they ever crowned, or any Gothic cloister they ever elaborated, is the human ear.

I am told on all sides that God gave His blessing to the sermon I preached last Sabbath morning on the other half of this verse: "he that formed the eye, shall he not see?" and I am expecting that God will give His blessing this morning while I speak to you upon this half of the verse: "he that planted the ear, shall he not hear?"

Among the most skilful and assiduous physiologists of our time have been those who have given their time to the examination of the ear and the studying of its arches, its walls, its floor, its canals, its aqueducts, its galleries, its intricacies, its convolutions, its divine machinery, and yet, it will take another thousand years before the world comes to any adequate appreciation of what God did when He planned and executed the infinite and overmastering architecture of the human ear. The most of it is invisible and the microscope breaks down in the attempt at exploration. The cartilage which we call the ear is only the storm door of the great temple clear down out of sight, next door to the immortal soul.

Such scientists as Helmholtz and Conte and De Blainville and Rank and Buck, have attempted to walk the Appian Way of the human ear, but the mysterious pathway has never been fully trodden but by two feet—the foot of sound and the foot of God. Three ears on each side the head—the external ear, the middle ear, the internal ear, but all connected by most wonderful telegraphy.

The external ear in all ages adorned by precious stones or precious metals. The Temple of Jerusalem partly built by the contribution of

earrings, and Homer in the Iliad speaks of Hera, "the three bright drops, her glittering gems suspended from the ear;" and many of the adornments of our day are only copies of ear jewels found in Pompeian museum and Etruscan vase. But while the outer ear may be adorned by human art, the middle and the internal ear are adorned and garnished only by the hand of the Lord Almighty. The stroke of a key of this organ sets the air vibrating, and the external ear catches the undulating sound, and passes it on through the bonelets of the middle ear to the internal ear, and the three thousand fibres of the human brain take up the vibration and roll the sound on into the soul.

THE HIDDEN MACHINERY

of the ear by physiologists called by the names of things familiar to us, like the hammer, something to strike—like the anvil, something to be smitten—like the stirrup of the saddle with which we mount the steed—like the drum, beaten in the march—like the harp strings, to be swept with music. Coiled like a "snail shell," by which one of the innermost passages of the ear is actually called—like a stairway, the sound to ascend—like a bent tube of a heating apparatus, taking that which enters round and round—like a labyrinth with wonderful passages into which the thought enters only to be lost in bewilderment. A muscle contracting when the noise is too loud, just as the pupil of the eye contracts when the light is too glaring. The external ear is defended by wax which with its bitterness discourages insectile invasion. The internal ear imbedded in what is by far the hardest bone of the human system, a very rock of strength and defiance.

The ear so strange a contrivance that by the estimate of one scientist, it can catch the sound of 73,700 vibrations in a second. The outer ear taking in all kinds of sound, whether the crash of an avalanche, or the hum of a bee. The sound passing to the inner door of the outside ear halts until another mechanism, divine mechanism, passes it on by the bonelets of the middle ear, and coming to the inner door of that second ear, the sound has no power to come further until another divine mechanism passes it.

on through into the inner ear, and then the sound comes to the rail-track of the brain branch-let, and rolls on and on until it comes to sensation, and there the curtain drops, and a hundred gates shut, and the voice of God seems to say to all human inspection: "Thus far and no farther."

In this vestibule of the palace of the soul, how many kings of thought, of medicine, of physiology, have done penance of lifelong study and got no further than the vestibule. Mysterious home of reverberation and echo. Grand Central Depot of sound. Headquarters to which there come quick despatches, part the way by cartilage, part the way by air, part the way by bone, part the way by nerve—the slowest despatch plunging into the ear at the speed of 1000 feet a second.

Small instrument of music on which is played all the music you ever hear, from the grandeurs of an August thunder storm to the softest breathings of a flute. Small instrument of music, only a quarter of an inch of surface and the thinness of one two hundred and fiftieth part of an inch, and that thinness divided into three layers. In that ear musical staff, lines, spaces, bar and rest. A bridge leading from the outside natural world to the inside spiritual world; we seeing the abutment at this end the bridge, but the fog of an unlifted mystery hiding the abutment on the other end the bridge. Whispering gallery of the soul. The human voice is God's eulogy of the ear. That voice capable of producing seventeen trillion, five hundred and ninety-two billion, one hundred and eighty-six million, forty-four thousand, four hundred and fifteen sounds, and all that variety made, not for the regalement of beast or bird, but for the human ear.

Last Tuesday, in Venice, lay down in death one whom many considered the greatest musical composer of the century. Struggling on up from six years of age when he was left fatherless, Wagner rose through the obloquy of the world, and oftentimes all nations seemingly against him, until he gained the favor of a king, and won the enthusiasm of the opera houses of Europe and America. Struggling all the way on to seventy years of age, to conquer the world's ear.

In that same attempt to master the human ear and gain supremacy over this gate of the immortal soul, great battles were fought by Mozart, Gluck and Weber, and by Beethoven and Meyerbeer, by Rossini and by all the roll of German and Italian and French composers, some of them in the battle leaving their blood on the keynotes and the musical scores. Great battle fought for the ear—fought with baton, with organ pipe, with trumpet, with cornet-a-piston, with all ivory and brazen and silver and golden weapons of the orchestra: royal theatre and cathedral and academy of music the fortresses of the contest for the ear. England and Egypt fought for the supremacy of the Suez Canal, and the Spartans and the Persians fought for the defile at Thermopylæ, but the musicians of all ages have fought for the mastery of the auditory canal and the defile of the immortal soul and the Thermopylæ of struggling cadences.

For the conquest of the ear, *Haydn* struggled

on up from the garret where he had neither fire nor food, on and on until under the too great nervous strain of hearing his own oratorio of the "Creation" performed, he was carried out to die, but leaving as his legacy to the world 118 symphonies, 163 pieces for the baritone, 15 masses, 5 oratorios, 42 German and Italian songs, 39 canons, 365 English and Scotch songs with accompaniment, and 1536 pages of libretti. All that to capture the gate of the body that swings in from the tympanum to the "snail shell" lying on the beach of the ocean of the immortal soul.

To conquer the ear, *Handel* struggled on from the time when his father would not let him go to school lest he learn the gamut and become a musician, and from the time, when he was allowed in the organ loft just to play after the audience had left, one voluntary, to the time when he left to all nations his unparalleled oratorios of "Esther," "Deborah," "Samson," "Jephthah," "Judas Maccabeus," "Israel in Egypt," and the "Messiah," the soul of the great German composer still weeping in the Dead March of our great obsequies and triumphing in the raptures of every Easter morn.

To conquer the ear and take this gate of the immortal soul, *Schubert* composed his great "Serenade," writing the staves of the music on the bill of fare in a restaurant, and went on until he could leave as a legacy to the world over a thousand magnificent compositions in music. To conquer the ear and take this gate of the soul's castle *Mozart*, struggled on through poverty until he came to a pauper's grave, and one chilly, wet afternoon the body of him who gave to the world the "Requiem" and the "G-minor Symphony" was crunched in on the top of two other paupers into a grave which to this day is epitaphless.

For the ear everything mellifluous, from the birth hour when our earth was wrapped in swaddling clothes of light and serenaded by other worlds, from the time when Jubal thrummed the first harp and pressed a key of the first organ down to the music of this Sabbath morning. Yea, for the ear the coming overtures of heaven, for whatever other part of the body may be left in the dust, the ear, we know, is to come to celestial life; otherwise, why the "harpers harping with their harps?" For the ear, carol of lark and whistle of quail, and chirp of cricket, and dash of cascade, and roar of tides oceanic, and doxology of worshipful assembly and minstrelsy, cherubic, seraphic, and archangelic. For the ear all Pandean pipes, all flutes, all clarionets, all hautbois, all bassoons, all bells, and all organs—Luzerne and Westminster Abbey, and Freyburg, and Berlin, and all the organ pipes set across Christendom, the great Giant's Causeway for the monarchs of music to pass over. For the ear, all chimes, all ticking of chronometers, all anthems, all dirges, all glees, all choruses, all lullabies, all orchestration.

Oh, the ear, the God honored ear, grooved with divine sculpture and poised with divine gracefulness and upholstered with curtains of divine embroidery, and corrodored by divine carpentry, and pillared with divine architecture, and chiselled in bone of divine masonry, and

conquered by processions of divine marshalling. The ear! A perpetual point of interrogation, asking *How?* a perpetual point of apostrophe appealing to God. None but God could plan it. None but God could build it. None but God could work it. None but God could keep it, none but God could understand it, none but God could explain it. Oh, the wonders of the human ear.

HOW SURPASSINGLY SACRED

the human ear. You had better be careful how you let the sound of blasphemy or uncleanness step into that holy of holies. The Bible says that in the ancient temple the priest was set apart by the putting of the blood of a ram on the tip of the ear, the right ear of the priest. But, my friends, we need all of us to have the sacred touch of ordination on the hanging lobe of both ears, and on the arches of the ears, on the Eustachian tube of the ear, on the mastoid cells of the ear, on the tympanic cavity of the ear, and on everything from the outside rim of the outside ear clear in to the point where sound steps off the auditory nerve and rolls on down into the unfathomable depths of the immortal soul. The Bible speaks of "dull ears," and of "uncircumcized ears," and of "itching ears," and of "rebellious ears," and of "open ears," and of those who have all the organs of hearing and yet who seem to be deaf, for it cries to them: "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

To show how much Christ thought of the human ear, He one day met a man who was deaf, came up to him and put a finger of the right hand into the orifice of the left ear of the patient, and put a finger of the left hand into the orifice of the right ear of the patient, and agitated the tympanum, and startled the bonelets, and with a voice that rang clear through into the man's soul, cried: "Ephphatha!" and the polyphoid growths gave way, and the inflamed auricle cooled off, and that man who had not heard a sound for many years, that night heard the wash of the waves of Galilee against the limestone shelving. To show how much Christ thought of the human ear, when the apostle Peter got mad and with one slash of his sword dropped the ear of Malchus into the dust, Christ created a new external ear for Malchus corresponding with the middle ear and the internal ear that no sword could clip away.

And to show

WHAT GOD THINKS OF THE EAR

we are informed of the fact that in the millennial June which shall rosetate all the earth, the ears of the deaf will be unstopped, all the vascular growths gone—all deformation of the listening organ cured, corrected, changed. Every being on earth will have a hearing apparatus as perfect as God knows how to make it, and all the ears will be ready for that great symphony in which all the musical instruments of the earth shall play the accompaniment, nations of earth and empires of heaven mingling their voices, together with the deep bass of the sea and the alto of the woods, and the tenor of winds, and the baritone of the thunder: "Alleluiah"! surging up meeting the "Alleluiah"! descending.

Oh, yes, my friends, we have been looking for God too far away instead of looking for Him close by and in our own organism. We go up into the observatory and look through the telescope and see God in Jupiter, and God in Saturn, and God in Mars; but we could see more of Him through the microscope of an aurist. No king is satisfied with only one residence, and in France it has been St. Cloud and Versailles and the Tuileries, and in Great Britain it has been Windsor and Balmoral and Osborne. A ruler does not always prefer the larger. The King of earth and heaven may have larger castles and greater palaces, but I do not think there is any one more curiously wrought than the human ear. The heaven of heavens cannot contain Him, and yet He says He finds room to dwell in a contrite heart, and I think, in a Christian ear.

We have been looking for God in the infinite—let us look for Him in the infinitesimal. God walking the corridor of the ear, God sitting in the gallery of the human ear, God speaking along the auditory nerve of the ear, God dwelling in the ear to hear that which comes from the outside, and so near the brain and the soul He can hear all that transpires there. The Lord of hosts encamping under the curtains of membrane. Palace of the Almighty in the human ear. The rider on the white horse of the Apocalypse thrusting his foot into the loop of bone which the physiologist has been pleased to call the stirrup of the ear.

Are you ready now for the question of my text? Have you the endurance to bear its overwhelming suggestiveness? Will you take hold of some pillar and balance yourself under the semi-omnipotent stroke? "He that planted the ear, shall He not hear"? Shall the God who gives us the apparatus with which we hear the sounds of the world, Himself not be able to catch up song and groan and blasphemy and worship? Does He give us a faculty which He has not Himself? Drs. Wild and Gruber and Toynbee invented the acoumeter and other instruments by which to measure and examine the ear, and do these instruments know more than the doctors who made them? "He that planted the ear, shall He not hear"?

Jupiter of Crete was always represented in statuary and painting as without ears, suggesting the idea that he did not want to be bothered with the affairs of the world. But our God has ears. "His ears are open to their cry." (Psalm 34:15.) The Bible intimates that two workmen on Saturday night do not get their wages. Their complaint instantly strikes the ear of God: "The cry of those that reaped hath entered the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth." Did God hear that poor girl last night as she threw herself on the prison bunk in the city dungeon and cried in the midnight: "God have mercy"? Do you really think God could hear her? Yes, just as easily as when fifteen years ago she was sick with scarlet fever, and her mother heard her when at midnight she asked for a drink of water. "He that planted the ear, shall He not hear"?

When a soul prays, God does not sit bolt upright until the prayer travels immensity and

climbs to His ear. The Bible says He bends clear over. In more than one place Isaiah said He bowed down His ear. In more than one place the Psalmist said He inclined His ear, by which I come to believe that God puts His ear so closely down to your lips that He can hear your faintest whisper. It is not God away off up yonder; it is God away down here, close up, so close up that when you pray to Him, it is not more a whisper than a kiss. Ah! yes, He hears the captive's sigh and the plash of the orphan's tear, and the dying syllables of the shipwrecked sailor driven on the Skerries, and the infant's "Now I lay me down to sleep," as distinctly as He hears the fortissimo of brazen bands in the Dusseldorf festival, as easily as He hears the salvo of artillery when the thirteen squares of English troops open all their batteries at once at Waterloo. He that planted the ear can hear.

Just as sometimes an entrancing strain of music will linger in your ears for days after you have heard it, and just as a sharp cry of pain I once heard while passing through Bellevue Hospital clung to my ear for weeks, and just as a horrid blasphemy in the street sometimes haunts one's ears for days, so God not only hears, but holds the songs, the prayers, the groans, the worship, the blasphemy. The phonograph is a newly-invented instrument which holds not only the words you utter, but the very tones of your voice, so that a hundred years from now, that instrument turned, the very words you now utter and the very tone of your voice will be reproduced. Wonderful phonograph. As of our beloved dead we keep a lock of hair, or picture of the features, so the time will come when we will be able to keep the tones of their voices and the words they uttered. So that if now dear friends should speak into the phonograph some

words of affection and, then they should be taken away from us, years from now, from that instrument we could unroll the words they uttered and the very tones of their voice. But more wonderful is God's power to hold, to retain. Ah! what delightful encouragement for our prayers. What an awful fright for our hard speeches. What assurance of warm-hearted sympathy for all our griefs. "He that planteth the ear, shall He not hear"?

Better take that organ away from all sin. Better put it under the best sound. Better take it away from all gossip, from all slander, from all innuendo, from all bad influence of evil association. Better put it to school, to church, to philharmonic. Better put that ear under the blessed touch of Christian hymnology. Better consecrate it for time and eternity to Him who planted the ear.

Rousseau, the infidel, fell asleep amid his sceptical manuscripts lying all around the room, and in his dream he entered heaven and heard the song of the worshippers, and it was so sweet he asked an angel what it meant. The angel said: "This is the Paradise of God, and the song you hear is the anthem of the redeemed." Under another roll of the celestial music Rousseau awakened and got up in the midnight and, as well as he could, wrote down the strains of the music that he had heard in the wonderful tune called "The Songs of the Redeemed." God grant that it may not be to you and to me an infidel dream but a glorious reality. When we come to the night of death and we lie down to our last sleep, may our ears really be awakened by the canticles of the heavenly temple, and the songs and the anthems and the carols and the doxologies that shall climb the musical ladder of that heavenly gamut.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Evening, March 4, 1883.

"A little one shall become a thousand."—ISA. 60:22.

In this prophecy is set forth that which we have all noticed; that the amount of avoirdupois weight does not decide the amount of one's effectiveness. Many a man with vast physical equipment does not weigh a half ounce on the side of the world's betterment, while many an one of insignificant stature and feeble forearm and decrepit limb has weighed a ton on the right side of the moral balances.

David, the King of Israel, was so small a mite that he upset the gravity of Goliath, yet the sword of the giant is hung up in history as impotent beside the sling of his dwarfish combatant. *Napoleon* was only about five feet in stature. *Archibald Alexander*, head and shoulders above other preachers of his time in theological

attainment, yet not more than up to their elbows in physical height—one of the smallest and one of the mightiest that God ever made. And some of the grandest and most decisive and resounding strokes that have been given for God and the Church and the world, have been given by men whose bodily equipment has been only an apology for the soul's earthly retention. *Isaac Watts* set his diminutive personal presence into immortal rhythm. One such man as any I have mentioned, though built on contracted corporeal scale, in intellectual or moral force amounts to a thousand ordinary people—their achievements far beyond anything their body prophesied: so my text has its splendid echo, and "a little one became a thousand."

Among these men of small body but great soul I place the name of one, the announcement of whose death falls upon me with this evening shadow. Alexander H. Stephens, Governor of Georgia, and late member of the Congress of the United States, is no more, for God hath taken him. With him I have had warm personal friendship, and the tidings came to me this afternoon like a sharp blast out of the north rather than a message from the balmy south. I have nothing to do with Alexander H. Stephens as a politician; but as a warm-hearted friend, as a devoted Christian, as a simple-hearted man, as a great and magnificent soul wrapped up in fraillest earthly tenement, I have something loving and earnest and solemn and joyful to say about him. Though a little one he was a thousand.

He was, first of all, a Christian. Not one of those men who merely adorn their speeches with the religion of Jesus Christ as a mere rhetorical allusion; not a man who serves the world and serves Satan all his life and then just in the last moment of his earthly existence cries out for God, and everybody eulogizes him as a Christian; but all his life a Christian, a member of our own beloved denomination. Bosom friend and lifelong companion of Rev. Dr. Samuel K. Talmage, whose name in all branches of my own family is a benediction. The theologian of whom I now speak, like his senatorial friend whom I commemorate, "a little one who became a thousand." "Never," said Alexander Stephens, "come to Washington without coming to see me, for your Uncle Samuel's sake."

Yes, Alexander Stephens believed in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, His only-begotten Son. With more brain than all the infidels now blatant and blaring and blaspheming around Washington, yet believing in the Bible from lid to lid, and in our glorious Christianity. All up and down the South are ministers of the Gospel who went into college and into theological seminary, and into the pulpit through Alexander H. Stephens' pocket. With no princely estate, I am told that for the last thirty years there has not been an hour in which he has not been supporting men on their way to the medical profession, or the law, or the pulpit, and at times supporting five and six young men struggling for an education. Himself starting for the Christian ministry and turning aside into the legal profession, yet to-day preaching all over the South the Gospel of good tidings which shall yet be to all people.

He was one of the few men who, like James Lenox, of New York, could stay outside of the marriage relation and yet become kinder and more genial and more sympathetic and more generous as the years went by. First, he honored God, and next, he honored Christian womanhood. And wherever there was a burdened man who wanted help, or a wayward man who wanted opportunity of return, or a struggling young man who wanted an education, there was one who might count on Mr. Stephens as a powerful ally.

Within ten days I have heard his colored servants, in most unlimited terms, speak his praise. The devotion of the black men who waited upon

him amounted almost to worship. His home at Liberty, Georgia, and in the executive mansion at Atlanta, and his rooms at the National Hotel, at Washington, were the centre of helpfulness and good cheer and hospitality and culture. His heart large enough for the whole world to enter. Only eighty-five pounds in physical weight. At any moment the last forty years a possibility that through the insufficient bars of the flesh his spirit might fly away.

Though he lived in stormy times, all who knew him knew that he was a champion of peace—the very last man in his State to surrender to the decree of Secession, crying out after General Pope's defeat in Virginia for compromise, gladly going to Fortress Monroe to meet William H. Seward in treaty about the best way of stopping the war, and after the close of the dreadful struggle, everywhere counselling amity on largest scale and forgetfulness of old grudges.

Some of you remember reading his speech of November 14th, 1860, in which he said, in the House of Representatives in Georgia: "When I look around and see our prosperity in everything—agriculture, commerce, art, science and every department of education, physical and mental as well as moral advancement, and our colleges—I think in the face of such an exhibition, if we can, without the loss of power or any essential right or interest, remain in the Union it is our duty to ourselves and to our posterity to do so. Our first parents, the great progenitors of the human race, were not without a like temptation when in the Garden of Eden. They were led to believe that their condition would be bettered, that their eyes would be opened, and that they would become as gods. They in an evil hour yielded. Instead of becoming gods they only saw their own nakedness. I look upon this country with our institutions as the Eden of the world, the Paradise of the universe. It may be that out of that we may become greater and more prosperous, but I am candid and sincere in telling you that I fear if we rashly evince passion, and without sufficient cause shall take that step, that instead of becoming greater or more peaceful, prosperous and happy, instead of becoming gods we will become demons, and at no distant day commence cutting one another's throats. This is my apprehension. Let us, therefore, whatever we do, meet these difficulties great as they are, like wise and sensible men, and consider them in the light of all the consequences which may attend our action. Let us see first clearly where the path of duty leads, and then we may not fear to tread therein."

I read that extract to show you that in his bosom the dove of peace always nestled. He would not hurt a fly, much less a man. Had there been ten such men at the South and ten such men at the North, the grave trenches would never have been dug, and the great shadows of bereavement would not have fallen on every mountain and valley and home from the Penobscot to the Alabama, and from the Canadas to the Gulf. One such man at the North and one such man at the South could not stem the overwhelming tides. A little one might become a thousand, but could not become forty million.

What an example for all ages as to what invalidism may accomplish is this one sick and emaciated man now departed. He told me he had not been well for fifty years. First coming to one cane, then to two canes, then to a cane and a crutch, then to two crutches, afterward to a wheeled chair. Wheeled into the railtrain. Wheeled on to the steamboat. Wheeled into the hotel. Wheeled into congressional hall. Wheeled into gubernatorial mansion. Wheeled on to the stage of the opera house at Savannah, where in their great celebration he took his final cold. Wheeled up to the sick bed on which he was laid down to die.

What an inspiration for all invalids. Why give up the battle of life because some of your weapons are captured. Take from the world the work of the invalids, and you make an appalling subtraction. Robert Hall an invalid. Edward Payson an invalid. Richard Baxter an invalid. The men of Bryan in Ireland heard that the battle had gone against their country, and they said: "We are too weak to stand up and fight, but you drive some stakes into the ground, and then carry us out of the hospital and fasten us to the stakes, and then we will fight with the other arm." And so it was done. The stakes were driven into the ground, these wounded men were brought out of the hospital. Not able to stand alone, they were fastened to these stakes by the one side, and with the other arm they fought to desperation, and fought to death. The great victories for God and the truth have not been gained by those who have full equipment. John Milton saw further without eyes than thousands of men ever saw with them. Look out for the soldier's crutch and the old man's staff if they be wielded for patriotism or Christianity. In garrets, in cellars, in sick-rooms, in asylums, in hospitals, how many of the Lord's troops! Some in one way and some in another way efficient for good.

O hearer, is there not some one in your house to-night unable to come to the house of God through illness? The most potent one for good in your household. Many a man with one arm has accomplished more for the kingdom of Christ than others with two arms. It is not the number of guns we carry, but the way we unlimber them. It is not our grandeur of opportunity, but the use we make of it. With two eyes and two ears and two hands and two feet we may not be worth the space we occupy, while Alexander H. Stephens can make his wheeled chair a conqueror's chariot.

Sportsmen go out to see two stout pugilists batter each other into undistinguishable visage; but I go out in my discourse to-night to see poor eyesight and shriveled arm and palsied foot and rheumatic knee capture congressional hall and senatorial chamber and gubernatorial chair and the respect of all Christendom.

More than anything am I impressed, as I see this little one become a thousand, with the fact that the soul is distinct and independent of the body. That man was a fool who thought the puny creature of the invalid's chair was Alexander H. Stephens. It was only the shell of him, it was only the scaffolding of an Alhambra, it was only the anchor of a winged ship ready to

sail away as soon as the impediment was lifted. Away with all your modern agnostic talk about the soul being only a development of the body. Do you really think that the great Architect of the universe would build such a magnificent cupola on such an insufficient foundation. No, the poor body that this week bereft Georgians shall put into the dust is not Alexander H. Stephens. He lives! He has moved up and on. He has gone among the giants. Never has there been for this century a grander lesson of immortality for the American people.

So large a soul in so little a body. What a relief it must be to get out of cripple's vehicle. What a promotion, from the arms of the dusky servants who helped him from room to room and up the marble stairs of the Capitol at Washington, to the arms of angels and the arms of Christ, and the arms of God. Wing instead of crutch! Health instead of sickness! Rapture instead of pain! Heaven instead of earth. Great and gracious spirit, fare thee well, until we meet again under cloudless skies, and in gardens of eternal summer. With more meaning than ever before that little one has become a thousand. What a mighty place heaven must be! From exalted and from humble spheres the great souls are ascending. Roll on sweet day which shall bring us into companionship with those who on earth were so kind and genial and loving, and who having passed the flood are now more radiant than when we knew them here. Yea, though you and I are so weak now, we shall be mighty. It doth not yet appear what we shall be.

I am glad for this additional evidence that Christianity is not an imbecile fabrication. O young men hear this. If religion had been a sham, Alexander H. Stephens was the very man to find it out. I am glad to point to his name on the scroll of the Gospel mighties. On that same scroll the Sir William Hamiltons, and the Blackstones, and the Raphaels, and the Mozarts, and the Gladstones, any of them a thousand. Young men, scoffed at for your verdancy and weakness in still adhering to the religion of your fathers, I advise you to carry in your pocket a scroll, a yard long, all full of the names of those who, like Alexander H. Stephens, believed in Christ and the Bible, and as these scoffers to explain it. Yea, copy down the words of the strongest American intellect of his time, the dying experience of Daniel Webster, a coadjutor and warm friend of the illustrious Georgian. At Marshfield hear the ejaculation of the dying orator: "Amen, amen. Even so come, Lord Jesus.

"Should worlds conspire to drive me hence,
Moveless and firm this heart shall lie,
Resolved for this my last defence,
If I must perish here to die."

Then a moment after crying out, "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief." And a moment after that exclaiming, "I shall be to-night in life and joy and blessedness." In such a hope expired Daniel Webster, the expounder of the Constitution. In that same hope expired Alexander H. Stephens, the illustrious Georgian.

HOME.

A Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, January 7, 1883.

"Let them learn first to show piety at home."—I TIM. 5: 4

DURING the summer months the tendency is to the fields, to visitation, to foreign travel, and the watering-places, and the ocean steamers are thronged; but at this season of the year, the tendency is to gather in domestic circles, and for some months to come we will spend many of the hours within doors, and the apostle comes to us and says that we ought to exercise Christian behavior amid all such circumstances. "Let them learn first to shew piety at home."

There are a great many people longing for some grand sphere in which to serve God. They admire Luther at the Diet of Worms, and only wish that they had some such great opportunity in which to display their Christian prowess. They admire Paul making Felix tremble, and they only wish that they had some such grand occasion in which to preach righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. All they want is only an opportunity to exhibit their Christian heroism. Now, the apostle comes to us and he practically says: "I will show you a place where you can exhibit all that is grand and beautiful and glorious in Christian character, and that is the domestic circle. Let them learn first to shew piety at home."

If one is not faithful in an insignificant sphere, he will not be faithful in a resounding sphere. If Peter will not help the cripple at the gate of the temple he will never be able to preach three thousand souls into the kingdom at the Pentecost. If Paul will not take pains to instruct in the way of salvation the jailor of the Philippian dungeon, he will never make Felix tremble. He who is not faithful in a skirmish would not be faithful in an Armageddon.

The fact is, we are all placed in just the position in which we can most grandly serve God; and we ought not to be chiefly thoughtful about some sphere of usefulness which we may after a while gain; but the all-absorbing question with you and with me ought to be: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me *now and here* to do?"

There is one word in my text around which the most of our thoughts will this morning revolve. That word is "home." Ask ten different men the meaning of that word and they will give you ten different definitions. To one it means love at the hearth, it means plenty at the table, industry at the workstand, intelligence at the books, devotion at the altar. In that household Discord never sounds its warwhoop and Deception never tricks with its false face. To him it means a greeting at the door and a smile at the chair, Peace hovering like wings, Joy clapping its hands with laughter. Life a tranquil lake. Pillowed on the ripples sleep the shadows.

Ask another man what home is, and he will tell you it is Want looking out of a cheerless firegrate, kneading hunger in an empty bread-tray. The damp air shivering with curses. No Bible on the shelf. Children robbers and murderers in embryo. Obscene songs their lullaby. Every face a picture of ruin: want in the background and sin staring from the front. No Sabbath wave rolling over that doorsill. *Vestibule of the pit.* Shadow of infernal walls. Furnace for forging everlasting chains. Faggots for an unending funeral pile. Awful word. It is spelled with curses, it weeps with ruin, it chokes with woe, it sweats with the death agony of despair. The word "home" in the one case means everything bright. The word "home" in the other case means everything terrific.

I shall speak to you this morning of home as a test of character, home as a refuge, home as a political safeguard, home as a school, and home as a type of heaven.

And in the first place, I remark, that home is a *powerful test of character*. The disposition in public may be in gay costume while in private it is in dishabille. As play actors may appear in one way on the stage and may appear in another way behind the scenes, so private character may be very different from public character. Private character is often *public character turned wrong side out*. A man may receive you into his parlor as though he were a distillation of smiles, and yet his heart may be a swamp of nettles. There are business men who all day long are mild and courteous and genial and good-natured in commercial life, damping back their irritability and their petulance and their discontent, but at nightfall the dam breaks and scolding pours forth in floods and freshets.

Reputation is only the shadow of character and a very small house sometimes will cast a very long shadow. The lips may seem to drop with myrrh and cassia, and the disposition to be as bright and warm as a sheaf of sunbeams, and yet they may only be a magnificent show window to a wretched stock of goods. There is many a man who is affable in public life and amid commercial spheres, who, in a cowardly way, takes his anger and his petulance home and drops them on the domestic circle.

The reason men do not display their bad temper in public is because they do not want to be knocked down. There are men who hide their petulance and their irritability just for the same reason that they do not let their notes go to protest; *it does not pay*. Or, for the same reason that they do not want a man in their stock company to sell his stock at less than the right price lest it depreciate

the value. As at sunset sometimes the wind rises, so after a sunshiny day there may be a tempestuous night. There are people who in public act the philanthropist, who at home act the Nero, with respect to their slippers and their gown.

Audubon, the great ornithologist, with gun and pencil, went through the forests of America to bring down and to sketch the beautiful birds, and after years of toil and exposure completed his manuscript and put it in a trunk in Philadelphia, and went off for a few days of recreation and rest, and came back and found that the rats had utterly destroyed the manuscript; but without any discomposure and without any fret or bad temper, he again picked up his gun and his pencil, and visited again all the great forests of America and reproduced his immortal work. And yet there are people with the ten thousandth part of that loss who are utterly irreconcilable, who, at the loss of a pencil or an article of raiment, will blow as long and loud and sharp as a north-east storm.

Now, that man who is affable in public and who is irritable in private is making a fraudulent and overissue of stock, and he is as bad as a bank that might have four or five hundred thousand dollars of bills in circulation with no specie in the vault. Let us learn to show piety at home. If we have it not there, we have it not anywhere. If we have not genuine grace in the family circle, all our outward and public plausibility merely springs from a fear of the world, or from the slimy, putrid pool of our own selfishness. I tell you the home is a mighty test of character. What you are at home you are everywhere, whether you demonstrate it or not.

Again I remark, that *home is a refuge*. Life is the United States army on the national road to Mexico, a long march with ever and anon a skirmish and a battle. At eventide we pitch our tent and stack the arms, we hang up the war cap, and our head on the knapsack we sleep until the morning bugle calls us to marching and action. How pleasant it is to rehearse the victories and the surprises and the attacks of the day, seated by the still camp-fire of the home circle.

Yea, life is a stormy sea. With shivered masts and torn sails, and hulk a-leak, we put in at the harbor of home. Blessed harbor! There we go for repairs in the "Dry Dock" of quiet life.

The candle in the window is to the toiling man the lighthouse guiding him into port. Children go forth to meet their fathers as pilots at the "Narrows" take the hand of ships. The door-sill of the home is the wharf where heavy life is unladen.

There is the place where we may talk of what we have done without being charged with self-adulation. There is the place where we may lounge without being thought ungraceful. There is the place where we may express affection without being thought silly. There is the place where we may forget our annoyances and exasperations and troubles. Forlorn earth pilgrim, no home? Then die. That is better. The grave is brighter and grander and more glorious than this world with no tent from marching, with no harbor from the storm, with no place of rest from this scene of greed and gouge and loss and gain. God pity the man or the woman who has no home.

Further, I remark, that home is a *political safeguard*. The safety of the state must be built on

the safety of the home. Why cannot France come to a placid republic? McMahon appoints his ministry and all France is a quake lest the republic be smothered. Gambetta dies and there are hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen who are fearing the return of a monarchy. France as a nation has *not the right kind of a Christian home*.

The Christian hearth-stone is the only cornerstone for a republic. The virtues cultured in the family circle are an absolute necessity for the state. If there be not enough moral principle to make the family adhere there will not be enough political principle to make the state adhere. No home means the Goths and Vandals, means the Nomads of Asia, means the Numidians of Africa changing from place according as the pasture happens to change. Confounded be all those Babels of iniquity which would overtower and destroy the home. The same storm that upsets the ship in which the family sails will sink the frigate of the Constitution. Jails, and penitentiaries, and armies, and navies are not our best defence. The door of the home is the best fortress. Household utensils are the best artillery, and the chimneys of our dwelling houses are the grandest monuments of safety and triumph. *No home, no republic*.

Further, I remark, that *home is a school*. Old ground must be turned up with subsoil plough and it must be harrowed and reharrowed, and then the crop will not be as large as that of the new ground with less culture. Now, youth and childhood are new ground and all the influences thrown over their heart and life will come up in after life luxuriantly.

Every time you have given a smile of approbation—all the good cheer of your life will come up again in the geniality of your children. And every ebullition of anger and every uncontrollable display of indignation will be fuel to their disposition twenty or thirty or forty years from now—fuel for a bad fire quarter of a century from this. You praise the intelligence of your child too much sometimes when you think he is not aware of it, and you will see the result of it before ten years of age in his annoying affectations. You praise his beauty, supposing he is not large enough to understand what you say, and you will find him standing on a high chair before a flattering mirror.

Words and deeds and example are *the seed of character* and children are very apt to be the second edition of their parents. Abraham begat Isaac, so virtue is apt to go down in the ancestral line; but Herod begat Archelaus, so iniquity is transmitted. What vast responsibility comes upon parents in view of this subject.

Oh, make your home *the brightest place on earth* if you would charm your children to the high path of virtue and rectitude and religion. Do not always turn the blinds the wrong way. Let the light, which puts gold on the gentian and spots the pansy pour into your dwellings. Do not expect the little feet to keep step to a Dead march. Do not cover up your walls with such pictures as West's "Death on a Pale Horse," or Tintoretto's "Massacre of the Innocents." Rather cover them, if you have pictures, with "The Hawking Party," and "The Mill by the Mountain Stream," and "The Fox Hunt," and "The Children Amid Flowers," and "The Harvest Scene," and "The Saturday Night Marketing."

Get you no hint of cheerfulness from grasshopper's leap and lamb's frisk and quail's whistle and garrulous streamlet which from the rock at the mountain top clear down to the meadow ferns under the shadow of the steep, comes looking for the steepest place to leap off at, and talking just to hear itself talk. If all the skies hurtled with tempest and everlasting storm wandered over the sea, and every mountain stream were raving mad, frothing at the mouth with mud foam, and there were *nothing but simoons* blowing among the hills, and there were neither lark's carol nor hummingbird's trill, nor waterfall's dash, but only a bear's bark and panther's scream and wolf's howl, then you might well gather into your homes *only the shadows*. But when God has strewn the earth and the heavens with beauty and with gladness, let us take into our home circles all innocent hilarity, all brightness and all good cheer. A dark home makes bad boys and bad girls in preparation for bad men and bad women.

Above all, my friends, take into your homes *Christian principle*. Can it be that in any of the comfortable homes of my congregation the voice of prayer is never lifted? What! no supplication at night for protection? What! no thanksgiving in the morning for care? How, my brother, my sister, will you answer God in the Day of Judgment with reference to your children? It is a plain question, and therefore I ask it.

In the tenth chapter of Jeremiah God says He will pour out His fury upon the families that call not upon His name. O! parents, when you are dead and gone, and the moss is covering the inscription of the tombstone, will your children look back and think of *father and mother at family prayer*? Will they take the old family Bible and open it and see the mark of tears of contrition and tears of consoling promise wept by eyes long before gone out into darkness?

Oh, if you do not inculcate Christian principle in the hearts of your children, and you do not warn them against evil, and you do not invite them to holiness and to God, and they wander off into dissipation and into infidelity, and at last make shipwreck of their immortal soul, on their death-bed and in the Day of Judgment they will curse you! Seated by the register or the stove, what if on the wall should come out the history of your children. What a history—the mortal and immortal life of your loved ones. *Every parent is writing the history of his child*. He is writing it, composing it into a song, or painting it with a groan.

My mind runs back to one of

THE BEST OF EARLY HOMES.

Prayer, like a roof over it. Peace, like an atmosphere in it. Parents, personifications of faith in trial and comfort in darkness. The two pillars of that earthly home long ago crumbled to dust. But shall I ever forget that early home? Yes, when the flower forgets the sun that warmed it. Yes, when the mariner forgets the star that guided him. Yes, when love has gone out on the heart's altar, and memory has emptied its urn into forgetfulness. Then, the home of my childhood, I will forget thee: the family altar of a father's impotency and a mother's tenderness, the voices of affection, the funerals of our dead, father and mother with interlocked arms like intertwining branches of trees making a perpetual arbor of love

and peace and kindness—then I will forget thee—then, and only then.

You know, my brother, that a hundred times you have been kept out of sin by the memory of such a scene as I have been describing. You have often had raging temptations, but you know what has held you with supernatural grasp. I tell you a man who has had such a good home as that never gets over it, and a man who has had a bad early home never gets over it.

Again I remark, that home is *a type of heaven*. At our best estate we are only pilgrims and strangers here. "Heaven is our home." Death will never knock at the door of that mansion, and in all that country there is not a single grave.

How glad parents are in these holidays to gather their children home again. But I have noticed that there is almost always a son or a daughter absent—absent from home, perhaps absent from the country, perhaps *absent from the world*. Oh, how glad our Heavenly Father will be when He gets all His children home with Him in heaven. And how delightful it will be for brothers and sisters to meet after long separation. Once they parted at the door of the tomb; now they meet at the door of immortality. Once they saw only through a glass darkly; now it is face to face, corruption incorruption, mortality immortality. Where are now all their sins and sorrows and troubles? Overwhelmed in the Red Sea of death, while they passed through dryshod.

Gates of pearl, capstones of amethyst, thrones of dominion do not stir my soul so much as the thought of home. Once there, let earthly sorrows howl like storms and roll like seas. Home! Let thrones rot and empires wither. Home! Let the world die in earthquake struggle and be buried amid procession of planets and dirge of spheres. Home! Let everlasting ages roll in irresistible sweep. Home! No sorrow. No crying. No tears. No death. But home, sweet home, beautiful home, everlasting home, home with each other, home with angels, home with God.

While I stand here I remember that this is

AN ANNIVERSARY TO ME.

It is two years ago since *my son* lay at the foot of this pulpit in a casket—two years ago to-day. What expectations and prayers and affections were wrapped up in that boy, I cannot say. My consolation in regard to that is the consolation you have in regard to those of your own families who have passed away. Gone from home on earth, they have home in heaven.

One night, lying on my lounge when very tired, my children all around about me in full romp and hilarity and laughter—on the lounge, half awake and half asleep I *dreamed this dream*: I was in a far country. It was not Persia, although more than Oriental luxuriance crowned the cities. It was not the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens. It was not Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around looking for thorns and nettles, but I found that none of them grew there, and I saw the sun rise and I watched to see it set, but it sank not. And I saw the people in holiday attire, and I said: "When will they put off this and put on workmen's garb, and again delve in the mine, or swelter at the forge?" but they never put off the holiday attire.

And I wandered in the suburbs of the city to find the place where the dead sleep, and I looked all along the line of the beautiful hills, the place where the dead might most blissfully sleep, and I saw towers and castles, but *not a mausoleum*, or a monument, or a white slab could I see. And I went into the chapel of the great town, and I said: "Where do the poor worship? and where are the hard benches on which they sit?" and the answer was made me, "*We have no poor in this country.*"

And then I wandered out to find the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but not a tear could I see, not a sigh could I hear, and I was bewildered and I sat down under the branches of a great tree, and I said, "Where am I? And whence comes all this scene?" And then out from among the leaves and up the flowery paths and across the bright streams there came a beautiful group thronging all about

me, and as I saw them come I thought I knew their step, and as they shouted I thought I knew their voices; but then they were so gloriously arrayed in apparel such as I had never before witnessed that I bowed as stranger to stranger. But when again they clapped their hands and shouted, "Welcome, welcome!" the mystery all vanished, and I found that time had gone and eternity had come, and we were all together again in *our new home in heaven.*

And I looked around, and I said, "*are we all here?*" and the voices of many generations responded, "all here!" And while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we all together began to leap and shout and sing: "Home, home, home, home!"

EVOLUTION.

ANTI-BIBLE, ANTI-SCIENCE, ANTI-COMMON-SENSE.

Sermon, Preached on Sunday Morning, January 14, 1883.

"**Ⓢ Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust, abiding oppositions of science falsely so called.**"—1 TIM. 6: 20.

THERE is no contest between genuine science and revelation. The same God who by the hand of prophet wrote on parchment, by the hand of the storm wrote on the rock. The best telescopes and microscopes and electric batteries and philosophical apparatus belong to Christian universities. Who gave us magnetic telegraphy? *Professor Morse*, a Christian. Who swung the lightnings under the sea, cabling the continents together? *Cyrus W. Field*, the Christian. Who discovered the anæsthetic properties of chloroform, doing more for the relief of human pain than any man that ever lived, driving back nine tenths of the horrors of surgery? *James Y. Simpson*, of Edinburgh, as eminent for piety as for science; on week days in the university lecturing on profoundest scientific subjects, and on Sabbaths preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the masses of Edinburgh. I saw the universities of that city draped in mourning for his death, and I heard his eulogy pronounced by the destitute populations of the Cowgate. Science and revelation are *the bass and the soprano of the same tune*. The whole world will yet acknowledge the complete harmony. But between what my text describes as science falsely so called and revelation, there is an uncompromising war, and one or the other must go under.

At the present time the air is filled with social and platform and pulpit talk about evolution, and it is high time that the people who have not time to make investigation for themselves understand that

evolution in the first place, is up and down, out and out infidelity; in the second place it is contrary to the facts of science, and in the third place, that it is brutalizing in its tendencies. I do not argue that this is a genuine book, I do not this morning say that the Bible is worthy of any kind of credence—those are subjects for other Sabbaths—but I want you to understand that Thomas Paine and Hume and Voltaire no more thoroughly disbelieved the Holy Scriptures than do all the leading scientists who believe in evolution. And when I say scientists, of course, I do not mean literary men or theologians who in essay or in sermon, and without giving their life to scientific investigation, look at the subject on this side or that. By scientists I mean those who have a specialty in that direction and who through zoological garden and aquarium and astronomical observatory, give their life to the study of the physical earth, its plants and its animals, and the regions beyond so far as optical instruments have explored them.

I put upon the witness stand living and dead the leading evolutionists—Ernst Heckel, John Stuart Mill, Huxley, Tyndall, Darwin, Spencer. On the witness stand, ye men of science, living and dead, answer these questions: Do you believe the Holy Scriptures? No. And so they say all. Do you believe the Bible story of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden? No. And so they say all. Do you believe the miracles of the Old and New Testament? No. And so they say all. Do you be-

lieve that Jesus Christ died to save the nations? No. And so they say all. Do you believe in the regenerating power of the Holy Ghost? No. And so they say all. Do you believe that human supplication directed heavenward ever makes any difference? No. And so they say all.

Herbert Spencer, in the only address he made in this country, in his recent visit, in his very first sentence ascribes his physical ailments to fate, and the authorized report of that address begins the word fate with a big "F." Professor Heckel, in the very first page of his two great volumes sneers at the Bible as a so-called revelation. Tyndall in his famous prayer test, defied the whole of Christendom to show that human supplication made any difference in the result of things. John Stuart Mill wrote elaborately against Christianity, and to show that his rejection of it was complete, ordered this epitaph for his tombstone: "Most unhappy." Huxley said that at the first reading of Darwin's book he was convinced of the fact that teleology had received its death-blow at the hand of Mr. Darwin. All the leading scientists who believe in evolution, without one exception the world over, are infidel. I say nothing against infidelity, mind you, this morning. I only wish to define the belief and the meaning of the rejection.

Now, I put opposite to each other, to show that
EVOLUTION IS INFIDELITY,

the Bible account of how the human race started and the evolutionist account as to how the human race started. Bible account: "God said, let us make man in our image. God created man in his own image; male and female created He them." He breathed into him the breath of life, the whole story setting forth the idea that it was not a perfect kangaroo, or a perfect orang outang, but a perfect man. That is the Bible account. The evolutionist account: Away back in the ages there were four or five primal germs, or seminal spores from which all the living creatures have been evolved. Go away back, and there you will find a vegetable stuff that might be called a mushroom. This mushroom by innate force develops a tadpole, the tadpole by innate force develops a polywog, the polywog develops a fish, the fish by natural force develops into a reptile, the reptile develops into a quadruped, the quadruped develops into a baboon, the baboon develops into a man.

Darwin says that the human hand is only a fish's fin developed. He says that the human lungs are only a swim bladder showing that we once floated or were amphibious. He says the human ear could once have been moved by force of will just as a horse lifts its ear at a frightful object. He says the human race were originally web-footed. From primal germ to tadpole, from tadpole to fish, from fish to reptile, from reptile to wolf, from wolf to chimpanzee, and from chimpanzee to man. Now, if anybody says that the Bible account of the starting of the human race and the evolutionist account of the starting of the human race are the same accounts, he makes an appalling misrepresentation.

Prefer, if you will, Darwin's "Origin of the Species" to the Book of Genesis, but know you are an infidel. As for myself, as Herbert Spencer was not present at the creation and the Lord Almighty was present, I prefer to take the divine ac-

count as to what really occurred on that occasion. To show that this evolution is only an attempt to eject God and to postpone Him and to put Him clear out of reach, I ask a *question or two*. The baboon made the man, and the wolf made the baboon, and the reptile made the quadruped, and the fish made the reptile, and the tadpole made the fish, and the primal germ made the tadpole. Who made the primal germ? Most of the evolutionists say: "We don't know." Others say it made itself. Others say it was spontaneous generation. There is not one of them who will fairly and openly and frankly and emphatically say, "God made it."

The nearest to a direct answer is that made by Herbert Spencer in which he says it was made by the great "unknowable mystery." But here comes Huxley with a cup of protoplasm to explain the thing. This protoplasm, he says, is primal life giving quality with which the race away back in the ages was started. With this protoplasm he proposes to explain everything. Dear Mr. Huxley, who made the protoplasm?

To show you that evolution is infidel, I place the Bible account of how the brute creation was started opposite to the evolutionist's account of the way the brute creation was started. Bible account: You know the Bible tells how that the birds were made at one time, and the cattle made at another time, and the fish made at another time, and that each brought forth after its kind. Evolutionist's account: From four or five primal germs or seminal spores all the living creatures evolved. Hundreds of thousands of species of insects, of reptiles, of beasts, of fish, from four germs—a statement flatly contradicting not only the Bible, but the very A B C of science. A species never develops into anything but its own species. In all the ages, and in all the world there has never been an exception to it. The shark never comes of a whale, nor the pigeon of a vulture, nor the butterfly of a wasp. Species never cross over. If there be an attempt at it, it is hybrid and hybrid is always sterile and has no descendants.

These men of science tell us that a hundred thousand species came from four, when the law all through the universe is that, starting in one species it keeps on in that species, and there would be only four now if there had been four at starting. If I should say to you that the world is flat, and that a circle and a square are the same, and that twice two make fifteen, I would come just as near the truth as when these evolutionists tell you that a hundred thousand species came from four. Evolution would have been left out of question with its theory flatly contradicting all observation and all science, had not its authors and their disciples been so set on ejecting God from the universe and destroying the Bible that they will go to any length, though it lead them into idiotic absurdity. You see what the Bible teaches in regard to it. I have shown you also what evolution teaches in regard to it.

Agassiz says that he found in a reef of Florida the remains of insects thirty thousand years old—not three but thirty thousand years old—and that they were just like the insects now. There has been no change. All the facts of ornithology and zoology and ichthyology and conchology, but an echo of Genesis first and twenty-first: "every winged fowl after his kind." Every creature

after its kind. When common observation and science corroborate the Bible I will not stultify myself by surrendering to the elaborated guesses of evolutionists.

To show that evolution is infidel I place also the Bible account of how worlds were made opposite the evolutionists account of how worlds were made. Bible account : God made two great lights—the one to rule the day, the other to rule the night ; He made the stars also. Evolutionist account : Away back in the ages, there was a fire mist or star dust, and this fire mist cooled off into granite, and then this granite by earthquake and by storm and by light was shaped into mountains and valleys and seas, and so what was originally fire mist became what we call the earth.

Who made the fire mist? Who set the fire mist to world making? Who cooled off the fire mist into granite? You have pushed God some sixty or seventy million miles from the earth, but He is too near yet for the health of evolution. For a great while the evolutionists boasted that they had found the very stuff out of which this world and all worlds were made. They lifted the telescope and they saw it, the very material out of which worlds made themselves. Nebula of simple gas. They laughed in triumph because they had found *the factory where the worlds were manufactured*, and there was no God anywhere around the factory! But in an unlucky hour for infidel evolutionists the spectroscope of Fraunhofer and Kirchoff were invented, by which they saw into that nebula and found it was not a simple gas, but was a compound, and hence had to be supplied from some other source, and that implied a God, and away went their theory shattered into everlasting demolition.

So these infidel evolutionists go wandering up and down guessing through the universe. Anything to push back the Jehovah from His empire and make the one book which is His great communication to the soul of the human race appear obsolete and a derision. But I am glad to know that while some of these scientists have gone into evolution, there are many that do not believe it. Among them, the man who by most is considered the greatest scientist we ever had this side the water—Agassiz. A name that makes every intelligent man the earth over uncover.

Agassiz says: "The manner in which the evolution theory in zoology is treated would lead those who are not special zoologists to suppose that observations have been made by which it can be inferred that there is in nature such a thing as change among organized beings actually taking place. There is no such thing on record. It is shifting the ground of observation from one field of observation to another to make this statement, and when the assertions go so far as to exclude from the domain of science those who will not be dragged into this mire of mere assertion then it is time to protest."

With equal vehemence against this doctrine of evolution Hugh Miller, Farraday, Brewster, Dana, Dawson, and hundreds of scientists in this country and other countries have made protest. I know that the few men who have adopted the theory make more noise than the thousands who have rejected it. The Bothnia of the Cunard Line took five hundred passengers safely from New

York to Liverpool. Not one of the five hundred made any excitement. But after we had been four days out, one morning we found on deck a man's hat and coat and vest and boots, implying that some one had jumped overboard. Forthwith we all began to talk about that one man. There was more talk about that one man overboard than all the five hundred passengers that rode on in safety. "Why did he jump overboard?" "I wonder when he jumped overboard?" "I wonder if when he jumped overboard he would like to have jumped back again?" "I wonder if a fish caught him, or whether he went clear down to the bottom of the sea?" And for three or four days afterward we talked about that poor man.

Here is the glorious and magnificent theory that God by His omnipotent power made man, and by His omnipotent power made the brute creation, and by His omnipotent power made all worlds, and five hundred scientists have taken passage on board that magnificent theory, but ten or fifteen have jumped overboard. They make more talk than all the five hundred that did not jump. I am politely asked to jump with them. Thank you, gentlemen, I am very much obliged to you. I think I shall stick to the old Cunarder. If you want to jump overboard, jump, and test for yourselves whether your hand was really a fish's fin, and whether you were web-footed originally, and whether your lungs are a swim bladder. And as in every experiment there must be a division of labor, some who experiment and some who observe, you make the experiment and I will observe!

There is one tenet of evolution which it is demanded we adopt, that which Darwin calls "Natural Selection," and that which Wallace calls the "*Survival of the Fittest*." By this they mean that the human race and the brute creation are all the time improving because the weak die and the strong live. Those who do not die survive because they are the fittest. They say the breed of sheep and cattle and dogs and men is all the time improving, naturally improving. No need of God, or any Bible, or any religion, but just natural progress.

You see the race started with "spontaneous generation," and then it goes right on until Darwin can take us up with his "natural selection," and Wallace can take us up with his "survival of the fittest," and so we go right on up forever. Beautiful! But do the fittest survive? Garfield dead in September—Guiteau surviving until the following June. "Survival of the fittest?" Ah! no. The martyrs, religious and political, dying for their principles, their bloody persecutors living on to old age. "Survival of the fittest?" Five hundred thousand brave Northern men marching out to meet five hundred thousand brave Southern men, and die on the battle field for a principle. Hundreds of thousands of them went down into the grave trenches. We stayed at home in comfortable quarters. Did they die because they were not as fit to live as we who survived? Ah! no; not the "survival of the fittest." Ellsworth and Nathaniel Lyon falling on the Northern side. Albert Sidney Johnston and Stonewall Jackson falling on the Southern side. Did they fall because they were not as fit to live as the soldiers and the generals who came back in safety? No.

Bitten with the frosts of the second death be the tongue that dares utter it! It is not the "survival of the fittest."

How has it been in the families of the world? How was it with the child physically the strongest, intellectually the brightest, in disposition the kindest? Did that child die because it was not as fit to live as those of your family that survived? Not "the survival of the fittest." In all communities some of the noblest, grandest men dying in youth, or in mid life, while some of the meanest and most contemptible live on to old age. Not "the survival of the fittest."

But to show you that this doctrine is antagonistic to the Bible and to common sense I have only to prove to you that there has been *no natural progress*. Vast improvement from another source, but mind you, no natural progress. Where is the fine horse in any of our parks whose picture of eye and mane and nostril and neck and haunches is worthy of being compared to *Job's picture of a horse* as he thousands of years ago heard it paw and neigh and champ its bit for the battle? Pigeons of to-day not so wise as the carrier pigeons of five hundred years ago—pigeons that carried the mails from army to army and from city to city; one of them flung into the sky at Rome or Venice landing without ship or rail train in London. Look at the great animals that walked the earth in olden times—animals compared with which in size our elephant is a cat—monsters of olden times that swam the deep, compared with which our whale is a minnow. Conies have learned nothing about climbing and the hounds nothing about hunting, and the ostrich nothing about hatching, and the condor nothing about flying, and the owl nothing about musical cadences for six thousand years. Not a particle of progress.

And *as to the human race*, so far as mere natural progress is concerned, once there were men ten feet high; now the average is about five feet six inches. It started with men living two hundred, four hundred, eight hundred, nine hundred years, and now thirty years is more than the average of human life. Mighty progress we have made, haven't we? I went into the cathedral at York, England, and the best artists in England had just been painting a window in that cathedral, and right beside it was a window painted four hundred years ago, and there is not a man on earth but would say that the modern painting of the window by the best artists of England is not worthy of being compared with the painting of four hundred years ago right beside it. Vast improvement, as I shall show you in a minute or two, but no natural evolution.

Look at China, where evolution has had full swing for thousands of years uninterrupted by anything except here and there a mission station with this defunct book, the Bible, but through the most of the realm not interfered with. What has evolution done for China? Christian civilization goes in and builds a railroad; they tear it up. For one thousand years the Chinese nation, where it is not invaded by the Gospel, has not made one five hundredth, thousandth, millionth part of an inch of advancement. They worship the same gods of red paint. Just as always they drown the female children as a nuisance. Just as always they eat with chop sticks. So in India, so in Arabia, so in

Turkey, so everywhere where the Gospel has not made an invasion.

I tell you, my friends, that natural evolution is not upward, but it is always downward. Hear Christ's account of it. Fifteenth Matthew and nineteenth verse: "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies." That is *what Christ said of Evolution*. Give natural evolution full swing in our world and it will evolve into two hemispheres of crime, two hemispheres of penitentiary, two hemispheres of lazaretto, two hemispheres of brothel. New York Tombs, Moyamensing Prison, Philadelphia, Seven Dials, London, and Cowgate, Edinburgh only festering carbuncles on the face and neck of natural evolution. See what the Bible says about the heart and then what evolution says about the heart. Evolution says, "better and better and better gets the heart by natural improvement." The Bible says: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. Who can know it?" When you can evolve fragrance from malodor, and can evolve an oratorio from a buzz-saw, and can evolve fall pip-pins from a basket of decayed crab apples, then you can by natural evolution from the human heart develop goodness. Ah! my friends, natural evolution is always downward; it is never upward.

What is remarkable about this thing is, it is all the time developing its dishonesty. In our day it is ascribing this evolution to Herbert Spencer and Charles Darwin. It is a dishonesty. Evolution was known and advocated hundreds of years before these gentlemen began to be evolved. The Phœnicians thousands of years ago declared that the human race wobbled out of the mud. *Democritus*, who lived 460 years before Christ—remember that—knew this doctrine of evolution when he said: "Everything is composed of atoms, or infinitely small elements, each with a definite quality, form and movement, whose inevitable union and separation shape all different things and forms, laws and efforts and dissolve them again for new combinations. The gods themselves and the human mind originated from such atoms. There are no casualties. Everything is necessary and determined by the nature of the atoms which have certain mutual affinities, attractions, and repulsions." *Anoximander* centuries ago declared that the human race started at the place where the sea saturated the earth. *Lucretius* developed long centuries ago, in his poems, the doctrine of evolution.

It is an old heathen corpse set up in a morgue: Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer are trying to galvanize it. They drag this old putrefaction of three thousand years around the earth, boasting that it is their originality, and so wonderful is the infatuation that at the Delmonico dinner given in honor of Herbert Spencer a few weeks ago there were those who ascribed to him this great originality of evolution. There the banqueters sat around the table in honor of Herbert Spencer, chewing beef and turkey and roast pig which according to their doctrine of evolution made them eating their own relations! Slicing up their own cousins! Driving a carving-fork into their beloved kindred! Dashing Worcestershire sauce, bedaubing mustard all over their uncles and aunts. And while Herbert Spencer read a patronizing lecture to Americans, the banqueters sat around the table with their

hands up, saying: "Dear me, it is the voice of a god and not of a man."

There is only one thing *worse than English snobbery*, and that is American snobbery. I like democracy and I like aristocracy; but there is one kind of ocracy in this country that excites my contempt, and that is what Charles Kingsley, after he had witnessed it himself, called snobocracy. Now I say it is a gigantic dishonesty when they ascribe this old heathen doctrine of evolution to any modern gentleman.

When I come to speak of the dishonesties and deceptions of evolution, I find I shall have to adjourn much of my subject until next Sabbath morning, and then go on perhaps on the following Sabbath morning, answering still further this evolution doctrine as it is advocated, I shall notice among others a sermon in an Episcopal church in New York by an eminent divine who demands the expurgation of the Bible. We have evolved into such a condition the old Bible is not good enough. We have got to evolve another kind of Scripture.

We must discuss all these points, but enough for me this morning to say in closing, I am not a pessimist but an optimist. I do not believe everything is going to destruction; I believe everything is going on to redemption. But it will not be through the infidel doctrine of evolution, but through our glorious Christianity which has effected all the good that has ever been wrought and which is yet to reconstruct all the nations.

What is that in the offing? A ship gone on the rocks at Cape Hatteras. The hulk is breaking up, crew and passengers are drowning. The storm is in full blast and the barometer is still sinking. What does that ship want? Development. Develop her broken masts. Develop her broken rudder.

Develop her drowning crew. Develop her freezing passengers. Develop the whole ship. That is all it wants. Development. Oh, I make a mistake. What that ship wants is a lifeboat from the shore. Leap into it, you men of the life station. Pull away to the wreck. Steady there! Bring the women and children first to the shore. Now the stout men. Wrap them up in flannels, kindle a crackling and roaring fire until the frozen limbs are thawed out, and between their chattering teeth you can pour restoration.

Well, my friends, *our world is on the rocks*. God launched it well enough, but through mis-pilotage and the storms of six thousand years it has gone into the breakers. What does this old ship of a world want? Development. There is enough old evolution in the hulk to evolve another mast and another rudder and to evolve all the passengers and evolve the ship out of the breakers. Development. Ah! no, my friends, what this old shipwreck of a world wants is a lifeboat from the shore. And it is coming. Cheer, my lads, cheer. It is coming from the shining shore of heaven, taking the crests of ten waves with one sweep of the shining paddles. *Christ is in the lifeboat*. Many wounds on hands and feet and side and brow, showing He has been long engaged in the work of rescue, but yet mighty to save—to save one, to save all, to save forever. My Lord and my God, get us into the lifeboat! Away with your rotten, deceptive, infidel and blasphemous evolution, and give us the Bible-salvation through Jesus Christ our Lord.

"Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky,
Conspire to raise the sound."

SONS OF A GORILLA OR SONS OF GOD.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, January 21, 1883.

"Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things."—ROM. I: 22, 23.

A FULL-LENGTH portrait of an evolutionist who substitutes the bestial origin for the divine origin. Sons of a gorilla, or sons of God? is the great question of this day, and every intelligent man and woman must be able to give an intelligent answer.

I showed you last Sabbath that evolution was contradicted by the Bible, by science, by observation and by common sense; that the Bible account of the creation of man, and of brute, and of the world, and the evolutionist's account collided with each other as certainly as two express trains going in opposite directions at thirty miles the hour, their locomotives meeting on the same track. I showed you that all the evolution scientists, without any

exception, were pronounced infidels; that evolution was a heathenism thousands of years old; that among the best scientists of our time—among them such men as Agassiz, and Hugh Miller, and Faraday, and Dawson, and Dana—these were men who had for that doctrine of evolution unlimited contempt. I showed you that their favorite theory of the "survival of the fittest" was an absurdity and an untruth, and that natural evolution was always downward and never upward, and that there had never been any improvement for man, or beast, or world, except through the direct or indirect influence of our glorious Christianity. And in the closing part of that sermon, I told you I was

not a pessimist but an optimist, that instead of it being eleven o'clock at night it is half past five in the morning.

This morning, I go on to tell you, it seems to me that evolutionists are trying to impress the great masses of the people with the idea that there is *an ancestral line* leading from the primal germ on up through the serpent, and on up through the quadruped, and on up through the gorilla to man. They admit that there is "a missing link," as they call it, but there is not a missing link—it is a whole chain gone. Between the physical construction of the highest animal and the physical construction of the lowest man, there is a chasm as wide as the Atlantic Ocean.

Evolutionists tell us that somewhere in central Africa, or in Borneo, there is a creature half-way between the brute and the man, and that that creature is the highest step in the animal ascent and the lowest step in the human creation. But what are the facts? The brain of the largest gorilla that was ever found is thirty cubic inches, while the brain of the most ignorant man that was ever found is seventy. Vast difference between thirty and seventy. It needs a bridge of forty arches to span that gulf.

Beside that, there is a difference between the gorilla and the man—a *difference of blood globule*, a difference of nerve, a difference of muscle, a difference of bone, a difference of sinew. The horse is more like man in intelligence, the bird is more like him in musical capacity, the mastiff more like him in affection. That eulogized beast of which we hear so much, represented on the walls of ancient cities thousands of years ago, is just as complete as it is now, showing that there has not been a particle of change.

Beside that, if a pair of apes had a man for descendant, why would not all the apes have the same kind of descendants? Can it be that that one favored pair only was honored with human progeny? Beside that, evolution says that as one species rises to another species, the old type dies off. Then how is it that there are whole kingdoms of chimpanzee and gorilla and baboon?

The evolutionists have come together and have tried to explain a *bird's wing*. Their theory has always been that a faculty of an animal while being developed must always be useful and always beneficial, but the wing of a bird, in the thousands of years it was being developed, so far from being any help must have been a hindrance until it could be brought into practical use away on down in the ages. Must there not have been an intelligent will somewhere that formed that wonderful flying instrument, so that a bird five hundred times heavier than the air can mount it and put gravitation under claw and beak? That wonderful mechanical instrument, the wing, with between twenty and thirty different apparati curiously constructed, does it not imply a divine intelligence? does it not imply a direct act of some outside being? All the evolutionists in the world cannot explain a bird's wing, or an insect's wing.

So they are confounded by the rattle of the rattlesnake. Ages before that reptile had any enemies, this warning weapon was created. Why was it created? When the reptile far back in the ages had no enemies, why this warning weapon? There must have been a divine intelligence foresec-

ing and knowing that in the ages to come that reptile would have enemies and then this warning weapon would be brought into use. You see evolution at every step is

A CONTRADICTION OR A MONSTROSITY.

At every stage of animal life as well as at every stage of human life, there is evidence of direct action of divine will.

Beside that, it is very evident from another fact that we are an *entirely different creation*, and that there is no kinship. The animal in a few hours or months comes to full strength and can take care of itself. The human race for the first one, two, three, five, ten years is in complete helplessness. The chick just come out of its shell begins to pick up its own food. The dog, the wolf, the lion, soon earn their own livelihood and act for their own defence. The human race does not come to development until twenty or thirty years of age, and by that time the animals that were born the same year the man was born—the vast majority of them have died of old age. This shows there is no kinship, there is no similarity. If we had been born of the beast, we would have had the beast's strength at the start, or it would have had our weakness. Not only different but opposite.

Darwin admits that the dove-cote pigeon has not changed in thousands of years. It is demonstrated over and over again that the lizard on the lowest formation of rocks was just as complete as the lizard now. It is shown that the ganoid, the first fish, was just as complete as the sturgeon, another name for the same fish now. Darwin's entire system is a guess, and Huxley, and John Stuart Mill, and Tyndall, and especially Professor Heckel, come to help him in the guess, and guess about the brute, and guess about man, and guess about worlds, but as to having one solid foot of ground to stand on, they never have had it and never will have it.

I put in opposition to these evolutionist theories the *inward consciousness* that we have no consanguinity with the dog that fawns at our feet, or the spider that crawls on the wall, or the fish that flops in the frying pan, or the crow that swoops on the field carcass, or the swine that wallows in the mire. Everybody sees the outrage it would be to put beside the Bible record that Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Jacob, and Jacob begat Judah, the record that the microscopic animalcule begat the tadpole, and the tadpole begat the polywog, and the polywog begat the serpent, and the serpent begat the quadruped, and the quadruped begat the baboon, and the baboon begat man.

The evolutionists tell us that the apes were originally fond of climbing the trees, but after a while they lost their prehensile power, and therefore could not climb with any facility, and hence they surrendered monkeydom and set up in business as men. Failures as apes, successes as men. According to the evolutionists a man is

A BANKRUPT MONKEY.

I pity the person who in every nerve and muscle and bone and mental faculty and spiritual experience does not realize that he is higher in origin and has had a grander ancestry than the beasts which perish. However degraded men and women may be, and though they may have foundered on the rocks of crime and sin, and though we shudder as we pass them, nevertheless, there is something

within us that tells us they belong to the same great brotherhood and sisterhood of our race, and our sympathies are aroused in regard to them. But gazing upon the swiftest gazelle, or upon the tropical bird of most flamboyant wing, or upon the curve of grandest courser's neck, we feel there is no consanguinity.

It is not that we are stronger than they, for the lion with one stroke of his paw could put us into the dust. It is not that we have better eyesight, for the eagle can descry a mole a mile away. It is not that we are fleet of foot, for a roebuck in a flash is out of sight, just seeming to touch the earth as he goes. Many of the animal creation surpassing us in fleetness of foot and in keenness of nostril and in strength of limb; but notwithstanding all that, there is something within us that tells us we are of celestial pedigree. Not of the mollusk, not of the rhipid, not of the primal germ, but of the living and omnipotent God. Lineage of the skies. Genealogy of Heaven.

I tell you plainly that if your father was a muskrat and your mother an opossum, and your great aunt a kangaroo, and the toads and the snapping turtles were your illustrious predecessors, my father was God. I know it. I feel it. It thrills through me with an emphasis and an ecstasy which all your arguments drawn from anthropology and biology and zoology and morology and paleontology and all the other ologies can never shake.

Evolution is one great mystery. It hatches out fifty mysteries and the fifty hatch out a thousand, and the thousand hatch out a million. Why, my brother, not admit the one great mystery of God and have that settle all the other mysteries? I can more easily appreciate the fact that God by one stroke of His omnipotence could make man than I could realize how out of five millions of ages He could have evolved one, putting on a little here and a little there. It would have been just as great a miracle for God to have turned an orang-outang into a man as to make a man out and out—the one job just as big as the other.

It seems to me we had better let God have a little place in our world somewhere. It seems to me if we cannot have Him make all creatures we had better have Him make two or three. There ought to be some place where He could stay without interfering with the evolutionists. "No," says Darwin, and so for years he is trying to raise fan-tailed pigeons and to turn these fan-tail pigeons into some other kind of pigeon, or to have them go into something that is not a pigeon—turning them into quail, or barnyard fowl or brownthresher. But pigeon it is. And others have tried with the ox and the dog and the horse, but they stayed in their species. If they attempt to cross over it is a hybrid and a hybrid is always sterile and goes into extinction. There has been *only one successful attempt* to pass over from speechless animal to the articulation of man, and that was the attempt which Baalam witnessed in the beast that he rode; but an angel of the Lord, with drawn sword, soon stopped that long-eared evolutionist.

But says some one, "if we cannot have God make a man let us have Him make a horse." "Oh, no!" says Huxley, in his great lectures in New York several years ago. No, he does not want any God around the premises. God did not make the horse. The horse came of the pliohip-

pus, and the pliohippus came from the protohippus, and the protohippus came from the mio-hippus, and the mio-hippus came from the meshohippus, and the meshohippus came from the orohippus, and so away back, all the living creatures, we trace it in a line until we get to the moneron, and no evidence of divine intermeddling with the creation until you get to the moneron and that, Huxley says, is of so low a form of life that the probability is it just made itself or was the result of spontaneous generation. What a narrow escape from the necessity of having a God.

As near as I can tell these evolutionists seem to think that God at the start had not made up His mind as to exactly what He would make, and having made up His mind partially, He has been changing it all through the ages. I believe that God made the world as He wanted to have it, and that the happiness of all the species will depend upon their staying in the species where they were created.

Once upon a time, there was in a natural amphitheatre of the forest a convention of animals, and a gorilla from western Africa came in with his club and pounded "Order"! Then he sat down in a chair of twisted forest root. The delegation of birds came in and took their position in the galleries of the hills and the tree tops. And a delegation of reptiles came in, and they took their position in the pit of the valley. And the tiers of rocks were occupied by the delegation of intermediate animals, and there was a great aquarium and a canal leading into it through which came the monsters of the deep to join the great convention. And on one table of rock there were four or five primal germs under a glass case, and in a cup on another table of rock there was a quantity of protoplasm.

Then this gorilla of the African forest with his club pounded again: "order, order!" and then he cried out. "Oh, you great throng of beasts and birds and reptiles and insects, I have called you together to *propose that we move up* into the human race and be beasts no longer; too long already have we been hunted and caged and harnessed; we shall stand it no longer." At that speech the whole convention broke out in roars of enthusiasm like as though there were many menageries being fed by their keepers, and it did seem as if the whole convention would march right up and take possession of the earth and the human race.

But an old lion arose, his mane white with many years, and he uttered his voice, and when that old lion uttered his voice all the other beasts of the forest were still, and he said: "Peace, brothers and sisters of the forest. I think we have been placed in the spheres for which we were intended; I think our Creator knew the place that was good for us."

He could proceed no further, for the whole convention broke out in an uproar like the House of Commons when the Irish question comes up, or the American Congress the night of adjournment, and the reptiles hissed with indignation at the leonine Gambetta, and the frogs croaked their contempt, and the bears growled their contempt, and the panthers snarled their disgust, and the insects buzzed and buzzed with excitement, and though the gorilla of the African forest with his club pounded,

"order, order!" there was no order; and there was a thrusting out of adderine sting, and a swinging of elephantine tusk, and a stroke of beak and a swing of claw until it seemed as if the convention would be massacred.

Just at that moment, at the door of this natural amphitheatre of the forest, the curtain of the leaves lifted, and the bolts and bars of the tree branches were shoved back, and there appeared Agassiz and Audubon, and Silliman, and Moses. And Agassiz cried out, "Oh, you beasts of the forests, I have studied your ancestral records and found you always have been beasts, you always will be beasts; be contented to be beasts."

And Audubon aimed his gun at a bald-headed eagle which dropped from the gallery, and as it dropped struck a serpent that was winding around one of the pillars to get up higher. And Silliman threw a rock of the tertiary formation at the mammals, and Moses thundered, "Every beast after its kind, every bird after its kind, every fish after its kind." And lo! *the parliament of wild beasts was prorogued* and went home to their constituents and the bat flew out into the night, and the lizard slunk under the rocks, and the gorilla went back to the jungle, and a hungry wolf passing out ate up the primal germs, and a clumsy buffalo upset the protoplasm, and the lion went to his lair, and the eagle went to his eyrie, and the whale went to his palace of crystal and coral, and there was peace—peace in the air, peace in the waters, peace in the fields. Man in his place; the beasts of the earth in their places.

But, my friends, evolution is not only infidel and atheistic and absurd; it is *brutalizing in its tendencies*. If there is anything in the world that will make a man bestial in his habits it is the idea that he was descended from the beast. Why, according to the idea of these evolutionists, we are only a superior kind of cattle, a sort of alderney among other herds. To be sure, we browse on better pasture, and we have better stall and better accommodations, but then we are only Southdowns among the great flocks of sheep. Born of a beast, to die like a beast; for the evolutionists have no idea of a future world. They say the mind is only a superior part of the body. They say our thoughts are only molecular formation. They say when the body dies, the whole nature dies. The slab of the sepulchre is not a milestone on a journey upward, but a wall shutting us into eternal nothingness. We all die alike—the cow, the horse, the sheep, the man, the reptile. Annihilation is

THE HEAVEN OF THE EVOLUTIONIST.

From such a stenchful and damnable doctrine turn away. Compare that idea of your origin—an idea filled with the chatter of apes and the hiss of serpents and the croak of frogs—to an idea in one or two stanzas which I shall read to you from an old book of more than Demosthenic, or Homeric,

or Dantesque power: "What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him? Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hand; thou hast put all things under his feet. All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas. Oh Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth."

How do you like that origin? The lion the monarch of the field, the eagle the monarch of the air, behemoth the monarch of the deep, but man monarch of all. Ah! my friends, I have to say to you that I am not so anxious to know what was my origin as to know what will be my destiny. I do not care so much where I came from as where I am going to. I am not so interested in who was my ancestry ten million years ago as I am to know where I will be ten million years from now. I am not so much interested in the preface to my cradle as I am interested in the appendix to my grave. I do not care so much about protoplasm as I do about eternasm. The "was" is overwhelmed with the "to be." And here comes in

THE EVOLUTION I BELIEVE IN;

not natural evolution, but gracious and divine and heavenly evolution—evolution out of sin into holiness, out of grief into gladness, out of mortality into immortality, out of earth into heaven! That is the evolution I believe in.

Evolution from evolve unrolling! Unrolling of attributes, unrolling of rewards, unrolling of experience, unrolling of angelic companionship, unrolling of divine glory, unrolling of providential obscurities, unrolling of doxologies, unrolling of rainbow to canopy the throne, unrolling of a new heaven and a new earth in which to dwell righteousness. Oh, the thought overwhelms me. I have not the physical endurance to consider it.

Monarchs on earth of all lower orders of creation, and then lifted to be hierarchs in Heaven. Masterpiece of God's wisdom and goodness, our humanity; masterpiece of divine grace, our enthronement. I put one foot on Darwin's "Origin of the Species," and I put the other foot on Spencer's "Biology," and then holding in one hand the book of Moses I see our Genesis, and holding in the other hand the book Revelation, I see our celestial arrival. For all wars I prescribe the Bethlehem chant of the angels. For all sepulchres I prescribe the archangel's trumpet. For all the earthly griefs I prescribe the hand that wipes away all tears from all eyes. Not an evolution from beast to man, but an *evolution from contestant to conqueror*, and from the struggle with wild beasts in the arena of the amphitheatre to a soft, high, blissful seat in the King's galleries.

MENDING THE BIBLE.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, January 28, 1883.

"If any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city."—REV. 22 : 19.

INSPIRATION foresaw that the time would come when there would be burglarious attempts to purloin portions of the Bible, and one man would break in here, and another man would break in there, and my text comes out with astounding emphasis and declares that the gates of heaven will clang shut against the entrance of all those who so maltreat the Bible. "God shall take away His part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city." You see it is a *very risky business*, this changing of the Holy Scriptures.

A pulpit in New York has recently set forth the idea that the Scriptures ought to be expurgated, that portions of them are unfit to be read, and the inspiration of much of the Bible has been denied. Among other striking statements are these :

The Book of Genesis is a tradition of creation, a successive layer of traditions thought out centuries before. Moses' mistakes about creation were the mistakes of his age. That there are many systems of theology in the New Testament. That Paul had all the notions of the rabbinical schools of his time. That Job winds up his epilogue in genuine fairy-tale style. That Revelation is a long array of misshapen progeny in the apocalyptic writings, tracing themselves back to Daniel. That Revelation comes to a madman, or leaves him mad. That what he calls the abominable lewdness of some things in the Old Testament is not fit to be read. That it is an abominable misuse of the Bible to suppose the prophecies really foretell future events. That the Book of Daniel is not in the right place. That Solomon's Songs are not in the right place, and he seems to applaud the idea of some one who said that the Book of Solomon's Song ought not to be in any one's hands under thirty years of age. He intimates he does not believe that Samson slew a thousand men with the jawbone of an ass. That the whole Bible has been improperly chopped up into chapters and verses.

He does not believe the beginning of the Bible, and he does not believe the close of it, nor anything between as fully inspired of God, and he thinks the Book ought to be expurgated, and there are those who re echo the same sentiment. In other words, it is Thomas Paine and Robert Ingersoll in gown and bands. But they have more excuse because they openly and above board declare their infidelity, while that man stands in a Christian pulpit assaulting the Bible—the pulpit of an honored denomination in which Bishop McIlvaine and Archbishop Leighton and the venerable Dr. Stephen H. Tyng were chief apostles.

Now, I believe in the largest liberty of discussion, and there are halls and opera houses and academies of music where the Bible and Christianity

may be assaulted without any interruption ; but when a minister of the Gospel surrenders the faith of any denomination, his first plain, honest duty is to get out of it. What would you think of the clerk in a dry goods store, or a factory, or a banking house, who should go to criticising the books of the firm and denouncing the behavior of the firm, still taking the salary of that firm and the support of that firm, and doing all his denunciation of the books of the firm under its cover ? Certainly, a minister of the Gospel ought to be as honest with his denomination as a dry-goods clerk is honest with his employers.

The heinousness of finding fault with the Bible at this time by a Christian minister is most evident. In our day the Bible is assailed by scurrility, by misrepresentation, by infidel scientists, by all the vice of earth and all the venom of perdition, and at this particular time ministers of religion fall into line of criticism of the Word of God. Why, it makes me think of a ship in a September equinox, the waves dashing to the top of the smoke-stack, and the hatches fastened down, and many prophesying the foundering of the steamer, and at that time some of the crew with axes and saws go down into the hold of the ship, and they try to saw off some of the planks and pry out some of the timbers because the timber did not come from the right forest ! It does not seem to me a commendable business for the crew to be helping the winds and storms outside with their axes and saws inside.

Now, this old Gospel ship what, with the roaring of earth and hell around the stem and stern, and mutiny on deck, is having a very rough voyage, but I have noticed that not one of the timbers has started, and *the Captain says He will see it through*. And I have noticed that keelson and counter-timber-knee are built out of Lebanon cedar, and she is going to weather the gale, but no credit to those who make mutiny on deck.

When I see ministers of religion in this particular day finding fault with the Scriptures, it makes me think of a fortress terrifically bombarded, and the men on the ramparts, instead of swabbing out and loading the guns and helping fetch up the ammunition from the magazine, are trying with crowbars to pry out from the wall certain blocks of stone, because they did not come from the right quarry. Oh, men on the ramparts, better fight back and fight down the common enemy, instead of trying to make breeches in the wall.

While I oppose this expurgation of the Scriptures, I shall give you my reasons for such opposition. "What !" say some of the theological evolutionists, whose brains have been addled by too long brooding over them by Darwin and Spencer,

"you don't now really believe all the story of the Garden of Eden, do you?" Yes, as much as I believe there were roses in my garden last summer. "But," say they, "you don't really believe that the sun and moon stood still?" Yes, and if I had strength enough to create a sun and moon I could make them stand still, or cause the refraction of the sun's rays so it would appear to stand still. "But," they say, "you don't really believe that the whale swallowed Jonah?" Yes, and if I were strong enough to make a whale I could have made very easy ingress for the refractory prophet, leaving to Evolution to eject him, if he were an unworthy tenant! "But," say they, "you don't really believe that the water was turned into wine?" Yes, just as easily as water now is often turned into wine with an admixture of strychnine and logwood! "But," say they, "you don't really believe that Samson slew a thousand with the jawbone of an ass?" Yes, and I think that the man who in this day assaults the Bible is wielding the same weapon!

There is nothing in the Bible that staggers me. There are many things I do not understand. I do not pretend to understand, never shall in this world understand. But that would be a very poor God who could be fully understood by the human. That would be a very small Infinite that can be measured by the finite. You must not expect to weigh the thunderbolts of Omnipotence in an apothecary's balances. Starting with the idea that God can do anything, and that He was present at the beginning, and that He is present now, there is nothing in the Holy Scriptures to arouse scepticism in my heart. Here I stand, a fossil of the ages, dug up from the tertiary formation, fallen off the shelf of an antiquarian, a man in the latter part of the glorious nineteenth century believing in

A WHOLE BIBLE FROM LID TO LID!

I am opposed to the expurgation of the Scriptures in the first place, because the Bible in its present shape has been so *miraculously preserved*. Fifteen hundred years after Herodotus wrote his history, there was only one manuscript copy of it. Twelve hundred years after Plato wrote his book, there was only one manuscript copy of it. God was so careful to have us have the Bible in just the right shape that we have fifty manuscript copies of the New Testament a thousand years old, and some of them fifteen hundred years old. This Book handed down from the time of Christ, or just after the time of Christ, by the hand of such men as Origen in the second century and Tertullian in the third century, and by men of different ages who died for their principles. The three best copies of the New Testament in manuscript in the possession of three great churches—the Protestant Church of England, the Greek Church of St. Petersburg, and the Romish Church of Italy.

It is a plain matter of history that *Tischendorf* went to a convent in the peninsula of Sinai and was by ropes lifted over the wall into the convent, that being the only mode of admission, and that he saw there in the waste basket for kindling for the fires, a manuscript of the Holy Scriptures. That night he copied many of the passages of that Bible, but it was not until fifteen years had passed of earnest entreaty and prayer and coaxing and purchase on his part that that copy of the Holy Scriptures was put into the hands of the Emperor

of Russia—that one copy so marvellously protected.

Do you not know that *the catalogue of the books of the Old and New Testaments* as we have it, is the same catalogue that has been coming on down through the ages? Thirty-nine books of the Old Testament thousands of years ago. Thirty-nine now. Twenty-seven books of the New Testament sixteen hundred years ago. Twenty-seven books of the New Testament now. Marcion, for wickedness, was turned out of the Church in the second century, and in his assault on the Bible and Christianity, he incidentally gives a catalogue of the books of the Bible—that catalogue corresponding exactly with ours—testimony given by the enemy of the Bible and the enemy of Christianity. The catalogue now just like the catalogue then. Assaulted and spit on and torn to pieces and burned, yet adhering. The book to-day, in three hundred languages, confronting four fifths of the human race in their own tongue. Three hundred million copies of it in existence. Does not that look as if this Book had been divinely protected, as if God had guarded it all through the centuries?

Is it not an argument plain enough to every honest man and every honest woman, that a book divinely protected and in this shape is in the very shape that God wants it? It pleases God and it ought to please us. The epidemics which have swept thousands of other books into the sepulchre of forgetfulness, have only brightened the fame of this. There is not one book out of a thousand that lives five years. Any publisher will tell you that. There will not be more than one book out of twenty thousand that will live a century. Yet, here is a Book, much of it sixteen hundred years old, and much of it four thousand years old, and with more rebound and resilience and strength in it than when the Book was first put upon parchment or papyrus. This Book saw the cradle of all other books, and it will see their graves. Would you not think that an old book like this, some of it four centuries old, would come along hobbling with age and on crutches? Instead of that, more potent than any other book of the time. More copies of it printed in the last ten years than of any other book—Walter Scott's *Waverley Novels*, Macaulay's "*History of England*," Disraeli's "*Endymion*," and all the popular books of the day having no such sale in the last ten years as this old worn-out Book. Do you know what a struggle a book has in order to get through one century or two centuries?

Some old books, during a fire in a seraglio of Constantinople, were thrown into the street. A man without any education picked up one of those books, read it, and did not see the value of it. A scholar looked over his shoulder and saw it was the first and second decades of Livy, and he offered the man a large reward if he would bring the books to his study; but in the excitement of the fire, the two parted, and the first and second decades of Livy were forever lost. Pliny wrote twenty books of history; all lost. The most of Meander's writings lost. Of one hundred and thirty comedies of Plautus, all gone but twenty. Euripides wrote a hundred dramas, all gone but nineteen. Eschylus wrote a hundred dramas, all gone but seven. Varro wrote the laborious biographies of seven hundred Romans, not a frag-

ment left. Quintilian wrote his favorite book on the corruption of eloquence, all lost. Thirty books of Tacitus lost. Dion Cassius wrote eighty books, only twenty remain. Berosius's history all lost.

Nearly all the old books are mummified and are lying in the tombs of old libraries, and perhaps once in twenty years some man comes along and picks up one of them and blows the dust off, and opens it and finds it the book he does not want. But this old Book, much of it forty centuries old, stands to-day more discussed than any other book, and it challenges the admiration of all the good and the spite and the venom and the animosity and the hypercriticism of earth and hell. I appeal to your common sense, if a book so divinely guarded and protected in its present shape, must not be in just the way that God wants it to come to us, and if it pleases God ought it not to please us?

Not only have all the attempts to detract from the Book failed, but all the attempts to add to it. Many attempts were made to add the apochryphal books to the Old Testament. The Council of Trent, the Synod of Jerusalem, the Bishops of Hippo, all decided that the apochryphal books must be added to the Old Testament. "They must stay in," said those learned men; but they stayed out. There is not an intelligent Christian man that to-day will put the Book of Maccabees or the Book of Judith beside the Book of Isaiah or Romans. Then a great many said, "we must have books added to the New Testament," and there were epistles and Gospels and apocalypses written and added to the New Testament, but they have all fallen out. You cannot add anything. You cannot subtract anything. Divinely protected Book in the present shape. Let no man dare to lay his hands on it with the intention of detracting from the Book, or casting out any of these holy pages.

Beside that, I am opposed to this expurgation of the Scriptures because if the attempt were successful, *it would be the annihilation of the Bible*. Infidel geologists would say, "out with the Book of Genesis;" infidel astronomers would say, "out with the Book of Joshua;" people who do not believe in the atoning sacrifice would say, "out with the Book of Leviticus;" people who do not believe in the miracles would say, "out with all those wonderful stories in the Old and New Testament;" and some would say, "out with the Book of Revelation;" and others would say, "out with the entire Pentateuch," and the work would go on until there would not be enough of the Bible left to be worth as much as last year's almanac. The expurgation of the Scriptures means their annihilation.

I am also opposed to this proposed expurgation of the Scriptures for the fact that in proportion as people became self-sacrificing and good and holy and consecrated, *they like the Book as it is*. I have yet to find a man or a woman distinguished for self-sacrifice, for consecration to God, for holiness of life, who wants the Bible changed. Many of us have inherited family Bibles. Those Bibles were in use twenty, forty, fifty, perhaps a hundred years in the generations. This afternoon, when you go home, take down those family Bibles, and find out if there are any chapters which have been erased by lead pencil or pen, and if in any margins you can find the words: "this chapter not fit to read." There has been plenty of oppor-

tunity during the last half century privately to expurgate the Bible. Do you know any case of such expurgation? Did not your grandfather give it to your father, and did not your father give it to you?

Beside that, I am opposed to the expurgation of the Scriptures, because the so-called indelicacies and cruelties of the Bible have demonstrated *no evil result*. A cruel book will produce cruelty—an unclean book will produce uncleanness. Fetch me a victim. Out of all Christendom and out of all the ages, fetch me a victim whose heart has been hardened to cruelty, or whose life has been made impure by this Book. Show me one. One of the best families I ever knew of, for thirty or forty years, morning and evening, had all the members gathered together, and the servants of the household, and the strangers that happened to be within the gates—twice a day, without leaving out a chapter or a verse, they read this holy Book, morning by morning, night by night. Not only the older children, but the little child who could just spell her way through the verse while her mother helped her. The father beginning and reading one verse, and then all the members of the family in turn reading a verse. The father maintained his integrity, the mother maintained her integrity, the sons grew up and entered professions and commercial life, adorning every sphere in the life in which they lived, and the daughters went into families where Christ was honored, and all that was good and pure and righteous reigned perpetually. For thirty years that family endured the Scriptures. Not one of them ruined by it.

Now, if you will tell me of a family where the Bible has been read twice a day for thirty years, and the children have been brought up in that habit, and the father went to ruin, and the mother went to ruin, and the sons and daughters were destroyed by it—if you will tell me of one such incident, I will throw away my Bible, or I will doubt your veracity. I tell you, if a man is shocked with what he calls the indelicacies of the Word of God, he is prurient in his taste and imagination. If a man cannot read the book Solomon's Song, without impure suggestion, he is either in his heart, or in his life, a libertine.

The Old Testament description of wickedness, uncleanness of all sorts, is purposely and righteously a disgusting account, instead of the Byronic and the Parisian vernacular which makes sin attractive instead of appalling. When those old prophets point you to a lazaretto, you understand it is a lazaretto. When a man having begun to do right falls back into wickedness, and gives up his integrity, the Bible does not say he was overcome by the fascinations of the festal board, or that he surrendered to convivialities, or that he became a little fast in his habits. I will tell you what the Bible says: "The dog is turned to his own vomit again, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." No gilding of iniquity. No garlands on a death's head. No pounding away with a silver mallet at iniquity when it needs an iron sledge hammer.

I can easily understand how people, brooding over the description of uncleanness in the Bible, may get morbid in mind until they are as full of it as the wings and the beak and the nostril and the claw of a buzzard is full of the odors of a carcass;

but what is wanted is not that the Bible be disinfected, but that you, the critic have your heart and mind washed with carbolie acid!

I tell you at this point in my discourse that a man who does not like this Book, and who is critical as to its contents, and who is shocked and outraged with its descriptions, has never been soundly converted. The laying on of the hands of Presbytery, or Episcopacy, does not always change a man's heart, and men sometimes get into the pulpit as well as into the pew, never having been changed radically by the sovereign grace of God. Get your heart right and the Bible will be right. The trouble is men's natures are not brought into harmony with the Word of God. Ah! my friends, *expurgation of the heart is what is wanted.*

You cannot make me believe that the Scriptures, which this moment lie on the table of the purest and the best men and women of the age, and which were the dying solace of your kindred passed into the skies, have in them a taint which the strongest microscope of honest criticism could make visible. If men are uncontrollable in their indignation when the integrity of wife or child is assailed, and judges and jurors as far as possible excuse violence under such provocation, what ought to be the overwhelming and long resounding thunders of condemnation for any man who will stand in a Christian pulpit and assail the more than virgin purity of inspiration, the well beloved daughter of God?

Expurgate the Bible! You might as well go to the old picture galleries in Dresden and in Venice and in Rome and expurgate the old paintings. Perhaps you could find a foot of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" that might be improved. Perhaps you could throw more expression into Raphael's "Madonna." Perhaps you could put more pathos into Rubens' "Descent from the Cross." Perhaps you could change the crests of the waves in Turner's "Slave Ship." Perhaps you might go into the old galleries of sculpture and change the forms and the posture of the statues of Phidias and Praxiteles. Such an iconoclast would very soon find himself in the penitentiary. But it is worse vandalism when a man proposes to re-fashion these masterpieces of inspiration and to remodel the moral giants of this gallery of God.

Now, let us divide off. Let those people who do not believe the Bible and who are critical of this and that part of it, go clear over to the other side. Let them stand behind the devil's guns. There can be no compromise between infidelity and Christianity. Give us the out and out opposition of infidelity rather than the work of these hybrid theologians, these mongrel ecclesiastics, these half

and half evolved pulpiteers who believe the Bible and do not believe it, who accept the miracles and do not accept them, who believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures and do not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures—trimming their belief on one side to suit the scepticism of the world, trimming their belief on the other side to suit the pride of their own heart, and feeling that in order to demonstrate their courage they must make the Bible a target and shoot at God.

There is one thing that encourages me very much, and that is, that the Lord made out to manage the universe before they were born, and will probably be able to make out to manage the universe a little while after they are dead. While I demand that the antagonists of the Bible, and the critics of the Bible go clear over where they belong, on the devil's side, I ask that all the friends of this good Book come out openly and above board in behalf of it. That Book, which was the best inheritance you ever received from your ancestry, and which will be the best legacy you will leave to your children when you bid them good-by as you cross the ferry to the golden city.

Young man do not be ashamed of your Bible. There is not a virtue but it commends, there is not a sorrow but it comforts, there is not a good law on the statute book of any country but it is founded on these Ten Commandments. There are no braver, grander people in all the earth than the heroes and the heroines which it biographizes.

Last Tuesday noon, I was startled as I saw on the bulletin the announcement of *Gustave Doré's departure*. I said: "Is it possible that that hand has forgotten its cunning?" Of all the works of that great artist, there is nothing so impressive as Doré's illustrated Bible. What scene of Abrahamic faith, or Edenic beauty, of dominion Davidic or Solomonic, of miracle, or parable, of nativity, or of crucifixion, or of last judgment but the thought leaped from the great brain to the skilful pencil, and from the skilful pencil to the canvas immortal. The Louvre, the Luxembourg, the National Gallery of London compressed within two volumes of Doré's illustrated Bible. But the Bible will come to *better illustration* than that, my friends, when all the deserts have become gardens, and all the armories have become academies, and all the lakes have become Genesarets with Christ walking them, and all the cities have become Jerusalems with hovering Shekinah; and the two hemispheres shall be clapping cymbals of divine praise, and the round earth a footlight to Emanuel's throne—that, to all lands, and all ages, and all centuries, and all cycles will be the best specimen of Bible illustrated.

THE TIMES.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, September 9, 1883.

"X will show wonders in the heavens and in the earth."—JOEL 2 : 30.

DR. CUMMING—great and good man—would have told us the exact time of the fulfilment of this prophecy. As I stepped into his study in London on my arrival from Paris just after the French had surrendered at Sedan, the good Doctor said to me: "It is just as I told you about France; people laughed at me because I talked about the seven horns and the vials, but I foresaw all this from the Book of Daniel and the Book of Revelation." Not taking any such responsibility in the interpretation of this passage, I simply assert that there are in it suggestions of many things in our time.

Our eyes dilate and our heart quickens its pulsation as we read of events in the third century, the sixth century, the eighth century, the fourteenth century; but there are more far-reaching events crowded into the nineteenth century than into any other, and the last quarter bids fair to eclipse the preceding three quarters. We read in the daily newspapers of events announced in one paragraph and without any especial emphasis—of events which a Herodotus, a Josephus, a Xenophon, a Gibbon would have taken whole chapters or whole volumes to elaborate. Looking out upon our time, we must cry out in the words of the text: "Wonders in the heaven and in the earth."

I propose to show you that the time in which we live is wonderful for disaster and wonderful for blessing, for there must be lights and shades in this picture as in all others. Need I argue this day that our time is wonderful for disaster? Our world has had a rough time since by the hand of God it was bowled out into space. It is an epileptic earth: Convulsion after convulsion. Frosts pounding it with sledge hammer of iceberg, and fires melting it with furnaces seven hundred times heated. It is a wonder to me it has lasted so long. Meteors shooting by on this side and grazing it, and meteors shooting by on the other side and grazing it, none of them slowing up for safety. Whole fleets and navies and argosies and flotillas of worlds sweeping all about us. Our earth like a fishing smack off the banks of Newfoundland, while the Gallia and the Bothnia and the Arizona and the Great Eastern rush by. Beside that our world has by sin been damaged in its internal machinery, and ever and anon the furnaces have burst, and the walking beams of the mountains have broken, and the islands have shipped a sea, and the great hulk of the world has been jarred with accidents that ever and anon threatened immediate demolition. But it seems to me as if our century were specially characterized by disasters volcanic, cyclonic, oceanic, epidemic. I say volcanic because an earthquake is only a volcano

hushed up. When Stromboli and Cotopaxi and Vesuvius stop breathing, let the foundations of the earth beware. Seven thousand earthquakes in two centuries recorded in the catalogue of the British Association. Trajan, the emperor, goes to ancient Antioch, and amid the splendors of his reception is met by an earthquake that nearly destroys the emperor's life. Lisbon, fair and beautiful, at one o'clock on the first of November, 1755, in six minutes 60,000 have perished, and Voltaire writes of them: "For that region it was the last judgment, nothing wanting but a trumpet!" Europe and America feeling the throb; fifteen hundred chimneys in Boston partly or fully destroyed.

But the disasters of other centuries have had their counterpart in our own. In 1812, Caraccas was caught in the grip of the earthquake; in 1822, in Chili, 100,000 square miles of land by volcanic force upheaved to four and seven feet of permanent elevation; in 1854 Japan felt the geological agony; Naples shaken in 1857; Mexico in 1858; Medosa, the capital of the Argentine Republic, in 1861; Manilla terrorized in 1863; the Hawaiian Islands by such force uplifted and let down in 1871; Nevada shaken in 1871; Antioch in 1872; California in 1872; San Salvador in 1873; while this summer, of 1883, what subterranean excitements! Ischia, an island of the Mediterranean, a beautiful Italian watering place, vineyard clad, surrounded by all natural charm and historical reminiscence; yonder, Capri, the summer resort of the Roman Emperors; yonder, Naples, the Paradise of art—this beautiful island suddenly toppled into the trough of the earth, 8000 merry-makers perishing, and some of them so far down beneath the reach of human obsequies that it may be said of many a one of them as it was said of Moses, "The Lord buried him." Italy weeping, all Europe weeping, all Christendom weeping where there are hearts to sympathize and Christians to pray. But while the nations were measuring that magnitude of disaster, measuring it not with golden rod like that with which the angel measured heaven, but with the black rule of death, Java, of the Indian Archipelago, the most fertile island of all the earth, is caught in the grip of the earthquake, and mountain after mountain goes down, and city after city, until that island, which produces the healthiest beverage of all the world, has produced the ghastliest accident of the century. One hundred thousand people dying, dying, dead, dead.

But look at the disasters cyclonic. At the mouth of the Ganges are three islands—the Hattiah, the Sundeeep and the Dakin Shabazpore. In the midnight of October,

1877, on all those three islands the cry was: "The waters, the waters!" A cyclone arose and rolled the sea over those three islands, and of a population of 340,000, 215,000 were drowned. Only those saved who had climbed to the top of the highest trees. Did you ever see a cyclone? No? Then I pray God you may never see one. I saw one on the ocean, and it swept us eight hundred miles back from our course, and for thirty-six hours during the cyclone and after it we expected every moment to go to the bottom. They told us before we retired at nine o'clock that the barometer had fallen, but at eleven o'clock at night we were awakened with the shock of the waves. All the lights out. Crash! went all the lifeboats. Waters rushing through the skylights down into the cabin and down on the furnaces until they hissed and smoked in the deluge. Seven hundred people praying, blaspheming, shrieking. Our great ship poised a moment on the top of a mountain of phosphorescent fire, and then plunged down, down, down, until it seemed as if she never would again be righted. Ah! you never want to see a cyclone at sea. But a few weeks ago, I was in Minnesota, where there was one of those cyclones on land that swept the city of Rochester from its foundations and took dwelling houses, barns, men, women, children, horses, cattle, and tossed them into indiscriminate ruin, and lifted a railtrain and dashed it down, a mightier hand than that of the engineer on the air-brake. Cyclone in Kansas, within a few months; cyclone in Missouri, cyclone in Wisconsin, cyclone in Illinois, cyclone in Iowa. Satan, prince of the power of the air, never made such cyclonic disturbance as he has in our day. And am I not right in saying that one of the characteristics of the time in which we live is disaster cyclonic?

But look at the disasters oceanic. Shall I call the roll of the dead shipping? Ye monsters of the deep answer when I call your names. Ville de Havre! The Schiller! City of Boston! The Melville! The President! The Cimbria! But why should I go on calling the roll when none of them answer, and the roll is as long as the white scroll of the Atlantic surf at Cape Hatteras breakers. If the oceanic cables could report all the scattered life and all the bleached bones that they rub against in the depths of the ocean, what a message of pathos and tragedy for both beaches! *Week before last, eighty fishermen perished off the coast of Newfoundland, and whole fleets of them off the coast of England. God help the poor fellows at sea, and give high seats in heaven to the Grace Darlings and the Ida Lewises and the life-boatmen hovering around Goodwin's Sands and the Skerries. The sea, owning three-fourths of the earth, proposes to capture the other fourth, and is bombarding the land all around the earth. The moving of our hotels at Brighton Beach backward 100 yards from where they once stood, a type of what is going on all around the world and on every coast. The Dead Sea rolls to-day where ancient cities stood. Pillars of temples that stood on hills geologists find now three-quarters under the water, or altogether submerged. The sea having wrecked so many

merchantmen and flotillas wants to wreck the continents, and hence disasters oceanic.

Look at the disasters epidemic. I speak not of the plague in the fourth century that ravaged Europe; and in Moscow and the Neapolitan dominions and Marseilles wrought such terror in the eighteenth century; but I look at the yellow fevers, and the choleras, and the diphtherias, and the scarlet fevers, and the typhoids of our own time. Hear the wailing of Memphis, and Shreveport, and New Orleans, and Savannah of the last two decades. From Hurdwar, India, where every twelfth year three million devotees congregate, the caravans brought the cholera, and that one disease slew 18,000 in eighteen days in Bossorah. Twelve thousand this summer slain by it in India, and twenty-five thousand in Egypt. Disasters epidemic. Some of the finest monuments in Greenwood, and Laurel Hill, and Mount Auburn are to doctors who lost their life battling with Southern epidemic.

But now I turn the leaf in my subject and I plant the white lilies and the palm-tree amid the nightshade and the myrtle. This age no more characterized by wonders of disaster than by wonders of blessing. Blessing of longevity: The average of human life rapidly increasing. Forty years now worth four hundred years once. Week before last I came from Manitoba to New York in three days and three nights. In other times it would have taken three months. In other words, three days and three nights now are worth three months of other days. The average of human life practically greater now than when Noah lived his 950 years, and Methuselah lived his 969 years. Blessing of intelligence: The Salmon P. Chases and the Abraham Lincolns and the Henry Wilsons of the coming time will not be required to learn to read by pine-knot lights, or seated on shoemaker's bench, nor will the Fergusons have to study astronomy while watching the cattle. Knowledge rolls its tides along every poor man's door, and his children may go down and bathe in them. If the philosophers of the last century were called up to recite in a class with our boys at the Polytechnic, or our girls at the Packer, those old philosophers would be sent down to the foot of the class because they failed to answer the questions! Free libraries in all the important towns and cities of the land except one place called Brooklyn! Historical alcoves and poetic shelves and magazine tables for all that desire to walk through them or sit down at them. Blessings of quick information: Newspapers falling all around us thick as leaves in a September equinoctial. News three days old rancid and stale. We see the whole world twice a day—through the newspaper at the breakfast-table, and through the newspaper at the tea-table, with an "extra" here and there between.

Blessing of Gospel proclamation: Do you not know that nearly all the missionary societies have been born in this century? and nearly all the Bible societies, and nearly all the great philanthropic movements? A secretary of one of the denominations said to me the other day in Dakota: "You were wrong when you said our denomination averaged a new church every day of the year; they established nine in one week,

so you are far within the truth." A clergyman of our own denomination said: "I have just been out establishing five mission stations." I tell you, Christianity is on the march, while Infidelity is dwindling into the imbecility that was demonstrated a few days ago at Rochester, N.Y., where after the blowing of the trumpets and the gathering of all the clans there assembled a small group of semi-idiots to denounce the Christian religion and eulogize one of their dead patrons, a libertine, arrested in New York and Boston again and again for scattering obscene literature—that dead man the patron saint of the whole movement. While Infidelity is thus dwindling and dropping down into imbecility and indecency, the wheel of Christianity is making about a thousand revolutions in a minute. All the copies of Shakespeare and Tennyson and Disraeli and of any ten of the most popular writers of the day, less in number than the copies of the Bible going out from our printing-presses. Two years ago, in six weeks, more than two million copies of the New Testament purchased, not given away, but purchased, because the world will have it.

More Christian men in high official position to-day in Great Britain and in the United States than ever before. Stop that falsehood going through the newspapers—I have seen it in twenty—that the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States are all infidels except Judge Strong. By personal acquaintance I know three of them to be old-fashioned evangelical Christians, sitting at the holy sacrament of our Lord Jesus Christ, and I suppose that the majority of them are stanch believers in our Christian religion. And then hear the dying words of Judge Black last month, a man who had been Attorney-General of the United States, and who had been Secretary of the United States, no stronger lawyer of the century than Judge Black—dying, his aged wife kneeling by his side, and he uttering that sublime and tender prayer: "O Lord God, from whom I derived my existence and in whom I have always trusted, take my spirit to Thyself and let Thy richest blessing come down upon my Mary." The most popular book to-day is the Bible, and the mightiest institution is the Church, and the greatest name among the nations, and more honored than any other, is the name of Jesus.

Wonders of self-sacrifice: A clergyman told me in the northwest a few weeks ago that for six years he was a missionary at the extreme north, living 400 miles from a post-office, and sometimes he slept out of doors in winter, the thermometer sixty and sixty-five degrees below zero, wrapped in rabbit skins woven together. I said: "Is it possible? you do not mean sixty and sixty-five degrees below zero?" He said: "I do, and I was happy." All for Christ. Where is there any other being that will rally such enthusiasm? Mothers sewing their fingers off to educate their boys for the Gospel ministry. For nine years no luxury on the table until the course through grammar school and college and theological seminary be completed. Poor widow putting her mite into the Lord's treasury, the face of emperor or President impressed upon the coin not so conspicuous as the blood with

which she earned it. Millions of good men and women, but more women than men, to whom Christ is everything. Christ first and Christ last, and Christ forever.

Why, this age is not so characterized by invention and scientific exploration as it is by Gospel proclamation. You can get no idea of it unless you can ring all the church bells in one chime, and sound all the organs in one diapason, and gather all the congregations of Christendom in one *Gloria in Excelsis*. Mighty camp-meetings. Mighty Ocean Groves. Mighty Chautauquas. Mighty conventions of Christian workers. Mighty General Assemblies of the Presbyterian Church. Mighty Conferences of the Methodist Church. Mighty associations of the Baptist Church. Mighty conventions of the Episcopal Church. I think before long the best investments will not be in railroad stock or Western Union, but in trumpets and cymbals and festal decorations, for we are on the eve of victories wide and world uplifting. There may be many years of hard work yet before the consummation, but the signs are to me so encouraging that I would not be unbelieving if I saw the wing of the apocalyptic angel spread for its last triumphal flight in this day's sunset; or if to-morrow morning the ocean cables should thrill us with the news that Christ the Lord had alighted on Mount Olivet or Mount Calvary to proclaim universal dominion.

O you dead churches, wake up. Throw back the shutters of stiff ecclesiasticism and let the light of the spring morning come in. Morning for the land. Morning for the sea. Morning of emancipation. Morning of light and love and peace. Morning of a day in which there shall be no chains to break, no sorrows to assuage, no despotism to shatter, no woes to compassionate. O Christ, descend! Scarred temple, take the crown! Bruised hand, take the sceptre! Wounded foot, step the throne! "Thine is the kingdom."

These things I say, because I want you to be alert. I want you to be watching all these wonders unrolling from the heavens and the earth. God has classified them, whether calamitous or pleasing. The divine purposes are harnessed in traces that cannot break, and in girths that cannot slip, and in buckles that cannot loosen, and are driven by reins they must answer. I preach no fatalism. A swarthy engineer at one of the depots in Dakota, said: "When will you get on the locomotive and take a ride with us?" "Well," I said, "now, if that suits you." So I got on one side the locomotive and a Methodist minister, who was also invited, got on the other side, and between us were the engineer and the stoker. The train started. The engineer had his hand on the agitated pulse of the great engine. The stoker shoveled in the coal and shut the door with a loud clang. A vast plain slipped under us and the hills swept by, and that great monster on which we rode trembled and bounded and snorted and raged as it hurled us on. I said to the Methodist minister on the other side the locomotive: "My brother, why should Presbyterians and Methodists quarrel about the decrees and free agency? You see that track,

that firm track, that iron track; that is the decree. You see this engineer's arm; that is free agency. How beautifully they work together. They are going to take us through. We could not do without the track and we could not do without the engineer." So I rejoice day by day. Work for us all to do, and we may turn the crank of the Christian machinery this way or that, for we are free agents; but there is the track laid so long ago no one remembers it, laid by the hand of Almighty God in sockets that no terrestrial or satanic pressure can ever affect. And along that track the car of the world's redemption will roll and roll to the Grand Central Depot of the Millennium. I have no anxiety about the track. I am only afraid that for our indolence God will discharge us and get some other stoker and some other engineer. The train is going through with us or without us. So, my brethren, watch all the events that are going by. If things seem to turn out right, give wings to your joy. If things seem to turn out wrong, throw out the anchor of faith and hold fast.

There is a house in London where Peter the Great of Russia lived a while when he was moving through the land *incognito* and in workman's dress, that he might learn the wants of the people. A stranger was visiting at that house recently, and saw in a dark attic an old box, and he said to the owner of the house, "What's in that box?" The owner said: "I don't know; that box was there when I got the house and it was there when my father got it; we haven't had any curiosity to look at it; I guess there's nothing in it." "Well," said the stranger, "I'll give you two pounds for it." "Well, done." The two pounds are paid, and recently the contents of that box were sold to the Czar of Russia for fifty thousand dollars. In it, the lathing machine of Peter the Great, his private letters and documents of value beyond all monetary consideration. And here are events that seem very insignificant and unimportant, but they encase treasures of divine providence and eternities of meaning which after a while God will demonstrate before the ages as being of stupendous value. As near as I can tell from what I see, there must be a God somewhere about.

When Titans play quoits they pitch mountains; but who owns these gigantic forces you have been reading about the last two months? Whose hand is on the throttle valve of the volcanoes? Whose foot suddenly planted on the footstool makes the continents quiver? God! God! He looketh upon the mountains and they tremble. He toucheth the hills and they smoke. God! God! I must be at peace with Him. Through the Lord Jesus Christ this God is mine and He is yours. I put the earthquake that shook Palestine at the crucifixion against all the down-rockings of the centuries. This God on our side we may challenge all the centuries of time and all the cycles of eternity.

Those of us who are in mid-life may well thank God that we have seen so many wondrous things; but there are people here to-day who will see the twentieth century. Things obscure to us will be plain to you yet. The twentieth

century will be as far ahead of the nineteenth as the nineteenth is ahead of the eighteenth, and as you caricature the habits and customs and ignorance of the past, others will caricature this age. Some of you may live to see the shimmering veil between the material and the spiritual world lifted. Magnetism, a word with which we cover up our ignorance, will yet be an explored realm. Electricity, the fiery courser of the sky, that Benjamin Franklin lassoed and Morse and Bell and Edison have tried to control, will become completely manageable, and locomotion will be swiftened, and a world of practical knowledge thrown in upon the race. Whether we depart in this century, or whether we see the open gates of a more wonderful century, we will see these things. It does not make much difference where we stand, but the higher the standpoint the larger the prospect. We will see them from heaven if we do not see them from earth.

A few days ago I was at Fire Island, Long Island, and I went up in the cupola from which they telegraph to New York the approach of vessels hours before they come into port. There is an opening in the wall, and the operator puts his telescope through that opening, and looks out and sees vessels far out at sea. While I was talking with him, he went up and looked out. He said: "We are expecting the Arizona to-night." I said: "Is it possible you know all those vessels? do you know them as you know a man's face?" He said: "Yes, I never make a mistake; before I can see the hulks, I often know them by the masts; I know them all, I have watched them so long." Oh, what a grand thing it is to have ships telegraphed and heralded long before they come into port, that friends may come down to the wharf and welcome their long-absent loved ones. So to-day, we take our stand in the watch tower and we look off and through the glass of inspiration or providence we look off and see a whole fleet of ships coming in. That is the ship of Peace, flag with one star of Bethlehem floating above the top-gallants. That is the ship of the Church, mark of salt wave high up on the smoke stack, showing she has had rough weather, but the Captain of salvation commands her and all is well with her. The ship of Heaven, mightiest craft ever launched, millions of passengers, waiting for millions more, prophets and apostles and martyrs in the cabin, conquerors at the foot of the mast, while from the rigging hands are waving this way as though they knew us, and we wave back again, for they are ours; they went out from our own households. Ours! Hail, hail! Put off the black and put on the white. Stop tolling the funeral bell and ring the wedding anthem. Shut up the hearse and take the chariot. Now, the ship comes around the great headland. Soon she will strike the wharf and we will go aboard her. Tears for ships going out. Laughter for ships coming in. Now she touches the wharf. Throw on the planks. Block not up that gangway with embracing long lost-friends, for you will have eternity of reunion. Stand back and give way until other millions come on. Farewell to sin. Farewell to struggle. Farewell to sickness. Farewell to death. All aboard for Heaven!

THE NEWSPAPER.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, October 30, 1881.

"And the wheels were full of eyes."—EZEK. 10 : 12.

"For all the Athenians, and strangers which were there, spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing."—ACTS 17 : 21.

WHAT is a preacher to do when he finds two texts equally good and suggestive? In that perplexity I take both. Wheels full of eyes! What but the wheels of the newspaper printing-press, for all other wheels are blind? The manufacturer's wheel sometimes rolls over the operative with fatigue, and rolls over nerve and muscle and bone and heart, and sees nothing. The sewing-machine wheel has pains and aches fastened to it tighter than the hand that turns it, sharper than the needle which it plies, and every minute of every hour of every day of every week of every month of every year there are hundreds of thousands of wheels of mechanism, wheels of enterprise, wheels hard at work which are eyeless. Not so with the wheels of the newspaper printing-press. Their entire work is to look and to report. They are full of optic nerves from the axle to the periphery. They are as full of eyes as the wheels which Ezekiel saw—sharp eyes, keen eyes, eyes that look up, that look down, far-sighted, near-sighted, they take in the next street, the next hemisphere; eyes of criticism, eyes of investigation, eyes atwinkle with mirth, eyes glowing with indignation, eyes tender with love, eyes of suspicion, eyes of hope, blue eyes, black eyes, green eyes, sore eyes, historical eyes, literary eyes, ecclesiastical eyes, eyes of all sorts and eyes that see everything. "And the wheels were full of eyes."

But my second text gives the cry of the world for a newspaper. Paul says that in the city of Athens there were people who did nothing but gather up and tell the news. Why more so in Athens than in any other city? Because Athens was the wisest city under the sun, and in proportion as men become wise they become inquisitive, not about small things, but about the greater. The great question in Athens is the great question now, "What is the news?"

To answer this cry in my text for a newspaper the centuries set their wits to work, and China first answered the cry, and there is in Peking a newspaper which has been published every week for a thousand years—printed on silk. Rome answered this cry by publishing the *Acta Diurna*, in the same column putting fires, political events, marriages, deaths, tempests, earthquakes. France successfully answered this question when in Paris a physician wrote out the news for his patients. England answered this cry by pub-

lishing in the time of Queen Elizabeth a paper regarding the Spanish Armada, and went on increasing in enterprise, until at the time the battle of Waterloo was fought, deciding the destiny of all the nations of Europe, in the London *Chronicle* there was a third of a column given to the description of the battle—about as much room as a modern newspaper would take to describe a small fire. America answered this cry when Benjamin Harris published the first weekly newspaper, entitled *Public Occurrences*, published in Boston in 1690, and by the first daily newspaper which was published in Philadelphia in 1784, entitled *The American Daily Advertiser*.

But the newspaper did not suddenly spring on the world; it came gradually. I will give you the genealogical line of the newspaper. The Adam of the race, which was a circular, or news-letter, born of divine impulse in human nature, begat the pamphlet, and the pamphlet begat the quarterly, and the quarterly begat the monthly, and the monthly begat the weekly, and the weekly begat the semi-weekly, and the semi-weekly begat the daily. But alas! through what struggle the newspaper has come to its present development. Just as soon as it began to demonstrate its power, superstition and tyranny shackled it. There is nothing that despotism so much fears and hates as the printing-press. The wheel has too many eyes. Russia, which, considering all the circumstances, is the meanest and the most cruel despotism on earth to-day, keeps the printing-press under severe espionage. A great writer in the south of Europe declared that the King of Naples had made it unsafe for him to write on any subject save natural history. Austria could not bear Kosuth's journalistic pen pleading for the redemption of Hungary. Napoleon I., wanting to keep his iron heel on the neck of nations, said that the newspaper was the regent of kings, and the only safe place to keep an editor was in prison. But the great battle for the freedom of the press was fought in the court-rooms of England and the United States before this century began, when Hamilton made his great speech in behalf of the freedom of J. Peter Zenger's *Gazette* in America, and when Erskine made his great speech in behalf of the freedom to publish Paine's *Rights of Man* in England. Those were the Marathon and the Thermopylæ where the

battle was fought which decided the freedom of the press in England and America, and all the powers of earth and hell will never again be able to put upon the printing-press the handcuffs and the hopples of literary and political despotism. It is remarkable that Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence, also wrote these words: "If I had to choose between a government without newspapers, and newspapers without a government, I would prefer the latter." Stung by some new fabrication in print, we come to write or speak about an "unbridled printing-press." Our new book ground up in unjust criticism, we come to write or speak about the "unfair printing-press." Perhaps through our own indistinctness of utterance we are reported as saying just the opposite of what we did say, and there is a small riot of semicolons and hyphens and commas, and we come to write or talk about the "blundering printing-press," or we take up a newspaper full of social scandal and of cases of divorce, and we write or talk about a filthy, scurrilous printing-press. But this morning I address you on a subject you have never heard presented: the immeasurable and the everlasting blessing of a good newspaper.

Thank God that the wheels are full of eyes. Thank God that there is no need of our going around like the Athenians to hunt up and then to scatter the news, since the printing-press does both for us. I give you this overwhelming statistic which no Christian man can disregard or hear without a thrill of interest: that in the year 1870, the number of copies of literary and political newspapers published in this country was one billion five hundred millions. Since then a vast increase. What church, what reformer, what Christian man, what patriot, can disregard these things? I tell you, my friends, that a good newspaper is the grandest temporal blessing that God has given to the people in this century.

All the people read the newspapers. The old man looks for the deaths, the young look to the marriages, the stock-broker looks to the money column, the importer looks for the shipping, the philosopher looks to the editorial, the unemployed look to the wants, and the Christian looks all through to see what God is doing among the nations, and whether the world is really swinging around into the light of the glorious Gospel.

Now, I think I could arouse your appreciation of this great blessing if I told you the money, the brain, the exasperation, the anxieties, the losses, the wear and tear of heart-strings involved in the publication of a newspaper. On the theory abroad in the world that anybody can make one, inexperienced capitalists every year are entering the lists, and it is a simple statistic that there is an average of a dead newspaper every day of the year. Generally three or four fortunes are swallowed up before a newspaper is established. The large papers swallow up the small papers, one whale taking down fifty minnows. Although we have over seven thousand dailies and weeklies in the United States and the Canadas, only thirty-six of them are a half century old. The average of newspaper life

is five years. Most of them die of *cholera infantum*! It is high time it were understood that the most successful way of sinking a fortune and keeping it sunk is to start and conduct a newspaper.

Almost every intelligent man during his life is smitten with the newspaper mania, and start a newspaper, or have stock in one, he must or die. This is often the process: A literary man has an idea, moral, social, political, or religious, which he wishes to ventilate. He has no money of his own—literary men seldom have—but he talks of his idea among confidential friends, and forthwith they are inflamed with the idea, and they buy type and press and rent a composing-room, and engage a corps of editors, and then a prospectus which threatens to conquer everything goes forth, and then the first issue is thrown upon the attention of an admiring world. After a few weeks or months, some plain stockholder finds that there is no especial revolution, and that neither the sun nor the moon has stood still, and that the world still goes on lying and cheating and stealing just as it did before the first issue of the *New York Thunderer*, or the *Universal Gazette*, or the *Hallelujah Advocate*. Forthwith the plain stockholder wants to sell his stock, but nobody wants to buy it, and others, disgusted with the investment, want to sell their stock, and an enormous bill of the paper factory rolls in like an avalanche, and printers refuse to work until they have their back pay, and the compositor bows to the managing editor, and the managing editor bows to the editor-in-chief, and the editor-in-chief bows to the directors, and the directors bow to the public in general, and the subscribers wonder why their paper does not come.

Let me tell you, O man, that if you have an idea on any moral, social, political, or religious subject, you had better charge on the world through the columns already established. Do not take the idea so prevalent that when a man can do nothing else he can edit a newspaper. If you cannot climb the hill back of your house, you had better not try the sides of the Matterhorn. If you cannot navigate a sloop up the North River, you had better not try to engineer the Great Eastern over to Liverpool. To publish a newspaper requires the skill, the precision, the vigilance, the strategy, the boldness of a commander-in-chief. To edit a newspaper one needs to be a statesman, an essayist, a geographer, a statistician, and so far as ail acquisition is concerned, encyclopædiac. To man and to propel a newspaper requires more qualities than any other business on earth. I say this to save men from bankruptcy. If you feel called to start or publish a newspaper, take it for granted you are threatened with softening of the brain, throw your pocket-book into your wife's lap, and rush up to Bloomingdale Asylum and surrender yourself before you do something desperate.

Meanwhile, let the dead newspapers be carried out to their burial week by week, and let the newspapers that live give good obituary. If they died after living a good life, say "peace to their ashes." If they died after living a bad life, give them at least a stickful of epitaph like

that which was put over the grave of Sir Francis Charthouse: "Here lies the body of Francis Charthouse, who with an inflexible constancy and uniformity of life persisted in the practice of every human vice excepting prodigality and hypocrisy. His insatiable avarice exempted him from the first; his matchless impudence from the second." I say these things because I want you to appreciate a good newspaper, and know through what fire and through what struggle it comes to you. A good newspaper is a great blessing, because it makes knowledge democratic and for all the people. A city or national library is a reservoir to gather up the floods of knowledge; but those floods of knowledge are held far away from the people. The newspaper comes along, and it is the tunnel to bring those bright waters down into the pitchers of the people. Great libraries make a few intelligent men and women. Newspapers lift nations into the sunlight. Better have fifty millions of people only tolerably intelligent than a thousand Solons. The impression is abroad that newspaper knowledge must necessarily be ephemeral because periodicals are soon thrown aside, and not more than one person out of ten thousand ever keeps a file of the periodicals for future reference. But so far from being ephemeral, newspaper knowledge makes up the structure of the world's heart and brain, and decides the destiny of churches and of nations. Knowledge on the shelf is of no worth; it is knowledge afoot, knowledge launched, knowledge in revolution, knowledge winged, knowledge thunder-bolted. Nearly all the great minds and the great hearts of the world either have had their hands on the newspaper printing-press, or will have their hands on the printing-press. The Adamsses, Otis, Hancock, in revolutionary times, went into the sanctum of the *Boston Gazette* to compose articles on the rights of man. Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, De Witt Clinton, Quincy—all had their hands on the printing-press. Do you not know that the most of the good books of this day were originally published in periodicals? All of Macaulay's essays first appeared in periodicals; all Carlyle's, all Ruskin's, all Sidney Smith's, all McIntosh's, all Talfourd's, afterward gathered up into books. Nearly all the best fictitious literature of the day first appears as serials. Bryant's poems, Lowell's poems, Longfellow's poems, Emerson's poems, Whittier's poems—all were fugitive poems. You cannot name ten literary men of the day, with great heads and great hearts, who have not somehow been interested in newspaper literature. The book will always have its place, but the newspaper is the more potent. Do not think because it is multitudinous it is also superficial. If one should see nothing during his life, in the way of literature, but the Bible, and Webster's dictionary, and a good newspaper, he would be fitted for all the duties of this life and for the happiness of the next.

A good newspaper is a blessing because it is a mirror of life itself. Complaint is sometimes made because the evil is reported as well as the good. The evil must be reported as well as the good, or how will we know what to guard against, what to reform, what to fight down?

A newspaper that merely presents the fair and the bright and the beautiful side of society is a misrepresentation. That family is best qualified for the duties of life who have told to them not only what good there is in the world, but what evil is in the world, and told to select the good and reject the evil. Let children come up with the idea that all society is fair and beautiful—when they come out into life and find it so different from what they thought, they will be as incompetent for the struggle as though you should throw your child into the middle of the Atlantic Ocean and tell him to learn how to swim. Our complaint is that sometimes sin is made attractive and holiness stupid, that sometimes the evil is put in great headings and the good in an obscure corner, that sometimes sin is set up in "great primer" type and righteousness is put in "nonpareil." Sin is loathsome—make it so. Virtue is beautiful—make it so.

I believe a great step of improvement would be taken if our religious and secular newspapers should for the most part drop impersonality—I say for the most part. The best pens, the best minds, of the age are engaged in writing for newspapers, and their writings often appear in the editorial columns, and yet many of these men die unknown—living, some of them, on incompetent salary. After a while their hand forgets its cunning, and without any resources they die. The world never knew them. Now, it seems to me, if the impersonality were dropped in many cases, and in the more important newspaper writings, it would be more justice and greater fairness to those who are enlisted in newspaper work. You know what great potency it used to give to an article in the *New York Courier and Enquirer*—some of the aged men remember—when at the end of an article were the initials "J. W. W.," or when in the old *New York Tribune* you saw the initials "H. G.," or in the old *New York Herald* you saw the initials "J. G. B.," or when in the old *New York Times* you saw the initials "H. J. R.," or in the old *Evening Post* you saw the initials "W. C. B.," or in the old *Evening Express* you saw the initials "E. B." When newspapers drop their impersonality, that will be the time when literary men will come to larger appreciation. In that time men will get the credit for all the good they write, and they will be held responsible for all the evil they write. It seems to me that no honorable man would want to write anything that he would be ashamed to put his name to, and yet suppose a man's character is assailed in a newspaper, who is responsible? It is the "we" of the editorial columns. What is a private citizen to do in contest with a misrepresentation multiplied into twenty and fifty thousand copies? A wrong done a man's character in a newspaper is more virulent than one done in private life. A man in hot temper may say a thing he will be very very sorry for in ten minutes, but a virulent attack in a newspaper is a more deliberate thing, as it must be written out with a pen, and then it must be set up in type, and then the "proof" must be taken of it and read and corrected, and then for six or ten hours the presses are kept running, sending forth the misrepresentation. Plenty of time to repent,

plenty of time to cool off, and yet all that under an impersonality. Now it seems to me that it will be a great use, a great advantage to the literature of this country when men get the credit for the good they write, and are held responsible for the evil they write. But first must come the cropping of the newspaper impersonality.

Another vast improvement will be made when our universities shall have departments where they prepare men for editorial and reportorial work. These institutions have medical departments, legal departments—why not editorial departments? Do the legal and the healing professions need more culture or greater drill than the editorial profession? Sometimes a man will accidentally stumble into newspaper success just as a man may stumble into success in any other profession or occupation; but would it not be better if, when a man proposes for himself newspaper life, there were an institution to which he could go and learn the qualifications, the responsibilities, the dangers, the temptations, the magnificent opportunities of editorial and reportorial life? Let there be lectureships, in which shall come the leading editors of the country to tell their struggle and the story of their victories and their mistakes, and how they worked, and what they have found to be the best way of working. Of course, men of genius will clamber up into editorial efficiency just as through sheer grit men climb up into success in other departments; but if you want colleges to make lawyers and doctors and artists and evangelists, you want colleges to make editors, for their position is so potent. I declare that the mightiest force for good to-day is a good editor, and the mightiest force for evil to-day is a bad one. To reinforce and to elevate the editorial profession you want editorial professorates in our colleges. When will Princeton, or Yale, or Harvard, or Rochester, or Middletown lead the way?

Then the newspaper, the good newspaper, becomes a vast blessing, not only for the day in which we live, but it lays the foundation for the history of these times in which we live. We are dependent, for the most part, upon mere blind guess-work as to what antedated the newspaper, or upon the prejudices of this or that historian; but oh, what an opportunity the historians of the future will have with all the facts of this day before them! Our Bancrofts are dependent for the story of early times upon the *Boston News-Letter*, or the *Massachusetts Spy*, or the *Philadelphia Aurora*, or the *Royal Gazetteer*, or the *Independent Chronicle*—dependent for all the news about the Boston massacre, and about the oppressive taxes on luxuries which turned *Boston harbor into a teapot*, and Washington's death, and Rhode Island rebellion, and South Carolina nullification. But what opportunities the future chronicler will have in the presence of the files of a hundred standard American newspapers describing all the minutiae of events now—ecclesiastical, literary, political, social, international,

hemispherical. The student of history five hundred years from now—if the world last so long—will walk right past the musty corridors of other centuries, and ask the librarian for the volume which tells of the century in which American Presidents were assassinated, and the American civil war was enacted, and the cotton-gin, and the steam locomotive, and the electric telegraph, and the electric pen, and the electric light, and the telephone, and Hoe's printing press were invented. Newspapers a blessing not only for to-day, but the reservoir of history.

Once more I remark, that a good newspaper is a blessing as an evangelistic influence. You know there is a great change in our day taking place. All the secular newspapers of the day—for I am not speaking this morning of the religious newspapers—all the secular newspapers of the day discuss all the questions of God, eternity, and the dead, and all the questions of the past, present, and future. There is not a single doctrine of theology but has been discussed in the last ten years by the secular newspapers of the country. They gather up all the news of all the earth bearing on religious subjects, and then they scatter the news abroad again. The Christian newspaper will be the right wing of the apocalyptic angel. The cylinder of the Christianized printing-press will be the front wheel of the Lord's chariot. I take the music of this day, and I do not mark it *diminuendo*—I mark it *crescendo*. A pastor on a Sabbath preaches to a few hundred, or a few thousand people, and on Monday, or during the week, the printing-press will take the same sermon and preach it to millions of people. God speed the printing-press! God save the printing-press! God Christianize the printing-press!

When I see the printing-press standing with the electric telegraph on the one side gathering up material, and the lightning express train on the other side waiting for the tons of folded sheets of newspapers, I pronounce it the mightiest force in our civilization. So I commend you to pray for all those who manage the newspapers of the land, for all type-setters, for all editors, for all publishers, that, sitting or standing in positions of such great influence, they may give all that influence for God and the betterment of the human race. An aged woman making her living by knitting unwound the yarn from the ball until she found in the centre of the ball there was an old piece of newspaper. She opened it and read an advertisement which announced that she had become heiress to a large property, and that fragment of a newspaper lifted her from pauperism to affluence. And I do not know but as the thread of time unrolls and unwinds a little further, through the silent yet speaking newspaper may be found the vast inheritance of the world's redemption.

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more."

CHURCH ATTENDANCE—IS IT FALLING OFF?

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, October 23, 1881.

"Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together."—HEB. 10 : 25.

STARTLING statements have been made in many of the pulpits and in some of the religious newspapers. It is heard over and over again that church attendance in America is in decadence. I deny the statement by presenting some hard facts. No one will dispute the fact that there are more churches in America than ever before, one denomination averaging a new church built every day of the year. The law of demand and supply is as inexorable in the kingdom of God as it is in the world. More churches supplied, argues more church privileges demanded. More banks, more bankers. More factories, more manufacturers. More ships, more importers. More churches, more attendants.

I have known these two cities for thirty years, and never so many people attended the churches as now. It is so in Boston, it is so in Chicago, it is so in all the great centres where I have inquired in regard to the facts. How is it in our own city? Within a few years the Baptist and Methodist churches on Hanson Place enlarged to almost double their original size. Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church built; Classon Avenue Presbyterian Church built; Central Congregational Church built; St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church built—any one of those large structures large enough to swallow up two or three of the old-time churches. I say nothing of our own church. I cannot understand with what kind of arithmetic and slate-pencil a man calculates when he comes to the conclusion that church attendance in America is in decadence. Take the aggregate of the number of people who enter the house of God now, and compare it with the aggregate of the people who entered the house of God twenty-five years ago, and the present attendance is four to one. The facts are most exhilarating instead of being depressing. That man who presents the opposite statistics must have been most unfortunate in his church acquaintance.

You are not to argue adversely because here and there a church is depleted. Churches have their day. Sometimes merchandise will entirely occupy a neighborhood and crowd out the churches and the families ordinarily attendant upon them. Sometimes a church perishes through internecine strife. But these are no facts to overthrow the statement that I have

made in regard to the increasing attendance upon the house of God. Now I am ready to admit, as every intelligent man will admit, that there are churches which have been depleted, and it is high time that a sermon be preached for the benefit of young men who are just entering the Gospel ministry, and for the warning of this and all other prosperous churches as to what are the causes of decline in any case. If merchandise crowd out a church, that cannot be helped, but under all other circumstances decadence in church attendance is the fault either of the church or of the pastor.

Churches are often cleared of their audiences by the attempt to transplant the modes of the past into the present. The modes and methods of fifty years ago are no more appropriate for to-day than the modes and methods of to-day will be appropriate for fifty years hence. Dr. Kirk, Dr. McElroy, Dr. Mason, Dr. De Witt, Dr. Vermilyea, and hundreds of other men just as good as they were, never lacked audiences, because they were abreast of the time in which they lived. People will not be interested in what we say unless we understand the spirit of the day in which we live. All the woe-begonish statistics are given by those who are trying in our time to work the worn-out machinery of the past times. Such men might just as well throw the furnaces out of our church basement and substitute the foot-stoves which our grandmothers used to carry with them to meeting, and throw out our organs and our cornets, and take the old-fashioned tuning-fork, striking it on the knee and then lifting it to the ear to catch the pitch of the hymn, and might as well throw out our modern platforms and modern pulpits and substitute the wine-glass pulpit up which the minister used to climb to the dizzy height of Mont Blanc solitariness, and then go in out of sight and shut the door after him. When you can get the great masses of the people to take passage from Albany to Buffalo in stage-coach or canal-boat, in preference to the lightning express train which does it in eight hours, then you can get the great masses of the people to go to a church half a century behind the time.

The trouble begins away back in the theological seminaries. It is a shame that larger provision is not made for ministers of religion, for

the sick and the aged and the infirm who have worn themselves out in the service of God. We have naval asylums and soldiers' asylums for men who fought on land and sea for our country, when these men have become aged or crippled, and it is a shame that larger provision is not made for the good soldiers of Jesus Christ who have worn themselves out in battling for the Lord. But lack of provision in that respect makes a tendency to turn our theological seminaries into a hospital for sick and aged and infirm ministers. When a man begins to go down they give him the title of D.D. by way of resuscitation. If that fail, then the tendency is to elect him to a professorate in some theological seminary. There are grand exceptions to the rule; but it is often the case that the professorate in a theological seminary is occupied by some minister of the Gospel who, not being able to preach himself, is set to teach others how to preach. In more cases than one the poorest speaker in the faculty is the professor of elocution. We want more wide-awake, more able-bodied, able-minded men, more enthusiastic men in our theological seminaries and in the professorates—men like Addison Alexander, who can during the week teach young men the theory of preaching, and then on Sabbath go into the pulpit, and with the thunder and lightning of Christian eloquence show them how. What would you think of a faculty of unsuccessful merchants, to train young merchants, or a faculty of unsuccessful lawyers to train young lawyers? It is often the case that theological seminaries cut a man, and clip him, and square him, and mould him, and bore him, and twist him, until all the individuality is gone out of him and he is only a poor copy of a man who was elected to a professorate because he could not preach. We want less dead wood in the theological seminaries, and more flaming evangelists. I declare that a man who cannot preach himself cannot teach others how to preach. At a meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, a clergyman accustomed on the Sabbath to preach to an audience of two or three hundred people, in an audience room that would hold fifteen hundred, was appointed to preach a sermon on how to reach the masses! I am told the incongruity was too much for the risibilities of many of the clergy in the audience.

Now a young man coming out from such dwarfing influences, how can he enter into the want and the woes and the sympathies of people who want on the Sabbath a practical Gospel that will help them all the week and help them forever? Young ministers are told they must preach Christ and Him crucified. Yes, but not as an abstraction. Many a minister has preached Christ and Him crucified in such a way that he preached an audience of five hundred down to two hundred, and from two hundred to one hundred, and from one hundred to fifty, and from fifty to twenty, and on down until there was but little left save the sexton, who was paid to stay until the service was over and lock up! There is a great deal of cant about Christ and Him crucified. It is not Christ and Him crucified as an abstraction, but as an omnipotent

sympathy applied to all the wants and woes of our immortal nature—a Christ who will help us in every domestic, social, financial, political, national struggle—a Christ for the parlor, a Christ for the nursery, a Christ for the kitchen, a Christ for the barn, a Christ for the street, a Christ for the store, a Christ for the banking-house, a Christ for the factory, a Christ for the Congressional assembly, a Christ for the courtroom, a Christ for every trial and every emergency and every perturbation.

It is often the case that the difficulty begins clear back in the home circle, with misapprehension as to which child ought to be consecrated to the ministry. John is a keen, bright boy. He is good at a bargain. When he trades at school he always gets the best of it. Make him a merchant. He will soon gather a fortune and go right up to take his place among the Grinnells and the Lawrences. George has great cerebral development. Phrenologically, language is large. Make him a lawyer. He will argue his way to the front, and he will take his place among the Mansfields and the Storrs. Henry has large girth at the chest, and is military in his step and bearing. Send him to West Point. We shall see him yet a brigadier-general. William is fond of sketching, especially of sketching ships, and he knows as much about a vessel as an old sailor. Make him a shipbuilder. The vessel that he builds will successfully wrestle with the Caribbean whirlwind. Aleck is not very well. He has never had very good digestion. Since that last malarial attack his spleen is enlarged. He has a morbid way of looking at things. He will sit for hours looking at one figure in the carpet. His manners are so mild, so soft, so gentle, so affectionate, so heavenly, and he cries easily. Make him a minister! Now, my friends, that is a great mistake. If you want to consecrate one of your sons to the Gospel ministry, take the one widest awake, the brawniest, the most brilliant, the most irresistible, the most potent. A tremendous work opens before a profession whose one object is to lift the nations toward God, and prepare them for heaven.

Ah! my friends, churches will be largely attended just in proportion as we ministers can meet their wants, meet their sufferings, meet their bereavements, and meet their sympathies. If there be a church with small help, small audience; medium help, medium audience; large help, large audience. If there be a famine in a city, and three depots of bread, and one depot have a hundred loaves, and another depot five hundred loaves, and another depot ten thousand loaves, the depot that has a hundred loaves will have applicants, the depot that has five hundred loaves will have far more applicants, the depot that has ten thousand loaves, throngs, throngs. O my brethren in the Christian ministry—and I see many before me to-day—my brethren in the Christian ministry, we must somehow get our shoulder under the burden of the people on the Sabbath, and give them one good stout lift, and we can do it. We have it all our own way. It is a great pity if, with the floor clear and no interruption, we cannot during the course of an hour get our hymn, or our

prayer, or our sermon under such momentum we can lift the people, body, mind, and soul, clear out of their sins, temptations, and troubles.

I think that ministerial laziness often empties the churches of auditors. Hearers who are intelligent through reading newspapers and by active association in business circles will not on the Sabbath sit and listen to platitudes. Hearers will not come to sermons which have in them no facts, no information, no stirring power, no adaptation, no fire. The pew will not listen to the pulpit unless, at least on the subject that day under discussion, the pulpit knows more than the pew. Ministerial laziness has cleared out many churches. Such ministers saunter around from parlor to parlor under the name of pastoral visitation, and go gadding about through the village or the city on errands of complete nothingness, and wrap their brains around a cigar and smoke them up, and then on Saturday afternoon put a few crude thoughts together, and on Sunday morning wonder that the theme of Christ and Him crucified does not bring a large audience, and on Monday sit down and write jeremiads for the religious newspapers about the decadence of church attendance!

People will not go to church merely as a matter of duty. There will not next Sabbath be a thousand people in Brooklyn who will get up in the morning and say, "The Bible says I must go to church; it is my duty to go to church, therefore I will go to church." The vast multitude of people who go to church go to church because they like it, and the multitude of people who stay away from church stay away because they do not like it. I am not speaking about the way the world ought to be; I am speaking about the way the world is. Taking things as they are, we must make the centripetal force of the church mightier than the centrifugal. We must make our churches magnets to draw the people thereunto, so that a man will feel uneasy if he does not go to church, saying, "I wish I had gone this morning. I wonder if I can't dress yet and get there in time. It is eleven o'clock; now they are singing. It is half past eleven; now they are preaching. I wonder when the folks will be home to tell us what was said, what has been going on." When the impression is confirmed that our churches, by architecture, by music, by sociality, and by sermon shall be made the most attractive places on earth, then we will want twice as many churches as we have now, twice as large, and then they will not half accommodate the people.

I say to the young men who are entering the ministry, we must put on more force, more energy, and into our religious services more vivacity, if we want the people to come. You look into a church court of any denomination of Christians. First, you will find the men of large common-sense and earnest look. The education of their minds, the piety of their hearts, the holiness of their lives qualify them for their work. Then you will find in every church court of every denomination a group of men who utterly amaze you with the fact that such semi-imbecility can get any pulpits to preach in! Those are the men who give forlorn statistics about church decadence. Frogs never croak in

running water; always in stagnant. But I say to all Christian workers, to all Sunday-school teachers, to all evangelists, to all ministers of the Gospel, if we want our Sunday-schools and our prayer-meetings and our churches to gather the people, we must freshen up. The simple fact is, the people are tired of the humdrum of religionists. Religious humdrum is the worst of all humdrum. You say over and over again, "Come to Jesus," until the phrase means absolutely nothing. Why do you not tell them a story which will make them come to Jesus in five minutes? You say that all Sunday-school teachers and all evangelists and all ministers must bring their illustrations from the Bible. Christ did not when He preached. The most of the Bible was written before Christ's time, but where did He get His illustrations? He drew them from the lilies, from the ravens, from salt, from a candle, from a bushel, from long-faced hypocrites, from gnats, from moths, from large gates and small gates, from a camel, from the needle's eye, from yeast in the dough of bread, from a mustard seed, from a fishing-net, from debtors and creditors. That is the reason multitudes followed Christ. His illustrations were so easy and so understandable. Therefore, my brother Christian worker, if you and I find two illustrations for a religious subject, and the one is a Bible illustration and the other is outside the Bible, I will take the latter because I want to be like my Master. Looking across to a hill, Christ saw the city of Jerusalem. Talking to the people about the conspicuity of Christian example He said, "The world is looking at you; be careful. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid." While He was speaking of the divine care of God's children a bird flew past. He said, "Behold the ravens." Then looking down into the valley, all covered at that season with flowers, He said, "Consider the lilies." O my brother Christian workers, what is the use of our going away off in some obscure part of history, or on the other side the earth, to get an illustration, when the earth and the heavens are full of illustrations. Why should we go away off to get an illustration of the vicarious suffering of Jesus Christ, when only last week at Bloomfield, New Jersey, only ten or fifteen miles from here, two little children were walking on the rail-track, and a train was coming; but they were on a bridge of trestle-work, and the little girl took her brother and let him down through the trestle-work as gently as she could toward the water, very carefully and lovingly and cautiously, so that he might not be hurt in the fall, and might be picked up by those who were standing near by. While doing that the train struck her, and hardly enough of her body was left to gather into a funeral casket. What was that? Vicarious suffering. Like Christ. Pang for others. Woe for others. Suffering for others. Death for others.

What is the use of our going away off to find an illustration in past age, when four or five weeks ago, in Michigan, a mail-carrier on horse-back, riding on, pursued by those flames which had swept over a hundred miles, saw an old man by the roadside, dismounted, helped the old man on the horse, saying, "Now whip up and

get away." The old man got away, but the mail-carrier perished. Just like Christ dismounting from the glories of heaven to put us on the way of deliverance, then falling back into the flames of sacrifice for others. Pang for others. Woe for others. Death for others. Vicarious suffering.

What is the use of our going away off in ancient history to find an illustration of the fact that it is dangerous to defy God, when last summer in the Adirondacks I saw a flash of lightning and bolt so vivid, I said, "That struck something very near." A few hours afterward we found that two farmers that Monday morning had been seated under a tree, the one boasting how that, the day before, on the Sabbath, he had got his hay in, and so cheated the Lord out of that part of the time anyhow, and both of them laughing over the achievement by which they had wronged the Lord of His holy day, when the lightning struck one dead instantly, and the other had been two weeks in bed when we left the Adirondacks, and has become an invalid, I suppose, for life. He did not make as much out of the Lord as he thought he did. Was it any less an illustration for my soul because I met the clergyman on his way home from the funeral, and he told me of the facts, and said the body of the man who had been destroyed was black with the electricity?

O Christian workers, we have got to freshen up. What is the use of our going back in the Christian classics to find an illustration of the victorious Christian death-bed, when my personal friend, Alfred Cookman, a few years ago went away in as imperial grandeur as did Edward Payson. Is it any less an illustration to me and to you because I met him a few weeks before, in front of Trinity Church, Broadway, and I said, "Cookman, you look as if you were working too hard." Where in all the classics is there such a story as that of Cookman, when in his last moment he cried, "I am sweeping through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb?"

What is the use of going away off to get an illustration, when on Thursay night, in a house on Third Avenue, Brooklyn, I saw a woman dying, and she said, "Mr. Talmage, heaven used to be to me a great way off, but it now is just at the foot of the bed?" What is the use of your going away off to get illustrations of a victorious death-bed, when all Wales, when I was there two years ago, was filled with the story of the dying experience of Frances Ridley Havergal? She got her feet wet standing on the ground preaching temperance and the Gospel to a group of boys and men, went home with a chill, and congestion set in, and they told her she was very dangerously sick. "I thought so," she said, "but it is really too good to be true that I am going. Doctor, do you really think I am going?" "Yes." "To-day?" "Probably." She said, "Beautiful, splendid, to be so near the gate of heaven." Then after a spasm of pain she nestled down in the pillows and said, "There, now, it is all over—blessed rest." Then she tried to sing, and she struck one glad note, high note of praise to Christ, but could sing only one word, "He," and then all was still. She finished it in heaven.

O fellow Christian workers, what is the use

of our being stale and obsolete and ancient when all around us are these evidences of God's grace, God's deliverance, God's mercy, and God's wisdom? We have got to freshen up—freshen up in our sermons, freshen up in our songs, freshen up in our zeal, freshen up in our consecration; and if we do it, my brethren and sisters, we will no more have to coax people to come to church than if you throw corn on the ground you have to coax pigeons to come and eat it; no more than you would have to coax a tired horse to eat the oats you throw in his manger. Yes, we must freshen up in our Sunday-schools, and in our prayer-meetings, and in our pulpits.

Let the Church of God stop its apologetic air. It is high time that the Church of God stopped writing apologies for the Church. Let the men who are on the outside, who despise religion, write the apologies. If any people do not want the Church they need not have it. It is a free country. If any man does not want the Gospel he need not have it. It is a free country. But you go out, O people of God, and give the Gospel to the five hundred thousand people of Brooklyn who do want it, and to the fifty millions of America who do want it. It is high time we stop skirmishing and bring on a general engagement. I want to live to see the Armageddon, all the armies of heaven and hell in battle array, for I know our Conqueror on the white horse will gain the day. Let the Church of God be devoted to nothing else, but go right on to this conquest.

When Moses with his army was trying to conquer the Ethiopians, profane history says, it was expected that he would go in a roundabout way and come by the banks of the river as other armies had done, because the straight route was infested with snakes, and no army and no man had dared to go across this serpent-infested region. But Moses surprised them. He sent his men out to gather up ibises. The ibis is a bird celebrated for serpent-slaying, and these ibises were gathered into crates and into baskets, and they were carried at the head of the army of Moses, and coming up to the serpent-infested region the crates were opened and the ibises flew forth, and the way was cleared, and the army of Moses marched right on and came so unexpectedly on the Ethiopians that they flew in wild dismay. O Church of God, you are not to march in a roundabout way, but to go straight forward, depending upon winged influences to clear the way. Hosts of the living God, march on, march on! Church attendance, large now, is going to be larger yet. The sky is brightening in every direction. I am glad for the boy and girl five years old: I think they may see the millennium. The wheel of Christian progress has never made one revolution backward. Last week, at Yorktown, France and England and Germany and the United States celebrated one event. France forgot all about Waterloo, and the United States saluted the English flag. Think of George Washington saluting the English flag! He would rather have been shot. The world moves, the kingdom advances. All nations will yet salute the flag of Prince Immanuel. To Him be glory in the Church, throughout all ages. Amen!

CHRISTIANITY AS A DELUSION.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, May 7, 1882.

"He made his arrows bright, he consulted with images, he looked in the liver."—EZEKIEL 21 : 21.

Two modes of divination by which the King of Babylon proposed to find out the will of God. He took a bundle of arrows, put them together, mixed them up, then pulled forth one, and by the inscription on it decided what city he should first assault. Then an animal was slain, and by the lighter or darker color of the liver, the brighter or darker prospect of success was inferred. That is the meaning of the text: "He made his arrows bright, he consulted with images, he looked in the liver."

Stupid delusion! And yet all the ages have been filled with delusions. It seems as if the world loves to be hoodwinked, the delusion of the text only a specimen of a vast number of deceptions practised upon the human race. In the latter part of the last century, Johanna Southcote came forth pretending to have divine power, made prophecies, had chapels built in her honor, and one hundred thousand disciples came forth to follow her. About five years before the birth of Christ, Apollonius was born, and he came forth, and after five years being speechless according to the tradition, he healed the sick and raised the dead, and preached virtue, and, according to the myth, having deceased, was brought to resurrection.

The Delphic Oracle deceived vast multitudes of people; the Pythoness seated in the Temple of Apollo uttering a crazy jargon from which the people guessed their individual or national fortunes or misfortunes. The utterances were of such a nature that you could read them anyway you wanted to read them. A general, going forth to battle, consulted the Delphic Oracle, and he wanted to find out whether he was going to be safe in the battle, or killed in the battle, and the answer came forth from the Delphic Oracle in such words that, if you put the comma before the word "never," it means one thing, and if you put the comma after the word "never," it means another thing just opposite. The message from the Delphic Oracle to the general was, "Go forth, return never in battle shalt thou perish." If he was killed, that was according to the Delphic Oracle; if he came home safely, that was according to the Delphic Oracle. So the ancient auguries deceived the people. The priests of those auguries, by the flight of birds, or by the intonation of thunder, or by the inside appearance of slain animals, told the fortunes or misfortunes of individuals or

nations. The sibyls deceived the people. The sibyls were supposed to be inspired women who lived in caves and who wrote the sibylline books afterward purchased by Tarquin the Proud. So late as the year 1829, a man arose in New York, pretending to be a divine being, and playing his part so well that wealthy merchants became his disciples and threw their fortunes into his discipleship. And so in all ages, there have been necromancies, incantations, witchcrafts, sorceries, magical arts, enchantments, divinations and delusions. The one of the text was only a specimen of that which has been transpiring in all ages of the world. None of these delusions accomplished any good. They deceived, they pauperized the people, they were as cruel as they were absurd. They opened no hospitals, they healed no wounds, they wiped away no tears, they emancipated no serfdom.

But there are those who say that all these delusions combined are as nothing compared with the delusion now abroad in the world, the delusion of the Christian religion. That delusion has to-day two hundred million dupes. It proposes to encircle the earth with its girdle. That which has been called a delusion has already overshadowed the Appalachian range on this side the sea, and it has overshadowed the Balkan and Caucasian ranges on the other side the sea. It has conquered England and the United States. This champion delusion, this hoax, this swindle of the ages, as it has been called, has gone forth to conquer the islands of the Pacific; the Melanasia and the Micronesia and Malayan Polynesia have already surrendered to the delusion. Yea, it has conquered the Indian Archipelago; and Borneo, and Sumatra and Celebes and Java have fallen under its wiles. In the Fiji Islands, where there are 120,000 people, 102,000 have already become the dupes of this Christian religion, and if things go on as they are now going on, and if the influence of this great hallucination of the ages cannot be stopped, it will swallow the globe. Supposing, then, that Christianity is the delusion of the centuries, as some have pronounced it, I propose this morning to show you what has been accomplished by this chimera, this fallacy, this hoax, this swindle of the ages.

And in the first place, I remark, that this delusion of the Christian religion has made *wonderful transformations of human character*. I

will go down the aisle of any church in Christendom, and I will find on either side that aisle those who were once profligate, profane, unclean of speech, and unclean of action, drunken and lost. But by the power of this delusion of the Christian religion they have been completely transformed, and now they are kind and amiable and genial and loving and useful. Everybody sees the change. Under the power of this great hallucination they have quit their former associates, and whereas they once found their chief delight among those who gambled and swore and raced horses, now they find their chief joy among those who go to prayer-meetings and churches; so complete is the delusion. Yea, their own families have noticed it—the wife has noticed it, the children have noticed it. The money that went for rum now goes for books and for clothes and for education. He is a new man. All who know him say there has been a wonderful change. What is the cause of this change? This great hallucination of the Christian religion. There is as much difference between what he is now and what he once was, as between a rose and a nettle, as between a dove and a vulture, as between day and night. Tremendous delusion!

Admiral Farragut, one of the most admired men of the American navy, early became a victim of this Christian delusion, and, seated, not long before his death, at Long Branch, he was giving some friends an account of his early life. He said: "My father went down in behalf of the United States Government to put an end to Aaron Burr's rebellion. I was a cabin boy and went along with him. I could swear like an old salt. I could gamble in every style of gambling. I knew all the wickedness there was at that time abroad. One day my father cleared everybody out of the cabin except myself, and locked the door. He said: 'David, what are you going to do? What are you going to be?' 'Well,' I said, 'father, I am going to follow the sea.' 'Follow the sea! and be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor, kicked and cuffed about the world and die of a fever in a foreign hospital?' 'Oh! no,' I said, 'father, I will not be that, I will tread the quarter-deck, and command as you do.' 'No, David,' my father said, 'no, David, a person that has your principles and your bad habits will never tread the quarter-deck or command.' My father went out and shut the door after him, and I said then, 'I will change, I will never swear again, I will never drink again, I will never gamble again,' and, gentlemen, by the help of God I have kept those three vows to this time. I soon after that became a Christian, and that decided my fate for time and for eternity."

Another captive of this great Christian delusion! There goes Saul of Tarsus on horseback at full gallop. Where is he going? To destroy Christians. He wants no better play-spell than to stand and watch the hats and coats of the murderers who are massacring God's children. There goes the same man. This time he is afoot. Where is he going now? Going on the road to Ostia to die for Christ. They tried to whip it out of him, they tried to scare it out of him, they thought they would give him enough of it by putting him into a windowless dungeon,

and keeping him on small diet, and denying him a cloak, and condemning him as a criminal, and howling at him through the street; but they could not freeze it out of him, and they could not sweat it out of him, and they could not pound it out of him, so they tried the surgery of the sword, and one summer day in 66 he was decapitated. Perhaps the mightiest intellect of the 6000 years of the world's existence hoodwinked, cheated, cajoled, duped by the Christian religion. Ah! that is the remarkable thing about this delusion of Christianity, it overpowers the strongest intellects. Gather the critics, secular and religious, of this century together, and put a vote to them as to which is the greatest book ever written, and by large majority they will say "Paradise Lost." Who wrote "Paradise Lost?" One of the fools who believed in this Bible, John Milton. *Benjamin Franklin* surrendered to this delusion, if you may judge from the letter that he wrote to Thomas Paine begging him to destroy the "Age of Reason" in manuscript and never let it go into type, and writing afterward, in his old days: "Of this Jesus of Nazareth I have to say that the system of morals He left, and the religion He has given us are the best things the world has ever seen or is likely to see." *Patrick Henry*, the electric champion of liberty, enslaved by this delusion, so that he says: "The book worth all other books put together is the Bible." *Benjamin Rush*, the leading physiologist and anatomist of his day, the great medical scientist—what did he say? "The only true and perfect religion is Christianity." *Isaac Newton*, the leading philosopher of his time—what did he say? That man surrendering to this delusion of the Christian religion, crying out: "The sublimest philosophy on earth is the philosophy of the Gospel." *David Brewster*, at the pronunciation of whose name every scientist the world over bows his head, *David Brewster* saying: "Oh, this religion has been a great light to me, a very great light all my days." *President Thiers*, the great French statesman, acknowledging that he prayed when he said: "I invoke the Lord God in whom I am glad to believe." *David Livingstone*, able to conquer the lion, able to conquer the panther, able to conquer the savage, yet conquered by this delusion, this hallucination, this great swindle of the ages, so when they find him dead they find him on his knees. *William E. Gladstone*, the strongest intellect in England to-day, unable to resist this chimera, this fallacy, this delusion of the Christian religion, goes to the house of God every Sabbath, and often at the invitation of the rector, reads the prayers to the people. Oh, if those mighty intellects are overborne by this delusion, what chance is there for you and for me?

Beside that, I have noticed that first-rate infidels cannot be depended on for steadfastness in the proclamation of their sentiments. *Goethe*, a leading sceptic, was so wrought upon by this Christianity that in a weak moment he cried out: "My belief in the Bible has saved me in my literary and moral life." *Rousseau*, one of the most eloquent champions of infidelity, spending his whole life warring against Christianity, cries out: "The majesty of the Scriptures amazes

me." *Altamont*, the notorious infidel, one would think he would have been safe against this delusion of the Christian religion. Oh, no. After talking against Christianity all his days, in his last hours he cried out: "Oh, Thou blasphemed but most indulgent Lord God, hell itself is a refuge if it hide me from Thy frown." *Voltaire*, the most talented infidel the world ever saw, writing two hundred and fifty publications, and the most of them spiteful against Christianity, himself the most notorious libertine of the century—one would have thought he could have been depended upon for steadfastness in the advocacy of infidelity and in the war against this terrible chimera, this delusion of the Gospel. But no; in his last hour he asks for Christian burial, and asks that they give him the sacrament of the Lord Jesus Christ. Why, you cannot depend upon these first-rate infidels—you cannot depend upon their power to resist this great delusion of Christianity. *Thomas Paine*, the god of modern sceptics, his birthday celebrated in New York and Boston with great enthusiasm—Thomas Paine the paragon of Bible haters—Thomas Paine, about whom his brother infidel, William Carver, wrote in a letter which I have at my house, saying that he drank a quart of rum a day and was too mean and too dishonest to pay for it—Thomas Paine, the adored of modern infidelity—Thomas Paine, who stole another man's wife in England and brought her to this land—Thomas Paine, who was so squalid and so loathsome and so drunken and so profligate and so beastly in his habits, sometimes picked out of the ditch, sometimes too filthy to be picked out—Thomas Paine, one would have thought that he could have been depended on for steadfastness against this great delusion. But no. In his dying hour, he begs the Lord Jesus Christ for mercy.

Powerful delusion, all-conquering delusion, earthshaking delusion of the Christian religion. Yea, it goes on, it is so impertinent, and it is so overbearing, this chimera of the Gospel, that having conquered the great picture galleries of the world, the old masters and the young masters, as I showed in a former sermon, it is not satisfied until it has conquered the music of the world. Look over the programme of that magnificent musical festival in New York last week, and see what were the great performances, and learn that the greatest of all the subjects were religious subjects. What was it on Friday night when three thousand voices were accompanied with a vast number of instruments? "Israel in Egypt." Yes, Beethoven deluded until he wrote the High Mass in D Major. Haydn deluded with this religion until he wrote the "Creation." Handel deluded until he wrote the oratorios of "Jephthah" and "Esther" and "Saul" and "Israel in Egypt," and the "Messiah." Last Friday night, three thousand deluded people singing of a delusion to eight thousand deluded hearers.

Yes, this chimera of the Gospel is not satisfied until it goes on and builds itself into the most permanent architecture, so it seems as if the world is never to get rid of it. What are some of the finest buildings in the world? St. Paul's, St. Peter's, the churches and cathedrals of all

Christendom. Yes, this impertinence of the Gospel, this vast delusion is not satisfied until it projects itself, and in one year gives, contributes, \$6,250,000 to foreign missions, the work of which is to make dunces and fools on the other side the world—people we have never seen. Deluded doctors—two hundred and twenty physicians meeting week by week in London, in the Union Medical Prayer Circle to worship God. Deluded lawyers—Lord Cairns, the highest legal authority in England, the ex-adviser of the throne, spending his vacation in preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the poor people of Scotland. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, the Secretary of State of the United States, an old-fashioned evangelical Christian, an elder in the Reformed Church. John Bright, a deluded Quaker. Henry Wilson, the Vice-President of the United States, dying a deluded Methodist or Congregationalist. Earl of Kintore dying a deluded Presbyterian. The cannibals in South Sea, the Bushmen of Terra del Fuego, the wild men of Australia, putting down the knives of their cruelty, and clothing themselves in decent apparel—all under the power of this delusion. Judson and Doty and Abeel and Campbell and Williams and the three thousand missionaries of the cross turning their backs on home and civilization and comfort, and going out amid the squalor of heathenism to relieve it, to save it, to help it, toiling until they dropped into their graves, dying with no earthly comfort about them, and going into graves with no appropriate epitaph when they might have lived in this country, and lived for themselves, and lived luxuriously, and been at last put into brilliant sepulchres. What a delusion!

Yea, this delusion of the Christian religion shows itself in the fact that it goes to *those who are in trouble*. Now, it is bad enough to cheat a man when he is well and when he is prosperous; but this religion comes to a man when he is sick, and says: "You will be well again after a while; you are going into a land where there are no coughs and no pleurisies and no consumptions and no languishing; take courage and bear up." Yea, this awful chimera of the Gospel comes to the poor and it says to them: "You are on your way to vast estates and to dividends always declarable." This delusion of Christianity comes to *the bereft* and it talks of reunion before the throne, and of the cessation of all sorrow. And then to show that this delusion will stop at absolutely nothing, it goes to the dying bed and fills the man with anticipations. How much better it would be to have him die without any more hope than swine and rats and snakes. That is all. Nothing more left of him. He will never know anything again. Shovel him under! The soul is only a superior part of the body, and when the body disintegrates the soul disintegrates. Annihilation, vacancy, everlasting blank, obliteration. Why not present all that beautiful doctrine to the dying, instead of coming with this hoax, this swindle of the Christian religion, and filling the dying man with anticipations of another life, until some in the last hour have clapped their hands, and some have shouted and some have sung, and some have been so overwrought with joy they

could only look ecstatic. Palace gates opening, they thought—diamonded coronets flashing—hands beckoning, orchestras sounding. Little children dying, actually believing they saw their departed parents, so that, although the little children had been so weak and feeble and sick for weeks, they could not turn on their dying pillow, at the last, in a paroxysm of rapture uncontrollable, they sprang to their feet, and shouted, "Mother, catch me, I am coming!"

And to show the immensity of this delusion, this awful swindle of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, I open a hospital and I bring into that hospital the death-beds of a great many Christian people, and I take you by the hand this morning and I walk up and down the wards of that hospital, and I ask a few questions. I ask, "Dying Stephen, what have you to say?" "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." "Dying John Wesley, what have you to say?" "The best of all is, God is with us." "Dying Edward Payson, what have you to say?" "I float in a sea of glory." "Dying John Bradford, what have you to say?" "If there be any way of going to heaven on horseback, or in a fiery chariot, it is this." "Dying Neander, what have you to say?" "I am going to sleep now—good-night." "Dying Mrs. Florence Foster, what have you to say?" "A pilgrim in the valley, but the mountain-tops are all agleam from peak to peak." "Dying Alexander Mather, what have you to say?" "The Lord who has taken care of me fifty years, will not cast me off now; glory be to God and to the Lamb! Amen, amen, amen, amen!" "Dying John Powson, after preaching the Gospel so many years, what have you to say?" "My death-bed is a bed of roses." "Dying Doctor Thomas Scott, what have you to say?" "This is heaven begun." "Dying soldier in the last war, what have you to say?" "Boys, I am going to the front." "Dying telegraph operator on the battlefield of Virginia, what have you to say?" "The wires are all laid, and the poles are up from Stony Point to headquarters." "Dying Paul, what have you to say?" "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." "O my Lord, my God, what a delusion, what a glorious delusion! Submerge me with it, fill my eyes and ears with it, put it under my dying head for a pillow—this delusion—spread it over me for a canopy, put it underneath me for an outspread wing—roll it over me in ocean surges ten thousand fathoms deep! Oh, if infidelity, and if atheism, and if annihilation are a reality, and the Christian religion is a delusion, give me the delusion."

The strong conclusion of every man and woman in the house is that Christianity producing such grand results cannot be a delusion. A lie, a cheat, a swindle, an hallucination cannot launch such a glory of the centuries. Your logic and your common-sense convince you that

a bad cause cannot produce an illustrious result; out of the womb of such a monster no such angel can be born. There are many in this house this morning, in the galleries and on the main floor, who began with thinking that the Christian religion was a stupid farce, who have come to the conclusion that it is a reality. Why are you here to-day? Why did you sing this song? Why did you bow your head in the opening prayer? Why did you bring your family with you? Why, when I tell you of the ending of all trials in the bosom of God, do there stand tears in your eyes—not tears of grief, but tears of joy such as stand in the eyes of homesick children far away at school when some one talks to them about going home? Why is it that you can be so calmly submissive to the death of your loved one, about whose departure you once were so angry and so rebellious? There is something the matter with you. All your friends have found out there is a great change. And if some of you would give your experience, you would give it in scholarly style, and others giving your experience would give it in broken style, but the one experience would be just as good as the other. Some of you have read everything. You are scientific and you are scholarly, and yet if I should ask you, "What is the most sensible thing you ever did?" you would say, "The most sensible thing I ever did was to give my heart to God."

But there may be others here who have not had early advantages, and if they were asked to give their experience, they might rise and give such testimony as the man gave in a prayer-meeting when he said: "On my way here to-night, I met a man who asked me where I was going. I said, 'I am going to prayer-meeting.' He said, 'There are a good many religions, and I think the most of them are delusions; as to the Christian religion, that is only a notion, that is a mere notion, the Christian religion.' I said to him: 'Stranger, you see that tavern over there?' 'Yes,' he said, 'I see it.' 'Do you see me?' 'Yes, of course I see you.' 'Now, the time was, as everybody in this town knows, that if I had a quarter of a dollar in my pocket I could not pass that tavern without going in and getting a drink; all the people of Jefferson could not keep me out of that place; but God has changed my heart, and the Lord Jesus Christ has destroyed my thirst for strong drink, and there is my whole week's wages, and I have no temptation to go in there; and, stranger, if this is a notion, I want to tell you it is a mighty powerful notion; it is a notion that has put clothes on my children's back, and it is a notion that has put good food on our table, and it is a notion that has filled my mouth with thanksgiving to God. And, stranger, you had better go along with me, you might get religion, too; lots of people are getting religion now.'"

Well, we will soon understand it all. Your life and mine will soon be over. We will soon come to the last bar of the music, to the last act of the tragedy, to the last page of the book—yea, to the last line and to the last word, and to you and to me it will either be midnight or midnight!

THE HORSE AND HIS RIDER.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, June 18, 1882.

"Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."—JOB 39: 19, 21, 25.

AT this season of the year, when there come long columns of intelligence from the race-course, and multitudes are flocking to the watering-places to witness equine competition, and there is lively discussion in all households about the right and wrong of such exhibitions of mettle and speed, and when there is a heresy abroad that the cultivation of a horse's fleetness is an iniquity instead of a commendable virtue—at such a time a sermon is demanded of every minister who would like to defend public morals on the one hand, and who is not willing to see an unrighteous abridgment of innocent amusement on the other. In this discussion I shall follow no sermonic precedent, but will give independently what I consider the Christian and common-sense view of this potent, all-absorbing, and agitating question of the turf.

There needs to be a redistribution of coronets among the brute creation. For ages the lion has been called the king of beasts. I knock off its coronet and put the crown upon the horse, in every way nobler, whether in shape, or spirit, or sagacity, or intelligence, or affection, or usefulness. He is semi-human and knows how to reason on a small scale. The centaur of olden times, part horse and part man, seems to be a suggestion of the fact that the horse is something more than a beast. Job in my text sets forth his strength, his beauty, his majesty, the panting of his nostril, the pawing of his hoof, and his enthusiasm for the battle. What Rosa Bonheur did for the cattle, and what Landseer did for the dog, Job with mightier pencil does for the horse. Eighty-eight times does the Bible speak of him. He comes into every kingly procession, and into every great occasion and into every triumph. It is very evident that Job, and David, and Isaiah, and Ezekiel, and Jeremiah, and John, were fond of the horse. He comes into much of their imagery. A red horse—that meant war. A black horse—that meant famine. A pale horse—that meant death. A white horse—that meant victory. Good Mordecai mounts him while Haman holds the bit. The Church's advance in the Bible is compared to a company of horses of Pharaoh's chariot. Jeremiah cries out, "How canst thou contend with horses?" Isaiah says, "The horse's hoofs shall be counted as flint." Miriam claps her cymbals and sings, "The horse and the rider

hath He thrown into the sea." St. John describing Christ as coming forth from conquest to conquest represents Him as seated on a white horse. In the parade of Heaven the Bible makes us hear the clicking of hoofs on the golden pavement as it says, "The armies which were in Heaven followed Him on white horses." I should not wonder if the horse, so banged, and bruised, and beaten, and outraged on earth should have some other place where his wrongs shall be righted. I do not assert it, but I say I should not be surprised if, after all, St. John's descriptions of the horses in Heaven turned out not altogether to be figurative, but somewhat literal.

As the Bible makes a favorite of the horse, the patriarch, and the prophet, and the evangelist, and the apostle stroking his sleek hide and patting his rounded neck, and tenderly lifting his exquisitely formed hoof, and listening with a thrill to the champ of his bit, so all great natures in all ages have spoken of him in encomiastic terms. Virgil in his *Georgics* almost seems to plagiarize from this description in the text, so much are the descriptions alike—the description of Virgil and the description of Job. The Duke of Wellington would not allow any one irreverently to touch his old war-horse Copenhagen, on whom he had ridden fifteen hours without dismounting at Waterloo, and when old Copenhagen died, his master ordered a military salute fired over his grave. John Howard showed that he did not exhaust all his sympathies in pitying the human race, for when sick he writes home, "Has my old chaise horse become sick or spoiled?" There is hardly any passage of French literature more pathetic than the lamentation over the death of the war-charger *Marchegay*. Walter Scott has so much admiration for this divinely honored creature of God that in "St. Ronan's Well" he orders the girth slackened and the blanket thrown over the smoking flanks. Edmund Burke, walking in the park at Beaconsfield, musing over the past, throws his arms around the worn-out horse of his dead son Richard, and weeps upon the horse's neck, the horse seeming to sympathize in the memories. Rowland Hill, the great English preacher, was caricatured because in his family prayers he supplicated for the recovery of a sick horse, but when the horse got well,

contrary to all the prophecies of the farriers, the prayer did not seem quite so much of an absurdity.

But what shall I say of the maltreatment of this beautiful and wonderful creature of God? If Thomas Chalmers in his day felt called upon to preach a sermon against cruelty to animals, how much more in this day is there a need of reprehensive discourse. All honor to Professor Bergh, the chief apostle for the brute creation, for the mercy he has demanded and achieved for this king of beasts. A man who owned four thousand horses, and some say forty thousand, wrote in the Bible: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." Sir Henry Lawrence's care of the horse was beautifully Christian. He says: "I expect we shall lose Conrad, though I have taken so much care of him that he may come in cool. I always walk him the last four or five miles, and as I walk myself the first hour it is only in the middle of the journey we get over the ground." The Ettrick Shepherd in his matchless Ambrosial Nights speaks of the maltreatment of the horse as a practical blasphemy. I do not believe in the transmigration of souls, but I cannot very severely denounce the idea, for when I see men who cut and bruise and whack and welt and strike and maul and outrage and insult the horse, that beautiful servant of the human race, who carries our burdens and pulls our ploughs, and turns our threshers and our mills, and runs for our doctors—when I see men thus beating and abusing and outraging that creature, it seems to me that it would be only fair that the doctrine of transmigration of souls should prove true, and that for their punishment they should pass over into some poor miserable brute and be beaten and whacked and cruelly treated, and frozen and heated and overdriven; into an everlasting stage-horse, an eternal traveller on a towpath, or tied to an eternal post, in an eternal winter, smitten with eternal epizootics! Oh, is it not a shame that the brute creation, which had the first possession of our world, should be so maltreated by the race that came in last—the fowl and the fish created on the fifth day, the horse and the cattle created on the morning of the sixth day, and the human race not created until the evening of the sixth day? It ought to be that if any man overdrives a horse, or feeds him when he is hot, or recklessly drives a nail into the quick of his hoof, or rowels him to see him prance, or so shoes him that his fetlocks drop blood, or puts a collar on a raw neck, or unnecessarily clutches his tongue with a twisted bit, or cuts off his hair until he has no defence against the cold, or unmercifully abbreviates the natural defence against insectile annoyance—that such a man as that himself ought to be made to pull and let his horse ride!

But not only do our humanity and our Christian principle and the dictates of God demand that we kindly treat the brute creation, and especially the horse; but I go further and say that whatever can be done for the development of his fleetness and his strength and majesty ought to be done. We need to study his anatomy and his adaptations. I am glad that large books have been written to show how he can be best managed, and how his ailments can be cured,

and what his usefulness is, and what his capacities are. It would be a shame if in this age of the world, when the florist has turned the thin flower of the wood into a gorgeous rose, and the pomologist has changed the acrid and gnarled fruit of the ancients into the very poetry of pear and peach and plum and grape and apple, and the snarling cur of the Orient has become the great mastiff, and the miserable creature of the olden times barn-yard has become the Devonshire and the Alderney and the shorthorn, that the horse, grander than them all, should get no advantage from our science or our civilization or our Christianity. Groomed to the last point of soft brilliance, his flowing mane a billow of beauty, his arched neck in utmost rhythm of curve, let him be harnessed in graceful trappings and then driven to the furthest goal of excellence, and then fed at luxuriant oat-bins, and blanketed in comfortable stall. The long tried and faithful servant of the human race deserves all kindness, all care, all reward, all succulent forage and soft litter and paradisiacal pasture field. Those farms in Kentucky and in different parts of the North, where the horse is trained to perfection in fleetness and in beauty and in majesty, are well set apart. There is no more virtue in driving slow than in driving fast, any more than a freight train going ten miles the hour is better than an express train going fifty. There is a delusion abroad in the world that a thing must be necessarily good and Christian if it is slow and dull and plodding. There are very good people who seem to imagine it is humbly pious to drive a spavined, galled, glandered, spring-halted, blind-staggered jade. There is not so much virtue in a Rosinante as there is in a Bucephalus. At the way some people drive, Elijah with his horses of fire would have taken three weeks to get into Heaven. We want swifter horses, and swifter men, and swifter enterprises, and the Church of God needs to get off its jog trot. Quick tempests, quick lightnings, quick streams; why not quick horses? In time of war the cavalry service does the most execution, and as the battles of the world are probably not all past, our Christian patriotism demands that we be interested in equinal velocity. We might as well have poorer guns in our arsenals and clumsier ships in our navy-yards than other nations, as to have under our cavalry saddles and before our parks of artillery slower horses. From the battle of Granicus where the Persian horses drove the Macedonian infantry into the river, clear down to the horses on which Philip Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson rode into the fray, this arm of the military service has been recognized. Hamilcar, Hannibal, Gustavus Adolphus, Marshal Ney were cavalymen. In this arm of the service, Charles Martel at the battle of Poitiers beat back the Arab invasion. The Carthaginian cavalry, with the loss of only seven hundred men, overthrew the Roman army with the loss of seventy thousand. In the same way the Spanish chivalry drove back the Moorish hordes. The best way to keep peace in this country and in all countries is to be prepared for war, and there is no success in such a contest unless there be plenty of light-footed chargers. Our Chris-

tian patriotism and our instruction from the Word of God demand that first of all we kindly treat the horse, and then after that, that we develop his fleetness and his grandeur and his majesty and his strength.

But what shall I say of the effort being made in this day on a large scale to make this splendid creature of God, this divinely honored being, an instrument of atrocious evil? I make no indiscriminate assault against the turf. I believe in the turf if it can be conducted on right principles and with no betting. There is no more harm in offering a prize for the swiftest racer than there is harm at an agricultural fair in offering a prize to the farmer who has the best wheat, or to the fruit-grower who has the largest pear, or to the machinist who presents the best corn-thresher, or in a school offering a prize of a copy of Shakespeare to the best reader, or in a household giving a lump of sugar to the best behaved youngster. Prizes by all means, rewards by all means. That is the way God develops the race. Rewards for all kinds of well-doing. Heaven itself is called a prize: "The prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." So what is right in one direction is right in another direction. And without the prizes the horse's fleetness and beauty and strength will never be fully developed. If it cost \$1000 or \$5000 or \$10,000, and the result be achieved, it is cheap. But the sin begins where the betting begins, for that is gambling, or the effort to get that for which you give no equivalent, and gambling, whether on a large scale or a small scale, ought to be denounced of men as it will be accursed of God. If you have won fifty cents or \$5000 as a wager, you had better get rid of it. Get rid of it right away. Give it to some one who lost in a bet, or give it to some great reformatory institution, or if you do not like that, go down to the East River and pitch it off the docks. You cannot afford to keep it. It will burn a hole in your purse, it will burn a hole in your estate, and you will lose all that, perhaps ten thousand times more—perhaps you will lose all. Gambling blasts a man or it blasts his children. Generally both and all.

There is at this time a horse-betting craze. There is great danger that our beautiful Coney Island beach, the finest watering-place on the American continent, the benediction of God upon Brooklyn and New York, should become a place distinguished for the gathering of gamblers and scoundrels and pickpockets. I say there is great danger in that direction. There are thousands of young men who have already taken a long stride on the down grade through the Brighton Beach races and the Sheepshead Bay races. There have been stores in New York and Brooklyn robbed of small sums of money by boys who wanted to get the money to buy betting tickets. Last summer, on Barclay Street, New York, there were three pool-rooms for betting on the horse-races at Coney Island and other points, and those three pool-rooms were crowded and surrounded by boys and men, and the police had to stand and keep the way clear. Hear it, you citizens, the police of New York aware of the betting pools and doing nothing! I hear there is now one such place on Willoughby

Street, in our city. I call the attention of the public authorities to it for investigation in that direction. Hunter's Point also is the headquarters of much of this infamy. But what a spectacle when at Saratoga, or at Long Branch, or at Brighton Beach, or at Sheepshead Bay, the horses start, and in a flash fifty or a hundred thousand dollars change hands! Multitudes ruined by losing the bet, others worse ruined by gaining the bet; for if a man lose in a bet at a horse-race, he may be discouraged and quit, but if he win the bet he is very apt to go straight on to hell!

An intimate friend, a journalist, who in the line of his profession investigated this evil, tells me that there are three different kinds of betting at horse-races, and they are about equally leprous: by "auction pools," by "French mutuals," by what is called "bookmaking"—all gambling, all bad, all rotten with iniquity. There is one word that needs to be written on the brow of every poolseller as he sits deducting his three or five per cent and slyly "ringing up" more tickets than were sold on the winning horse—a word to be written also on the brow of every bookkeeper who at extra inducement scratches a horse off of the race, and on the brow of every jockey who slackens pace that, according to agreement, another may win, and written over every judge's stand, and written on every board of the surrounding fences. That word is, "swindle!" Yet thousands bet. Lawyers bet. Judges of courts bet. Members of the legislature bet. Members of Congress bet. Professors of religion bet. Teachers and superintendents of Sunday-schools, I am told, bet. Ladies bet, not directly, but through agents. Yesterday, and every day they bet, they gain, they lose, and this summer, while the parasols swing and the hands clap and the huzzas deafen, there will be a multitude of people cajoled, and deceived, and cheated who will at the races go neck and neck, neck and neck to perdition. Cultivate the horse, by all means, drive him as fast as you desire, provided you do not injure him or endanger yourself or others; but be careful and do not harness the horse to the chariot of sin. Do not throw your jewels of morality under the flying hoof. Do not under the pretext of improving the horse destroy a man. Do not have your name put down in the ever-increasing catalogue of those who are ruined for both worlds by the dissipations of the American race-course. They say that an honest race-course is a "straight" track, and that a dishonest race-course is a "crooked" track—that is the parlance abroad; but I tell you that every race-track, surrounded by betting men, and betting women, and betting customs, is a straight track—I mean straight down! Christ asked in one of His Gospels: "is not a man better than a sheep?" I say, yes, and he is better than all the Dexters, and the Hindoos, and the Glenmores, and the old Paroles that with lathered flanks ever shot around the ring at a race-course. That is a very poor job by which a man in order to get a horse to come out a full length ahead of some other racer, so lames his own morals that he comes out a whole length behind in the race set before him.

Do you not realize the fact that there is a mighty effort on all sides to-day to get money without earning it? That is the curse of Brooklyn, and it is the curse of New York; it is the curse of America—the effort to get money without earning it, and as other forms of stealing are not respectable, they go into these gambling practices. I have received a letter giving the names of the proprietors and the locations of some ten or fifteen “policy” shops in this city. I do not know whether they are correct charges or slanderous charges. I have no time to make an investigation myself. I shall hand the letter over to the authorities, public authorities. But let me say to the officers in Brooklyn and New York, and in Kings County, that they will be backed up in all their efforts to extirpate gambling from these cities—gambling of all sorts, gambling whether it appears in the crowded street, or down on the magnificent beach where the Atlantic with unceasing voice invites our sweltering populations to come down to refreshment, stepping into the great Bethesda where the angel of healing is ever troubling the waters. I preach this sermon on square old-fashioned honesty. I have said nothing against the horse, I have said nothing against the turf. I have said everything against their prostitution. Young men, you go into straightforward industries and you will have better livelihood, and you will have larger permanent success than you can ever get by a wager; but you get in with some of the whiskey, rum-blotched crew which

I see going down on the ocean boulevards, though I never bet, I will risk this wager, five million to nothing, you will be debauched and damned. Cultivate the horse, own him if you can afford to own him, test all the speed he has, if he have any speed in him; but be careful which way you drive. You cannot always tell what direction a man is driving in by the way his horses head. Forty years ago we rode three miles ever Sabbath morning to the country church. We were drawn by two fine horses. My father drove. He knew them, and they knew him. They were friends. Sometimes they loved to go rapidly, and he did not interfere with their happiness. He had all of us in the wagon with him. He drove to the country church. The fact is, that for eighty-two years he drove in the same direction. The roan span that I speak of was long ago unhitched, and the driver put up his whip in the wagon-house never again to take it down; but in those good old times I learned something that I never forgot, that a man may admire a horse and love a horse, and be proud of a horse, and not always be willing to take the dust of the preceding vehicle, and yet be a Christian, an earnest Christian, an humble Christian, a consecrated Christian, useful until the last, so that at his death the church of God cries out as Elisha exclaimed when Elijah went up with galloping horses of fire: “My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!”

THE INSIDE.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, April 10, 1881.

"Is thine heart right?"—II KINGS 10 : 15.

WITH mettled horses at full speed, for he was celebrated for fast driving, Jehu, the warrior and king, returns from battle. But seeing Jehonadab, an acquaintance, by the wayside, he shouts "Whoa! whoa!" to the lathered span. Then leaning over to Jehonadab, Jehu salutes him in the words of the text—words not more appropriate for that hour and that place than for this hour and place, Is thine heart right? I should like to hear of your physical health. Well myself, I like to have everybody else well; and so might ask, Are your eyes right, your hearing right, your nerves right, your lungs right, your entire body right? But I am busy to-day taking diagnosis of the more important spiritual conditions.

I should like to hear of your financial welfare. I want everybody to have plenty of money, ample apparel, large storehouse, and comfortable residence; and I might ask, Is your business right, your income right, your worldly surrounding right? But what are these financial questions compared with the inquiry as to whether you have been able to pay your debts to God; as to whether you are insured for eternity; as to whether you are ruining yourself by the long-credit system of the soul? I have known men to have no more than one loaf of bread at a time, and yet to own a government bond of heaven, worth more than the whole material universe.

The question I ask you to-day is not in regard to your habits. I make no inquiry about your integrity, or your chastity, or your sobriety. I do not mean to stand on the outside of the gate and ring the bell; but coming up the steps I open the door and come to the private apartment of the soul; and with the earnestness of a man that must give an account for this day's work, I cry out, O man, O woman immortal, Is thine heart right?

I will not insult you by an argument to prove that we are by nature all wrong. If there be a factory explosion, and the smoke-stack be upset, and the wheels be broken in two, and the engine unjointed, and the ponderous bars be twisted, and a man should look in and say that nothing was the matter, you would pronounce him a fool. Well, it needs no acumen to discover that our nature is all atwist and askew and unjointed. The thing doesn't work right. The biggest trouble we have in the world is with our souls. Men sometimes say that though their

lives may not be just right, their heart is all right. Impossible! A farmer never puts the poorest apples on top of his barrel; nor does the merchant place the meanest goods in his show-window. The best part of us is our outward life. I do not stop to discuss whether we all fell in Adam, for we have been our own Adam, and have all eaten of the forbidden fruit, and have been turned out of the paradise of holiness and peace; and though the flaming sword that stood at the gate to keep us out has changed position and comes behind to drive us in, we will not go. The Bible account of us is not exaggerated when it says that we are poor and wretched, and miserable, and blind, and naked. Poor: the wretch that stands shivering on our doorstep on a cold day is not so much in need of bread as we are of spiritual help. Blind: why, the man whose eyes perished in the powder-blast, and who for these ten years has gone feeling his way from street to street, is not in such utter darkness as we. Naked: why, there is not one rag of holiness left to hide the shame of our sin. Sick: why, the leprosy has eaten into the head, and the heart, and the hands, and the feet; and the marasmus of an everlasting wasting away has already seized on some of us.

But the meanest thing for a man to do is to discourse about an evil without pointing a way to have it remedied. I speak of the thirst of your hot tongue only that I may show you the living stream that drops crystalline and sparkling from the Rock of Ages, and pours a river of gladness at your feet. If I show you the rents in your coat, it is only because the door of God's wardrobe now swings open, and here is a robe, white with the fleece of the Lamb of God, and of a cut and make that an angel would not be ashamed to wear. If I snatch from you the black, mouldy bread that you are munching, it is only to give you the bread made out of the finest wheat that grows on the celestial hills, and baked in the fires of the cross, and one crumb of which would be enough to make all heaven a banquet. Hear it, one and all, and tell it to your friends when you go home, that the Lord Jesus Christ can make the heart right.

I. First we need a repenting heart. If for the last ten, twenty, or forty years of life we have been going on in the wrong way, it is time that we turned around and started in the opposite direction. If we offend our friends, we are

glad to apologize. God is our best friend, and yet how many of us have never apologized for the wrongs we have done Him! There is nothing that we so much need to get rid of as sin. It is a horrible black monster. It polluted Eden. It killed Christ. It has blasted the world. Men keep dogs in kennels, and rabbits in a warren, and cattle in a pen. What a man that would be who would shut them up in his parlor. But this foul dog of sin, and these herds of transgression, we have entertained for many a long year in our heart, which should be the cleanest, brightest room in all our nature. Out with the vile herd! Begone, ye befoulers of an immortal nature! Turn out the beasts, and let Christ come in! A heathen came to an early Christian who had the reputation of curing diseases. The Christian said, "You must have all your idols destroyed." The heathen gave to the Christian the key to his house, that he might go in and destroy the idols. He battered to pieces all he saw, but still the man did not get well. The Christian said to him, "There must be some idol in your house not yet destroyed." The heathen confessed that there was one idol of beaten gold that he could not bear to give up. After a while, when that was destroyed, in answer to the prayer of the Christian the sick man got well. Many a man has awakened in his dying hour to find his sins all about him. They clambered up on the right side of the bed, and on the left side, and over the headboard, and over the footboard, and horribly devoured the soul.

"Repent! the voice celestial cries;
Nor longer dare delay;
The wretch that scorns the mandate, dies,
And meets a fiery day."

II. Again, we need a believing heart. A good many years ago a weary one went up one of the hills of Asia Minor, and with two logs on his back cried out to all the world, offering to carry their sins and sorrows. They pursued Him. They slapped Him in the face. They mocked Him. When He groaned they groaned. They shook their fists at Him. They spit on Him. They hounded Him as though he were a wild beast. His healing of the sick, His sight-giving to the blind, His mercy to the outcast silenced not the revenge of the world. His prayers and benedictions were lost in that whirlwind of execration. Away with Him! Away with Him! Ah! it was not merely the two pieces of wood that He carried; it was the transgressions of the race, the anguish of the ages, the wrath of God, the sorrows of hell, the stupendous interests of an unending eternity. No wonder His back bent. No wonder the blood started from every pore. No wonder that He crouched under a torture that made the sun faint, and the everlasting hills tremble, and the dead rush up in their winding-sheets as He cried, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from Me." But the cup did not pass. None to comfort! There He hangs! What has that hand done that it should be thus crushed in the palm? It has been healing the lame and wiping away tears. What has that foot been doing that it should be so lacerated? It has been going

about doing good. Of what has the victim been guilty? Guilty of saving a world. Tell me, ye heavens and earth, was there ever such another criminal? Was there ever such a crime? On that hill of carnage, that sunless day, amid those howling rioters, may not your sins and mine have perished? I believe it. Oh, the ransom has been paid. Those arms of Jesus were stretched out so wide that when He brought them together again they might embrace the world. Oh, that I might, out of the blossoms of the spring, or the flaming foliage of the autumn, make one wreath for my Lord! Oh, that all the triumphal arches of the world could be swung in one gateway, where the King of Glory might come in! Oh, that all the harps and trumpets and organs of earthly music might, in one anthem, speak His praise! But what were earthly flowers to Him who walketh amid the snow of the white lilies of heaven! What were arches of earthly masonry to Him who hath about His throne a rainbow spun out of everlasting sunshine! What was all earthly music to Him when the hundred and forty and four thousand on one side, and the cherubim, and seraphim, and archangels stand on the other side, and all the space between is filled with the doxologies of eternal jubilee! the hosannah of a redeemed earth, the hallelujah of unfallen angels, song after song rising about the throne of God and of the Lamb. In that pure, high place, let Him hear us. Stop! harps of heaven, that our poor cry may be heard. O my Lord Jesus! it will not hurt Thee for one hour to step out from the shining throng. They will make it all up when Thou goest back again. Come hither, O Blessed One, that we may kiss Thy feet. Our hearts, too long withheld, we now surrender into Thy keeping. When Thou goest back, tell it to all the immortals that the lost are found, and let Thy father's house ring with the music and the dance.

They have some old wine in heaven, not used except in rare festivities. In this world, those who are accustomed to use wine on great occasions bring out the beverage and say, "This wine is thirty years old," or "forty years old." But the wine of heaven is more than eighteen centuries old. It was prepared at the time when Christ trod the wine-press alone. When such grievous sinners as we come back, methinks the chamberlain of heaven cries out to the servants, "This is unusual joy! Bring up from the vaults of heaven that old wine. Fill all the tankards. Let all the white-robed guests drink to the immortal health of these new-born sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty." There is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth; and God grant that that one may be you!

III. Again, in order to have a right heart it must be a forgiving heart. An old writer says, "To render good for evil is God-like; good for good is man-like; evil for good, devil-like." Which of these natures have we? Christ will have nothing to do with us as long as we keep any old grudge. We have all been cheated and lied about. There are people who dislike us so much that if we should come down to poverty and disgrace, they would say, "Good for him!

Didn't I tell you so?" They never have understood us, and never will. They do not want to understand us. Unsanctified human nature says, Wait till you get a good crack at him, and when at last you find him in a tight place, give it to him. Flay him alive. No quarter. Leave not a rag of reputation. Jump on him with both feet. Pay him in his own coin—sarcasm for sarcasm, scorn for scorn, abuse for abuse. But, my friends, that is not the right kind of heart. No man ever did so mean a thing toward us as we have done toward God. And if we cannot forgive others, how can we expect God to forgive us? Thousands of men have been kept out of heaven by an unforgiving heart. Here is some one who says, "I will forgive that man the wrong he did me about that house and lot; I will forgive that man who overreached me in a bargain; I will forgive that man who sold me a shoddy overcoat; I forgive them—all but one. That man I cannot forgive. The villain—I can hardly keep my hands off of him. If my going to heaven depends on my forgiving him, then I will stay out." Wrong feeling! If a man lie to me once, I am not called to trust him again. If a man betray me once, I am not called to put confidence in him again. But I would not dare to go to sleep at night if I could not offer a sincere prayer for the temporal and everlasting welfare of all men, whatever meannesses and outrage they have inflicted upon me. If you want to get your heart right, strike a match, and burn up all your old grudges, and blow the ashes away. "If you forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive you your trespasses."

An old Christian black woman was going along the streets of New York with a basket of apples that she had for sale. A rough sailor ran against her and upset the basket, and stood back expecting to hear her scold frightfully; but she stooped down and picked up the apples, and said, "God forgive you, my son, as I do." The sailor saw the meanness of what he had done, and felt in his pocket for his money, and insisted that she should take it all. Though she was black, he called her mother, and said, "Forgive me, mother; I will never do anything so mean again." Ah! there is a power in a forgiving spirit to overcome all hardness. There is no way of conquering men like that of bestowing upon them your pardon, whether they will accept it or not.

IV. Again, a right heart is an expectant heart. It is a poor business to be building castles in the air. Enjoy what you have now. Don't spoil your comfort in the small house because you expect a larger one. Don't fret about your income when it is three or four dollars per day, because you expect to have after a while ten dollars per day; or ten thousand a year, because you expect it to be twenty thousand a year. But about heavenly things, the more we think the better. Those castles are not in the air, but on the hills, and we have a deed of them in our possession. I like to see a man all full of heaven. He talks heaven. He sings heaven. He prays heaven. He dreams heaven. Some of us in our sleep have had the good place open to us. We saw the pinnacles

in the sky. We heard the click of the hoofs of the white horses on which victors rode, and the clapping of the cymbals of eternal triumph. And while in our sleep we were glad that all of our sorrows were over, and burdens done with, the throne of God grew whiter, whiter and whiter, till we opened our eyes and saw that it was only the sun of the earthly morning shining on our pillow. To have a right heart you need to be filled with this expectancy. It would make your privations and annoyances more bearable.

In the midst of the city of Paris stands, or did stand, a statue of the good, but broken-hearted Josephine. I never imagined that marble could be smitten into such tenderness. It seems not lifeless. If the spirit of Josephine be disencarnated, the soul of the Empress has taken possession of this figure. I am not yet satisfied that it is stone. The puff of the dress on the arm seems to need but the pressure of the finger to indent it. The figure at the bottom of the robe, the ruffle at the neck, the fur lining on the dress, the embroidery of the satin, the cluster of lily and leaf and rose in her hand, the poise of her body as she seems to come sailing out of the sky, her face calm, humble, beautiful, but yet sad—attest the genius of the sculptor and the beauty of the heroine he celebrates. Looking up through the rifts of the coronet that encircles her brow, I could see the sky beyond, the great heavens where all woman's wrongs shall be righted, and the story of endurance and resignation shall be told to all the ages. The rose and the lily in the hand of Josephine will never drop their petals. The children of God, whether they suffer on earth, in palaces, or in hovels, shall come to that glorious rest.

O heaven, sweet heaven! at thy gate we set down all our burdens and griefs. The place will be full. Here there are vacant chairs at the hearth, and at the table, but there are no vacant chairs in heaven. The crowns all worn; the thrones all mounted. Some talk of heaven as though it were a very handsome church, where a few favored spirits would come in and sit down on finely-cushioned seats all by themselves, and sing psalms to all eternity. No, no. "I saw a great multitude that no man could number, standing before the throne. He that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and it was twelve thousand furlongs"—that is, fifteen hundred miles in circumference. Ah! heaven is not a little colony, at one corner of God's dominion, where a man's entrance depends upon what kind of clothes he has on his back, and how much money he has in his purse; but a vast empire. God grant that the light of that blessed world may shine upon us in our last moment.

The roughest time we had in crossing the ocean was at the mouth of Liverpool harbor. We arrived at nightfall, and were obliged to lie there till the morning, waiting for the rising of the tide, before we could go up to the city. How the vessel pitched and writhed in the water. So sometimes the last illness of the Christian is a struggle. He is almost through the voyage. The waves of temptation toss his soul, but he waits for the morning. At last the

light dawns, and the tides of joy rise in his soul, and he sails up and casts anchor within the veil.

Are you ready? Is thine heart right? Have you within you a repenting heart, a believing heart, a forgiving heart, an expectant heart? If not, I must write upon your soul what George Whitefield wrote upon the window-pane with his diamond ring. He tarried in an elegant house over night, but found that there was no God recognized in that house. Before he left his room in the morning, with his ring he wrote upon the window-pane, "One thing thou lackest." After the guest was gone, the housewife came up and looked at the window, and saw the inscription, and called her husband and her children: and God, through that ministry of the window-glass, brought them all to Jesus. Though you may to-day be surrounded by comforts and luxuries, and feel that you have need of nothing, if you are not the children of God, with the signet-ring of Christ's love, let me inscribe upon your souls, "One thing thou lackest." I pray you that, whatever else you may miss, you may not miss heaven. It is too

bright a home to lose. Your soul has been bought at too dear a price. I preach to you of the blood that cleanseth from all sin. Casting all your sins behind you, I beg of you to start this morning for the kingdom. "Yes," you say, "I will start, but not now." William III. made proclamation, when there was a revolution in the north of Scotland, that all who came and took the oath of allegiance by the 31st of December should be pardoned. MacIlan, a chieftain of a prominent clan, resolved to return with the rest of the rebels, but had some pride in being the very last one that should take the oath. He postponed starting for this purpose until two days before the expiration of the term. A snow-storm impeded his way, and before he got up to take the oath and receive a pardon from the throne the time was up and past. While the others were set free, MacIlan was miserably put to death. He started too late and arrived too late. In like manner some of you are in prospect of losing forever the amnesty of the Gospel. Many of you are going to be forever too late. Remember the irreparable mistake of MacIlan!

THE CROSS! THE CROSS!

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, March 12, 1882.

"Whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me, cannot be my disciple."—LUKE 14 : 27.

THE cross was a gibbet on which criminals were put to death. It was sometimes made in the shape of the letter T, sometimes in the shape of the letter X, sometimes in the shape of the letter I—a simple upright ; sometimes two cross pieces against the perpendicular bar, so that upon the lower cross piece the criminal partially sat. But whatever the style of cross, it was always disgraceful and always agonizing. When Darius conquered Babylon, he put two hundred captives to death on the cross. When Alexander conquered Tyre, he put two thousand captives to death on the cross. So it was just an ordinary mode of punishment.

But in all the forest of crosses on the hills and in the valleys of the earth, there is one cross that attracts more attention than any other. It is not higher than the others, it is not made out of different wood, there is nothing peculiar in the notch at which the two pieces are joined, and as to the scene, they witnessed crucifixions every few weeks, so that I see a reckless man walking about the hill and kicking carelessly aside a skull, and wondering who the villain was that had so flat and misshapen a head ; and here is another skull, and there on the hillside is another skull. Indeed, the Bible says it was "a place of skulls." But about the victim on one of these crosses all ages are crying, "Who is He? was He a man? was He a God? was He man and God?" Through the darkness of that gloomy day, I come close up enough to the cross to see who it is. It is Jesus. How did He come there? Had He come up on the top of the hill to look off upon the beautiful landscape, or upon a brilliant sunset? No. He came there ill and exhausted. People sometimes wonder why Christ expired so quickly on the cross, in six or seven hours, while other victims have been on the cross for forty-eight hours before life was extinct. I will tell you the reason. He was exhausted when He came there. He had been scourged. We are horrified at the cruelties of the whipping-post, but those cruelties were mercy as compared with the scourging of Jesus Christ. Two or three Sundays ago, I incidentally mentioned a picture which I saw at Antwerp, a picture made by Rubens—Rubens's picture of the scourging of Jesus Christ. I had only time to just mention the picture. I had not time to say much about it. It was the most overmastering picture I ever looked at, or ever expect to see. As the long-

frooked official opened the door that hid the picture, there He was—Christ with back bent and bared. The flagellator stood with the upper teeth clenched over the lower lip, as though to give violence to the blows. There were the swollen shoulders of Christ. There were the black and blue ridges, denied even the relief of bleeding. There was the flesh adhering to the whips as they were lifted. There were the marks where the knots in the whips gouged out the flesh. There stood the persecutor, with his foot on the calf of the leg of the Saviour, balancing himself. Oh, the furious and hellish look on those faces, grinning vengeance against the Son of God. The picture seized me, it overwhelmed me ; it seemed as if it would kill me. I do not think I could have looked at it five minutes and have lived. But that, my friends, was before Christ had started for Calvary. That was only the whipping.

Are you ready for your journey to the cross? The carpenters have split the timber into two pieces. They are heavy and they are long pieces, for one of them must be fastened deep down in the earth lest the struggling of the victim upset the structure. They put this timber upon the shoulder of Christ very gradually, first, to see whether He can stand it, and after they find He can stand it, they put the whole weight upon Him. Forward now, to Calvary. The hooting and the yelling mob follow on. Under the weight of the cross, Christ being weary and sick, He stumbles and falls, and they jerk at His robe indignant that He should have stumbled and fallen, and they cry : "Get up, get up!" Christ, putting one hand on the ground and the other hand on the cross, rises, looking into the face of Mary, His mother, for sympathy ; but they tell her to stand back, it is no place for a woman—"Stand back and stop this crying." Christ moves on with His burden upon His shoulders, and there is a boy that passes along with Him, a boy holding a mallet and a few nails. I wonder what they are for. Christ moves on until the burden is so great He staggers and falls flat into the dust and faints dead away, and a ruffian puts his foot on Him and shakes Him as he would a dead dog, while another ruffian looks down at Him wondering whether He has fainted away, or whether He is only pretending to faint away, and with jeer and contempt indescribable says : "Fainted, have you? fainted! get up, get on!"

Now, they have arrived at the foot of the hill. Off with His clothes. Shall that loathsome mob look upon the unrobed body of Christ? Yes. The commanding officers say: "Unfasten the girdle, take off the coat, strip Him." The work is done. But bring back the coat, for here are the gamblers tossing up coin on the ground, saying: "Who shall have the coat?" One ruffian says: "I have it, I have it—it is mine!" He rolls it up and puts it under his arm, or he examines it to see what fabric it is made of. Then they put the cross upon the ground, and they stretch Christ upon it, and four or five men hold Him down while they drive the spikes home, at every thump a groan, a groan!

Alas! alas! the hour passes on and the time comes when they must crucify Him. Christ has only one garment left now, a cap, a cap of thorns. No danger that it will fall off, for the sharp edges have punctured the temples, and it is sure and fast. One ruffian takes hold of one end of the short beam of the cross, and another ruffian takes hold of the other end of the short beam of the cross, and another ruffian puts his arms around the waist of Christ, and another ruffian takes hold of the end of the long beam of the cross, and altogether they move on until they come to the hole dugged in the earth, and with awful plunge it jars down with its burden of woe. It is not the picture of a Christ, it is not the statue of Christ, as you sometimes see in a Roman Catholic cathedral; but it is the body of a bleeding, living, dying Christ. They sometimes say He had five wounds, but they have counted wrong. Two wounds for the hands, two wounds for the feet, one wound for the side, they say—five wounds. No, they have missed the worst, and they have missed the most. Did you ever see the bramble out of which that crown of thorns was made? I saw one on a Brooklyn ferryboat, in the hands of a gentleman who had just returned from Palestine, a bramble just like that out of which the crown of thorns was made. Oh, how cruel and how stubborn were the thorns. And when that cap of thorns was put upon Christ, and it was pressed down upon Him, not five wounds, but ten, twenty, thirty—I cannot count them.

There were three or four absences that made that scene worse. First, there was the absence of water. The climate was hot, the fever, the inflammation, the nervous prostration, the gangrene had seized upon Him, and He terribly wanted water. His wounds were worse than gunshot fractures, and yet no water. A Turk, in the thirteenth century, was crucified on the banks of a river so that the sight of the water might tantalize him. And oh, how the thirst of Christ must have tantalized as He thought of the Euphrates and the Jordan and the Amazon and all the fountains of earth and heaven poured out of His own hand. They offered Him an intoxicating draught made out of wine and myrrh, but He declined it. He wanted to die sober. No water. Then, my friends, there was the absence of light. Darkness always exasperates trouble. I never shall forget the night in the summer of 1873, in the steamer Greece, mid-Atlantic, every moment expecting the steamer to go down. All the lights in the cabin

were blown out. The captain came crawling in on his hands and knees, for he could not stand upright, so violently was the vessel pitching, and he cried out: "Light up, light up!" The steward said: "We can't light up; the candles are gone and the holders are gone." The captain said: "I can't help that; light up!" The storm was awful when the lights were burning, worse when the lights went out. Then there was the absence of faithful nurses. When you are ill, it is pleasant to have the head bathed and the hands and feet rubbed. Look at the hands and feet of Christ, look at the face of Christ. There were women there who had cared for the sick, but none of them might come up near enough to help. There was Christ's mother, but she might not come up near enough to help. They said: "Stand back, stand back; this is no place for you." The high-priests and the soldiers wanted it their own way; they had it their own way.

The hours pass on, and it is twelve o'clock of the Saviour's suffering, and it is one o'clock, and it is two o'clock, and it is almost three o'clock. Take the last look at that suffering face; wan and pinched, the purple lips drawn back against the teeth; the eyes red with weeping and sunken as though grief had pushed them back; blackness under the lower lid; the whole body adroop and shivering with the last chill; the breath growing feebler and feebler and feebler until He gives one long, deep, last sigh. He is dead! Oh! my soul, He is dead. Can you tell why? Was He a fanatic dying for a principle that did not amount to anything? Was He a man infatuated? No; to save your soul from sin, and mine, and make eternal life possible He died. There had to be a substitute for sin. Who shall it be? "Let it be Me," said Christ, "let it be Me."

You understand the meaning of that word substitution. You were drafted for the last war; some one took your place, marched your march, suffered your wounds and died at Gettysburg. Christ comes to us while we are fighting our battle with sin and death and hell, and He is our Substitute. He marches our march, fights our battle, suffers our wounds, and dies our death. Substitution! Substitution! How do you feel in regard to that scene described in the text, and in the region around about the text? Are your sympathies aroused? or are you so dead in sin, and so abandoned by reason of your transgressions that you can look upon all that tearless and unmoved? No, no; there are a thousand people here this morning who can say in the depths of their soul, "No, no, no; if Jesus endured that, and all that for me, I ought to love Him, I must love Him, I will love Him, I do love Him. Here, Lord, I give myself to Thee; 'tis all that I can do."

But how are you going to test your love, and test your earnestness? My text gives a test. It says that while Christ carried a cross for you, you must be willing to carry a cross for Christ. "Well," you say, "I never could understand that. There are no crosses to be carried in this land; those persecutions have passed, and in all the land there is no one to be crucified, and yet in the pulpit and in the prayer-meetings you

all keep talking about carrying a cross. What do you mean, sir?" I mean this; that is a cross which Christ calls you to do, which is unpleasant and hard. "Oh," you say, "after hearing the story of this Christ and all that He has endured for me, I am ready to do anything for Him. Just tell me what I have to do, and I'll do it. I am ready to carry any cross." Suppose I should ask you at the close of a religious service to rise up announcing yourself on the Lord's side—could you do it? "Oh, no," you say, "I have a shrinking and a sensitive nature, and it would be impossible for me to rise before a large assemblage, announcing myself on the Lord's side." Just as I feared. You cannot stand that cross. The first one that is offered you, you reject. Christ carried a mountain, Christ carried a Himalaya, Christ carried a world for you, and you cannot lift an ounce for Him. But here is a man whose cross will be to announce among his business associates to-morrow morning on Exchange, that he has begun a new life, that while he wants to be faithful in his worldly duties, he is living for another world, and he ought to advise all those who are his associates, so far as he can influence them, to begin with him the Christian life. Could you do that, my brother? "Oh, no," you say, "not just that. I think religion is religion, and business is business, and it would be impossible for me to recommend the Christian religion in places of worldly business." Just as I feared. There is a second cross offered you, and you cannot carry it. Christ lifted a mountain for you; you cannot lift an ounce for Him. There is some one whose cross will be to present religion in the home circle. Would you dare to kneel down and pray, if your brother and sister were looking at you? Could you ask a blessing at the tea-table? Could you take the Bible and gather your family around you, and read of Christ and heaven and your immortal soul? Could you then kneel and pray for a blessing on your household? "Oh," you say, "not exactly that. I couldn't quite do that, because I have a very quick temper, and if I professed religion and tried to talk religion in my household, and then after that I should lose my temper they would scoff at me and say: 'You are a pretty Christian!' So you are cowed down and their sarcasm keeps you out of heaven and away from Christ, when under God you ought to take your whole family into the kingdom. Christ lifted a mountain, lifted a world for you; you cannot lift an ounce for Him. I see how it is; you want to be favorable to religion, you want to support Christian institutions, you like to be associated with those who love Jesus Christ; but as to taking a positive step on this subject, you cannot—you cannot, and my text, like a gate of a hundred bolts, bars you away from peace on earth and glory in heaven.

There are hundreds of men and women here brave enough in other things in life who simply for the lack of manliness and womanliness stay away from God. They dare not say: "Forever and forever, Lord Jesus, I take Thee. Thou hast redeemed me by Thy blood, here is my immortal spirit. Listen, all my friends. Listen, all the world." They are lurking around about

the kingdom of God—they are lurking around about it, expecting to crawl in some time when nobody is looking, forgetful of the tremendous words of my text: "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after Me, cannot be My disciple." An officer of a neighboring church told me that he was in a store in New York—just happened in—where there were many clerks, and a gentleman came in and said to a young man standing behind the counter: "Are you the young man that arose the other night in the Brooklyn Tabernacle and asked for prayers?" Without any flush of cheek, he replied: "I am. I haven't always done right, and I have been quite bad; but since I arose for prayers, I think I am better than I was." It was only his way of announcing that he had started for the higher life. God will not cast out a man who is brave enough to take a step ahead like that.

I tell you these things this morning because, my dear friends, I want to show you how light the cross is that we have to carry compared with that which Christ carried for us. You have not had the flesh torn off for Christ's sake in carrying your cross; He fainted dead away under His cross. You have not carried the cross until it fetched the blood; under His there was a pool of carnage that plashed the horses' fetlocks. You have friends to sympathize with you in carrying the cross; Christ trod the wine-press of God's wrath alone, alone! The cross that you and I ought to carry represents only a few days or a few years of trial; the cross that Christ carried for us had compressed into it the agonies of eternity.

There has some one come here to-day whom you have not observed. He did not come through the front door; He did not come down any of these aisles; yet I know He is here. He is from the East, the far East. He comes with blistered foot, and with broken heart, and cheeks red, not with health, but with blood from the temples. I take hold of His coat and I say: "It does not seem to fit Thee." "No," He says, "it is not mine; it is borrowed; it does not belong to me now. For my vesture did they cast lots." And I say to Him, "Thine eyes are red as though from loss of sleep." He says: "Yes, the Son of Man, had not where to lay His head." And I touch the log on his back, and I say: "Why carriest Thou this?" "Ah," He says, "that is a cross I carry for thee and for the sins of the whole world. That is a cross. Fall into line, march on with Me in this procession, take your smaller crosses and your lighter burdens, and join Me in this march to heaven." And we join that procession with our smaller crosses and our lighter burdens, and Christ looks back and He sees some are halting because they cannot endure the shame, or bear the burden, and with a voice which has in it majesty and omnipotence, He cries until all the earth trembles: "Whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after Me cannot be My disciple." O my brethren, my sisters—for I do not speak professionally, I speak as a brother would speak to a brother or sister—my brother, can you not bear a cross if at last you can wear a crown?

Come now, let us divide off. Who is on the

Lord's side? Who is ready to turn his back upon the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world? A Roman emperor said to a Greek architect: "You build me a coliseum, a grand coliseum, and if it suits me I will crown you in the presence of all the people, and I will make a great day of festival on your account." The Greek architect did his work, did it magnificently, planned the building, looked after its construction. The building was done. The day for opening arrived. In the coliseum were the emperor and the Greek architect. The emperor rose amid the plaudits of a vast assembly, and said: "We have gathered here to-day to open this coliseum and to honor the Greek architect. It is a great day for the Roman Empire. Let this building be prosperous, and let honor be put upon the Greek architect. Oh, we must have a festival to-day. Bring out those Christians and let us have them put to death at the mouth of the lions." The Christians were put into the centre of the amphitheatre. It was to be a great celebration in their destruction. Then the lions, hungry and three-fourths starved, were let out from their dens in the side of the amphitheatre, and they came forth with mighty spring to destroy and rend the Christians, and all the galleries shouted, "Huzza, huzza! Long live the emperor!" Then the Greek architect arose in one of the galleries and shouted, until in the vast assemblage all heard him: "I too am a Christian!" and they seized him in their fury and flung him to the wild beasts, until his body, bleeding and dead, was tumbled over and over again in the dust of the amphitheatre. Could you have done that for Christ? Could you, in a vast assemblage, all of whom hated Christ, have said: "I am a Christian," or, "I want to be a Christian?" Would you have had the ten thousandth part of the enthusiasm and the courage of the Greek architect? Nay: I ask you another question: Would you in an assembly where they are nearly all Christians—in an assemblage a vast multitude of whom love Christ and are willing to live, and if need be, to die for Him—would you dare to say, "I am a Christian," or, "I want to be a Christian?" Would you say in the presence of the friends of Christ to-day, as much as the Greek architect said in the presence of the enemies of Christ? Oh, are there not multitudes here this morning who are ready to say: "Let the world look on, let all the galleries of earth and heaven and hell look on, I take Christ this day. Come applause or abuse, come sickness or health, come life or death, Christ now, Christ forever."

I wonder if at the close of the sermon I asked all those who wanted to be for Christ, to rise up—I wonder if there would be a great multitude to rise up, and yet I will not put the test. Let each one in his own soul answer the test. Are you for Christ, or are you against Him? The destinies of eternity tremble in the balance. It seems as if the last day had come and we were gathered for the reckoning. "Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him." What I say to the impenitent I say this morning to all Christians. What are you

doing for Christ? What are you bearing for Christ?

O Christian man, O Christian woman! Have you any scars to show in this conflict? When a war is over the heroes have scars to show. One hero rolls back his sleeve and shows a gunshot fracture, or he pulls down the collar and shows where he was wounded in the neck. Another man says: "I have never had the use of my limb since I was wounded at that great battle." When the last day comes, when all our battles are over, will we have any wounds for Christ? Some have wounds for sin; wounds for the devil, wounds gotten in fighting on the wrong side. Have we wounds that we can show—wounds gotten in the battle for Christ and for the truth? On that resurrection day Christ will have plenty of scars to show. Christ will stand there and show the scars on His brow, the scars on His hands, and the scars on His feet, and He will pull aside the robe of His royalty and show the scar on His side, and all heaven will break down with emotion and gratitude in one great sob, and then in one great hosanna. Will you and I have any scars to show? There will be Ignatius, on that day showing the mark of the paw and teeth of the lion that struck him down in the coliseum. There will be glorious John Huss showing just where on his foot the flames began on that day when his soul took wing of flame and soared up from Constance. There will be Hugh McNeil ready to point to the mark on his neck where the axe struck him. There will be McMillan and Campbell and Freeman, the American missionaries, who with their wives and children were put to death in the awful massacre at Cawnpore, showing the place where the daggers of the Sepoys struck them. There will be the Waldenses showing where their limbs were broken on the day when the Piedmontese soldiery pitched them over the rocks. Will you and I have any wounds to show? Have we fought any battles for Christ? When I ask for teachers, will there not out of this Bible class come this afternoon a hundred men and women who will say: "I can no longer be merely a recipient of truth; I must proclaim it. Woe is unto me if I preach not this Gospel somewhere to somebody. I can no longer stand here or sit here receiving from other teachers the truth of this Gospel when I must be a flaming evangel." Oh, that we might all be enlisted for Christ, that we might all be willing to suffer for Christ, that we might all bear a cross for Christ.

When the Scottish chieftains wanted to raise an army, they would make a wooden cross, and then set it on fire and carry it with other crosses they had, through the mountains, through the highlands, and among the people, and as they waved the cross the people would gather to the standard and fight for Scotland. So to-day, I come out with the cross of the Son of God. It is a flaming cross, flaming with suffering, flaming with triumph, flaming with glory. I carry it out among all the people. Who will be on the Lord's side. Who will gather to the standard of Emmanuel? A cross, a cross, a cross! "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after Me, cannot be My disciple."

HELP FOR ALL.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, March 6, 1881.

"In me is thine help."—HOSEA 13 : 9.

THOSE of you who have visited Versailles know that the picture-galleries were full of representations of the Napoleonic victories. It was Napoleon at Austerlitz, Napoleon crowned, Napoleon here and Napoleon there. When the Germans, a few years ago, took Versailles, the first thing they did was to cut out of the canvas all the representations of those Napoleonic victories. They wanted nothing that showed the defeat of the Germans and the triumph of the French. I would to God that this morning all trace of sinful victory in our soul might be obliterated, and that nothing might be left but the triumphs of grace. The first thing that a man does after waking up to his sinful condition is to try to help himself. He looks over his character. "Now," he says, "here I have some bad habits I must get rid of. I'll stop this, and I'll stop that. I have been given, to profanity; I'll stop swearing. I have been given to over-reaching my neighbors in bargaining; I'll be honest. I have been in the habit of Sabbath-breaking; I'll observe the Lord's day, and whatever I did wrong I'll do right."

There is no war between the Gospel and morality. We must give up our evil habits if we are going into the Kingdom of God; but if you have the idea that by changing your habits you can change your nature, you have made an awful mistake. A pomologist goes into his orchard, and he sees a valuable tree dying, and he knows that it has a worm gnawing at the root. Does he begin by chopping off branches in order to get the health of that tree? No; he begins to dig in the earth, and he comes down until he is able to destroy the worm at the root. Now, how are we to come to moral and spiritual health? Will we accomplish the thing by chopping off this bad habit and chopping off that bad habit, chopping off this evil proclivity and chopping off that evil proclivity? No; there is trouble at the root. "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." As long as the heart is wrong the life will be wrong.

Now, in a great many things, it is well for people to help themselves. If you want to get the favor of the world, go to work and win it. If you want to get a fortune, go to work and earn it. If you want to be a geologist, delve with your own crowbar; or a mineralogist, smite with your own hammer; or a surgeon, cut with your own knife; or a poet, chime your

own cantos; but if you have any idea that you are going to change your heart and hew your own way into heaven by your own strength, you are attempting an impossibility. You know very well that if a man be sinking in a quagmire, the more he struggles the deeper he sinks. If you are now in the depths of your sin, struggling by your own power to get out, you will only sink deeper. You want a strong arm on the outside to clutch you and lift you up, and plant you on the rock. In other words, you want some one to cry out from the solid land, "In me is thy help." Well, there are those in this audience who not only feel they have a sinful nature, but that they are helpless. I congratulate you, I am glad of it that you feel you are helpless. You say: "That isn't brotherly; that isn't humane." Well, I say that in the same spirit in which Lady Huntington said it to a man who exclaimed, "I am a lost man." She said, "I am glad of it." He said, "That's a most unkind remark." "Ah!" she said, "I am glad of it. Because you must first feel you are lost before you will win salvation." And so if there are those here this morning who not only know that they have a sinful nature, but that they are helpless, I congratulate you. For now comes the clarion voice of my text—it comes like ten thousand thunders bursting from the throne: "In me is thy help." There is a fountain in the city of Rome about which is the superstition that if a man once drinks of it he will some time certainly come there to drink again. He may be gone fifty years, he may wander all the world over; but the superstition says that that man will certainly come back and drink again of the fountain. He cannot help it. But it is no superstition for me to say that when a man drinks of this fountain of grace he is sure to come again, and coming this morning, some of you the hundredth time, the thousandth time, you will come yet again and yet again—this morning perhaps with more joy than when you came the first time. Drinking once, you drink again. Now, I feel the great heart of God, the great heart of a loving and sympathetic God, throbbing against the heart of this assembly, and every word is a throb: "In me—is—thy—help."

I. God, in the first place, is willing to help you by giving you the Holy Spirit to show you and me just the position we occupy. "Now, what is the use of conviction?" some one says.

"If God is going to save me, why not save me? What is the use of my being harrowed up by the sense of my past deficits? I am ready now to begin a new life; why be bothered about the past?" My brother, I will tell you the use of conviction. You go out into the street, and there is a gay equipage dashing past, and you rush out and take the horses by the bit, and you stop them. The occupant of the carriage says: "Why do you stop me, sir?" and you offer him fifty cents. He throws the money back in your face. He says: "Do you think I am a beggar? How dare you stop me? Get out of the way, or I will ride over you. Drive on!" Next morning you are coming out of your front doorway, and you see a poor man on the steps, hungered and in rags, and you give him fifty cents. He says: "Thank you. God bless you! I was near unto death for lack of bread. Thank you, thank you." In other words, the Gospel of the Son of God is a charity to our impoverished race. You offer that charity to a man who deems he is in need of nothing. He says: "Why do you offer me deliverance? I am not incarcerated. Why do you offer me pardon? I am no sinner. I want none of your help. Drive on!" Another man, by the power of the Holy Ghost, is persuaded that without Jesus Christ he is pauperized, impoverished, and beggared for eternity. You offer him the Gospel. He says: "God bless you for this offer. Hear all the earth and all the heavens that I am to be pardoned and blessed. Thank you, thank you." In other words, without conviction a man does not want Christ and His salvation. The Holy Spirit coming on the heart, a man wakes up to see his true state. If the Holy Spirit should come in this assemblage this morning with unwonted power—we all feel His presence now; but if He should come with unwonted power, what a scene!

I remember in the first year of my pastorate in the little village of Belleville I was very much discouraged because there were so few conversions, and one Sabbath morning I went into the pulpit utterly disheartened, and preached what it seemed to me was a very lame sermon. The next morning, passing down the street, a lady of one of the first families of the village said to me, "I wish you would come in and see my family." I said: "Are any of them sick?" I passed in, and I found the Holy Ghost was mightily working upon all their hearts, and before that nightfall that whole family were in the kingdom of God. Moreover, it was the beginning of a great awakening, and the Holy Spirit moved on scores of hearts. If the Holy Spirit should mightily appear this morning, there is an aged man who would drop his head and say: "O Lord, though it is the eleventh hour, have mercy on me." And there is a worldling who would say: "O God, give me a better portion than this world offers." There is a young man who would say: "Lord, I have been a wanderer, I would like to come home." Did I not hear a whisper going along from seat to seat? I think it was a prayer, a prayer: "God help me!" I look into your faces this morning, my beloved people, and I ask you the potent question which Paul asked of the Ephesians; "Have ye received the Holy Ghost?"

Pliny says that the first three days of the young lion's existence it seems to be dead, and the lioness is in seeming grief at the unconsciousness of her young; but on the third day the lion lifts up his voice, and at the roaring the young lions seem to wake out of death. Oh, that the lion of Judah's tribe would this day utter His arousing and resurrectionary voice until all the dead should rise!

II. Again, I remark that God is ready to help you by giving you repentance. There is a great difference between seeing my sin and turning from it, there is a great difference between finding my lost condition and getting out of it, there is a great difference between finding myself on the wrong road and getting on the right road. I explode the delusion that conviction and conversion are the same thing. Thousands of people get convicted who never get converted. I will illustrate the difference. A man is picked up from a scene of riot and debauchery and thrust into a prison at night. In the morning he wakes up and he sees only walls, he feels his wretchedness, he says: "Aching head, aching feet, aching heart. Miserable, miserable." He sits down and mourns. That same night another man is picked up from a scene of riot and debauchery and thrust into prison, and in the morning he wakes up and sees only walls, and feels his own wretchedness, and says: "Aching head, aching feet, aching heart. Miserable, miserable. I can't endure it," and he raps on the wicket of the prison, and he calls the jailer. He says, "Come here, come here. There is a man on such and such a street who is my friend, and he knows the governor. You just ask that friend to go to the governor's office and get a pardon for me and get it right away." The message is carried, the pardon is obtained, the prison doors are swung open, the man comes forth. In the first case it was conviction; in the last case it was conversion.

Now, where are we to get this repentance from? From God. "Prove it," you say. I will prove it. "Him hath God exalted to be a prince and a Saviour." What for? "To give repentance unto Israel." Oh, that this morning the Lord would help us all to repent. Rowland Hill says, "When I put down my pilgrim's staff at the gate of heaven, if I drop a tear it will be because I have to part forever with the sweet and pleasant companion, repentance." You hear about the sorrows of repentance. This morning I tell you of the joys of repentance.

III. Again, God is willing to help you by enabling you to exercise faith in Christ. Now, you say, we have come to a technicality. There is no technicality about it. You tell me that a man can believe as easily as turning his hand over. You make a misstatement. I often hear Christian men in prayer-meeting say: "It is easy to believe, perfectly easy to believe." I deny it. The most exhausting undertaking to which I ever put the energies of my soul, the most exhausting undertaking to which you ever put the energies of your soul was to believe in Christ. I go further, and say it is so great an undertaking that no man can accomplish it of himself. "Prove it," you say again. I will

prove it. "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves. It is the gift of God." "Well," you say, "if it is a gift of God, that discharges all my responsibility. If God is the only one who can give it, and doesn't give it, I have no responsibility in the matter." Ah, you make a mistake, my brother! A farmer plants the corn. He knows he cannot raise the corn; he cannot make the corn grow. He knows the sun and the shower do that. The farmer does his work; the sun and the shower do their work. God's work is to give faith. What is your work? To ask for it, to implore it, to agonize for it until you get it. If you could exercise that faith this morning, my brother, my sister, what a revolution in your feelings! At a religious meeting a man heard the Gospel and he mounted his horse and rode homeward during the night. While riding homeward, Christ spake peace to his soul. The man believed, and the burden was gone, and he was so overjoyed he could not contain the joy. He knew if he rode on to his home there would be no one there to sympathize with this spiritual joy, and so he turned his horse about and he rode back through the darkness to the pastor's house. It was quite late. He called the pastor out, and seizing him by the hand, he said: "Oh, what a God we have!" And if this morning you could only trust Him, that man's exclamation would not seem at all extravagant, and as you went out of this house to-day you would take some Christian by the hand, and with all the concentrated emotion of your soul you would cry: "Oh, what a God we have!"

IV. I remark again, God is willing to help you by giving you the pardon and peace of the Gospel. God is not a King hard to get at. Earthly kings are sometimes almost unapproachable. You have to go with a certain style of dress, and you have to come at certain hours. Not observing those rules, the guard will roughly thrust you back from the castle gate, and will say to the officers of the law: "Take that man into custody; he has no business here in that attire." History tells us of a man who, having offended a king, had to stand barefoot on the cold pavement in front of the palace day after day, doing penance before the king would admit him. Our King is not of that sort. He throws open the palace door, and He says: "Come in; never mind the court dress; come in your rags, come in your poverty, come now. Come any hour of the day, come any hour of the night. You cannot come any time when I will not be glad to see you. Come in, come in." And while He is calling, all the bells of the tower begin to ring, and they chime just one thing: "Come, come, come, come."

Oh, what a tremendous thing it is to have God put His hand on your shoulder and say: "As far as the east is from the west, so far I will move your transgressions from you. I have loved you with an everlasting love. The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee." Oh, that unhorses the last error, that sheaths the last sword, that raptures the soul with a great joy, that turns the face of God, the full face of Christ on you. He can do it. He can

save you. He hushed Gennesaret and He can quiet your perturbation. He gave sight to Bartimeus, and He can fill you with irradiation. He restored Malchus's hearing, and He can make you hear the glad tidings of great joy. Do not look back, it is all sin—do not look down, it is all destruction; but look up and see written over the mangled brow, printed on the bleeding hand, punctured in the pierced side, and heard dropping from the lips: "In me—in me is thy help." O blessed God, that is what we want, that is what we all want. It is help. Help for that formalist who is depending upon his ceremonies. Help for that moralist who is depending on his good deeds. Help for that wanderer who is so discouraged. Help for the young. Help for the old. Help now—infinite, instant, and everlasting help. Hear it ringing from the throne. Hear it in the multitudinous chorus of the white-robed choristers. Hear it in the jarring of the wide-open gate of heaven. "In me is thy help!" Oh, yes, my friends, we want help. We want help while we live, and we want help when we die. There is no need of my fooling away the time this morning, or you fooling away time in flatteries. What we want is help. You have perplexities the world cannot sympathize with. You have annoyances the world cannot help you in. When some great trouble comes you have sympathizers, but there are annoyances in your life that nobody understands. Now, you want God to help you just at that point. When the doctor told Walter Scott he must stop worrying, stop fretting, he said: "Ah, doctor, Molly might as well put the kettle over the fire and tell it not to boil as for you to tell me not to fret, when I have so many things to fret about!"

Yes, you want God in those things where the world cannot give you sympathy. It is a rough path, it is a rugged path, it is a very narrow path many of you have to travel. I know, I know all about it. God only can guide you and strengthen you. I speak right to the mark now in talking to you. When a man came in a stormy night, and during a great freshet and rapped at a farmer's door, the farmer opened the door and said, "Why, what are you doing here to-night? How did you get across the river? the bridge is down." "Oh, no," said the man, "the bridge isn't down; I just came across the bridge." "But the bridge is down," said the farmer; "it fell this afternoon and was washed away in the freshet." The man said, "The bridge isn't down, I just rode over it." Then they went out with their lanterns, and just one timber remained. The man's horse had cautiously walked that timber. A few inches either way and it would have been death; but God helped that man right across. And it is a narrow path some of you walk, a dangerous path. God only can help you, and He will help you. "In me is thy help."

Then we will all soon want help when we leave the world. Scepticism does very well, or seems to do very well while we live and everything goes brightly; but it fails at the last as it did Princess Alice when she wrote to Strauss, the world-renowned sceptic, saying to Strauss: "I am about to leave the world, and I want you

to send back all my letters, all my infidel letters ; for I am dying now, and I am going to die in the faith of Christ, and I want to burn my letters." Ah, your scepticism may do a little while longer, but it will not do all the way through. "In me is thy help." I would rather have the experience of that good woman who a few Sabbaths ago sat in this house, and a day or two afterward stood at the head of the stairs in her house, and said : "Come, come, my daughter." The daughter came and the Christian mother, putting her hand on her head, said—standing at the head of the stairs—"If this be death, I am satisfied," and fell senseless, and in a few moments was with God on high. I shall be satisfied when I wake in His likeness, and so will you. I would rather have that experience than all the experience of the brilliant sceptics of the world. I would rather have the experience of the young man who on his dying bed had such enrapturing views of the world to come that he wanted to go, and after the physician had said some encouraging words about convalescence, the mother took the doctor into the next room, and said, "Doctor, don't discourage him by telling him he is going to get well." Oh, yes ; in that hour we will want help, we will want Christ.

I pray God that the effect of this service may be eternal. We will depart in a few moments now. Let those of us who are children of God be earnest. Let there be nothing in our conversation to indicate that religion is a trivial thing, that this divine help is of no importance. A Christian father with his impenitent son passed out the church, passed down the street, and the Christian father said to the impenitent son : "My son, that was a good sermon, that was a very good sermon, one of the best sermons I

ever heard." And in a few moments he whistled and he laughed. Getting to their home, the son went to his room and said : "The Gospel is a lie. If father thought I was on my way to a judgment, and I was unprepared for the great future, and I was in infinite peril, he couldn't have whistled and laughed all the way home, if he knew I wasn't a Christian. The Gospel is a lie." God forbid that we should throw dishonor upon a religion which is a tremendous reality. Let me say to this vast audience, in which there are many earnest souls who have not yet found God, but they are in earnest now—let me say, decide the matter quickly and now. Adjournment is perilous. More souls lost through adjournment and procrastination than in any other way. When Sir Colin Campbell, with his army, retreated from Lucknow, there was *one man left*. Captain Waterman overslept himself in a place where they did not see him and did not arouse him. At two o'clock he awakened, and lo ! the English army was gone, and he was surrounded by fifty thousand savages. He said his horror was indescribable, and he sped away as rapidly as he could, until he came to the rear guard of the English army, and he was insane with excitement. God forbid that it should be said of any man in this house, while multitudes march on into the kingdom of the Gospel, you have overslept in sin, waking up amid ten thousand spiritual enemies, the everlasting captive of your own somnolence. Awake, thou that sleepest, and rise from the dead.

"Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates,
Believe, and take the promised rest,
Obey, and be forever blest."

SUCCESSFUL MEDICAMENT.

A Sermon for the Sin-burdened.

"They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."—MATT. 9 : 12.

No Scotchman would have called for Dr. Abernethy unless there had been illness in the house. No New Yorker would have called for Dr. Hosack, no Philadelphian for Dr. Rush, if there had not been physical disease. People go to a doctor when they are ill, or their families are ill. "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."

And yet, my friends, that is not the meaning of my text. Sarcasm is a sharp knife, and like every other sharp knife it may be used for good or ill; it may destroy life or it may save it. Christ wielded this knife of sarcasm very skillfully in the text. He was seated with the publicans, who had a bad name for overreaching and extortion, and decent people in those times did not want to be seen with these publicans; but Christ was seated with them at the table. The arrogant Pharisees, who considered themselves far above the common people, looked in through the window and saw Christ with these publicans, and began to jeer at them, and to caricature the whole scene; as much as to say, "If you want fine company, why don't you come out among us Pharisees? We would give you a more elegant reception, and you would have more educated and refined society; why do you sit down there with those poor, miserable publicans?" And Christ cut with the sarcasm of my text, as much as to say, "I know I am seated among these publicans, and they are bad people, and they mightily want My grace and My help; of course they do, and of course you don't; you Pharisees, you great professors, you high-toned people, you educated people, you Pharisees, of course you don't; the whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."

My text presents sin as a disease. It sometimes acts as a dropsy, showing itself in great swellings of pride; sometimes as a consumption, while it gives a flush of health to the cheek, eating away the vitals of the immortal spirit; sometimes as moral paralysis, and the feet cannot walk as they ought, and the hands cannot move as they ought, and the brain cannot think as it ought; sometimes as an ague, now cold, now hot, flashes of excitement followed by yawnings and great prostration. If you find ten thousand people they will have the disease of sin in ten thousand shapes, but, after all, it is the same disease. You are aware of the

fact that the most of diseases come from an impurity of the blood, and if the heart throws out the wrong kind of blood, and that blood settles on the lungs, it produces inflammation or congestion; or on the muscles, it produces rheumatism; or on the skin, it produces erysipelas. Wherever that bad blood settles, there is disease, and the trouble all comes from the heart. And so it is with this disease of sin: it all starts in the heart, and it circulates through the entire moral nature, and wherever it settles there is suffering and there is death. I propose to-night to speak of this sin-sickness of the soul, and then to offer an infallible cure to all the people.

In the first place, I remark in regard to this sin-sickness, it is a delirious sickness. You have known people seized with some dangerous malady who thought themselves perfectly well. You could hardly get them to lie on the pillow. They rose up in the bed and said, "I don't see why you sent for the doctor. I am perfectly well; there is nothing the matter with me." And perhaps in the night, when the nurse had fallen asleep, they went out slyly and walked on the roof of the house or along a precipice. They were delirious. Well, that is just the character of this disease with which we have all been afflicted—this disease of sin; it is a delirious sickness. A man thinks he is all right. He says, "I have need of nothing," when the fact is that he is poor, and wretched, and miserable, and blind, and naked. That he is delirious I prove from the fact that he walks on the verge of a dangerous precipice, and that he sits down at a banquet where there are swords suspended overhead, and that he drinks out of fountains where the nightshade drops its leaves, and into which the adder spits its venom. I prove that he is delirious from the fact that he stops his ears to the raptures of harps seraphic, and he blinds his eyes to a beauty which opens into wider landscape, and sweeter joy, and mightier triumphs, and stronger hallelujahs, and loftier thrones. By the awful risks he runs, and by the glorious opportunities he refuses, I come to the conclusion he is in delirium.

If you should come to me and I were a business man, and you could show me how I could make 50,000 dollars without any possible risk, and make it so plainly there could not be any possible doubt about it, and I should refuse to go into the enterprise, you would simply say,

"He is crazy." Or, if there were a bridge over a dangerous chasm, and some of its supports were washed away by a freshet, and a board on each side of the bridge that said "Dangerous—let no one attempt to pass this bridge," and with all that warning, and all that peril, I should pass on and attempt to go over the bridge, you would say, "That man is not in his senses; he is crazy." If I should go out to-night on the track as the express train is coming along, and I should see the headlight of the locomotive, and I should wait until the train came within a hundred yards, and still kept my position mid-track, until the train came up within ten yards, somebody shouting all the time for me to get off, and I should continue to stand until the last moment, what would you say in regard to me? Why, you would say, "That man has lost his reason." So, if I can show you that there are dangerous bridges you are trying to cross, or that you are standing amid perils that threaten to destroy you, and that you run the risk day after day, and month after month, and year after year, I must come to the conclusion that sin is a delirious sickness.

Again: I remark in regard to this disease of sin that it is endemic—that is, produced by the surroundings. You know how up from a marsh or pond the malaria will ascend, and going along that place at night you breathe the air, you get the fever, you come down on the sick-bed. And I have to tell you that our surroundings in this world somehow give us this disease of sin. We breathe it in the air. We take it with our food. We get it from all the circumstances among which we mingle. The fact is that the earth is only a great quagmire of iniquity, and no pond ever sent up such a dreadful malaria as this whole earth, in a spiritual sense, now sends up, until all the nations sweat, and fester, and groan with this awful malady.

I go further, and remark, in regard to this sickness with which we are all afflicted, that it is catching. You know how very contagious the ancient plague was. In the year 263, in the city of Rome, 5000 people died daily of the plague. Under King James 30,000 perished in the plague; under Edward the First 35,000 people perished in the plague, and it went on from neighborhood to neighborhood, and from nation to nation, until all the world was aghast; but that was not a contagious disease as compared with sin, the disease with which our soul is afflicted. In the course of your life you have caught it from ten thousand, and you will give it to ten thousand. It is so contagious a disease that, if the whole race were purified and healed, save just one man in all the earth, he would give it to the neighborhood, and the neighborhood to the next neighborhood, until the continent and the two hemispheres would feel it. Yes, it is a contagious sickness.

I go a step further, and say that it is a disease beyond all human medicament. Plato wrote a prescription, and the world took it; the prescription failed. Zeno wrote a prescription; the world took it; the prescription failed. Socrates wrote a prescription; the world took it; the prescription failed. For six thousand years there has never been anything but failure

on the part of men who have tried by their own power to cure this disease. No catholicon, no anodyne, no balm, no help. Away, then, with all human quackery. Away, then, in a spiritual sense, with all earthly *materia medica*. It will affect nothing at all in this matter of the soul's sickness. But I will introduce to you a Doctor who is able and willing to cure the whole race. "The whole need not a physician." If there are people here who feel themselves all right, if they are pleased with themselves, if in looking back upon their life they cannot see any great mistakes, and making an inspection of their entire nature, they are perfectly satisfied, then I can do nothing with them save to cut them with the sarcasm of Christ in the text: "The whole need not a physician." But if there are people here—and I believe this comprises the whole audience—if there are people here who feel they are not all right—if there are men and women here who want to be made better—dissatisfied with their past life and want to begin again—if there are thousands of people here who are willing to admit that they are sick with sin, then I am ready to come out and commend the best doctor the world has ever seen. "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."

Yes; my text speaks, in the second place, of a great Physician. My first remark in regard to this physician is that He has cured millions of cases that were as sick as you are. He cured the demoniac, the paralytic, the leper. He took the most chronic and complicated diseases, and they could not stand before His fiat. To one He said, "Be thou clean;" to another He said, "Take up thy bed and walk;" to another He said, "Damsel, arise;" and all these were not only cured as to the body, but cured as to the soul.

A pastor went into a house where there was a young Christian dying in great triumph. He entered the room to congratulate her as she was about to enter heaven, and as he went into the room and began to talk cheerfully about the joys that were immediately before her, her sister left the room. A few weeks after the pastor was called to the same house, and this sister who had left the room was about to take her departure into the eternal world, but she was not ready. She said to the pastor, "You don't remember me, do you?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "I remember you." She said, "Do you remember when you were talking to my sister about heaven, I left the room?" "Yes," he said, "I remember that." She said, "Do you know why I left?" "No," he said, "I don't." "Well," she said, "I didn't want to hear anything about my soul, or about heaven, and now I am dying. Oh, sir, it is a dreadful thing to die." Now, what was the difference between these two sisters? The one was cured of the disease of sin; the other was not.

I go further and remark, in regard to this divine Physician, that He is an almighty doctor. At midnight a sudden disease comes upon your little child. You hasten for a physician, or you call for a telegraph boy to get the doctor there as soon as you can, and hour after hour there is a contest between science and the King of Ter-

rors. And yet you stand there and you watch and you see the disease is conquering fortress of strength after fortress of strength, until after a while you stand over the lifeless form and have to confess that there is a limit beyond which human medicament cannot go. But I hail to-night an almighty Doctor, who never lost a patient. Why, a leper came out with a bandage over his mouth and utterly loathsome, so they drove him out from all society, and when he came out the people all ran, and Christ ran. But Christ ran in a different direction from the people. They all ran away from the poor man; Christ ran toward him. And then a second leper came out with a bandage over his mouth, and a third, and a fourth, and so on until there were ten lepers, and I see Christ standing among them. It is a dangerous experiment, you say. Why, if you caught the breath of one such man as that, it would be certain death. There Christ stood among the ten lepers, and He cured the first, and the second, and the tenth. Going along by a graveyard one day, two maniacs came out, fire in the eye, foam on the lip, cutting themselves with knives until the blood spurted from the face to the limbs; and Christ spake, and the devils were exorcised, and the men were clothed, and in their right mind. When Christ went through the streets, He could hardly find a place to put his foot down for the cots and the mattresses that were laid in His way. I see Him going through the streets of Jerusalem, and He has to pick His way, stepping over the cots of the suffering and the distressed. He touches a blind eye, and into it pours the beauty of mountain and lawn and lake and sea. He touches a deaf ear, and into it pours the sound of the bird's song, and the waterfall's dash, and the insect's hum, and the boy's halloo. He touches the palsied and limp arm that hangs down useless by the man's side, and no sooner does Christ touch it than the blood begins to circulate, and the muscles to work, and the arms to thrill, until that arm which hung just before powerless at the man's side is stretched out in strong and healthy congratulation. Oh, He is a mighty Doctor! He cured not only bodies, but He cured souls. When I see at Christ's touch Fraud dropping its dishonest gains, and Burglary throwing away its false keys, and Arson extinguishing its torch, and Murder sheathing its dagger, and Pollution washing itself clean, and the wretchedness and the misery and abandonment of the world turning into brightness and purity and joy, I say, "Hail! hail! this is an almighty Doctor!"

I have again to remark that this physician spoken of in my text is a sympathetic Doctor. There are some men in the medical profession who have not learned the first art of gentleness. They have a way of slamming the door when they come in or go out, and they tramp across the floor until all your nerves quiver; and I do not care how many medicines they bring in, they make you worse. They do not know how to doctor you. They have a rough way of taking off a bandage, and a hard way of pressing a sore. They like to cut; it puts them in a perfect glee when they can cut. But your family physician comes in, and he is so cheerful and

hopeful. The dawn of his face in the room cools the fever and quiets the nerves, and he talks with you a few moments, and you really think, after all, you do not need any medicine. He is so kind. His looks and his manner are worth more than the medicines.

But I greet the Lord Jesus Christ to-night as a sympathetic Physician. Sometimes indeed he has to cut; He must cut; but He never likes to cut. He does not afflict willingly the children of men. He has been afflicted in all our afflictions, and oh, how it soothes us, how it comforts us, how it solaces us, how it strikes us through and through with an infinite contentment as He breathes on us these words, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"! He has been wounded Himself. He had pains in the head, pains in the hand, pains in the heart, pains in the feet. He knows all about it. Bone of our bone. Flesh of our flesh. Sorrow of our sorrow. Heart of our heart. Groan of our groan. He wept. He bled. He agonized. He died. He cannot help being sympathetic. Oh, you sin-sick soul, unbandage the awful wound and let Him look at it. Do not shrink back when He tries to touch you. He will not hurt you. Tell Him all your spiritual symptoms. Trust this sympathetic, this experienced, this omnipotent Doctor.

But you know that there are chronic diseases, and when they have gone on for a long time, for five, ten, fifteen, twenty years, you say, "Oh, there is no use." The physician comes in and says, "Oh, I can't help you; it is chronic." And so it is with sin; with many people it is chronic; we have it a great while; it has been going on with us through the months and years of our past life. Oh, how long we have had it! There are people here who have had it forty years, fifty years, sixty years, seventy years. It is chronic.

I have to tell you also that there is such a thing as a crisis in a disease. You all know that. Some doctors will tell you it is on the seventh day, or the ninth day, or the fourteenth day, or the twenty-first day. Oh, what a solemn time it is in the household when the crisis has come in the sick-room! Ah, how I remember walking up and down the floor all one Sabbath-day, for the crisis had come. I stood at the top of the stairs and watched. I feared some one would come up and make a disturbance. If that child could sleep one hour longer, we thought he would get well. And how anxious I was to keep everything quiet! The crisis had come. After a while the perspiration came out, and the fever began to go away. The crisis had passed. And in all the households of my congregation I suppose there has been some such crisis. Well, now, in your spiritual disease, there is a crisis. It may be the seventh day, or the fourteenth day, or the twenty-first day in the history of your soul's disorder, I cannot tell; but I verily believe, as I stand here before you and before God, to whom I must answer for this night's service, that this is the crisis of the spiritual disease of a great multitude here. Which way will the matter turn? God only knows. It is a crisis—an immortal crisis.

You know that there is such a thing as heroic treatment. The physician has given milder medicines; they have not effected anything. "Now, the case is in such a shape," he says, "that the patient can't get well anyhow without medicine, and perhaps if I give it it may be fatal; but there is a possibility that it may be a cure, and so I must risk it." That prescription is given; it kills or it cures. That is what is called in all departments of medicine "heroic treatment." I have to tell you that the Gospel is heroic treatment. It is the savor of life unto life, or of death unto death. It kills or it cures. It is an omnipotent Gospel; it will raise for you a throne, or dig for you a dungeon. It will mould for you a crown, or it will forge for you a chain. It will set your feet on the path where angels walk, and the redeemed of God move in procession; or it will set you down on a barren beach to which there comes the surf-beating of a sea whose moaning is the cry of the self-destroyed. Omnipotent Gospel!

I praise God to-night that so many have taken this medicine and invited in the divine Physician, and they are getting well just as fast as possible. Sometimes, indeed, they have a return of the old complaint, but they are getting better and better; and, just as sure as you sit there and I stand here, God is going to take them to a place where their perfect recovery shall be proclaimed. It is not a great way off, either, to some of us. You know the place of which I speak. Oh, how many have entered upon it and got well of all their diseases! And there are those here spiritually diseased who will get cured in that blessed country. Across the harsh discords of this world there comes floating down the voice of a great rapture, dropping from golden harps and swept off from fiery seas, and rumbling down under eternal arches, and rolling through aisles of amethyst, and be-

tween mountains of frankincense, and through gates of pearl, and between walls of jasper and chrysoprasus, while there mingle together the warble of seraphs, and the trill of minstrels, and the fire-song of the martyrs, and the chanting of temples, and the shout of great armies, and the chorus of ransomed empires, and the eternal and triumphal march of myriads come to glory. Oh, my friends, I see some of those who are on crutches coming up to that bright gate, and they move in, and instantly their step is elastic. I see others coming up to that gate borne on couches of pain, and the Lord lifts them out of the field ambulance, and instantly all their wounds are healed. I see them coming up to that gate in total physical blindness, and they are feeling their way up toward it; but no sooner do they touch the gate than it opens, and there flashes upon them immortal vision. And these bright and beautiful ones—who are they? Oh, they are the sick children that the Lord lifted out of the mother's arms, or out of the cradle, and there they are now—they have got over all their sickness, and there they stand in heaven, drinking at the fountain of eternal health, and they say one to another, "What shall we bring as a gift to the Physician?" And one shall bring a palm, and another will bring a gem from the depths of the river of life, and another will bring a leaf of amaranth, and another will bring a crystal cup, flashing bright with the waters from the eternal rock—water bright as its own glorified spirit; while there will be others there who will stand in astonishment, and they will bring neither leaf, nor palm, nor gem, nor crystal, but stand in transfixed silence, looking upon the inscription written in folds of light all over the architectural glory at the entrance: "The inhabitants shall never say, I am sick, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

WHISPERERS.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, November 19, 1882.

"~~Whisperers.~~"—ROMANS I : 19.

PAUL was here calling the long roll of the world's villainy, and he puts in the midst of this roll those persons known in all cities and communities and places as whisperers. They are so called because they generally speak under voice and in a confidential way, their hand to the side of their mouth acting as a funnel to keep the precious information from wandering into the wrong ear. They speak softly, not because they have lack of lung force, or because they are overpowered with the spirit of gentleness, but because they want to escape the consequences of defamation. If no one hears but the person whispered unto and the offender be arraigned, he can deny the whole thing, for whisperers are always first-class liars! Some people whisper because they are hoarse from a cold, or because they wish to convey some useful information without disturbing others; but the creatures photographed by the apostle in my text give muffled utterance from sinister and depraved motive, and sometimes you can only hear the sibilant sound as the letter "S" drops from the tongue into the listening ear, the brief hiss of the serpent as it projects its venom. Whisperers are masculine and feminine with a tendency to majority on the side of those who are called "the lords of creation." Whisperers are heard at every window of bank cashier, and are heard in all counting rooms as well as in sewing societies and at meetings of asylum directors and managers. They are the worst foes of society; responsible for miseries innumerable; they are the scavengers of the world, driving their cart through every community, and to-day, I hold up for your holy anathema and execration these whisperers.

From the frequency with which Paul speaks of them under different titles, I conclude that he must have suffered somewhat from them. His personal presence was very defective, and that made him, perhaps, the target of their ridicule. And besides that, he was a bachelor, persisting in his celibacy down into the sixties, indeed, all the way through, and some having failed in their connubial designs upon him, the little missionary was put under the raking fire of these whisperers. He was no doubt a rare morsel for their scandalization; and he cannot keep his patience any longer and he lays hold of these miscreants of the tongue and gives them a very hard setting down in my text among the scoundrelly and the murderers. "Envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity: whisperers."

The law of libel makes quick and stout grip of open slander. If I should in a plain way, calling you by name, charge you with fraud, or theft, or murder, or uncleanness, to-morrow morning I might have peremptory documents served on me, and I would have to pay in dollars and cents for the damage I had done your character. But these creatures spoken of in my text are so small that they escape the fine tooth-comb of the law. They go on and they go on, escaping the judges and the juries and the penitentiaries. The district attorney cannot find them the sheriff cannot find them, the grand jury cannot find them. Shut them off from one route of perfidy and they start on another. You cannot by the force of moral sentiment persuade them to desist. You might as well read the ten commandments to a flock of crows, expecting them to retreat under the force of moral sentiment. They are to be found everywhere, these whisperers. I think their paradise is a country village of about one or two thousand people where everybody knows everybody. But they also are to be found in large quantities in all our cities. They have a prying disposition. They look into the basement windows at the tables of their neighbors, and can tell just what they have morning and night to eat. They can see as far through a key-hole as other people can see with a door wide open. They can hear conversation on the opposite side of the room. Indeed, the world to them is a whispering gallery. They always put the worst construction on everything.

Some morning a wife descends into the street, her eyes damp with tears, and that is a stimulus to the tattler and is enough to set up a business for three or four weeks. "I guess that husband and wife don't live happily together. I wonder if he hasn't been abusing her? It's outrageous. He ought to be disciplined. He ought to be brought up before the church. I'll go right over to my neighbors and I'll let them know about this matter." She rushes in all out of breath to a neighbor's house and says: "Ch, Mrs. Allear, have you heard the dreadful news? Why, our neighbor, poor thing, came down off the steps in a flood of tears. That brute of a husband has been abusing her. Well, it's just as I expected. I saw him the other afternoon very smiling and very gracious to some one who smiled back, and I thought then I would just go up to him and tell him he had better go home and look after his wife and family who probably

at that very time were upstairs crying their eyes out. Oh, Mrs. Allcar, do have your husband go over and put an end to this trouble! It's simply outrageous that our neighborhood should be disturbed in this way. It's awful." The fact is that one man or woman set on fire of this hellish spirit will keep a whole neighborhood aboil. It does not require any very great brain. The chief requisition is that the woman have a small family or no family at all, because if she have a large family then she would have to stay at home and mind them, look after them. It is very important that she be single, or have no children at all, and then she can attend to all the secrets of the neighborhood all the time. A woman with a large family makes a very poor whisperer.

It is astonishing how these whisperers gather up everything. They know everything that happens. They have telephone and telegraph wires reaching from their ears to all the houses in the neighborhood. They have no taste for healthy news, but for the scraps and peelings thrown out of the scullery into the back yard they have great avidity. On the day when there is a new scandal in the newspapers, they have no time to go abroad. On the day when there are four or five columns of delightful private letters published in a divorce case, she stays at home and reads and reads and reads. No time for her Bible that day, but toward night, perhaps, she may find time to run out a little while and see whether there are any new developments. Satan does not have to keep a very sharp lookout for his evil dominion in that neighborhood. He has let out to her the whole contract. She gets husbands and wives into a quarrel, and brothers and sisters into antagonism, and she disgusts the pastor with the flock and the flock with the pastor, and she makes neighbors, who before were kindly disposed toward each other, over suspicious and critical, so when one of the neighbors passes by in a carriage they hiss through their teeth and say: "Ah, we could all keep carriages if we never paid our debts!"

When two or three whisperers get together they stir a caldron of trouble which makes me think of the three witches of *Macbeth* dancing around a boiling caldron in a dark cave:

"Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and caldron bubble.
Fillet of a fenny snake
In the caldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owl's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell both boil and bubble,
Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and caldron bubble,
Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy; maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;
Make the gruel thick and stark;
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron
For the ingredients of our caldron.
Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and caldron bubble.
Cool it with a baboon's blood;
Then the charm is firm and good."

I would only change Shakespeare in this, that, where he puts the word witch I would put the word whisperer. Ah, what a caldron! Did you ever get a taste out of it? I have more respect for the poor waif of the street that goes down under the gaslight, with no home and no God—for she deceives no one as to what she is—than I have for these hags of respectable society who cover up their tiger claws with a fine shawl, and bolt the hell of their heart with a diamond breastpin!

The work of masculine whisperers is chiefly seen in the embarrassment of business. Now, I suppose there are hundreds of men here who at some time have been in business trouble. I will undertake to say that in nine cases out of ten it was the result of some whisperer's work. The whisperer uttered some suspicion in regard to your credit. You sold your horse and carriage because you had no use for them, and the whisperer said: "Sold his horse and carriage because he had to sell them. The fact that he sold his horse and carriage shows he is going down in business." One of your friends gets embarrassed, and you are a little involved with him. The whisperer says: "I wonder if he can stand under all this pressure? I think he is going down. I think he will have to give up." You borrow money out of a bank and a director whispers outside about it, and after a while the suspicion gets fairly started, and it leaps from one whisperer's lip to another whisperer's lip until all the people you owe want their money and want it right away, and the business circles come around you like a pack of wolves, and though you had assets four times more than were necessary to meet your liabilities, crash! went everything. Whisperers! whisperers! Oh, how much business men have suffered. Sometimes in the circles of clergymen we discuss why it is that a great many merchants do not go to church. I will tell you why they do not go to church. By the time Saturday night comes they are worn out with the annoyances of business life. They have had enough meanness practised upon them to set their whole nervous system atwiltch. People sometimes do not understand why in this church we generally have men in the majority in almost all our audiences. It is because I preach so much to business men, and I resolved years ago that I would never let a Sunday pass but in prayer or sermon I would utter my sympathies for the struggle of business men, knowing that struggle as I do in many cases to be the work of whisperers. I have seen men in Brooklyn and New York whispered into bankruptcy. You have seen the same thing. Alas, for these gadabouts, these talebearers, these scandal mongers, these everlasting snoops! I hate them with an ever-increasing vehemence of hatred, and I ask God to give me more intensity with which to hate them.

I think among the worst of the whisperers are those who gather up all the harsh things that have been said about you and bring them to you—all the things said against you, or against your family, or against your style of business. They gather them all up and they bring them to you, they bring them to you in the very worst shape, they bring them to you without any of the ex-

tenuating circumstances, and after they have made your feelings all raw, very raw, they take this brine, this turpentine, this *aqua fortis*, and rub it in with a coarse towel, and rub it in until it sinks to the bone. They make you the pincushion in which they thrust all the sharp things they have ever heard about you. "Now, don't bring me into a scrape. Now don't tell anybody I told you. Let it be between you and me. Don't involve me in it at all." They aggravate you to the point of profanity, and then they wonder you cannot sing psalm tunes! They turn you on a spit before a hot fire and wonder why you are not absorbed in gratitude to them because they turn you on a spit. Peddlers of nightshade. Peddlers of Canada thistle. Peddlers of *nux vomica*. Sometimes they get you in a corner where you cannot very well escape without being rude, and then they tell you all about this one, and all about that one, and all about the other one, and they talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk. After awhile they go away leaving the place looking like a barnyard after the foxes and the weasels have been around; here a wing, and there a claw, and yonder an eye, and there a crop. Oh, how they do make the feathers fly!

Rather than the defamation of good names, it seems to me it would be more honorable and useful if you just took a box of matches in your pocket and a razor in your hand, and go through the streets and see how many houses you can burn down and how many throats you can cut. That is a better business. The destruction of a man's name is worse than the destruction of his life. A woman came in confessional to a priest and told him that she had been slandering her neighbors. The priest gave her a thistle top and said: "You can take that thistle and scatter the seeds all over the field." She went and did so, and came back. "Now," said the priest, "gather up all those seeds." She said, "I can't." "Ah!" he said, "I know you can't; neither can you gather up the evil words you spoke about your neighbors." All good men and all good women have sometimes had detractors after them. John Wesley's wife whispered about him, whispered all over England, kept on whispering about that good man—as good a man as ever lived—and kept on whispering until the connubial relation was dissolved.

Jesus Christ had these whisperers after Him, and they charged Him with drinking too much and keeping bad company. "A wine bibber and the friend of publicans and sinners." You take the best man that ever lived, and put a detective on his track for ten years, watching where he goes and when he comes, and with a determination to misconstrue everything and to think he goes here for a bad purpose, and there for a bad purpose, with that determination of destroying him, at the end of ten years he will be held despicable in the sight of a great many people.

If it is an outrageous thing to despoil a man's character, how much worse is it to damage a woman's reputation? Yet that evil goes from century to century, and it is all done by whisperers. A suspicion is started. The next whisperer who gets hold of it states the suspicion as

a proven fact, and many a good woman, as honorable as your wife or your mother, has been whispered out of all kindly associations, and whispered into the grave. Some people say there is no hell; but if there be no hell for such a despoiler of womanly character, it is high time that some philanthropist built one! But there is such a place established, and what a time they will have when all the whisperers get down there together rehearsing things! Everlasting carnival of mud. Were it not for the uncomfortable surroundings, you might suppose they would be glad to get there. In that region where they are all bad, what opportunities for exploration by these whisperers. On earth, to despoil their neighbors, sometimes they had to lie about them, but down there they can say the worst things possible about their neighbors, and tell the truth. Jubilee of whisperers. Grand gala day of backbiters. Semi-heaven of scandal-mongers stopping their gabble about their diabolical neighbors only long enough to go up to the iron gate and ask some newcomer from the earth, "What is the last gossip in Brooklyn?"

Now, how are we to war against this iniquity which curses every community on earth? First, by refusing to listen to or believe a whisperer. Every court of the land has for a law, and all decent communities have for a law, that you must hold people innocent until they are proved guilty. There is only one person worse than the whisperer, and that is the man or the woman who listens without protest. The trouble is, you hold the sack while they fill it. The receiver of stolen goods is just as bad as the thief. An ancient writer declares that a slanderer and a man who receives the slander ought both to be hung—the one by the tongue and the other by the ear. And I agree with him. When you hear something bad about your neighbors, do not go all over and ask about it, whether it is true, and scatter it and spread it. You might as well go to a small-pox hospital and take a patient and carry him all through the community, asking people if they really thought it is a case of small-pox. That would be very bad for the patient and for all the neighbors. Do not retail slanders and whisperings. Do not make yourself the inspector of warts, and the supervisor of carbuncles, and the commissioner for street gutters, and the holder of stakes for a dog fight. Can it be that you, an immortal man, that you, an immortal woman, can find no better business than to become a gutter inspector?

Beside that, at your family table allow no detraction. Teach your children to speak well of others. Show them the difference between a bee and a wasp—the one gathering honey, the other thrusting a sting. I read of a family where they kept what they called a slander book, and when any slanderous words were uttered in the house about anybody, or detraction uttered, it was all put down in this book. The book was kept carefully. For the first few weeks there were a great many entries, but after a while there were no entries at all. Detraction stopped in that household. It would be a good thing to have a slander book in all households.

Are any of you given to this habit of whispering about others? Let me persuade you to de-

sist. Mount Taurus was a great place for eagles, and cranes would fly along that way, and they would cackle so loud that the eagles would know of their coming and they would pounce upon them and destroy them. It is said that the old cranes found this out, and before they started on their flight they would always put a stone in their mouth so they could not cackle, and then they would fly in perfect safety. Oh, my friends, be as wise as the old cranes and avoid the folly of the young cranes! Do not cackle. If there are people here who are whispered about, if there are people here who are slandered, if there are people here who are abused in any circle of life, let me say for your encouragement that these whisperers soon run out. They may do little damage for a while, but after a while their detraction becomes a eulogy, and people understand them just as well as though some one chalked all over their overcoat or their shawl these words: "Here goes a whisperer. Room for the leper. Room!" You go ahead and do your duty, and God will take care of your reputation. How dare you distrust Him? You have committed to Him your souls. Can you not trust Him with your reputation? Get down on your knees before God and settle the whole matter there. That man whom God takes care of is well sheltered.

Let me charge you, my friends, to make right and holy use of the tongue. It is loose at one end and can swing either way, but it is fastened at the other end to the floor of your mouth, and that makes you responsible for the way it wags. Xanthus the philosopher told his servant that on the morrow he was going to have some friends to dine, and told him to get the best thing he could find in the market. The philosopher and his guests sat down the next day at the table. They had nothing but tongue—four or five courses of tongue—tongue cooked in this way and tongue cooked in that way, and the philosopher lost his patience and said to his servant, "Didn't I tell you to get the best thing in the market?" He said: "I did get the best thing in the market. Isn't the tongue the organ

of sociality, the organ of eloquence, the organ of kindness, the organ of worship?" Then Xanthus said: "To-morrow I want you to get the worst thing in the market." And on the morrow the philosopher sat at the table, and there was nothing there but tongue—four or five courses of tongue—tongue in this shape and tongue in that shape—and the philosopher again lost his patience and said: "Didn't I tell you to get the worst thing in the market?" The servant replied: "I did; for isn't the tongue the organ of blasphemy, the organ of defamation, the organ of lying?" Oh, my friends, employ the tongue which God so wonderfully created as the organ of taste, the organ of deglutition, the organ of articulation to make others happy, and in the service of God! If you whisper, whisper good—encouragement to the fallen and hope to the lost. Ah, my friends, the time will soon come when we will all whisper! The voice will be enfeebled in the last sickness, and though that voice could laugh and shout and sing and halloo until the forest echoes answered, it will be so feeble then we can only whisper consolation to those whom we leave behind, and only whisper our hope of heaven.

While I speak this very moment, there are hundreds whispering their last utterances. Oh, when that solemn hour comes to you and to me, as come soon it will, may it be found that we did our best to serve Christ, and to cheer our comrades in the earthly struggle, and that we consecrated not only our hand but our tongue to God. So that the shadows that fall around our dying pillow shall not be the evening twilight of a gathering night, but the morning twilight of an everlasting day. This morning, at half past five o'clock, I looked out of my window, and the stars were very dim. I looked out a few moments after, and the stars were almost invisible. I looked out an hour or two afterward. Not a star was to be seen. What was the matter of the stars? Had they melted into darkness? No. They had melted into the glorious light of a Sabbath morn,

GARRISON DUTY.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, October 22, 1882.

"As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that carrieth by the stuff."—I SAM. 30 : 24.

If you have never seen an army change quarters, you have no idea of the amount of baggage—twenty loads, fifty loads, a hundred loads of baggage. David and his army were about to start on a double-quick march for the recovery of their captured families from the Amalekites. So they left by the brook Besor their blankets, their knapsacks, their baggage, and their carriages. Who shall be detailed to watch this stuff? There are sick soldiers, and wounded soldiers, and aged soldiers who are not able to go on swift military expedition, but who are able to do some work, and so they are detailed to watch the baggage. There is many a soldier who is not strong enough to march thirty miles in a day and then plunge into a ten hours' fight, who is able with drawn sword lifted against his shoulder to pace up and down as a sentinel to keep off an enemy who might put the torch to the baggage. There are two hundred of these crippled and aged and wounded soldiers detailed to watch the baggage. Some of them, I suppose, had bandages across the brow, and some of them had their arm in a sling, and some of them walked on crutches. They were not cowards shirking duty. They had fought in many a fierce battle for their country and their God. They are now part of the time in hospital, and part of the time on garrison duty. They almost cry because they cannot go with the other troops to the front. While these sentinels watch the baggage, the Lord watches the sentinels.

There is quite a different scene being enacted in the distance. The Amalekites, having ravaged and ransacked and robbed whole countries, are celebrating their success in a roaring carousal. Some of them are dancing on the lawn with wonderful gyration of heel and toe, and some of them are examining the spoils of victory—the finger rings and earrings, the necklaces, the wristlets, the head bands, diamond starred, and the coffers with coronets and carnelians and pearls and sapphires and emeralds, and all the wealth of plate and jewels and decanters, and the silver and the gold banked up on the earth in princely profusion, and the embroideries and the robes and the turbans and the cloaks of an imperial wardrobe. The banquet has gone on until the banqueters are maudlin and weak and stupid and indecent and loathsomely drunk.

What a time it is now for David and his men to swoop on them. So the English lost the battle of Bannockburn because the night before they were in wassail and bibulous celebration, while the Scotch were in prayer. So the Syrians were overthrown in their carousal by the Israelites. So Chedorlaomer and his army were overthrown in their carousal by Abraham and his men. So our Northern forces were defeated at Fredericksburg because one of the commanders was drunk. Now is the time for David and his men to swoop upon these carousing Amalekites. Some of the Amalekites are hacked to pieces on the spot, some of them are just able to go staggering and hiccoughing off the field, some of them crawl on camels and speed off in the distance. David and his men gather together the wardrobes, the jewels, and put them upon the back of camels, and into wagons, and they gather together the sheep and cattle that had been stolen, and start back toward the garrison. Yonder they come, yonder they come. The limping men of the garrison come out and greet them with wild huzza. The Bible says David saluted them. That is, he asked them how they all were. "How is your broken arm?" "How is your fractured jaw?" "Has the stiffened limb been unlimbered?" "Have you had another chill?" "Are you getting better?" He saluted them.

But now came a very difficult thing, the distribution of the spoils of victory. Drive up those laden camels now. Who shall have the spoils? Well, some selfish soul suggests that these treasures ought all to belong to those who had been out in active service. "We did all the fighting while these men stayed at home in the garrison, and we ought to have all the treasures." But David looked into the worn faces of these veterans who had stayed in the garrison, and he looked around and saw how cleanly everything had been kept, and he saw that the baggage was all safe, and he knew how that these wounded and crippled men would gladly enough have been at the front if they had been able, and the little general looks up from under his helmet and says: "No, no, let us have fair play;" and he rushes up to one of these men and he says, "Hold your hands together," and the hands are held together, and he fills them with silver. And he rushes up to another man who was sitting away back and had no idea of

getting any of the spoils, and throws a Babylonish garment over him and fills his hand with gold. And he rushes up to another man who had lost all his property in serving God and his country years before, and he drives up some of the cattle and some of the sheep that they had brought back from the Amalekites, and he gives two or three of the cattle and three or four of the sheep to this poor man, so he shall always be fed and clothed. He sees a man so emaciated and worn out and sick he needs stimulants, and he gives him a little of the wine that he brought from the Amalekites. Yonder is a man who has no appetite for the rough rations of the army, and he gives him a rare morsel from the Amalekitish banquet, and the two hundred crippled and maimed and aged soldiers who tarried on garrison duty get just as much of the spoils of battle as any of the two hundred men that went to the front. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

The impression is abroad that the Christian rewards are for those who do conspicuous service in distinguished places—great martyrs, great patriots, great preachers, great philanthropists. But my text sets forth the idea that there is just as much reward for a man that stays at home and minds his own business, and who, crippled and unable to go forth and lead in great movements and in the high places of the earth, does his whole duty just where he is. Garrison duty as important and as remunerative as service at the front. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

The Earl of Kintore said to me in an English railway, "Mr. Talmage, when you get back to America I want you to preach a sermon on the discharge of ordinary duty in ordinary places, and then send me a copy of it." Afterward an English clergyman coming to this land brought from the Earl of Kintore the same message. Alas! that before I got ready to do what he asked me to do, the good Earl of Kintore had departed this life. But that man, surrounded by all palatial surroundings and in a distinguished sphere, felt sympathetic with those who had ordinary duties to perform in ordinary places and in ordinary ways. A great many people are discouraged when they hear the story of Moses and of Joshua and of David and of Luther and of John Knox and of Deborah and of Florence Nightingale. They say: "Oh, that was all good and right for them, but I shall never be called to receive the law on Mount Sinai, I shall never be called to command the sun and the moon to stand still, I shall never be called to slay a giant, I shall never preach on Mars' Hill, I shall never defy the Diet of Worms, I shall never be called to make a queen tremble for her crimes, I shall never preside over a hospital." There are women who say, "If I had as brilliant a sphere as those people had, I should be as brave and as grand; but my business is to get the children off to school and to hunt up things when they are lost and to see that dinner is ready and to keep account of the household expenses and to hinder the children from being strangled by the whoop-

ing cough, and to go through all the annoyances and vexations of housekeeping. Oh, my sphere is so infinitesimal, and so insignificant, I am clear discouraged." Woman, God places you on garrison duty, and your reward will be just as great as that of Florence Nightingale, who moving so often night by night with a light in her hand through the hospitals, was called by the wounded the "lady of the lamp." Your reward will be just as great as that of Mrs. Hertzog, who built and endowed theological seminary buildings. Your reward will be just as great as that of Hannah More, who by her excellent books won for her admirers Garrick and Edmund Burke and Joshua Reynolds. Rewards are not to be given according to the amount of noise you make in the world, nor even according to the amount of good you do, but according to whether you work to your full capacity, according to whether or not you do your full duty in the sphere where God has placed you.

Suppose you give to two of your children errands, and they are to go off to make purchases, and to one you give one dollar and to the other you give twenty dollars. Do you reward the boy that you gave twenty dollars to for purchasing more with that amount of money than the other boy purchased with one dollar? Of course not. If God give wealth or social position or eloquence or twenty times the faculty to a man that He gives to the ordinary men, is He going to give to the favored man a reward because he has more power and more influence? Oh, no. In other words, if you and I do our whole duty, and you have twenty times more talent than I have, you will get no more divine reward than I will. Is God going to reward you because He gave you more? That would not be fair, that would not be right. These two hundred men of the text who fainted by the brook Besor did their whole duty; they watched the baggage, they took care of the stuff, and they got as much of the spoils of victory as the men who went to the front. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

There is high encouragement in this for all who have great responsibility and little credit for what they do. You know the names of the great commercial houses of these cities. Do you know the names of the confidential clerks—the men who have the key to the safe, the men who know the combination-lock. A distinguished merchant goes forth at the summer watering-place and he flashes past, and you say: "Who is that?" "Oh," replies some one, "don't you know? that is the great importer, that is the great banker, that is the great manufacturer." The confidential clerk has his week off. Nobody notices whether he comes or goes. Nobody knows him, and after a while his week is done, and he sits down again at his desk. But God will reward his fidelity just as much as He recognizes the work of the merchant philanthropist whose investments this unknown clerk so carefully guarded. Hudson River Railroad, Pennsylvania Railroad, Erie Railroad, New York and New Haven Railroad—business men know the names of the presidents of these

roads and of the prominent directors; but they do not know the names of the engineers, the names of the switchmen, the names of the flagmen, the names of the brakemen. These men have awful responsibilities, and sometimes, through the recklessness of an engineer or the unfaithfulness of a switchman, it has brought to mind the faithfulness of nearly all the rest of them. Such men do not have recognition of their services. They have small wages and much complaint. I very often ride upon locomotives, and I very often ask the question, as we shoot around some curve, or under some ledge of rocks, "How much wages do you get?" and I am always surprised to find how little for such vast responsibility. Do you not suppose God is going to recognize that fidelity? Thomas Scott, the president of the Pennsylvania Railway, going up at death to receive from God his destiny was no better known in that hour than was known last night the brakeman who on the Erie Railroad was jammed to death amid the car coupling. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

Once for thirty-six hours we expected every moment to go to the bottom of the ocean. The waves struck through the skylights and rushed down into the hold of the ship and hissed against the boilers. It was an awful time; but by the blessing of God and the faithfulness of the men in charge we came out of the cyclone and we arrived at home. Each one before leaving the ship thanked Captain Andrews. I do not think there was a man or woman that went off that ship without thanking Captain Andrews, and when years after I heard of his death I was impelled to write a letter of condolence to his family in Liverpool. Everybody recognized the goodness, the courage, the kindness of Captain Andrews; but it occurs to me now that we never thanked the engineer. He stood away down in the darkness amid the hissing furnaces doing his whole duty. Nobody thanked the engineer, but God recognized his heroism and his continuance and his fidelity, and there will be just as high reward for the engineer who worked out of sight, as the captain who stood on the bridge of the ship in the midst of the howling tempest. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

A Christian woman was seen going along the edge of a wood every eventide, and the neighbors in the country did not understand how a mother with so many cares and anxieties should waste so much time as to be idly sauntering out evening by evening. It was found out afterward that she went there to pray for her household, and while there one evening she wrote that beautiful hymn, famous in all ages for cheering Christian hearts:

"I love to steal a while away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble, grateful prayer."

Shall there be no reward for such unpretending yet everlasting service?

Clear back in the country there is a boy who wants to go to college and get an education.

They call him a bookworm. Wherever they find him—in the barn or in the house—he is reading a book. "What a pity it is," they say, "that Ed. cannot get an education." His father, work as hard as he will, can no more than support the family by the product of the farm. One night Ed. has retired to his room and there is a family conference about him. The sisters say: "Father, I wish you would send Ed. to college; if you will, we will work harder than we ever did, and we will make our old dresses do." The mother says, "Yes, I will get along without any hired help; although I am not as strong as I used to be, I think I can get along without any hired help." The father says, "Well, I think by husking corn nights I can get along without any assistance." Sugar is banished from the table, butter is banished from the plate. That family is put down on rigid, yea, suffering economy that the boy may go to college. Time passes on. Commencement Day has come. Think not that I mention an imaginary case. God knows it happened. Commencement Day has come, and the professors walk in on the stage in their long gowns. The interest of the occasion is passing on, and after a while it comes to a climax of interest as the valedictorian is to be introduced. Ed. has studied so hard and worked so well that he has had the honor conferred upon him. There are rounds of applause sometimes breaking into vociferation. It is a great day for Ed. But away back in the galleries are his sisters in their plain hats and their faded shawls, and the old-fashioned father and mother—dear me, she has not had a new hat for six years, he has not had a new coat for six years—and they get up and look over on the platform, and they laugh and they cry, and they sit down, and they look pale, and then they are very much flushed. Ed. gets the garlands, and the old-fashioned group in the gallery have their full share of the triumph. They have made that scene possible, and in the day when God shall more fully reward self-sacrifices made for others, He will give grand and glorious recognition. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

There is high encouragement in this subject, also, for those who once wrought mightily for Christ and the church, but through sickness or collapse of fortune or advanced years cannot now go to the front. These two hundred men of the text were veterans. Let that man bare his arm and show how the muscles were torn. Let him pull aside the turban and see the mark of a battle axe. Pull aside the coat and see where the spear thrust him. Would it have been fair for those men, crippled, weak and old, by the brook Besor, to have no share in the spoils of triumph? I was in the Soldiers' Hospital in Paris, and I saw there some of the men of the first Napoleon, and I asked them where they had fought under their great commander. One man said, "I was at Austerlitz." Another man said, "I was at the Pyramids." Another man said, "I was in the awful retreat from Moscow." Another man said, "I was at the bridge of Lodi." Some of them were lame, they were all aged. Did the French Government turn off

those old soldiers to die in want? No; their last days were spent like princes. Do you think my Lord is going to turn off His old soldiers because they are weak and worn and because they fainted by the brook Besor? Are they going to get no part of the spoils of the victory? Just look at them. Do you think those crevices in the face are wrinkles? No; they are battle scars. They fought against sickness, they fought against trouble, they fought against sin, they fought for God, they fought for the church, they fought for the truth, they fought for heaven. When they had plenty of money their names were always on the subscription list. When there was any hard work to be done for God, they were ready to take the heaviest part of it. When there came a great revival, they were ready to pray all night for the anxious and the sin-struck. They were ready to do any work, endure any sacrifice, do the most unpopular thing that God demanded of them. But now they cannot go further. Now they have physical infirmities, now their head troubles them. They are weak and faint by the brook Besor. Are they to have no share in the triumph? Are they to get none of the treasures, none of the spoils of conquest? You must think that Christ has a very short memory if you think He has forgotten their services.

Fret not, ye aged ones. Just tarry by the stuff and wait for your share of the spoils. Yonder they are coming. I hear the bleating of the fat lambs and I see the jewels glint in the sun. It makes me laugh to think how you will be surprised when they throw a chain of gold over your neck, and tell you to go in and dine with the king. I see you backing out because you feel unworthy. The shining ones come up on the one side, and the shining ones come up on the other side, and they push you on and they push you up, and they say, "Here is an old soldier of Jesus Christ," and the shining ones will rush out toward you and say, "Yes, that man saved my soul," or they will rush out and say, "Oh, yes, she was with me in the last sickness." And then the cry will go round the circle, "Come in, come in, come up, come up; we saw you away down there, old and sick and decrepit and discouraged because you could not go to the front, but "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

There is high consolation also in this for aged ministers. I see some of them here to-day. They sit in pews in our churches. They used to stand in pulpits. Their hair is white with the blossoms of the tree of life. Their names marked on the roll of the General Assembly, or of the consociation, "Emeritus." They sometimes hear a text announced which brings to mind a sermon they preached fifty years ago on that same subject. They preached more Gospel on \$400 a year than some of their successors preach on \$4000. Some Sunday the old minister is in a church and near by in another pew there

is a husband and a wife and a row of children. And after the benediction, the lady comes up and says, "Doctor, you don't know me, do you?" "Well," he says, "your face is familiar, but I cannot call you by name." "Why," she says, "you baptized me and you married me and you buried my father and mother and sisters." "Oh, yes," he says, "my eyesight isn't as good as it used to be." They are in all our churches—the heroes of 1820, the heroes of 1832, the heroes of 1857. By the long grave trench that cut through half a century, they have stood sounding the resurrection. They have been in more Balaklavas and have taken more Sebastopols than you ever heard of. Sometimes they get a little fretful because they cannot be at the front. They hear the sound of the battle and the old war horse champs his bit. But the 60,000 ministers of religion, this day standing in the brunt of the fray, shall have no more reward than those retired veterans. "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof." "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

Cheer up, men and women of unappreciated services. You will get your reward, if not here, hereafter. When Charles Wesley comes up to judgment and the thousands of souls which were wafted into glory through his songs shall be enumerated, he will take his throne. Then John Wesley will come up to judgment, and after his name has been mentioned in connection with the salvation of the millions of souls brought to God through the Methodism which he founded, he will take his throne. But between the two thrones of Charles Wesley and John Wesley, there will be a throne higher than either, on which shall sit Susannah Wesley, who with maternal consecration in Epworth rectory, Lincolnshire, started those two souls on their triumphant mission of sermon and song through all following ages. Oh, what a day that will be for many who rocked Christian cradles with weary foot, and who patched worn-out garments and darned socks, and out of a small income made the children comfortable for the winter. What a day that will be for those to whom the world gave the cold shoulder and called them nobodies, and begrudged them the least recognition, and who weary and worn and sick fainted by the brook Besor. Oh, that will be a mighty day when the Son of David shall distribute among them the garlands, the crowns, the sceptres, the chariots, the thrones. And then it shall be found out that all who on earth served God in inconspicuous spheres receive just as much reward as those who filled the earth with uproar of achievement. Then they shall understand the height, the depth, the length, the breadth, the pillared and domed magnificence of my text, "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

UP AND DOWN.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, April 30, 1882.

"I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound."—PHILIPPIANS 4 : 12.

HAPPY Paul! Could you really accommodate yourself to all circumstances in life? Could you go up without pride, and could you come down without exasperation? Teach the same lesson to us all.

We are at a season of the year when vast populations in all our cities are changing residence. Having been born in a house, and having all our lives lived in a house, we do not have full appreciation of what a house is. It is the growth of thousands of years. The human race first lived in clefts of rocks, the beasts of the field moving out of the caverns to let the human race move in. The shepherds and the robbers still live in caverns of the earth. The Troglodytes are a race which to this day prefer the caverns to a house. They are warm, they are large, they are very comfortable, they are less subject to violent changes of heat and cold. We come on along down in the history of the race, and we come to the lodge, which was a home built out of twisted tree branches. We come further on down in the history of the race, and we come to the tent, which was a home built with a round pole in the centre and skins of animals reaching out in all directions, mats on the floor for the people to sit on. Time passed on, and the world, after much invention, came to build a house, which was a space surrounded by broad stones against which the earth was heaped from the outside. The roof was made of chalk and gypsum and coals and stones and ashes pounded together. After a while the porch was born. After a while the gate. Then hundreds of years passed on, and in the fourteenth century the modern chimney was constructed. The old Hebrews had openings in their houses from which the smoke might escape if it preferred, but there was no inducement offered for it to leave until the modern chimney. Wooden keys opened the door, or the keyhole was large enough to allow the finger to be inserted for the lifting of the latch or the sliding it. There being no windows the people were dependent for light upon lattice work, over which a thin veil was drawn down in time of winter to keep out the elements. Window glass was, so late as two or three hundred years ago in England and Scotland, so great a luxury that only the very wealthiest could afford it. A hand-mill and an oven and a few leathern bottles and some rude pitchers and plates made up the entire equipment

of the culinary department. But the home planted in the old cave, or at the foot of a tent pole, has grown and enlarged and spread abroad until we have the modern house, with its branches and roots, and vast girth and height and depth of comfort and accommodation.

Architecture in other days busied itself chiefly in planning and building triumphal arches and basilicas and hippodromes and mausoleums and columns, while they allowed the people for residences to burrow like musk-rats in the earth. St. Sophia's, of Constantinople, St. Mark's, of Venice, St. Peter's, of Rome, are only the Raphaelled walls against which lean the squalor and the pauperism of many nations. I rejoice that while our modern architects give us grand capitols in which to legislate, and grand court houses in which to administer justice, and grand churches in which to worship God, they also give much of their time to the planning of comfortable abodes for our tired population. I have not so much interest in the Arch of Titus at Beneventum as I have in the wish that all the people may have a comfortable shelter; nor have I so much interest in the Temple of Jupiter Olympus at Athens as I have in the hope that every man may have an altar for the worship of the true God in his own house. And I have not so much interest in the science of ceramics, which goes crazy over a twisted vase or a queer-handled jug in use three thousand years ago, or a pitcher out of which the ancient Pharaohs poured their drunken debauch, as I have that every man have on his table a plate with plenty of healthful food and an appetite to attack it.

Thank God for your home—not merely the house you live in now, but the house you were born in, and the many houses you have resided in since you began your earthly residence. When you go home to-day count over the number of those houses in which you have resided, and you will be surprised. Once in a while you will find a man who lives in the house where he was born, and where his father was born, and his grandfather was born, and his great-grandfather was born; but that is not one out of a thousand cases. I have not been more perambulatory than most people, but I was amazed when I came to count up the number of residences I have occupied. The fact is, there is in this world no such thing as permanent residence.

In a private vehicle, and not in a rail car, from which you can see but little, I rode from New York to Yonkers and Tarrytown on the banks of the Hudson—the finest ride on the planet for a man who wants to see palatial residences in fascinating scenery. It was in the early spring and before the gentlemen of New York had gone out to their country residences. I rode into the grounds to admire the gardens, and the overseer of the place told me—and they all told me—that all the houses had been sold, or that they wanted to sell them, and there was literally no exception, although I called at many places, just admiring the gardens and the grounds and the palatial residences. Some wanted to sell, or had sold, because of financial misfortune, or because their wives did not want to reside in the summer time in those places while their husbands tarried in town in the night, always having some business on hand keeping them away. From some houses the people had been shaken out by chills and fever, from some houses they had gone because death or misfortune had occurred, and all those palaces and mansions had either changed occupants or wanted to change. Take up the City Directory of New York and tell me how few families live on Fifth Avenue and Madison Avenue who lived there fifteen or twenty years ago. Take up the City Directory of Brooklyn and tell me how few people live on the Heights or on the Hill who lived there fifteen or twenty years ago. There is no such thing as permanent residence. A few days ago I saw Monticello, in Virginia, President Jefferson's residence, and I saw on the same day Montpelier, which was either Madison's or Monroe's residence, and I saw also the White House, which was President Taylor's residence, and President Harrison's residence, and President Lincoln's residence, and President Garfield's residence. Was it a permanent residence in any case? I tell you that the race is nomadic, and no sooner gets in one place than it wants to change for another place, or is compelled to change for another place, and so the race invented the railroad and the steamboat in order more rapidly to get into some other place than that in which it was then. Ay, instead of being nomadic, it is immortal, moving on and moving on. We whip up our horses and hasten on until the hub of the front wheel shivers on the tombstone and tips us headlong into the grave, the only permanent earthly residence. But bless God, even that stay is limited, for we shall have a resurrection.

To-morrow the streets will be filled with the furniture carts and the drays and the trucks. It will be a hard day for horses, because they will be overloaded. It will be a hard day for laborers, for they will overlift before they get the family furniture from one house to another. It will be a hard day for housekeepers to see their furniture scratched, and their crockery broken, and their carpets misfit, and their furniture dashed of the sudden showers. It will be a hard day for landlords. It will be a hard day for tenants. Especial grace is needed for moving day. Many a man's religion has suffered a fearful strain between the hour on the morning of the first of May when he took his immature

breakfast, and the hour at night when he rolled into his extemporized couch. The furniture broken sometimes will result in the breaking of the ten commandments. There is no more fearful pass than the hall of a house where two families meet, one moving out, and the other moving in! The salutation is apt to be more vehement than complimentary. The grace that will be sufficient for the first of January, and the first of February, and the first of March, and the first of April, will not be sufficient for the first of May. Say your prayers to-morrow morning if you find nothing better to kneel down by than a coal-scuttle, and say your prayers at night though your knee comes down on a paper of carpet tacks! You will want supernatural help to-morrow, if any of you move. Help in the morning to start out aright on the day's work. Help at night to repent. There will be enough annoyances to make a Xantippe out of a Frances Ridley Havergal. I have again and again been in crisis of moving day, and I have stood appalled and amazed and helpless in the shipwreck, taking as well as I could those things that floated ashore from the breakers, and I know how to comfort and how to warn and how to encourage the people; so I preach this practical May-day sermon. All these troubles will soon be gone, and the bruises will heal, and the stiffened joints will become supple, and your ruffled temper will be smoothed of its wrinkles, and order will take the place of disorder, and you will sit down in your new home seriously to contemplate.

My first word then in this part of my discourse is to all those who move out of small houses into larger ones. Now we will see whether, like the apostle, you know how to abound. Do not, because your new house has two more stories than the old one, add two stories to your vanity, or make your brightly polished silver door-plate the coffin-plate to your buried humility. Many persons moving into a larger house have become arrogant and supercilious. They swagger where once they walked, they simper where once they laughed, they go about with an air which seems to say, "Let all smaller craft get out of these waters if they don't want to be run over by a regular Cunarder." I have known people who were kind and amiable and Christian in their smaller house—no sooner did they go over the doorsill of the new house than they became a glorified nuisance. They were the terror of dry-goods clerks and the amazement of ferryboats into which they swept; and if compelled to stand a moment with condemnatory glance turning all the people seated into criminals and convicts. They began to hunt up the family coat of arms, and had lion couchant, or unicorn rampant on the carriage door; when if they had the appropriate coat of arms it would have been a butter-firkin, or a shoe-last, or a plough, or a trowel. Instead of being like all the rest of us, made out of dust, they would have you think that they were trickled out of Heaven on a lump of loaf sugar. The first thing you know of them, the father will fail in business, and the daughter will run off with a French dancing-master. A woman spoiled by a finer house is bad enough,

but a man so upset is sickening. The lavendered fool goes around so dainty and so precise and so affected in the roll of his eyes, or the whirl of his cane, or the clicking of the ivory handle against his front teeth, or his effeminate languor, and his conversation so interlarded with "oh's" and "ah's" that he is to me a dose of ipecacuanha. Now, my friends, if you move into a larger house, thank God for more room—for more room to hang your pictures, for more room in which to gather your friends, for more room in which to let your children romp and play, for more room for great bookcases filled with good reading, or wealth of bric-à-brac. Have as large and as fine a house as you can afford to have, but do not sacrifice your humility and your common-sense, do not lose your balance, do not be spoiled by your successes.

Two or three years ago, we were the guests on an English manor. The statuary, the ferneries, the botanical and horticultural genius of the place had done all they could do to make the place attractive. For generations there had been an amassing of plate and costly surroundings. At half-past nine o'clock in the morning, the proprietor of the estate had the bell rung, and some twenty or thirty men-servants and maid-servants came in to prayers. The proprietor of the estate read the Scriptures, gave out the hymn, his daughter at the organ started the music, and then the music over, the proprietor of the estate kneeled down and commended all his guests, all his family, all his employés to the Lord Almighty. God can trust such a man as that with a large estate. He knows how to abound. He trusted God and God trusted him. And I could call off the roll of fifty merchant princes as mighty for God as they are mighty in worldly successes. Ah my friends, do not be puffed up by any of the successes of this life, do not be spoiled by the number of liveried coachmen that may stop at your door, or the sweep of the long trail across the imported tapestry. Many of those who come to your house are fawning parasites. They are not so much in love with you as they are in love with your house and your successes. You move down next year to 320 Low-Water-Mark Street, and see how many of their carriages will halt at your door.

Timon of Athens was a wealthy lord, and all the mighty men and women of the land came and sat at his banquet, proud to sit there, and they drank deep to his health. They sent him costly presents. He sent costlier presents back again, and there was no man in all the land so admired as Timon of Athens, the wealthy lord. But after a while, through lavish hospitality, or through betrayal, he lost everything. Then he sent for help to those lords whom he had banqueted and to whom he had given large sums of money, Lucullus, Lucius, Sempronius and Ventidias. Did those lords send any help to him? Oh, no. Lucullus said when he was applied to, "Well, I thought that Timon would come down, he was too lavish; let him suffer for his recklessness." Lucius said, "I would be very glad to help Timon, but I have made large purchases and my means are all absorbed." And one lord sent one excuse and another lord sent

another excuse. But to the astonishment of everybody, after a while Timon proclaimed another feast. Those lords said to themselves: "Why, either Timon has had a good turn of fortune, or he has been deceiving us, testing our love." And so they all flocked to the banquet apologetic for seeming lukewarmness. The guests were all seated at the table, and Timon ordered the covers lifted. The covers lifted, there was nothing under them but smoking hot water. Then Timon said to his guests, "Dogs, lap! lap, dogs!" and under the terrific irony they fled the room, while Timon pursued them with his anathema, calling them fools of fortune, destroyers of happiness under a mask, hurling at the same time the pitchers and the chalices after them. O! my friends, I would not want to make you over-suspicious in the day of your success, but I want you to understand right well there is a vast difference between the popularity of Timon, the prosperous, and Timon, the unfortunate—I want you to know there is a vast difference in the number of people who admire a man when he is going up, and the number of people who admire him when he is going down.

But I must have a word with those who in this May-day time move out of larger residences into smaller. Sometimes the pathetic reason is that the family has dwindled in size and so much room is not required, so they move out into smaller apartments. I know there are such cases. Marriage has taken some of the members of the family, death has taken other members of the family, and after a while, father and mother wake up to find their family just the size it was when they started, and they would be lonesome and lost in a large house; hence they move out of it. Moving day is a great sadness to such if they have the law of association dominant. There are the rooms named after the different members of the family. I suppose it is so in all your households. It is so in mine; we name the rooms after the persons who occupy them. And then there is the dining-hall where the festivities took place, the holiday festivities; there is the sitting-room where the family met night after night, and there is the room sacred because there a life started, or a life stopped; the Alpha and the Omega of some earthly existence. Scene of meeting and parting, of congratulation and heart-break. Every door-knob, every fresco, every mantel, every threshold meaning more to you than it can ever mean to any one else. When moving out of a house I have always been in the habit, after everything was gone, of going into each room and bidding it a mute farewell. There will be tears running down many cheeks to-morrow that the carmen will not be able to understand. It is a solemn and a touching and an overwhelming thing to leave places forever—places where we have struggled and toiled and wept and sung and prayed and anxiously watched and agonized. O! life is such a strange mixture of honey and of gall, weddings and burials, midnoon and midnight clashing. Every home a lighthouse against which the billows of many seas tumble. Thank God, the sechanges are not always going to continue, otherwise the nerves would give

out and the brain would founder on a dementia like that of King Lear when his daughter Cordelia came to medicine his domestic calamities.

But there are others who will move out of large residences into smaller through the reversal of fortune. The property must be sold, or the bailiff will sell it, or the income is less and you cannot pay the house rent. First of all, such persons should understand that our happiness is not dependent on the size of the house we live in. I have known people enjoy a small Heaven in two rooms and others suffer a pandemonium in twenty. There is as much happiness in a small house as in a large house. There is as much satisfaction under the light of a tallow candle as under the glare of a chandelier all the burners at full blaze. Who was the happier, John Bunyan in Bedford Jail, or Belshazzar in the saturnalia? Contentment is something you can neither rent nor purchase. It is not extrinsic, it is intrinsic. Are there fewer rooms in the house to which you move; you will have less to take care of. Is it to be stove instead of furnace? all the doctors say the modern modes of warming buildings are unhealthy. Is it less pier mirrors? Less temptation to your vanity. Is it old-fashioned toilet instead of water pipes all through the house? Less to freeze and burst when you cannot get a plumber. Is it less carriage? More room for robust exercise. Is it less social position? Fewer people who want to drag you down by their jealousies. Is it less fortune to leave in your last will and testament? Less to spoil your children. Is it less money for the marketing? Less temptation to ruin the health of your family with pineapples and indigestible salads. Is it a little deaf? Not hearing so many disagreeables.

I meet you to-morrow at the door of your new home, and while I help you lift the clothes-closet over the banisters, and the carman is getting red in the face in trying to transport that article of furniture to some new destination, I congratulate you. You are going to have a better time this year, some of you, than you have ever had. You take God and the Christian religion in your home and you will be grandly happy. God in the parlor—that will sanctify your sociabilities. God in the nursery—that will protect your children. God in the dining-hall—that will make the plainest meal an imperial banquet. God in the morning—that will launch the day brightly from the dry docks. God in the evening—that will sail the day sweetly into the harbor.

And get joy, one and all of you, whether you move or do not move. Get joy out of the thought that we are soon all going to have a grand moving day. Do you want a picture of the new house into

which you will move? Here it is, wrought with the hand of a master: "We know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." How much rent will we have to pay for it? We are going to own it. How much must we pay for it? how much cash down? and how much left on mortgage? Our Father is going to give it as a free gift. When are we going to move into it? We are moving now. Heads of families are very apt to stay in the old house until they have seen everything off. They send ahead the children and they send ahead the treasures and the valuables. Then after a while they will come themselves. I remember very well in the country that in boyhood moving day was a jubilation. On almost the first load we, the children, were sent on ahead to the new house and we arrived with shout and laughter, and in an hour we had ranged through every room in the house, the barn, and the granary. Toward night, and perhaps in the last wagon, father and mother would come, looking very tired and we would come down to the foot of the lane to meet them and tell them of all the wonders we discovered in the new place, and then, the last wagon unloaded, the candles lighted, our neighbors who had helped us to move—for in those times neighbors helped each other—sat down with us at a table on which there was every luxury they could think of. Well, my dear Lord knows that some of us have been moving a good while. We have sent our children ahead, we have sent many of our valuables ahead, sent many treasures ahead. We cannot go yet. There is work for us to do; but after a while it will be toward night and we will be very tired, and then we will start for our new home; and those who have gone ahead of us, they will see our approach, and they will come down the lane to meet us, and they will have much to tell us of what they have discovered in the "house of many mansions," and of how large the rooms are and of how bright the fountains. And then, the last load unloaded, the table will be spread and our celestial neighbors will come in to sit down with our reunited families, and the chalices will be full, not with the wine that sweats in the vat of earthly intoxication, but with "the new wine of the kingdom." And there for the first time we will realize what fools we were on earth when we feared to die, since death has turned out only to be the moving from a smaller house into a larger one, and the exchange of a pauper's hut for a prince's castle, and the going upstairs from a miserable kitchen to a glorious parlor. O! house of God not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens!

HARVEST HOME.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, August 19, 1883.

"My Father is the Husbandman."—JOHN 15 : 1.

[THE following sermon was delivered among the harvest fields of Minnesota. The announcement that Dr. Talmage would preach in Minnesota on Sunday, August 19th, drew a large congregation. Sun-browned farmers from all quarters flocked into the city. The contrast between the audience and that which usually hears Dr. Talmage in the Brooklyn Tabernacle could scarcely have been more decided, but the rapt attention with which they listened, proved that the Gospel lessons presented by the preacher were understood and appreciated as thoroughly as by his Eastern audience.]

Will it not be appropriate, if I preach a harvest sermon? This summer having gone in different directions over between five and six thousand miles of harvest fields, I can hardly open my Bible without smelling the breath of new-mown hay and seeing the golden light of the wheat field. And when I open my Bible to take my text, the Scripture leaf rustles like the tassels of the corn.

We were nearly all of us born in the country. We dropped corn in the hill, and went on Saturday to the mill, tying the grist in the centre of the sack so that the contents on either side the horse balanced each other; and drove the cattle afield, our bare feet wet with the dew, and rode the horses with the halter to the brook until we fell off, and hunted the mow for nests until the feathered occupants went cackling away. We were nearly all of us born in the country, and all would have stayed there had not some adventurous lad on his vacation come back with better clothes and softer hands, and set the whole village on fire with ambition for city life. So we all understand rustic allusions. The Bible is full of them. In Christ's sermon on the Mount, you see the full-blown lilies and the glossy back of the crow's wing as it flies over Mount Olivet. David and John, Paul and Isaiah find in country life a source of frequent illustration, while Christ in the text takes the responsibility of calling God a farmer, declaring: "My Father is the Husbandman."

Noah was

THE FIRST FARMER.

We say nothing about Cain, the tiller of the soil. Adam was a gardener on a large scale, but to Noah was given all the acres of the earth. Elisha was an agriculturist, not culturing a ten-acre lot, for we find him ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen. In Bible times the land was so plenty and the inhabitants so few that Noah was right when he gave to every inhabitant a certain portion of land; that land, if cultured, ever after to be his own possession. Just as now in Nebraska the Government on the payment of \$16

will give pre-emption right to 160 acres to any man who will settle there and cultivate the soil.

All classes of people were expected to culture ground except ministers of religion. It was supposed that they would have their time entirely occupied with their own profession, although sometimes ministers do deal in stocks, I am told, and they are superior judges of horses, and make one think sometimes of what Thomas Fraser said in regard to a man in his day who preached very well, but lived very ill: "When he is out of the pulpit, it is a pity he should ever go into it, and when he is in the pulpit, it is a pity he should ever come out of it."

They were not small crops raised in those times, for though the arts were rude, the plough turned up very rich soil, and barley, and cotton, and flax, and all kinds of grain came up at the call of the harvesters. Pliny tells of one stalk of grain that had on it between three and four hundred ears. The rivers and the brooks, through artificial channels, were brought down to the roots of the corn, and to this habit of turning a river wherever it was wanted, Solomon refers when he says: "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, and He turneth it as the rivers of water are turned, whithersoever He will."

The wild beasts were caught, and then a hook was put into their nose, and then they were led over the field, and to that God refers when He says to wicked Sennacherib: "I will put a hook in thy nose and I will bring thee back by the way which thou camest." And God has a hook in every bad man's nose, whether it be Nebuchadnezzar or Ahab or Herod. He may think himself very independent, but some time in his life or in the hour of his death, he will find that the Lord Almighty has a hook in his nose.

This was the rule in regard to the culture of the ground: "Thou shalt not plough with an ox and an ass together," illustrating the folly of ever putting intelligent and useful and pliable men in association with the stubborn and the

unmanageable. The vast majority of troubles in the churches and in reformatory institutions comes from the disregard of this command of the Lord: "Thou shalt not plough with an ox and an ass together."

There were large amounts of property invested in cattle. The Moabites paid 100,000 sheep as an annual tax. Job had 7000 sheep, 3000 camels, 500 yoke of oxen. The time of vintage was ushered in with mirth and music. The clusters of the vine were put into the winepress, and then five men would get into the press and trample out the juice from the grape until their garments were saturated with the wine and had become the emblems of slaughter. Christ Himself, wounded until covered with the blood of crucifixion, making use of this allusion when the question was asked: "Wherefore art Thou red in Thine apparel and Thy garments like one who treadeth the wine-vat?" He responded: "I have trodden the wine-press alone."

In all ages there has been great honor paid to agriculture. Seven-eighths of the people in every country are disciples of the plough. A government is strong in proportion as it is supported by an athletic and industrious yeomanry. So long ago as before the fall of Carthage, Strabo wrote twenty-eight books on agriculture; Hesiod wrote a poem on the same subject—"The Weeks and Days." Cato was prouder of his work on husbandry than of all his military conquests. But I must not be tempted into a discussion of agricultural conquests. Standing amid the harvests and orchards and vineyards of the Bible, and standing amid the harvests and orchards and vineyards of our own country—larger harvests than have ever before been gathered—I want to run out the analogy between the production of crops and the growth of grace in the soul—all these sacred writers making use of that analogy.

I. In the first place, I remark, in grace as in the fields there must be a *plough*. That which theologians call conviction is only the ploughshare turning up the sins that have been rooted and matted in the soul. A farmer said to his indolent son: "There are a hundred dollars buried deep in that field." The son went to work and ploughed the field from fence to fence, and he ploughed it very deep, and then complained that he had not found the money; but when the crop had been gathered and sold for a hundred dollars more than any previous year, then the young man took the hint as to what his father meant when he said there were a hundred dollars buried down in that field. Deep ploughing for a crop. Deep ploughing for a soul. He who makes light of sin will never amount to anything in the church or in the world. If a man speaks of sin as though it were an inaccuracy or a mistake, instead of the loathsome, abominable, consuming, and damning thing that God hates, that man will never yield a harvest of usefulness.

When I was a boy I ploughed a field with a team of spirited horses. I ploughed it very quickly. Once in a while I passed over some of the sod without turning it, but I did not jerk back the plough with its rattling devices. I thought it made no difference. After a while

my father came along and said: "Why, this will never do; this isn't ploughed deep enough; there you have missed this and you have missed that." And he ploughed it over again. The difficulty with a great many people is that they are only scratched with conviction when the subsoil plough of God's truth ought to be put in up to the beam.

My word is to all Sabbath-school teachers, to all parents, to all Christian workers—

PLOUGH DEEP! PLOUGH DEEP!

And if in your own personal experience you are apt to take a lenient view of the sinful side of your nature, put down into your soul the ten commandments which reveal the holiness of God, and that sharp and glittering coulter will turn up your soul to the deepest depths. If a man preaches to you that you are only a little out of order by reason of sin and that you need only a little fixing-up, he deceives! You have suffered an appalling injury by reason of sin. There are quick poisons and slow poisons, but the druggist could give you one drop that would kill the body. And sin is like that drug; so virulent, so poisonous, so fatal that one drop is enough to kill the soul.

Deep ploughing for a crop. Deep ploughing for a soul. Broken heart or no religion. Broken soil or no harvest. Why was it that David and the jailer and the publican and Paul made such ado about their sins? Had they lost their senses? No. The ploughshare struck them. Conviction turned up a great many things that were forgotten. As a farmer ploughing sometimes turns up the skeleton of a man or the anatomy of a monster long ago buried, so the ploughshare of conviction turns up the ghastly skeletons of sins long ago entombed. Geologists never brought up from the depths of the mountain mightier ichthyosaurus or megatherium.

But what means all this

CROOKED PLOUGHING,

these crooked furrows, the repentance that amounts to nothing, the repentance that ends in nothing? Men groan over their sins, but get no better. They weep, but their tears are not counted. They get convicted, but not converted. What is the reason? I remember that on the farm we set a standard with a red flag at the other end of the field. We kept our eye on that. We aimed at that. We ploughed up to that. Losing sight of that we made a crooked furrow. Keeping our eye on that we made a straight furrow. Now in this matter of conviction we must have some standard to guide us. It is a red standard that God has set at the other end of the field. It is the cross. Keeping your eye on that you will make a straight furrow. Losing sight of it you will make a crooked furrow. Plough up to the cross. Aim not at either end of the horizontal piece of the cross but at the upright piece, at the centre of it, the heart of the Son of God who bore your sins and made satisfaction. Crying and weeping will not bring you through. "Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance." Oh, plough up to the cross!

II. Again, I remark, in grace as in the field there must be a *sowing*. In the autumnal

weather you find the farmer going across the field at a stride of about twenty-three inches, and at every stride he puts his hand into the sack of grain and he sprinkles the seed-corn over the field. It looks silly to a man who does not know what he is doing. He is doing a very important work. He is scattering the winter grain, and though the snow may come, the next year there will be a great crop. Now, that is what we are doing when we are preaching the Gospel—we are scattering the seed. It is the foolishness of preaching, but it is the winter grain; and though the snows of worldliness may come down upon it, it will yield after awhile glorious harvest. Let us be sure we sow the right kind of seed. Sow mullen stalk and mullen stalk will come up. Sow Canada thistles and Canada thistles will come up. Sow wheat and wheat will come up. Let us distinguish between truth and error. Let us know the difference between wheat and hellebore, oats and henbane.

The largest denomination in this country is the denomination of Nothingarians. Their religion is a system of negations. You say to one of them, "What do you believe?" "Well, I don't believe in infant baptism." "What do you believe?" "Well, I don't believe in the perseverance of the saints." "Well, now tell me what you do believe?" "Well, I don't believe in the eternal punishment of the wicked." So their religion is a row of cyphers. Believe something and teach it; or, to resume the figure of my text, scatter abroad the right kind of seed.

A minister in New York the other day preached a sermon calculated to set the denominations of Christians quarrelling. He was sowing nettles. A minister in Boston the other day advertised that he would preach a sermon on the superiority of transcendental and organized forces to untranscendental and unorganized forces. What was he sowing? The Lord Jesus Christ nineteen centuries ago planted the divine seed of doctrine. It sprang up. On one side of the stalk are all the churches of Christendom. On the other side of the stalk are all the free governments of the earth, and on the top there shall be a flowering millennium after awhile. All from the Gospel seed of doctrine. Every word that a parent, or Sabbath-school teacher, or city missionary, or other Christian worker speaks for Christ comes up. Yea, it comes up with compound interest—you saving one soul, that one saving ten, the ten a hundred, the hundred a thousand, the thousand, ten thousand, the ten thousand, one hundred thousand—on, on forever.

III. Again, I remark, in grace as in the farm there must be a *harrowing*. I refer now not to a harrow that goes over the field in order to prepare the ground for the seed, but a harrow which goes over after the seed is sown, lest the birds pick up the seed, sinking it down into the earth so that it can take root. You know a harrow. It is made of bars of wood nailed across each other, and the underside of each bar is furnished with sharp teeth, and when the horses are hitched to it, it goes tearing and leaping across the field, driving the seed down into the earth until it springs up in the harvest. Bereavement,

sorrow, persecution are the Lord's harrows to sink the Gospel truth into your heart. These were truths that you heard thirty years ago, they have not affected you until recently. Some great trouble came over you, and the truth was harrowed in, and it has come up. What did God mean in this country in 1857? For a century there was the Gospel preached, but a great deal of it produced no result. Then God harnessed a wild panic to a harrow of commercial disaster, and that harrow went down Wall Street and up Wall Street, down Third Street and up Third Street, down State Street and up State Street, until the whole land was torn to pieces as it had never been before. What followed the harrow? A great awakening in which there were 500,000 souls brought into the kingdom of our Lord. No harrow, no crop.

IV. Again, I remark, in grace as in the farm there must be a *reaping*. Many Christians speak of religion as though it were a matter of economics or insurance. They expect to reap in the next world. Oh, no! Now is the time to reap. Gather up the joy of the Christian religion this morning, this afternoon, this night. If you have not as much grace as you would like to have, thank God for what you have, and pray for more. You are no worse enslaved than Joseph, no worse troubled than was David, no worse scourged than was Paul. Yet, amid the rattling of fetters, and amid the gloom of dungeons, and amid the horror of shipwreck, they triumphed in the grace of God. The weakest man in the house to-day has 500 acres of spiritual joy all ripe. Why do you not go and reap it? You have been groaning over your infirmities for thirty years. Now give one round shout over your emancipation. You say you have it so hard; you might have it worse. You wonder why this great cold trouble keeps revolving through your soul, turning and turning with a black hand on the crank. Ah, that trouble is the grindstone on which you are to sharpen your sickle. To the fields! Wake up! Take off your green spectacles, your blue spectacles, your black spectacles. Pull up the corners of your mouth as far as you pull them down. To the fields! Reap! reap!

V. Again, I remark, in grace as in farming there is a *time for threshing*. I tell you bluntly that is death. Just as the farmer with a flail beats the wheat out of the straw, so death beats the soul out of the body. Every sickness is a stroke of the flail, and the sick-bed is the threshing-floor. What, say you, is death to a good man only taking the wheat out of the straw? That is all. An aged man has fallen asleep. Only yesterday you saw him in the sunny porch playing with his grandchildren. Calmly he received the message to leave this world. He bade a pleasant good-by to his old friends. The telegraph carries the tidings, and on swift railtrains the kindred come, wanting once more to look on the face of dear old grandfather. Brush back the gray hairs from his brow; it will never ache again. Put him away in the slumber of the tomb. He will not be afraid of that night. Grandfather was never afraid of anything. He will rise in the morning of the resurrection.

Grandfather was always the first to rise. His voice has already mingled in the doxology of heaven. Grandfather always did sing in church. Anything ghastly in that? No. The threshing of the wheat out of the straw. That is all.

The Saviour folds a lamb in His bosom. The little child filled all the house with her music, and her toys are scattered all up and down the stairs just as she left them. What if the hand that plucked four-o'clocks out of the meadow is still? It will wave in the eternal triumph. What if the voice that made music in the home is still? It will sing the eternal hosanna. Put a white rose in one hand, and a red rose in the other hand, and a wreath of orange blossoms on the brow; the white flower for the victory, the red flower for the Saviour's sacrifice, the orange blossoms for her marriage day. Anything ghastly about that? Oh, no. The sun went down and the flower shut. The wheat threshed out of the straw. "Dear Lord, give me sleep," said a dying boy, the son of one of my elders, "dear Lord, give me sleep." And he closed his eyes and awoke in glory. Henry W. Longfellow, writing a letter of condolence to those parents, said: "Those last words were beautifully poetic." And Mr. Longfellow knew what is poetic. "Dear Lord, give me sleep."

" 'Twas not in cruelty, not in wrath
That the reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel that visited the earth
And took the flower away."

So it may be with us when our work is all done. "Dear Lord, give me sleep."

VI. I have one more thought to present. I have spoken of the ploughing, of the sowing, of the harrowing, of the reaping, of the threshing. I must now speak a moment of the garnering.

Where is the garner? Need I tell you? Oh, no. So many have gone out from your own circles—yea, from your own family, that you

have had your eyes on that garner for many a year. What a hard time some of them had! In Gethsemanes of suffering, they sweat great drops of blood. They took the "cup of trembling" and they put it to their hot lips and they cried: "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." With tongues of burning agony they cried: "O Lord, deliver my soul!" But they got over it. They all got over it. Garnered! Their tears wiped away; their battles all ended; their burdens lifted. Garnered! The Lord of the harvest will not allow those sheaves to perish in the equinox. Garnered! Some of us remember, on the farm, that the sheaves were put on the top of the rack which surmounted the wagon, and these sheaves were piled higher and higher, and after a while the horses started for the barn; and these sheaves swayed to and fro in the wind, and the old wagon creaked, and the horses made a struggle, and pulled so hard the harness came up in loops of leather on their back, and when the front wheel struck the elevated floor of the barn, it seemed as if the load would go no farther, until the workmen gave a great shout, and then with one last tremendous strain, the horses pulled in the load; then they were unharnessed, and forkful after forkful of grain fell into the mow. O my friends, our getting to heaven may be a pull, a hard pull, a very hard pull; but these sheaves are bound to go in. The Lord of the harvest has promised it. I see the load at last coming to the door of the heavenly garner. The sheaves of the Christian soul sway to and fro in the wind of death, and the old body creaks under the load, and as the load strikes the floor of the celestial garner, it seems as if it can go no farther. It is the last struggle, until the voices of angels and the voices of our departed kindred and the welcoming voice of God shall send the harvest rolling into the eternal triumph, while all up and down the sky the cry is heard: "Harvest home! Harvest home!"

"MONEY ALL GONE."

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, April 24, 1881.

"He began to be in want."—LUKE 15 : 14.

WHEN I need to get a good warm-hearted text I am very apt to go to one of the parables of the Lord, and to none more frequently than to the parable of the Prodigal Son. There are enough texts in it for a man to preach about fifty years; then he must go into the eternal world feeling that he has only just opened the outside door of the subject. I will not rehearse the story. You all know it—the story of the Prodigal Son. You need not go to the Bible to find the story. You find it every day. This subject is no novelty. I will simply say, however, that just as some years ago our young men went off to California to get their fortune, and as Englishmen used to go to Australia to get their fortune, so I suppose this young man of the text went off to get his fortune.

You know it takes a great deal longer to make money than it does to spend it. Although it is only a little while since this young man got one third of his father's property, it's all gone—every cent of it. So you have known men toiling for twenty, thirty, forty years in commercial or in mechanical life, having acquired large property, to lie down and die, leaving a great estate; and in five years the boys have got all through with it. So this young man of the text and his money were soon parted. I do not know just how it went; but there, in the first place, were his travelling expenses. A man who had been brought up as luxuriously as he evidently was, from the surroundings of that home, could not lodge just anywhere, nor be contented with plain fare. He had been used to see things on a large scale, and I do not suppose he closely calculated the expense. I do not suppose he always stopped to take change. I suppose that sometimes he bought things without any regard to their cost. Then, besides that, there came in the bill for his personal apparel; and a young man who had a third of his father's property in his pocket could not afford to go shabbily dressed; and so he must have clothes of the best pattern, and of the finest material. Besides that, the young man of the text had to meet the bill for social entertainment. He must treat, and it must be with the costliest wines and the rarest viands. Besides that, the sharpers found out that this young man had plenty of money, and they volunteered their services. They will show him the sights. They can tell him things he never imagined, away off on that father's homestead. Well, they undertake to show this

young man the sights, and after a while he wakes up one day and he says, "I think I will count my money." And he counted his money; it was half gone. But bad habits were thoroughly fastened upon him; he could not stop. After a while he counted his money again, and it was three fourths gone; but he was on the down grade, going swifter and swifter and swifter, until, when he comes to look for his money, it is all gone.

Now these associates who stuck to him as long as he had plenty of money are gone. Morning-glories bloom when the sun is coming up, not when the sun is going down. There is no money with which to meet his expenses. Besides that, the crops have failed, and there is a famine in the land; and at a time when affluent men are straitened about getting their daily bread, what is to become of this poor fellow with an empty pocket and a discouraged heart? "Oh," you say, "let him go to work." He cannot work. His hands, soft and tender, will be blistered with hard work. Perhaps he comes then to some place where he can get work, he thinks, adequate for an educated young man. He comes to a commercial establishment and asks for work. "No," says the head man of the business firm, "we can't have you. Why, you are nothing but a tramp of the street. Off of our premises." Perhaps he comes to the office of some official of the government, and seeks employment by which he can support himself. "No," says that officer, "a man clad as you are cannot find any employment in my office." What is he to do? In a strange land. Money all gone. No friends. Ragged. Wretched. Undone. My text with one stroke gives the awful picture. "He began to be in want."

Now, what does all that mean? It means you and me. Our race had a good starting; but we all went away from God our home, and we have found sin to be an expensive luxury. It despoiled us. It hungered us. It robbed us. It made us hopeless, and friendless, and godless. We had a fine spiritual fortune to start with, and we spent it, and we "begin to be in want." I care not how fine our worldly estate may be, or how much bank stock we may possess, or how elegant our social position, sin has paupered the whole race, and until we go back to God, our home, we are in an awful state of beggary and want. There is no exception to it. In

hospitals you will find that there are different wards for different styles of cases. In one ward those who are a little sick. Further on you will find those who are dangerously sick. In another ward those who are hopelessly sick. Now I have to tell you that in the hospital of the world there is only one ward, and in that ward they are sick unto death, and no human doctor can touch the cases, and unless some supernatural help come we must all die. We want healing. We want light. We want medicine. We want everything for the soul. It is no whim of mine, but a positive statement of the Bible, that we are by nature poor and wretched and miserable and blind and naked. Oh, that God this morning would help me to define the wants of an immortal soul. "He began to be in want."

I. I have first to remark, my dear hearer, that if you are not a Christian, your first want is the Holy Ghost. Some of you have been familiar with these themes about which I am talking, long before I was born. Some of you have heard a thousand, fifteen hundred, two thousand, three thousand sermons. Some of you have spent whole years of glorious Sabbaths, and had innumerable opportunities of religious contemplation, and yet you tell me frankly you are not Christians. Why? Because the Holy Ghost has not led you to the cross. What does all this service amount to this morning unless the Divine Spirit touch your soul? A wasted hour. What is all this Bible, with its hopes and promises, to you, unless the Holy Spirit illumine the page? It is a sealed book. What are all the advantages you have had for the last fifteen years in a religious sense unless the spirit of God drive the truth to the heart? So many arguments for your condemnation.

"Well," you say, "how can I get that Spirit. Am I responsible for not having it?" Yes. You must, my dear brother, pray for His coming, and He will come. Plead for Him. Beseech His coming. Cry out, "Give me the Holy Ghost!" Why is it that sometimes, when we come to the people with an elaborate discourse, and we have carefully analyzed the subject, and brought out the thoughts as we think, in a harmonious way, and we think it is about as good a sermon as we know how to preach, it all amounts to nothing? It is because the Holy Spirit did not bless the truth that day. Why is it that, on some other occasion, when we come with only a few thoughts lying in our mind, hardly arranged at all, but with a burning desire for the salvation of the souls of men, and the sermon is a poor sermon, judged by the rules of human rhetoric, on that day the people come to God? Because the Lord sends His Spirit to bless that sermon. Oh, if this morning the Spirit of God would shine on your heart, you would wake up as from a long sleep; you would look around about you, and you would kneel down and cry for mercy. I never shall forget a scene in my first settlement. We had a morning prayer-meeting in time of religious interest, and there was a man who entered the door just before the close of the sermon. I said to myself, "I wish that man had stayed away; he has come to disturb this meeting." I had

heard him express his contempt for religion and all religious things, and I was sure he was there to interrupt us. He came in and sat down, and before the benediction was pronounced, he arose. People shuddered, for all knew him in the village. But, so far from disturbing our meeting, he said, "Oh, pray for my soul!" and that night he found his way into the kingdom of God, and his wife and his children. The Spirit of God sought him out and brought him in, and by the time night came he was saved forever.

If the Holy Spirit should strike off your chain, you would be free. If He should touch your eyes this moment, you would see not only your sin, but the grandeur of a Saviour's ransom. Oh, He is a mighty Spirit! People of God, if you will with proper faith importune His coming, there would this morning be five hundred souls in this audience out of Christ, who would march in solid column into the kingdom, and the house would be full of the glory of the Lord, and there would be here such praying, and weeping, and wailing, and singing as you never heard. Oh, that the Spirit would descend now! I wait His coming! Aged men, who know the way to pray, who have long been praying, implore the descent of that Spirit. Men in mid-life, young men—ask for the coming of that Spirit.

"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love
In these cold hearts of ours."

Twenty-five years ago I had a man standing before me one day preaching the Gospel to my people. As I sat behind him, I thought to myself, "Oh, if I only had that man's physical health, how much good I could do!" Though I was well, he seemed to be more than well—athletic, strong, exuberant. That was the last sermon he ever preached. That week he was dead. I never shall forget that man's last sermon. I shall not forget his text. It was so appropriate for my people then; it is so appropriate for this people now: "Have ye received the Holy Ghost?"

II. I remark again, that your want is pardon. That young man down in the wilderness, oh, how he thought of his father! He thought, "If I could only hear my father say, 'I forgive you,' I would be happy." It was pardon he wanted. That is what you need. What has been the greatest sin in all your life? One man would say one thing; another man would say another thing. I can tell you what has been the greatest sin of your life—the one that towers above all others, the ghastliest, the blackest crime that the soul can commit. It is not murder. It is not theft. It is not adultery. It is not blasphemy. But worse than all these combined. It is the sin of driving back the Son of God from your souls, and recrucifying the Lord of glory, and trampling on the bleeding heart of infinite love; and that sin we have all committed. To that chief sin you have added other sins. How many? In all your life, how many do you suppose? A thousand? "Oh, yes," you say. Fifty thousand? "Yes," you say, "in the course of my life." One hundred thou-

sand? "Yes; but let us stop there." One hundred thousand unforgiven transgressions! Sins against Sabbaths, against Bibles, against sermons. Sins against God. Sins against yourself. Sins against the cross. Sins against the ministering spirits that came to defend you. Sins against your own death-bed, your father's death-bed, your mother's death-bed. Sins against the judgment-day. Sins against the glories of heaven and the grandeurs of eternity. Sins inexcusable. Sins without number. All unforgiven! You know how rapidly the snow-flakes can accumulate on a winter's day, and you know how soon they aggregate on top of the Alps; and then, in certain conditions of the weather, that great block of snow which is made up of little snow-flakes shoves off an avalanche on the villages beneath, destroying them. So the sins of your life—cold, freezing transgressions—accumulating, accumulating, heaping up wrath against the day of wrath, at last, if unrepented of, will be an avalanche of darkness rolling down upon your soul. They seem more like a cloud, black, thunder-charged, and flash with all the lightning of an incensed God, and they hover and swing about us until in the suffocation we gasp for mercy, and hope that a gale from heaven will blow away the cloud. God is willing to lift that cloud. He says He is long-suffering and patient. He is the God of great pity. He is willing to blot out your transgressions. He is willing to take you in the arms of His compassion. Oh, here is the letter! It is a letter from your Father, offended and outraged. It is a letter to you, the wandering child. He says, "Come back, come back! Though your sins were as scarlet, they shall be as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Pardon for all! Free pardon! Everlasting pardon!

III. Again, my unconverted friends, you want comfort. If this young man of the text had only had some one to come from his father's house and say to him, "Now you can go back if you want to. They will be glad to see you. Your estate will be restored, and you will have a glorious greeting, if you will only go," what a comfort it would have been to him. What he wanted, you want, and that is comfort. You have found the world to be a rough world. You have been disappointed again and again. The grave has opened, and taken your friends, perhaps your very best friends. God only knows how many tears you have wept, how many sighs you have breathed, how many groans you have uttered. There is in your soul an aching void the world cannot fill. Worldly amusement cannot silence it. The intoxicating cup only makes the matter worse. The mirth of your godless companions cannot silence this unrest. You go about seeking for peace and happiness, and you find remorse and anguish. Do you know the reason? It is because the flower you are hunting for does not grow in earthly soil. It is because the gem you are digging for cannot be found in an earthly mine. But in Christ is your comfort. This is the peace that passeth all understanding. This is the balm for all wounds. This is liberty for all captives. This is life for all who are dead. What consolation it has given

to many of these people who are before me to-day! Jesus has been their comfort. They have had enough trouble to kill them, but Christ has sustained them, Christ has soothed them. He is competent to do it. One of the Scotch martyrs said, in his last moment, "I was turned out; I spent two nights in the fields; I had no place to lay my head, no covering but the darkness; but, oh, what a sweet time I had all those nights! I looked up, and I saw the ocean of joy in which all heaven swims and swims!" I wish I could tell what a comfort this religion of Jesus Christ has been to my soul; what comfort it has been to the souls of many who are here. There are little children here who have found the Saviour's compassion. They have had more joy in their short life of ten years than you have had in sixty years, because they went to the Saviour, and they have put their hearts in His care, and all shall be well. They feel as well as a little child did who was dying on the Sabbath. She had been in the Sabbath-school class, and the story was read about the Shepherd, and how He folds the lambs in His arms. And that week she was taken away. After she had come out of convulsions, and was about to die, her mother said to her, "My dear, you're very tired, ain't you?" "No," said she, "I am not tired. I never shall be tired. They told me last Sunday that the Shepherd carries the lambs in His bosom, and I am one of His lambs. I can't be tired." Oh, the solace, the comfort, the peace of this glorious Gospel! Will you not receive it?

IV. Again, I remark that you want strength against temptation. What is the use of this young man's trying to resist temptation, down there in the wilderness? One pulling him this way and another that way. He could not resist it. The only way for him is to go home. Now, I know your temptations. I simply say that it is impossible that in Brooklyn or New York a man can retain his integrity without the grace of God to help him. In the office, in the store, in the banking institution, where you are, there are people who do not believe in these things. They caricature religion. Some of them spend their evenings where they ought not. They want you to go along with them. Oh, I have stood where I could look off and see a young man go down. I have had letters from fathers and mothers in the country, saying, "My son has come to the city. He attends your church. He is in such and such a store. I wish you would look after him." And we see the men of the world gather around that poor young fellow, and drag him away from God, and away from his father's prayers, and away from his mother's Christian counsel, and he lived only long enough to break their old hearts. A young man in town is not safe a moment without the grace of God.

And what is true of young men is true of you older people. I have seen men in mid-life try to reform. They signed the pledge, and they did a great many things that were well enough; but they did not seek God's help or strength. I saw a change right away in their home. The children were better dressed, and went to a better school. The wife, who had not sung for

five years, began to sing again. The furniture was brushed up. The piano that had not been opened for years was retuned or traded off for a better one. Everything brightened up about that house. People said, "How well those people are getting on now! There is a great change. He has reformed."

Then a year passed along, and one night there was a burden carried along the street, and there was a loud ring at the door-bell, and the door opened, and the father, dead drunk, was thrown into the hall. And then the children came home from school, and then their apparel, instead of being good, was very mean, and the wife stopped the song, and the piano was not opened. But after a while it was opened, for the sheriff's mallet came down on it: "Going—gone!" What is the history of that man? He tried to reform without appealing to the grace and help of God. That is all. And when a man strives to reform or quit any kind of sin, and goes out in his own strength, he is one against a thousand; he is one against a hundred thousand. In other words, all hell is against him.

But I have seen other men, with no more courage than the one I have spoken of, and not half the force of will, come right up to respectability and usefulness—marching right on until the gate of heaven opened before their soul. Why? They said, "O Lord Jesus, thou seest my trouble. Thou knowest my thirst. Thou art acquainted with all my ungovernable appetites. I can't get away from them. O Jesus, help me by thy omnipotent grace! I will try to do better, but I can't do it alone. Help me! Help me!" The Lord God Almighty put His arm around that man and led him right out into the green pastures, and he shouted, "Victory! victory through the Lord Jesus Christ!" He never was confounded again—never will be. God Almighty is the strength of a man that puts trust in Him. So I offer Him to you as a shelter against temptation; and there is not anybody in the house that has escaped temptation.

V. But I have one more important thought to present. Your great want is a hope for heaven. We cannot always stay here. Some day you will be going along the street for the last time. A little after that your friends will be going along the street where you do business, and say, "Ah! the shutters are up. What's the matter?" And then they will go to the card on the door and read that you are gone. And your friends will be startled as they take up the newspaper and see your name in the list of those who yesterday went away from time into eternity, and you will be seen no more. You will never be seen in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, or in any Christian assemblage on earth. The world may laugh and shout and thunder and applaud; you will not hear it. Spring will come with all its wealth of blossoms; you will not smell the aroma. Summer harvests will throw their crowns of gold at the feet of the husbandman; you will not lift your head from the dusty

pillow to look at them. Frosts of winter will come, but they will not send any additional chill through your last encampment. There will not be a single person in all this audience living after a while. Some of us will sleep in the country churchyard; some of us in the more pretentious city cemetery; some of us down in the deep blue sea; but where will the soul be? what will our immortal nature be doing? What are your prospects?

You need hope for heaven, and some of you have not got it. What have you been doing, my dear friends, all your life, that you have not got this hope? You could have had it for the asking. Have you not asked for it? It is a most astounding thing that in this land, with so many Gospel advantages and privileges, people will go out of this world without any hope of heaven. Friends standing around the room waiting for some little indication that all is well—waiting for just one encouraging word from the departing spirit. And then to have such a one, as I have seen him, turn over on the pillow with his face to the wall, and breathe feebler and feebler, and then just give one long sigh, and it is all over. Oh, no, it is not: I must take that back. It is not all over. It has only begun.

I make an appeal especially to the young. "Oh," you say, "I can't attend to this. I can't break away from my associations. Why, my dear friend, it will be a greater struggle at last to die without any hope. Come! Come in bands! Come in flocks! If there is any one over whom you have especial influence, bring that one along with you. Before this night comes, before the benediction after this service is pronounced, give your heart to Jesus. He will take it now just as well as He will ten years from now. He would rather take it now. Commend your case to Him, and be saved before you go out of this building.

I appeal also to those who are in mid-life. You have lived long enough to know that this world is an insufficient portion. Begin to pray to-day. Establish your family altar, and gather your children around it. "Oh," says some one in the house, "I can't pray." Cannot pray? You can pray. You must pray. Before twenty-four hours go by, let your household, which has been a prayerless household, be a praying household, lest the Lord come upon thee in a way thou knowest not, for do you not know the announcement of God's Word, in which He says, "I will pour out my fury upon the families that call not on my name?" Oh, pray for yourselves, pray for your children.

I must have a word with the aged who are out of Christ—that father, mother, so long a prodigal? The sun is going rapidly down in the west and the chill of the last darkness is coming on; and let me tell you that there is not more than one in a thousand that ever goes as far as you have in life unpardoned and yet finds peace. God grant that you may be that one in a thousand.

THE SIX WINGS.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, June 24, 1883.

"With twain he covered his face, with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly."—ISAIAH 6 : 2.

IN a hospital of leprosy good King Uzziah had died, and the whole land was shadowed with solemnity, and theological and prophetic Isaiah was thinking about religious things, as one is apt to do in time of great national bereavement, and forgetting the presence of his wife and two sons, who made up his family, he has a dream, not like the dreams of ordinary character which generally come from indigestion, but a vision most instructive, and under the touch of the hand of the Almighty.

The place, the ancient temple : building, grand, awful, majestic. Within that temple a throne higher and grander than that occupied by any czar or sultan or emperor. On that throne, the eternal Christ. In lines surrounding that throne the brightest celestials, not the cherubim, but higher than they, the most exquisite and radiant of the heavenly inhabitants : the seraphim. They are called burners because they look like fire. Lips of fire, eyes of fire, feet of fire. In addition to the features and the limbs which suggest a human being, there are pinions which suggest the lithest, the swiftest, the most buoyant and the most aspiring of all unintelligent creation—a bird. Each seraph had six wings, each two of the wings for a different purpose. Isaiah's dream quivers and flashes with these pinions. Now folded, now spread, now beaten in locomotion. "With twain he covered his feet, with twain he covered his face, and with twain he did fly."

The probability is that these wings were not all used at once. The seraph standing there near the throne overwhelmed at the insignificance of the paths his feet had trodden as compared with the paths trodden by the feet of God, and with the lameness of his locomotion amounting almost to decrepitude as compared with the divine velocity, with feathery veil of angelic modesty hides the feet. "With twain he did cover the feet."

Standing there overpowered by the overwhelming splendors of God's glory, and unable longer with the eyes to look upon them, and wishing those eyes shaded from the insufferable glory, the pinions gather over the countenance. "With twain he did cover the face." Then as God tells this seraph to go to the furthest outpost of immensity on message of light and love and joy, and get back before the first anthem, it does not take the seraph a great while to spread himself upon the air with unimagined celerity, one stroke of the wing equal to ten thousand leagues of air, "With twain he did fly."

The most practical and useful lesson for you and me—when we see the seraph spreading his wings over the feet, is the lesson of *humility at imperfection*. The brightest angels of God are so far beneath God that He charges them with folly. The seraph so far beneath God, and we so far beneath the seraph in service we ought to be plunged in humility, utter and complete. Our feet, how laggard they have been in the divine service. Our feet, how many missteps they have taken. Our feet, in how many paths of worldliness and folly they have walked.

Neither God nor seraph intended to put any dishonor upon that which is one of the masterpieces of Almighty God—the human foot. Physiologist and anatomist are overwhelmed at the wonders of its organization. The Bridgewater Treatise, written by Sir Charles Bell, on the wisdom and goodness of God as illustrated in the human hand, was a result of the \$40,000 bequeathed in the last will and testament of the Earl of Bridgewater for the encouragement of Christian literature.

The world could afford to forgive his eccentricities, though he had two dogs seated at his table, and though he put six dogs alone in an equipage drawn by four horses and attended by two footmen. With his large bequest inducing Sir Charles Bell to write so valuable a book on the wisdom of God in the structure of the human hand, the world could afford to forgive his oddities. And the world could now afford to have another Earl of Bridgewater, however idiosyncratic, if he would induce some other Sir Charles Bell to write a book on the wisdom and goodness of God in the construction of the human foot. The articulation of its bones, the lubrication of its joints, the gracefulness of its lines, the ingenuity of its cartilages, the delicacy of its veins, the rapidity of its muscular contraction, the sensitiveness of its nerves.

I sound the praises of the human foot. With that we halt or climb or march. It is the foundation of the physical fabric. It is the base of a God-poised column. With it the warrior braces himself for battle. With it the orator plants himself for eulogium. With it the toiler reaches his work. With it the outraged stamps his indignation. Its loss an irreparable disaster. Its health an invaluable equipment. If you want to know its value, ask the man whose foot paralysis hath shrivelled, or machinery hath crushed, or surgeon's knife hath amputated.

The Bible honors it. *Especial care* : "Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone"; "he will

not suffer thy foot to be moved"; "thy feet shall not stumble." *Especial charge*: "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God." *Especial peril*: "Their feet shall slide in due time." Connected with the world's dissolution: "He shall set one foot on the sea and the other on the earth."

Give me the history of your foot, and I will give you the history of your lifetime. Tell me up what steps it hath gone, down what declivities and in what roads and in what directions, and I will know more about you than I want to know. None of us could endure the scrutiny. Our feet not always in paths of God. Sometimes in paths of worldliness. Our feet, a divine and glorious machinery for usefulness and work, so often making missteps, so often going in the wrong direction. God knowing every step, the patriarch saying, "Thou settest a print on the heels of my feet." Crimes of the hand, crimes of the tongue, crimes of the eye, crimes of the ear not worse than the crimes of the foot. Oh, we want the wings of humility to cover the feet. Ought we not go into self-abnegation before the all-searching, all-scrutinizing, all-trying eye of God? The seraphs do. How much more we. "With twain he covered the feet."

All this talk about the dignity of human nature is braggadocio and a sin. Our nature started at the hand of God regal, but it has been pauperized. There is a well in Belgium which once had very pure water, and it was stoutly masoned with stone and brick; but that well afterward became the centre of the battle of Waterloo. At the opening of the battle the soldiers with their sabres compelled the gardener, William Von Kysom, to draw water out of the well for them, and it was very pure water. But the battle raged, and three hundred dead and half dead were flung into the well for quick and easy burial; so that the well of refreshment became the well of death, and long after, people looked down into the well and they saw the bleached skulls but no water. So the human soul was a well of good, but the armies of sin have fought around it, and fought across it and been slain, and it has become a well of skeletons. Dead hopes, dead resolutions, dead opportunities, dead ambitions. An abandoned well unless Christ shall reopen and purify and fill it as the well of Belgium never was. Unclean, unclean.

Another seraphic posture in the text: "With twain he covered the face." That means reverence Godward. Never so much irreverence abroad in the world as to-day. You see it in the defaced statuary, in the cutting out of figures from fine paintings, in the chipping of monuments for a memento, in the fact that military guard must stand at the grave of Lincoln and Garfield, and that old shade trees must be cut down for firewood, though fifty George P. Morris beg the woodmen to spare the tree, and that calls a corpse a cadaver, and that speaks of death as going over to the majority, and substitutes for the reverent terms father and mother, "the old man" and "the old woman," and finds nothing impressive in the ruins of Baalbec or the columns of Karnac, and sees no difference in the Sabbath from other days except it allows more dissipation, and reads the Bible in

what is called higher criticism, making it not the Word of God but a good book with some fine things in it. Irreverence never so much abroad. How many take the name of God in vain, how many trivial things said about the Almighty. Not willing to have God in the world, they roll up an idea of sentimentality and humanitarianism and impudence and imbecility, and call it God. No wings of reverence over the face, no taking off of shoes on holy ground. You can tell from the way they talk they could have made a better world than this, and that the God of the Bible shocks every sense of propriety. They talk of the love of God in a way that shows you they believe it does not make any difference how bad a man is here, he will come in at the shining gate. They talk of the love of God in a way which shows you they think it is a general jail delivery for all the abandoned and the scoundrelly of the universe. No punishment hereafter for any wrong done here.

The Bible gives two descriptions of God, and they are just opposite, and they are both true. In one place the Bible says God is love. In another place the Bible says God is a consuming fire. The explanation is plain as plain can be. God through Christ is love. God out of Christ is fire. To win the one and to escape the other we have only to throw ourselves body, mind and soul into Christ's keeping. "No," says Irreverence, "I want no atonement, I want no pardon, I want no intervention; I will go up and face God, and I will challenge Him, and I will defy Him, and I will ask Him what He wants to do with me." So the finite confronts the infinite, so a tack hammer tries to break a thunderbolt, so the breath of human nostrils defies the everlasting God, while the hierarchs of heaven bow the head and bend the knee as the King's chariot goes by, and the archangel turns away because he cannot endure the splendor, and the chorus of all the empires of heaven comes in with full diapason, "Holy, holy, holy!"

Reverence for sham, reverence for the old merely because it is old, reverence for stupidity however learned, reverence for incapacity however finely inaugurated, I have none. But we want more reverence for God, more reverence for the sacraments, more reverence for the Bible, more reverence for the pure, more reverence for the good. Reverence a characteristic of all great natures. You hear it in the roll of the master oratorios. You see it in the Raphaels and Titians and Ghirlandjos. You study it in the architecture of the Aholiabs and Christopher Wrens. Do not be flippant about God. Do not joke about death. Do not make fun of the Bible. Do not deride the Eternal. The brightest and mightiest seraph cannot look unabashed upon Him. Involuntarily the wings come up. "With twain he covered his face."

Who is this God before whom the arrogant and intractable refuse reverence? There was an engineer by the name of Strasicrates who was in the employ of Alexander the Great, and he offered to hew a mountain in the shape of his master, the emperor, the enormous figure to hold in the left hand a city of ten thousand inhabitants, while with the right hand it was to hold a basin large enough to collect all

the mountain torrents. Alexander applauded him for his ingenuity, but forbade the enterprise because of its costliness. Yet I have to tell you that our King holds in one hand all the cities of the earth, and all the oceans, while He has the stars of heaven for His tiara.

Earthly power goes from hand to hand, from Henry I. to Henry II. and Henry III., from Charles I. to Charles II., from Louis I. to Louis II. and Louis III., but from everlasting to everlasting is God. God the first, God the last, God the only. He has one telescope with which He sees everything: His omniscience. He has one bridge with which He crosses everything: His omnipresence. He has one hammer with which He builds everything: His omnipotence. Put two tablespoonfuls of water in the palm of your hand and it will overflow; but Isaiah indicates that God puts the Atlantic and the Pacific and the Arctic and the Antarctic and the Mediterranean and the Black Sea and all the waters of the earth in the hollow of His hand. The fingers the beach on one side, the wrist the beach on the other. "He holdeth the water in the hollow of His hand."

As you take a pinch of salt or powder between your thumb and two fingers, so Isaiah indicates God takes up the earth. He measures the dust of the earth, the original there indicating that God takes all the dust of all the continents between the thumb and two fingers. You wrap around your hand a blue ribbon five times, ten times. You say it is five hand-breadths, or it is ten hand-breadths. So indicates the prophet God winds the blue ribbon of the sky around His hand. "He meteth out the heavens with a span." You know that balances are made of a beam suspended in the middle with two basins at the extremity of equal heft. In that way what vast heft has been weighed. But what are all the balances of earthly manipulation compared with the balances that Isaiah saw suspended when he saw God putting into the scales the Alps and the Appenines and Mount Washington and the Sierra Nevadas. You see the earth had to be ballasted. It would not do to have too much weight in Europe, or too much weight in Asia, or too much weight in Africa, or in America; so when God made the mountains He weighed them. The Bible distinctly says so. God knows the weight of the great ranges that cross the continents, the tons, the pounds avoirdupois, the ounces, the grains, the millegrammes—just how much they weighed then, and just how much they weigh now. "He weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance." Oh, what a God to run against, oh, what a God to disobey, oh, what a God to dishonor, oh, what a God to defy! The brightest, the mightiest angel takes no familiarity with God. The wings of reverence are lifted. "With twain he covered the face."

Another seraphic posture in the text. The seraph must not always stand still. He must move, and it must be without clumsiness. There must be celerity and beauty in the movement. "With twain he did fly." Correction, exhilaration. Correction at our slow gait, for we only crawl in the service when we ought to fly at the divine bidding. Exhilaration in the fact

that the soul has wings as the seraphs have wings. What is a wing? An instrument of locomotion. They may not be like seraph's wing, they may not be like bird's wing, but the soul has wings. God says so. "He shall mount up on wings as eagles." We are made in the divine image, and God has wings. The Bible says so. "Healing in His wings." "Under the shadow of His wings." "Under whose wings thou hast come to trust." Folded wing now, wounded wing, broken wing, bleeding wing, caged wing. Aye! I have it now. Caged within bars of bone and under curtains of flesh, but one day to be free. I hear the rustle of pinions in Seagrave's poem which we sang at the beginning of the service:

"Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings."

I hear the rustle of pinions in Alexander Pope's stanza, where he says:

"I mount, I fly.

O Death, where is thy victory?"

A dying Christian not long ago cried out, "Wings, wings, wings!" The air is full of them, coming and going, coming and going. You have seen how the dull, sluggish chrysalid becomes the bright butterfly; the dull and the stupid and the lethargic turned into the alert and the beautiful. Well, my friends, in this world we are in the chrysalid state. Death will unfurl the wings. Oh, if we could only realize what a grand thing it will be to get rid of this old clod of the body and mount the heavens, neither seagull nor lark nor albatross nor falcon, nor condor pitching from highest range of Andes so buoyant or so majestic of stroke.

See that eagle in the mountain nest. It looks so sick, so ragged-feathered, so worn-out and so half asleep. Is that eagle dying? No. The ornithologist will tell you it is the moulting season with that bird. Not dying, but moulting. You see that Christian sick and weary and worn-out and seeming about to expire on what is called his death-bed. The world says he is dying. I say it is the moulting season for his soul—the body dropping away, the celestial pinions coming on. Not dying, but moulting. Moulting out of darkness and sin and struggle into glory and into God. Why do you not shout? Why do you sit shivering at the thought of death and trying to hold back and wishing you could stay here forever, and speak of departure as though the subject were filled with skeletons and the varnish of coffins, and as though you preferred lame foot to swift wing.

O people of God, let us stop playing the fool and prepare for rapturous flight. When your soul stands on the verge of this life, and there are vast precipices beneath, and sapphired domes above, which way will you fly? Will you swoop or will you soar? Will you fly downward or will you fly upward? Everything on the wing this morning bidding us aspire. Holy Spirit on the wing. Angel of the new covenant on the wing. Time on the wing, flying away from us. Eternity on the wing, flying toward us. Wings, wings, wings!

Live so near to Christ that when you are dead people standing by your lifeless body will not

soliloquize, saying: "What a disappointment life was to him; how averse he was to departure; what a pity it was he had to die; what an awful calamity." Rather standing there may they see a sign more vivid on your still face than the vestiges of pain, something that will indicate that it was a happy exit—the clearance from oppressive quarantine, the cast-off chrysalid, the moult-

ing of the faded and the useless, and the ascent from malarial valleys to bright, shining mountain tops, and be led to say, as they stand there contemplating your humility and your reverence in life, and your happiness in death: "With twain he covered the feet, with twain he covered the face, with twain he did fly." Wings! Wings! Wings!

FOOTMEN AND HORSES.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, July 1, 1883.

"If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? and if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"—JEREMIAH 12 : 5.

JEREMIAH had become impatient with his troubles. God says to him: "If you cannot stand these small trials and persecutions, what are you going to do when the greater trials and persecutions come? If you have been running a race with footmen and they have beaten you, what chance is there that you will outrun horses?" And then the figure is changed. You know that in April and May the Jordan overflows its banks and the waters rush violently on, sweeping everything before them. And God says to the prophet, "If you are overcome with smaller trials and vexations which have assailed you, what will you do when the trials and annoyance and persecutions of life come in a freshet?" "If in the land of peace wherein thou trustedst they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"

I propose, if God will help me, in a very practical way to ask—if it is such a difficult thing to get along without the religion of Jesus Christ, when things are comparatively smooth, what will we do without Christ amid the overpowering misfortunes and disasters of life that may come upon us? If troubles, slow as footmen, surpass us, what will we do when they take the feet of horses? And if now in our lifetime we are beaten back and submerged of sorrows because we have not the religion of Jesus to comfort us, what will we do when we stand in death and we feel all around about us "the swelling of Jordan?" The fact that you have come here, my brother, my sister, shows that you have some things you believe in common with myself. You believe that there is a God. There is not an atheist in all this house. I do not believe there ever was a real atheist in all the world. Napoleon was on a ship's deck bound for Egypt. It was a bright, starry night, and as he paced the deck, thinking of the great affairs of the State and of battle, he heard two men on the deck in conversation about God, one saying there was a God and the other saying there was none. Napoleon stopped and looked up at the starry heavens, and then he turned to these men in conversation, and said: "Gentlemen, I heard one of you say there is no God; if there is no God, will you please to tell me who made all that?" Ay, if you had not been persuaded of it before, you are persuaded

of it now; for the shining heavens declare the glory of God, and the earth shows His handiwork.

But you believe more than that; you believe that there was a Jesus; you believe that there was a Cross; you believe that you have an immortal soul; you believe that it must be regenerated by the Spirit of God or you can never dwell in bliss eternal. I think a great many of you will say that you believe it is important to have the religion of Jesus Christ every day of our life, to smooth our tempers and purify our minds, and hold us imperturbable amid all the annoyance and vexations of life. You and I have seen so many men trampled down by misfortunes because they had no faith in Jesus, and you say to yourself: "If they were so easily overcome by the trials of life, what will it be when greater misfortunes come upon them—heart-breaking calamities, tremendous griefs?" Oh, if we have no God to comfort us when our fortune goes, and we look upon the grave of our children and our houses are desolate, what will become of us? What a sad thing it is to see men all unhelped of God, going out to fight giants of trouble; no closet of prayer in which to retreat, no promise of mercy to soothe the soul, no rock of refuge in which to hide from the blast. Oh, when the swift coursers of trouble are brought up, champing and panting for the race, and the reins are thrown upon their necks, and the lathered flanks at every spring feel the stroke of the lash, what can we do on foot with them? How can we compete with them? If, having run with the footmen they wearied us, how can we contend with horses?

We have all yielded to temptation. We have been surprised afterward that so small an inducement could have decoyed us from the right. How insignificant a temptation has sometimes captured our soul. And if that is so, my dear brother, what will it be when we come to stand in the presence of temptation that prostrated a David and a Moses and a Peter and some of the mightiest men in all God's kingdom? Now we are honest; but suppose we were placed in some path of life, as many of God's children have been, where all the forces of earth and hell combine to capture the soul? Without Jesus we

would go down under it. If already we have been beaten by insignificant footmen, we would be distanced ten thousand leagues by the horses. Oh, I don't like to hear a man say, "I could not commit such a sin as that. I can't understand how a man could be carried away like that." You don't know what you could do if the grace of God lets you. You know what John Bradford said when he saw a man staggering along the street, thoroughly embruted with his habits. He said, "There goes John Bradford but for the grace of God." I can say when I see one utterly fallen: "There goes De Witt Talmage but for the grace of God!" If we have been delivered from temptation, it is because the strong arm of the Lord Almighty has been about us, and not because we were any better than they.

It is a great folly to borrow trouble. If we can meet the misfortunes of to-day we will be able to meet the troubles of to-morrow; but suppose now if through a lack of the religion of Jesus, we are overthrown by small sins, does not our common-sense teach us that we cannot stand up against great ones? If we cannot carry a pound can we carry a thousand pounds? If we are discomfited coming into battle with one regiment, a brigade will cut us to pieces. If we are unfit to cope with one small trial won't we be overcome by greater ones? If the footmen are too much for us, won't the odds be more fearful against us when we contend with horses? I thank God that some of His dear children have been delivered. How was it that Paul could say: "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; poor, yet making many rich; having nothing, yet possessing all things?" And David the Psalmist soars up into the rock of God's strength and becomes thoroughly composed amid all his sorrows, saying: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in the time of trouble; therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed, though the mountains be cast into the midst of the sea, though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountain shake with the swelling thereof."

But my text suggests something in advance of anything I have said. We must all quit this life. However sound our health may be, it must break down; however good our title may be to houses, land and estates, we must surrender them. We will hear a voice bidding us away from all these places. We will have to start on a pilgrimage from which we can never come back. We will have seen for the last time the evening star and watched the last summer cloud and felt the breath of the spring wind for the last time. Hands of loved ones may be stretched out to hold us back, but they cannot—go we must. About all other exits and changes we may trifle, but not about this. Stupendous moment of life-quitting! When the great tides of eternity arise about us, and fill the soul and surround it and sweep it out toward rapture or woe, ah, that will be "the swelling of Jordan."

I know people sometimes talk very merrily about the departure from this life. I am sorry to hear it. But men do make fun of the passage from one world to another. Byron joked a great deal about it, but when it came he shivered

with horror. Many an infidel has scoffed at the idea of fearing a future world, but lying upon his pillow in the last hour his teeth have chattered with terror. I saw one summer in Westminster Abbey, an epitaph which a poet ordered to be put upon his tomb:

"Life is a jest,
And all things show it.
I thought so once,
But now I know it."

I thought how inapt that, in a place of sepulture men should try their witticisms. A great German, having rejected Christ, in his last moment said: "Give me light, give me light!" Oh, we may be smart with our criticism about the last hour; but when it comes and the tides are rising and the surf is beating and the winds are howling, we will each one, my brethren, find for himself that it is "the swelling of the Jordan." Our natural courage won't hold us out then. However familiar we may have been with scenes of mortality, however much we may have screwed our courage up, we want something more than natural resources.

When the north-east wind blows off from the sea of death, it will put out all earthly lights. The lamp of the Gospel, God-lighted, is the only lamp that can stand in that blast. The weakest one holding that shall not be confounded; the strongest one neglecting that shall stumble and die. When the Jordan rises in its wrath the first dash of its wave will swamp them forever. We feel how sad it is for a man to attempt this life without religion. We see what a doleful thing it is for a man to go down into the misfortunes of life without Christian solace; but if that be so how much more terrible when that man comes face to face with the solemnities of the last hour. Oh, if in the bright sunshine of health and prosperity a man felt the need of something better, how will he feel when the shadows of the last hour gather about his pillow? If in the warmth of worldly prosperity he was sometimes dismayed, how will he feel when the last chill creeps over him? If while things were comparatively smooth he was disquieted, what will he do in the agonies of dissolution? "If in the land of peace in which he trusted they wearied him, what will he do amid the swelling of Jordan?"

I rejoice to know that so many of God's children have gone through that pass without a shudder. Some one said to a dying Christian: "Isn't it hard for you to get out of this world?" "Oh, no," he says, "it is easy dying, it is blessed dying, it is glorious dying," and then he pointed to a clock on the wall, and he said: "The last two hours in which I have been dying I have had more joy than all the years of my life." A general came into the hospital after the battle, and there were many seriously wounded, and there was one man dying, and the general said: "Ah, my dear fellow, you seem very much wounded. I am afraid you are not going to get well." "No," said the soldier, "I am not going to get well, but I feel very happy." And then he looked up into the general's face, and said, "*I am going to the front!*" Oh, I have seen them, and so have you, go out

of this life without a tear on their cheek. There was weeping all round the room, but no weeping in the bed; the cheeks were dry. The hands were not thrown out into darkness, they were lifted up. We saw the tides rising around them and the swelling of the wave. It washed them off from the cares and toils of life; it washed them on toward the beach of heaven. They waved to us a farewell kiss as they stood on deck, and floated down further and further, wafted by gales from heaven, until they were lost to our sight—mortality having become immortality.

"Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies."

But there is one step still in advance suggested by this subject. If this religion of Christ is so important in life and so important in the last hours of life, how much more important it will be in the great eternity. I need not stand here and argue it. There is something within your soul that says now, while I speak: "I am immortal; stars shall die, but I am immortal." You feel that your existence on earth is only a small piece of your being. It is only a mile up to the grave; but it is 10,000 miles beyond. The slab of the tomb is only the milestone on which we read of infinite distance yet to be travelled.

The world itself will grow old and die. The stars will burn down in their sockets and expire. The sun, like a spark struck from an anvil, will flash and go out. The winds will utter their last whisper, and ocean heave its last groan, but you and I will live forever! Gigantic! Immortal! Mighty to suffer or enjoy. Mighty to love or hate. Mighty to soar or sink. Then what will be to us the store, the shop, the office, the applause of the world, the scorn of our enemies, the things that lifted us up and the things that pressed us down? What to John Wesley are all the mobs that howled after him? What to Voltaire are all the nations that applauded him? What to Paul now the dungeons that chilled him? What to Latimer now the flames that consumed him? All those who through the grace of Christ reach that land will never be disturbed. None to dispute their throne, they shall reign forever and ever. But alas for those who have made no preparation for the future! When the sharp-shod hoofs of eternal disaster come up panting and swift to go over them, how will they contend with horses? And when the waves of their wretchedness rise up, white and foaming, under the swooping of eternal storms, and the billows become more wrathful and dash higher, oh, what will they do "amid the swelling of Jordan?"

If I could come into your heart, I would see that many of you, my dear friends, had vowed to be the Lord's. I know not what sickness it was or what trial; but I verily believe there is not a man in the house but has sometimes vowed he would be the Lord's. It might have been at the time when your child lay sick you said: "O Lord, if thou wilt let this child get well, I will be a Christian." Or it might have been in some business trouble, when you have

said: "O Lord, if Thou wilt let me keep my property I will be a Christian." You kept your property, your child got well, the peril passed. Are you a Christian?

History says that long ago it had been announced that the world was coming to an end, and there was great excitement in London. It was said that the world would perish on a certain Friday. On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday the people were in the cathedral, praying and weeping. It seemed as if the whole English nation was being converted to God, for it was announced as certain by philosophers that on that coming Friday the world would perish. Friday came and there were no portents, no fires in the air, no earthquakes. The day passed along just like every other day, and when it was past and the night came, it is said that in London there was a scene of riot and wassail and drunkenness and debauchery such as had never been witnessed. They forgot their vow, they forgot their repentance, they forgot their good resolutions. Oh, how much human nature in that!

While trials and misfortunes come to us and we are down deep in darkness and trouble we make vows. We say: "O Lord, do so and I will do so." The darkness passes, the peril goes away. We are as we were before, or worse; for oh, how often I have seen men start for the kingdom of God, come up to within arm's reach of it, and then go back further from God than they ever were before, dropping from the very mountain of their privilege into darkness forever.

Oh, how ungrateful we have been! Do you know how much God has done for you and for me? Have you never felt it? How much He did for you to-day! Who spread the table for you? Who watched you last night? Who has been kind and good to you all your life long? Oh, how ungrateful we have been! Methinks the goodness of God ought to lead this whole audience to repentance. I know not your individual history. Some of you I never saw before, some of you I will never see again; but I know that God has been good to you. What return have you made?

There was a steamer on one of the Western lakes heavily laden with passengers, and there was a little child who stood on the side of the taffrail leaning over and watching the water, when she lost her balance and dropped into the waves. The lake was very rough. The mother cried: "Save my child! Save my child!" There seemed none disposed to leap into the water. There was a Newfoundland dog on deck. He looked up in his master's face as if for orders. His master said: "Tray, overboard, catch 'em!" The dog sprang into the water, caught the child by the garments, and swam back to the steamer. The child was picked up by loving hands, the dog was lifted on deck, and the mother, ere she fainted away, in utter thanksgiving to that dog, threw her arms around its neck and kissed it; but the dog shook himself off from her embrace and went and laid down as though he had accomplished nothing. Shall a mother be grateful to a dog that saves her child and you be ungrateful to the Son of God, who from the heights of heaven

plunged into the depths of darkness and suffering and woe that He might lift us up out of our sin and place us on the rock of ages?

Oh, the height, the depth, the length, the infinity, the horror of our ingratitude! Don't you treat Jesus like that any more. Don't you thrust Him back from your soul. He has been the best friend you ever had. You will want Him after awhile. When the world is going

away from your grasp, and all the lights that shine on your soul are going out, and the friends that stand around you can do you no good, and you feel your feet slipping from beneath you—oh, then you will want Him—the loving Jesus, the sympathetic Jesus, the pardoning Jesus—to stand close by you and hold you up “amid the swelling of Jordan.”

UNFAIRNESS.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, September 10, 1882.

"With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."—MATT. 7 : 2.

IN the greatest sermon ever preached—a sermon about fifteen minutes long—according to the ordinary rate of speech—a sermon on the Mount of Olives, the Preacher, sitting while He spake, according to the ancient mode of oratory, the people were given to understand that the same yardstick that they employed upon others would be employed upon themselves. Measure others by a harsh rule, and you will be measured by a harsh rule. Measure others by a charitable rule, and you will be measured by a charitable rule. Give no mercy to others, and no mercy will be given to you. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

There is a great deal of unfairness in the criticism of human conduct. It was to smite that unfairness that Christ uttered the words of the text, and my sermon will be a re-echo of the divine sentiment. In estimating the misbehavior of others, we must take into consideration the pressure of circumstances. It is never right to do wrong, but there are degrees of culpability. When men misbehave or commit some atrocious wickedness, we are disposed indiscriminately to tumble them all over the bank of condemnation. Suffer they ought, and suffer they must, but in difference of degree.

In the first place, in estimating the misdoing of others, we must take into calculation the hereditary tendency. There is such a thing as good blood, and there is such a thing as bad blood. There are families that have had a moral twist in them for a hundred years back. They have not been careful to keep the family record in that regard. There have been escapades and marauderings and scoundrelisms and moral deficits all the way back, whether you call it kleptomania, or pyromania, or dipsomania, or whether it be in a milder form and amount to no mania at all. The strong probability is that the present criminal started life with nerve, muscle, and bone contaminated. As some start life with a natural tendency to nobility and generosity and kindness and truthfulness, there are others who start life with just the opposite tendency, and they are born liars, or born malcontents, or born outlaws, or born swindlers.

There is in England a school that is called the Princess Mary School. All the children in that school are the children of convicts. The school is supported by high patronage. I had the pleasure of being present at one of their anni-

versaries in 1879, presided over by the Earl of Kintore. By a wise law in England, after parents have committed a certain number of crimes and thereby show themselves incompetent rightly to bring up their children, the little ones are taken from under pernicious influences and put in reformatory schools, where all gracious and kindly influences shall be brought upon them. Of course the experiment is young, and it has yet to be demonstrated how large a percentage of the children of convicts may be brought up to respectability and usefulness. But we all know that it is more difficult for children of bad parentage to do right than for children of good parentage.

In this country we are taught by the Declaration of American Independence that all people are born equal. There never was a greater misrepresentation put in one sentence than in that sentence which implies that we are all born equal. You may as well say that flowers are born equal, or trees are born equal, or animals are born equal. Why does one horse cost \$100, and another horse cost \$5000? Why does one sheep cost \$10, and another sheep cost \$500? Difference in blood. We all are wise enough to recognize the difference of blood in horses, in cattle, in sheep, but we are not wise enough to make allowance for the difference in human blood. Now, I demand, by the law of eternal fairness, that you be more lenient in your criticism of those who were born wrong, in whose ancestral line there was a hangman's knot, or who came from a tree, the fruit of which for centuries has been gnarled and worm-eaten. Dr. Harris, a reformer, gave some marvellous statistics in his story of what he called "Margaret, the Mother of Criminals." Ninety years ago she lived in a village in upper New York State. She was not only poor, but she was vicious. She was not well provided for. There were no almshouses there. The public, however, somewhat looked after her, but chiefly scoffed at her and derided her and pushed her farther down in her crimes. That was ninety years ago. There have been 623 persons in that ancestral line, 200 of them criminals. In one branch of that family there were twenty, and nine of them have been in State prison, and nearly all of the others have turned out badly. It is estimated that that family cost the county and State \$100,000, to say nothing of the property they destroyed.

Are you not willing, as sensible people, to acknowledge that it is a fearful disaster to be born in such an ancestral line? Does it not make a great difference whether one descends from Margaret, the mother of criminals, or from some mother in Israel? whether you are the son of Ahab or the son of Joshua? It is a very different thing to swim with the current, from what it is to swim against the current, as some of you, have, no doubt, found in your summer recreation. If a man find himself in an ancestral current where there is good blood flowing smoothly from generation to generation, it is not a very great credit to him if he turn out good and honest and pure and upright and noble. He could hardly help it. But suppose he is born in an ancestral line, in a hereditary line, where the influences have been bad and there has been a coming down over a moral declivity, if the man surrender to the influences he will go down under the overmastering gravitation unless some supernatural aid be afforded him. Now, such a person deserves not your excoriation, but your pity. Do not sit with the lip curled in scorn, and with an assumed air of angelic innocence looking down upon such moral precipitation. You had better get down on your knees and first pray Almighty God for their rescue, and next thank the Lord that you have not been thrown under the wheels of that Juggernaut.

In Great Britain and the United States, in every generation, there are tens of thousands of persons who are fully developed criminals and incarcerated. I say in every generation. Then, I suppose, there are tens of thousands of persons not found out in their criminality. In addition to these there are tens of thousands of persons who, not positively becoming criminals, nevertheless have a criminal tendency. Any one of all those thousands, by the grace of God, may become Christian and resist the ancestral influence and open a new chapter of behavior, but the vast majority of them will not, and it becomes all men, professional and unprofessional, ministers of religion, judges of courts, philanthropists and Christian workers, to recognize the fact that there are these Atlantic and Pacific surges of hereditary evil rolling on through the centuries.

I say, of course, a man can resist this tendency, just as in the ancestral line mentioned in the first chapter of Matthew, you see in the same line in which there was a wicked Rehoboam and a desperate Manasses, there afterward came a pious Joseph and a glorious Christ. But, my friends, you must recognize the fact that these influences go on from generation to generation. I am glad to know, however, that a river which has produced nothing but miasma for a hundred miles may after a while turn the wheels of factories and help support industrious and virtuous populations, and there are family lines which were poisoned that are a benediction now. At the last day it will be found out that there are men who have gone clear over into all forms of iniquity and plunged into utter abandonment, who before they yielded to the first temptation resisted more evil than many a man who has been moral and upright all his life. But supposing now, that in this age, when there are so many

good people, that I come down into this audience and select the very best man in it. I do not mean the man who would style himself the best, for probably he is a hypocrite; but I mean the man who before God is really the best. I will take you out from all your Christian surroundings. I will take you back to boyhood. I will put you in a depraved home. I will put you in a cradle of iniquity. Who is that bending over that cradle? An intoxicated mother. Who is that swearing in the next room? Your father. The neighbors come in to talk, and their jokes are unclean. There is not in the house a Bible or a moral treatise, but only a few scraps of an old pictorial. After a while, you are old enough to get out of the cradle, and you are struck across the head for naughtiness, but never in any kindly manner reprimanded. After a while, you are old enough to go abroad, and you are sent out with a basket to steal. If you come home without any spoil you are whipped until the blood comes. At fifteen years of age you go out to fight your own battles in this world which seems to care no more for you than for the dog that has died of a fit under the fence. You are kicked and cuffed and buffeted. Some day, rallying your courage, you resent some wrong. A man says: "Who are you?" I know who you are. Your father had free lodgings at Sing Sing. Your mother, she was up for drunkenness at the Tombs court. Get out of my way, you low-lived wretch!" My brother, suppose that had been the history of your advent, and the history of your earlier surroundings, would you have been the Christian man you are this morning, seated in the house of God? I tell you nay. You would have been a vagabond, an outlaw, a murderer on the scaffold atoning for your crime. All these considerations ought to make us merciful in our dealings with the wandering and the lost.

Again, I have to remark, that in our estimate of the misdoing of people who have fallen from high respectability and usefulness, we must take into consideration the conjunction of circumstances. In nine cases out of ten, a man who goes astray does not intend any positive wrong. He has trust funds. He risks a part of these funds in investment. He says: "Now, if I should lose that investment, I have of my own property five times as much, and if this investment should go wrong I could easily make it up; I could five times make it up." With that wrong reasoning he goes on and makes the investment, and it does not turn out quite as well as he expected, and he makes another investment, and, strange to say, at the same time all his other affairs get entangled, and all his other resources fail, and his hands are tied. Now he wants to extricate himself. He goes a little farther on in the wrong investment. He takes a plunge farther ahead, for he wants to save his wife and children, he wants to save his home, he wants to save his membership in the church. He takes one more plunge, and all is lost. Some morning at ten o'clock the bank door is not opened, and there is a card on the door signed by an officer of the bank, indicating there is trouble, and the name of the defaulter, or the defrauder, heads the newspaper column, and

hundreds of men say, "Good for him;" hundreds of other men say, "I'm glad it's found out at last;" hundreds of other men say, "Just as I told you;" hundreds of other men say, "We couldn't possibly have been tempted to do that—no conjunction of circumstances could ever have overthrown me;" and there is a superabundance of indignation, but no pity. The heavens full of lightning, but not one drop of dew. If God treated us as society treats that man, we would all have been in hell long ago! Wait for the alleviating circumstances. Perhaps he may have been the dupe of others. Before you let all the hounds out from their kennel to maul and tear that man, find out if he has not been brought up in a commercial establishment where there was a wrong system of ethics taught; find out whether that man has not an extravagant wife, who is not satisfied with his honest earnings, and in the temptation to please her he has gone into that ruin into which enough men have fallen, and by the same temptation, to make a procession from New York "Battery" to Central Park. Perhaps some sudden sickness may have touched his brain and his judgment may be unbalanced. He is wrong, he is awfully wrong, and he must be condemned, but there may be mitigating circumstances. Perhaps under the same temptation you might have fallen. The reason some men do not steal \$200,000 is because they do not get a chance! Have righteous indignation you must about that man's conduct, but temper it with mercy. But you say: "I am so sorry that the innocent should suffer." Yes, I am too—sorry for the widows and orphans who lost their all by that defalcation. I am sorry also for the business men, the honest business men who have had their affairs all crippled by that defalcation—I am sorry for the venerable bank president, in whom the credit of that bank was a matter of pride. Yea, I am sorry also for that man who brought all the distress, sorry that he sacrificed body, mind, soul, reputation, heaven, and went into the blackness of darkness forever.

You defiantly say: "I could not be tempted in that way." Perhaps you may be tested after a while. God has a very good memory, and He sometimes seems to say: "This man feels so strong in his innate power and goodness he shall be tested; he is so full of bitter invective against that unfortunate it shall be shown now whether he has the power to stand." Fifteen years go by. The wheel of fortune turns several times, and you are in a crisis that you never could have anticipated. Now, all the powers of darkness come around and they chuckle and they chatter, and they say: "Aha! here is the old fellow who was so proud of his integrity and who bragged he couldn't be overthrown by temptation, and was so uproarious in his demonstrations of indignation at the defalcation fifteen years ago. Let us see." God lets the man go. God, who had kept that man under His protecting care, lets the man go and try for himself the majesty of his integrity. God letting the man go, the powers of darkness pounce upon him. I see you some day in your office in great excitement. One of two things you can do. Be honest, and be pauperized, and have your children

brought home from school, your family dethroned in social influence. The other thing is, you can step a little aside from that which is right, you can only just go half an inch out of the proper path, you can only take a little risk, and then you have all your finances fair and right, you have a large property, you can leave a fortune for your children and endow a college and build a public library in your native town. You halt and wait, and halt and wait, until your lips get white. You decide to risk it. Only a few strokes of the pen now. But oh, how your hand trembles, how dreadfully it trembles! The die is cast. By the strangest and most awful conjunction of circumstances any one could have imagined, you are prostrated. Bankruptcy, commercial annihilation, exposure, crime. Good men mourn and devils hold carnival, and you see your own name at the head of the newspaper column in a whole congress of exclamation points, and while you are reading the anathema in the reportorial and editorial paragraph, it occurs to you how much this story is like that of the defalcation fifteen years ago, and a clap of thunder shakes the window-sill, saying: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again!"

You look in another direction. There is nothing like an ebullition of temper to put a man to disadvantage. You, a man with calm pulses and oxine digestion and perfect health, cannot understand how anybody should be capsized in temper by an infinitesimal annoyance. You say: "I couldn't be unbalanced in that way." Perhaps you smile at a provocation that makes another man swear. You pride yourself on your imperturbability. You say with your manner, though you have too much good taste to say it with your words: "I have a great deal more sense than that man has; I have a great deal more equipoise of temper than that man has; I never could make such a puerile exhibition of myself as that man has made."

My brother, you do not realize that that man was born with a keen nervous organization, that for forty years he has been under a depleting process, that sickness and trouble have been helping undo what was left of original healthfulness, that much of his time it has been with him like filing saws, that his nerves have come to be merely a tangle of disorders, and that he is the most pitiable object on earth, who though he is very sick does not look sick, and nobody sympathizes. Let me see. Did you not say that you could not be tempted to an ebullition of temper? Some September you come home from your summer watering-place, and you have inside, away back in your liver or spleen, what we call in our day malaria, but what the old folks called chills and fever. You take quinine until your ears are first buzzing beehives and then roaring Niagaras. You take roots and herbs, you take everything. You get well. But the next day you feel uncomfortable, and you yawn and you stretch, and you shiver, and you consume, and you suffer. Vexed more than you can tell, you cannot sleep, you cannot eat, you cannot bear to see anything that looks happy, you go out to kick the cat that is asleep in the sun. Your children's mirth was once music to you; now

it is deafening. You say, "Boys, stop that racket!" You turn back from June to March. In the family and in the neighborhood your popularity is ninety-five per cent off. The world says, "What is the matter with that disagreeable man? What a woe-begone countenance! I can't bear the sight of him." You have got your pay at last—got your pay. You feel just as that man felt, that man for whom you had no mercy, and my text comes in with marvellous appositeness: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again!"

In the study of society I have come to this conclusion, that the most of the people want to be good, but they do not exactly know how to make it out. They make enough good resolutions to lift them into angelhood. The vast majority of people who fall are the victims of circumstances; they are captured by ambuscade. If their temptations should come out in a regiment and fight them in a fair field, they would go out in the strength and the triumph of David against Goliath. But they do not see the giant, and they do not see the regiment. Suppose temptation should come up to a man and say: "Here is alcohol; take three tablespoonfuls of it a day until you get dependent upon it; then, after that, take half a glass three times a day until you get dependent upon that amount; then go on increasing the amount until you are saturated from morning until night and from night until morning." Do you suppose any man would become a drunkard in that way? Ah no! Temptation comes and says: "Take these bitters, take this nervine, take this aid to digestion, take this night-cap." The vast majority of men and women who are destroyed by opium and by rum first take them as medicine. In making up your dish of criticism in regard to them, take from the caster the cruet of sweet oil and not the cruet of cayenne pepper. Be easy on them. Do you know how that physician, that lawyer, that journalist, became the victim of dissipation? Why the physician was kept up night by night on professional duty. Life and death hovered in the balance. His nervous system was exhausted. There came a time of epidemic and whole families were prostrated, and his nervous strength was gone. He was all worn out in the service of the public. Now he must brace himself up. Now he stimulates. The life of this mother, the life of this child, the life of this father, the life of this whole family must be saved, and of all these families must be saved, and he stimulates, and he does it again and again. You may criticise his judgment, but remember the process. It was not a selfish process by which he went down. It was magnificent generosity through which he fell. That attorney at the bar for weeks has been standing in a poorly ventilated court-room listening to the testimony and contesting in the dry technicalities of the law, and now the time has come for him to wind up, and he must plead for the life of his client, and his nervous system is all gone. If he fail in that speech his client perishes. If he have eloquence enough in that hour his client is saved. He stimulates. He must keep up. He says: "I must keep up."

Having a large practice, you see how he is enthralled. You may criticise his judgment, but remember the process. Do not be hard. That journalist has had exhausting midnight work. He has had to report speeches and orations that keep him up till a very late hour. He has gone with much exposure working up some case of crime in company with a detective. He sits down at midnight to write out his notes from a memorandum scrawled on a pad, under most unfavorable circumstances. His strength is gone. Fidelity to the public intelligence, fidelity to his own livelihood demands that he keep up. He must keep up. He stimulates. Again and again he does that, and he goes down. You may criticise his judgment in the matter, but have mercy. Remember the process. Do not be hard.

My friends, this text will come to fulfilment in some cases in this world. The huntsman in Farmstean was shot by some unknown person. Twenty years after, the son of the huntsman was in the same forest and he accidentally shot a man, and the man in dying said: "God is just; I shot your father just here twenty years ago." A bishop said to Louis XI. of France: "Make an iron cage for all those who do not think as we do—an iron cage in which the captive can neither lie down nor stand straight up." It was fashioned—the awful instrument of punishment. After a while, the bishop offended Louis XI., and for fourteen years he was in that same cage and could neither lie down nor stand up. It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

Oh, my friends, let us go home resolved to scold less and pray more. That which in the Bible is used as the symbol of all gracious influences is the dove, not the porcupine. We may so unskillfully manage the lifeboat that we shall run down those whom we want to rescue. The first preparation for Christian usefulness is warm-hearted common-sense, practical sympathy for those whom we want to save. What headway will we make in the judgment if in this world we have been hard on those who have gone astray? What headway will you and I make in the last great judgment when we must have mercy or perish? The Bible says: "They shall have judgment without mercy that showed no mercy." I see the scribes of heaven looking up into the face of such a man, saying: "What! you plead for mercy—you, who in all your life never had any mercy on your fellows! Don't you remember how hard you were in your opinions of those who were astray? Don't you remember when you ought to have given a helping hand you employed a hard heel? Mercy! You must mispeak yourself when you plead for mercy here. Mercy for others, but no mercy for you. "Look!" say the scribes of heaven, "look at that inscription over the throne of judgment, the throne of God's judgment." See it coming out letter by letter, word by word, sentence by sentence, until your startled vision reads it, and your remorseful spirit appropriates it: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. Depart, ye cursed!"

CHANGES IN HEAVEN.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, February 6, 1881.

"And I saw a new heaven."—REV. 21 : 1.

THE stereotyped Heaven does not make adequate impression upon us. We need the old story told in new style in order to arouse our appreciation. I do not suppose that we are compelled to the old phraseology. King James's translators did not exhaust all the good and graphic words in the English dictionary. I suppose if we should take the idea of Heaven and translate it into modern phrase, we would find that its atmosphere is a combination of early June and of the Indian summer in October—a place combining the advantages of city and country; the streets standing for the one, and the twelve manner of fruits for the other: a place of musical entertainments—harpers, pipers, trumpeters, doxologies: a place of wonderful architecture—behold the temples: a place where there may be the higher forms of animal life—the beasts which were on earth beaten and lash-whipped and galled and unblanketed and worked to death, turned out among the white horses which the Book of Revelation describes as being in Heaven: a place of stupendous literature—the books open: a place of aristocratic and democratic attractiveness—the kings standing for the one, all nations for the other: all botanical, pomological, ornithological, arborescent, worshipful beauty and grandeur.

But my idea now is to speak chiefly of the improved Heaven. People sometimes talk of Heaven as though it were an old city finished centuries ago, when I have to tell you that no city on earth, during the last fifty years, has had such changes as Heaven. It is not the same place as when Job and David and Paul wrote of it. For hundreds and hundreds of years it has been going through peaceful revolution, and year by year, and month by month, and hour by hour, and moment by moment, it is changing, and changing for something better. Away back there was only one residence in the universe, the residence of the Almighty. Heaven had not yet been started. Immensity was the park all around about this great residence; but God's sympathetic heart after a while overflowed in other creations, and there came all through this vast country of immensity inhabited villages, which grew and enlarged until they joined each other and became one great central metropolis of the universe, streeted, gated, templed, watered, inhabited. One angel went forth with a reed, we are told, and he measured Heaven on one side, and then he went forth and measured Heaven

on the other side, and then St. John tried to take the census of that city, and he became so bewildered he gave it up.

That brings me to the first thought of the sermon, that Heaven is vastly improved in numbers. Saying little under this head of my discourse, about the multitudes of adults who have gone into glory during the last hundred or five hundred or thousand years—I remember there are fourteen hundred millions of people in the world, and that the vast majority of people die in infancy. How many children must have gone into Heaven during the last five hundred or thousand years! If New York should gather in one generation a million population, if London should gather in one generation four million population, what a vast increase! But what a mere nothing as compared with the five hundred million, the two thousand million, the "multitude that no man can number," that have gone into that city. Of course, all this takes for granted that every child that dies goes as straight into Heaven as ever the light sped from a star, and that is one reason why Heaven will always be fresh and beautiful—the great multitude of children in it. Put five hundred million children in a country, it will be a blessed and lively country.

But add to this, if you will, the great multitude of adults who have gone into glory, and how the census of Heaven must run up! Many years ago a clergyman stood in a New England pulpit and said that he believed that the vast majority of the race would finally be destroyed, and that not more than one person out of two thousand persons would be finally saved. There happened to be about two thousand people in the village where he preached. Next Sabbath two persons were heard discussing the subject, and wondering which one of the two thousand people in the village would finally reach Heaven, and one thought it would be the minister, and the other thought it was the old deacon. Well, my friends, I have not much admiration for a life-boat which will go out to a ship sinking with two thousand passengers, and get one off in safety, and let nineteen hundred and ninety-nine go to the bottom. Why Heaven must have been a village when Abel, the first soul from earth, entered it, as compared with the present population of that great city.

Again, I remark that Heaven has vastly improved in knowledge. Give a man forty or fifty

years to study one science, or all sciences, with all the advantages of laboratories and observatories and philosophic apparatus, he will be a marvel of information. Now, into what intelligence must Heaven mount, angelhood and saint-hood, not after studying for forty or fifty years, but for thousands of years—studying God, and the soul, and immortality, and the universe. How the intelligence of that world must sweep on and on, with eyesight farther reaching than telescope, with power of calculation mightier than all human mathematics, with powers of analysis surpassing all chemical laboratory, with speed swifter than telegraphy. What must Heaven learn, with all these advantages, in a month, in a year, in a century, in a millennium? The difference between the highest university on earth and the smallest class in primary school cannot be a greater difference than Heaven as it is now and Heaven as it once was. Do you not suppose that when Doctor James Simpson went up from the hospitals of Edinburgh into Heaven he knew more than ever the science of health, and that Joseph Henry, graduating from the Smithsonian Institution into Heaven, awoke into higher realms of philosophy, and that Sir William Hamilton lifted to loftier sphere, understood better the construction of the human intellect, and that John Milton took up higher poetry in the actual presence of things that on earth he had tried to describe? When the first saints entered Heaven they must have studied only the A B C of the full literature of wisdom with which they are now acquainted.

Again: Heaven is vastly improved in its society. During your memory how many exquisite spirits have gone into it! If you should try to make a list of all the genial, loving, gracious, blessed souls that you have known, it would be a very long list—souls that have gone into glory. Now, do you not suppose they have enriched the society? Have they not improved Heaven? You tell of what Heaven did for them. Have they done nothing for Heaven? Take all the gracious souls that have gone out of your acquaintanceship, and add to them all the gracious and beautiful souls that for five hundred or a thousand years have gone out of all the cities, and all the villages, and all the countries of this earth into glory, and how the society of Heaven must have been improved! Suppose Paul the Apostle were introduced into your social circle on earth; but Heaven has added all the apostles. Suppose Hannah More and Charlotte Elizabeth were introduced into your social circle on earth; but Heaven has added all the blessed and the gracious and the holy women of the past ages. Suppose that Robert M'Cheyne and John Summerfield should be added to your earthly circle; but Heaven has gathered up all the faithful and earnest ministry of the past. There is not a town, or a city, or a village that has so improved in society in the last hundred years as Heaven has improved.

But you say, "Hasn't Heaven always been perfect?" Oh, yes; but not in the sense that it cannot be augmented. It has been rolling on in grandeur. Christ has been there, and He never changes, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, glorious then and glorious now, and

glorious forever. But I speak now of attractions outside of this, and I have to tell you that no place on earth has improved in society as Heaven has within the last seventy years, for the most of you within forty years, within twenty years, within five years, within one year. In other words, by the accessions from your own household. If Heaven were placed in groups, an apostolic group, a patriarchal group, a prophetic group, group of martyrs, group of angels, and then a group of your own glorified kindred, which group would you choose? You might look around and make comparison, but it would not take you long to choose. You would say, "Give me back those whom I loved on earth; let me enter into their society, my parents, my children, my brothers, my sisters. We lived together on earth, let us live together in Heaven." Oh, is it not a blessed thought that Heaven has been improved by its society—this colonization from earth to Heaven?

Again, I remark, that Heaven has greatly improved in the good cheer of announced victories. Where Heaven rejoiced over one soul, it now rejoices over a hundred or a thousand. In the olden times when the events of human life were scattered over four or five centuries of longevity, and the world moved slowly, there were not so many stirring events to be reported in Heaven; but now, I suppose, all the great events of earth are reported in Heaven. If there is any truth plainly taught in this Bible it is that Heaven is wrapped up in sympathy with human history, and we look at those inventions of the day—at telegraphy, at swift communication by steam, at all these modern improvements which seem to give one almost omnipresence, and we see only the secular relation; but spirits before the throne look out and see the vast and the eternal relation. While nations rise and fall, while the earth is shaking with revolution, do you not suppose there is arousing intelligence going up to the throne of God? and that the question is often asked before the throne, "What is the news from that world, that world that rebelled, but is coming back to its allegiance?" If ministering spirits according to the Bible, are sent forth to minister to those that shall be heirs of Heaven, when they come down to us to bless us, do they not take the news back? Do the ships of light that come out of the celestial harbor into the earthly harbor laden with cargo of blessing, go back unfreighted? Ministering spirits not only, but our loved ones leaving us take up the tidings. Suppose you were in a far city, and had been there a good while, and you heard that some one had arrived from your native place, some one who had recently seen your family and friends, you would rush up to that man, and you would ask all about the old folks at home. And do you not suppose when your child went up to God, your glorified kindred in Heaven gathered around and asked about you to ascertain as to whether you were getting along well in the struggle of life, to find out whether you were in any especial peril that with swift and mighty wing they might come down to intercept your perils? Oh, yes! Heaven is a greater place for news than it used to be—news sounded through the streets,

news ringing from the towers, news heralded from the palace gate. Glad news! Victorious news!

But the vivacity and sprightliness of Heaven will be beyond all conception when the final victories come in, when the Church shall be triumphant everywhere. Oh, what a day in Heaven it will be when the last throne of earthly oppression has fallen, when the last chain of serfdom is broken, when the last wound of earthly pain is healed, when the last sinner is pardoned, when the last nation is redeemed! What a time there will be in Heaven! You and I will be in the procession; you and I will thrum a string in that great orchestra. That will be the greatest day in Heaven since the day when the first block of jasper was put down for the foundation, and the first hinged pearl swung. If there is a difference between Heaven now and Heaven as it was, oh the difference between Heaven as it shall be and Heaven as it is now! Not a splendor stuck fast, but rolling on and rolling on, and rolling up and rolling up forever, forever.

Now, I preach this sermon about the changes in Heaven, about the new improvements in Heaven, for three stout reasons. First, because I find that some of you are impatient to be gone. You are tired of this world, and you want to get into that good land about which you have been thinking, praying, and talking so many years. Now be patient. I could see why you would want to go to an art gallery if some of the best pictures were to be taken away this week or next week; but if some one tells you that there are other beautiful pictures to come—other Kensetts, Raphaels, and Rubens; other masterpieces to be added to the gallery, you would say, "I can afford to wait. The place is improving all the time." Now I want you to apply the same principle in this matter of reaching Heaven and leaving this world. Not one glory is to be subtracted, but many glories added. Not one angel will be gone, not one hierarchy gone, not one of your glorified friends gone. By the long practising the music will be better, the procession will be longer, the rainbow brighter, the coronation grander. Heaven with magnificent addenda! Why will you complain when you are only waiting for something better?

Another reason why I preach in regard to the changes in Heaven, and the new improvements in Heaven, is because I think it will be a consolation to busy and enterprising good people. I see very well that you have not much taste for a Heaven that was all done and finished centuries ago. After you have been active forty or fifty or sixty years, it would be a shock to stop you suddenly and forever; but here is a progressive Heaven, an ever-accumulative Heaven, vast enterprise on foot there before the throne of God. Aggressive knowledge, aggressive goodness, aggressive power, aggressive grandeur. You will not have to come and sit down on the banks of the river of life in everlasting inoccupation. Oh, busy men, I tell you of a Heaven where there is something to do. That is the meaning of the passage, "they rest not day nor night," in the lazy sense of resting.

I preach this sermon on the changes in Heaven and the new improvements in Heaven, also because I want to cure some of you of the delusion that your departed Christian friends have gone into dulness and silence and unconsciousness. They are in a stirring, picturesque, radiant, ever-accumulative scene. When they left their bodies, they only got rid of the last hindrance. They are no more in Greenwood, or Laurel Hill, or Mount Auburn than you, in holiday attire, having seated yourself at a banquet, can be said to be in a dark closet where you have left the old apparel that was not fit to wear to the banquet. A soldier cannot use a sword until he has unsheathed it, and the body of your departed was only the sheath of a bright and glittering spirit which God has lifted and is swaying in the heavenly triumph. According to what I am telling you at present, your departed Christian friends did not go so much into the company of the martyrs, and the apostles, and the prophets, and the potentates of Heaven as into the company of grandfather and grandmother, and the infant sister that tarried just long enough to absorb your tenderest affection, and all the home circle. When they landed, it was not as you land in Antwerp, or Hamburg, or Havre, wandering up a strange wharf, looking at strange faces, asking for a strange hotel. They landed amid your glorified relatives who were waiting to greet them.

Oh, does not this bring Heaven nearer? Instead of being far off it comes down to-night, and it puts its arms around our necks, and we feel its breath on our faces. It melts the frigid splendor of the conventional Heaven into a domestic scene. It comes very close to us. If we had our choice in Heaven, whom would we first see? Rather than look at the great potentates of Heaven, we would meet our loved ones. I want to see Moses and Paul and Joshua; but I would a great deal rather see my father who went away fifteen years ago. I want to see the great Bible heroines, Deborah and Hannah and Abigail; but I would rather see my mother, I would rather see my boy whom you carried out four weeks ago than to see the archangel.

I do not think it was superstitious when on Wednesday night I stood by a deathbed within a few blocks of this church, and on this street, and saw one of the aged Christians of this church going into glory. After I had prayed with her, I said to her, "We have all loved you very much, and will always cherish your memory in the Christian Church. You will see my son before I see him, and I wish you would give him our love." She said, "I will, I will;" and in twenty minutes she was in Heaven. The last words she ever spoke. It was a swift message to the skies. If you had your choice between riding in a heavenly chariot and occupying the grandest palace in Heaven, and sitting on the throne next highest to the throne of God, and not seeing your departed loved ones, and on the other hand, dwelling in the humblest place in Heaven, without crown or throne, and without garland, and without sceptre, yet having your loved ones around you, you would choose the latter. I say these things because I want you to know it is a domestic Heaven, and consequently

it is all the time improving. Every one that goes up makes it a brighter place, and the attractions are increasing month by month and day by day, and Heaven so vastly more of a Heaven, a thousand times more of a Heaven than it used to be, will be a better Heaven yet. Oh, I say this to intensify your anticipation!

I enter Heaven one day. It is almost empty. I enter the temples of worship, and there are no worshippers. I walk down the street, and there are no passengers. I go into the orchestra, and I find the instruments are suspended in the baronial halls of Heaven, and the great organs of eternity, with multitudinous banks of keys, are closed. But I see a shining one at the gate as though he were standing on guard, and I say, "Sentinel, what does this mean? I thought Heaven was a populous city. Has there been some great plague sweeping off the population?" "Have you not heard the news?" says the sentinel. "There is a world burning, there is a great conflagration out yonder, and all Heaven has gone out to look at the conflagration and take the victims out of the ruins. This is the day for which all other days are made. This is the Judgment! This morning all the

chariots and the cavalry, and the mounted infantry rumbled and galloped down the sky." After I had listened to the sentinel, I looked off over the battlements and I saw that the fields of air were bright with a blazing world. I said, "Yes, yes; this must be the Judgment;" and while I stood there I heard the rumbling of wheels and the clattering of hoofs, and the roaring of many voices, and then I saw the coronets and plumes and banners, and I saw that all Heaven was coming back again—coming to the wall, coming to the gate, and the multitude that went off in the morning was augmented by a vast multitude caught up alive from the earth, and a vast multitude of the resurrected bodies of the Christian dead, leaving the cemeteries and the abbeys and the mausoleums and the graveyards of the earth empty. Procession moving in through the gates. And then I found out that what was fiery Judgment Day on earth was jubilee in Heaven, and I cried, "Doorkeepers of Heaven, shut the gates; all Heaven has come in. Doorkeepers, shut the twelve gates, lest the sorrows and the woes of earth, like bandits, should some day come up and try to plunder the city!"

ANTE-MORTEM RELIGION.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, January 2, 1881.

"Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."—I. TIMOTHY, 4 : 8.

THERE is a gloomy and passive way of waiting for the events of the opening year to come upon us, and there is a heroic way of going out to meet them, strong in God and fearing nothing. When the body of Catiline was found on the battlefield it was found far in advance of all his troops, and among the enemy; and the best way is not for us to lie down and let the events of life trample over us, but to go forth in a Christian spirit determined to conquer.

The papers are already made out, and to-morrow some of you will enter into business partnerships, and others of you will take higher position in the commercial establishment where you are now engaged, and others will enter upon new enterprises, and there will be in these cities ten thousand business changes. You are expecting prosperity, and I am determined, so far as I have anything to do with it, that you shall not be disappointed, and therefore I propose, as God may help me this morning, to project upon your attention a new element of success. You will have in the business firm, frugality, patience, industry, perseverance, economy—a very strong business firm, but there needs to be one member added, mightier than them all, and not a silent partner either—the one introduced by my text: "Godliness which is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is as well as of that which is to come."

I suppose you are all willing to admit that godliness is important in its eternal relations; but perhaps some of you say, "All I want is an opportunity to say a prayer before I die, and all will be well." There are a great many people who suppose that if they can finally get safely out of this world into a better world, they will have exhausted the entire advantage of our holy religion. They talk as though religion were a mere nod of recognition which we are to give to the Lord Jesus on our way up to a heavenly mansion; as though it were an admission ticket, of no use except to give in at the door of Heaven. And there are thousands of people who have great admiration for a religion of the shroud, and a religion of the coffin, and a religion of the hearse, and a religion of the cemetery, who have no appreciation of a religion for the bank, for the factory, for the warehouse, for the jeweler's shop, for the broker's office. Now, while I would not throw any slur on a *post-mortem* religion, I want this morning, and on the

first Sabbath of the new year, to eulogize an *ante-mortem* religion. A religion that is of no use to you while you live, will be of no use to you when you die. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is as well as of that which is to come." And I have always noticed that when the grace is very low in a man's heart he talks a great deal in prayer-meetings about deaths, and about coffins, and about graves, and about churchyards. I have noticed that the healthy Christian, the man who is living near to God, and is on the straight road to Heaven, is full of jubilant satisfaction, and talks about the duties of this life, understanding well that if God helps him to live right He will help him to die right.

Now, in the first place, I remark that godliness is good for a man's physical health. I do not mean to say it will restore a broken-down constitution, or drive rheumatism from the limbs, or neuralgia from the temples, or pleurisy from the side; but I do mean to say that it gives one such habits and puts one in such condition as is most favorable for physical health. That I believe, and that I avow. Everybody knows that buoyancy of spirit is good physical advantage. Gloom, unrest, dejection are at war with every pulsation of the heart, and with every respiration of the lungs. It lowers the vitality, it slackens the circulation, while exhilaration of spirit pours the very balm of Heaven through all the currents of life. The sense of insecurity which sometimes hovers over an unregenerate man, or pounces upon him with the blast of ten thousand trumpets of terror, is most depleting and most exhausting, while the feeling that all things are working together for my good now, and for my everlasting welfare, is conducive to physical health.

You will observe that Godliness induces industry, which is the foundation of good health. There is no law of hygiene that will keep a lazy man well. Pleurisy will stab him, erysipelas will burn him, jaundice will discolor him, gout will cripple him, and the intelligent physician will not prescribe antiseptic, or febrifuge, or anodyne, but saws and hammers and yardsticks and crowbars and pickaxes. There is no such thing as good physical condition without positive work of some kind, although you should sleep upon down of swan, or ride in carriage of softest upholstery, or have on your table all the luxuries

that were poured from the wine-vats of Ispahan and Shiraz. Our religion says, "Away to the bank! away to the shop! away to the factory! do something that will enlist all the energies of your body, mind, and soul." "Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord;" while upon the bare back of the idler and the drone comes down the sharp lash of the apostle as he says, "If any man will not work, neither shall he eat."

Oh, how important in this day, when so much is said about anatomy and physiology and therapeutics, and some new style of medicine is ever and anon springing upon the world, that you should understand that the highest school of medicine is the school of Christ, which declares that "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is as well as of that which is to come." So if you start out two men in the world with equal physical health, and then one of them shall get the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ in his heart, and the other shall not get it, the one who becomes a son of the Lord Almighty will live the longer. "With long life will I satisfy thee, and show thee My salvation."

Again I remark, that Godliness is good for the intellect. I know some have supposed that just as soon as a man enters into the Christian life, his intellect goes into a bedwaring process. So far from that, religion will give new brilliancy to the intellect, new strength to the imagination, new force to the will, and wider swing to all the intellectual faculties. Christianity is the great central fire at which Philosophy has lighted its brightest torch. The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is the fountain out of which learning has dipped its clearest draught. The Helicon poured forth no such inspiring waters as those which flow from under the throne of God clear as crystal. Religion has given new energy to Poesy, weeping in Doctor Young's "Night Thoughts," teaching in Cowper's "Task," flaming in Charles Wesley's hymns, and rushing with archangelic splendor through Milton's "Paradise Lost." The religion of Jesus Christ has hung in studio and in gallery of art and in Vatican, the best pictures—Titian's "Assumption," Raphael's "Transfiguration," Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," Claude's "Burning Bush," and Angelo's "Last Judgment." Religion has made the best music of the world—Haydn's "Creation," Handel's "Messiah," Mozart's "Requiem." Is it possible that a religion which builds such indestructible monuments, and which lifts its ensign on the highest promontories of worldly power, can have any effect upon a man's intellect but elevation and enlargement? Now, I commend Godliness as the best mental discipline—better than *belles-lettres* to purify the taste, better than mathematics to harness the mind to all intricacy and elaboration, better than logic to marshal the intellectual forces for onset and victory. It will go with Hugh Miller and show him the footprints of the Creator in the red sandstone. It will go with the botanist and show him celestial glories encamped under the curtain of a water-lily. It will go with the astronomer on the great heights where God shepherds the great flock of worlds, that wander on the hills of heaven an-

swering His voice as He calls them all by their names.

Again I remark, that Godliness is profitable for one's disposition. Lord Ashley, before he went into a great battle, was heard to offer this prayer: "O Lord, I shall be very busy to-day; if I forget Thee, forget me not." With such a Christian disposition as that, a man is independent of all circumstances. Our piety will have a tinge of our natural temperament. If a man be cross and sour and fretful naturally, after he becomes a Christian he will always have to be armed against the rebellion of those evil inclinations; but religion has tamed the wildest nature; it has turned fretfulness into gratitude, despondency into good cheer, and those who were hard and ungovernable and uncompromising have been made pliable and conciliatory. Good resolution, reformatory effort, will not effect the change. It takes a mightier arm and a mightier hand to bend evil habits than the hand that bent the bow of Ulysses, and it takes a stronger lasso than ever held the buffalo on the prairie. A man cannot go forth with any human weapons and contend successfully against these Titans armed with upturn mountain. But you have known men into whose spirit the influence of the Gospel of Christ came, until their disposition was entirely changed. So it was with two merchants in New York. They were very antagonistic. They had done all they could to injure each other. They were in the same line of business. One of the merchants was converted to God. Having been converted, he asked the Lord to teach him how to bear himself toward that business antagonist, and he was impressed with the fact that it was his duty when a customer asked for certain kinds of goods which he had not, but which he knew his opponent had, to recommend him to go to that store. I suppose that is about the hardest thing the man could do; but being thoroughly converted to God, he resolved to do that very thing, and being asked for a certain kind of goods which he had not, he said, "You go to such and such a store, and you will get it." After a while, merchant number two found these customers coming, so sent, and he found also that merchant number one had been brought to God, and he sought the same religion. Now they are good friends and good neighbors, the grace of God entirely changing their disposition.

"Oh," says some one, "I have a rough, jagged, impetuous nature, and religion can't do anything for me." Do you know that Martin Luther and Robert Newton and Richard Baxter were impetuous, all-consuming natures, yet the grace of God turned them into the mightiest usefulness? A manufacturer cares but very little for a stream that slowly runs through the meadow, but a strong torrent that leaps from rock to rock, and rushes with mad energy through the valley and out toward the sea. Along that river you will find fluttering shuttles and grinding mill and flashing water-wheel. And a nature, the swiftest, the most rugged and the most tremendous, that is the nature God turns into greatest usefulness. Oh, how many who have been pugnacious, and hard to please, and irascible, and more bothered about the mote

in their neighbor's eye than about the beam like ship timber in their own eye, who have been entirely changed by the grace of God, and have found out that godliness is profitable for the life that now is as well as for the life which is to come."

Again I remark, that religion is good for a man's worldly business. I know the general theory is, the more business the less religion, the more religion the less business. Not so thought Doctor Hans in his "Biography of a Christian Merchant," when he says: "He grew in grace the last six years of his life more than at any time in his life; during those six years he had more business crowding him than at any other time." In other words, the more worldly business a man has, the more opportunity to serve God. Does religion exhilarate or retard worldly business? is the practical question for you to discuss. Does it hang like a mortgage over the farm? Is it a bad debt on the ledger? Is it a lien against the estate? Does it crowd the door through which customers come for broadcloths and silks? Now, religion will hinder your business if it be a bad business, or if it be a good business wrongly conducted. If you tell lies behind the counter, if you use false weights and measures, if you put sand in sugar, and beet-juice in vinegar, and lard in butter, and sell for one thing that which is another thing, then religion will interfere with that business; but a lawful business, lawfully conducted, will find the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ its mightiest auxiliary.

Religion will give an equipoise of spirit, it will keep you from ebullitions of temper—and you know a great many fine businesses have been blown to atoms by bad temper—it will keep you from worriment about frequent loss, it will keep you industrious and prompt, it will keep you back from squandering and from dissipation, it will give you a kindness of spirit which will be easily distinguished from that mere store courtesy which shakes hands violently with you, asking about the health of your family when there is no anxiety to know whether your child is well or sick! but the anxiety is to know how many dozen cambric pocket-handkerchiefs you will take and pay cash down. It will prepare you for the practical duties of every-day life. I do not mean to say that religion will make us financially rich, but I do say it will give us, it will assure us of, a comfortable sustenance at the start, a comfortable subsistence all the way through, and it will help us to direct the bank, to manage the traffic, to conduct all our business matters, and to make the most insignificant affair of our life a matter of vast importance glorified by Christian principle.

In New York City there was a merchant hard in his dealings with his fellows, who had written over his banking-house, or his counting-house room, "No compromise." Then when some merchant got in a crisis and went down—no fault of his, but a conjunction of evil circumstances—and all the other merchants were willing to compromise—they would take seventy-five cents on the dollar, or fifty cents, or twenty cents. Coming to this man last of all, he said, "No compromise; I'll take one hundred cents

on the dollar, and I can afford to wait." Well, the wheel turned, and after a while that man was in a crisis of business, and he sent out his agents to compromise, and the agents said to the merchants, "Will you take fifty cents on the dollar?" "No." "Will you take anything?" "We'll take one hundred cents on the dollar. No compromise." And the man who wrote that inscription over his counting-house door died in destitution. Oh, we want more of the kindness of the Gospel and the spirit of love in our business enterprises! How many young men have found the religion of Jesus Christ a practical help? How many there are in this house to-day who could testify out of their own experience that Godliness is profitable for the life that now is. There were times in their business career when they went here for help, and there for help, and yonder for help, and got no help until they knelt before the Lord crying for His deliverance, and the Lord rescued them.

In a bank not far from our great metropolis—a village bank—an officer could not balance his accounts. He had worked at them day after day, night after night, and he was sick nigh unto death as a result. He knew he had not taken one farthing from that bank, but somehow, for some reason inscrutable then, the accounts wouldn't balance. The time rolled on, and the morning of the day when the books should pass under the inspection of the other officers arrived, and he felt himself in awful peril, conscious of his own integrity but unable to prove that integrity. That morning he went to the bank early, and he knelt down before God and told the whole story of his mental anguish, and he said, "O Lord, I have done right; I have preserved my integrity, but here I am about to be overthrown unless Thou should come to my rescue. Lord, deliver me." And for one hour he continued the prayer before God, and then he rose and he went to an old blotter that he had forgotten all about. He opened it, and there lay a sheet of figures which he only needed to add to another line of figures—some line of figures he had forgotten, and knew not where he had laid them—and the accounts were balanced, and the Lord delivered him. You are an infidel if you do not believe it. The Lord delivered him. God answered his prayer as He will answer your prayer, O man of business, in every crisis when you come to Him. Now, if this be so, then I am persuaded, as you are, of the fact that the vast majority of Christians do not fully test the value of their religion. They are like a farmer in California, with fifteen thousand acres of good wheat land and culturing only a quarter of an acre. Why do you not go forth and make the religion of Jesus Christ a practical affair every day of your business life and all this year, beginning now, and to-morrow morning putting into practical effect this holy religion and demonstrating in your life that godliness is profitable here as well as hereafter?

How can you get along without this religion? Is your physical health so good you do not want this divine tonic? Is your mind so clear, so vast, so comprehensive that you do not want this divine inspiration? Is your worldly business so thoroughly established that you have no

use for that religion which has been the help and deliverance of tens of thousands of men in crises of worldly trouble? And if what I have said this morning is true, then you see what a fatal blunder it is when a man adjourns to life's expiration the uses of religion. A man who postpones religion to sixty years of age gets religion fifty years too late. He may get into the kingdom of God by final repentance, but what can compensate him for a whole lifetime unalleviated and un comforted? You want religion to-day in the training of that child. You will want religion to-morrow in dealing with that Western customer. You wanted religion yesterday to curb your temper. Is your arm strong enough to beat your way through the floods? Can you without being encased in the mail of God's eternal help go forth amid the assault of all hell's sharpshooters? Can you walk alone

across these crumbling graves, and amid these gaping earthquakes? Can you, waterlogged and mast-shivered, outlive the gale? Oh, how many there have been who, postponing the religion of Jesus Christ, have plunged into mistakes they never could correct although they lived eighty years after, and, like serpents crushed under cart-wheels, dragging their mauled bodies under the rocks to die; so these men have fallen under the wheel of awful calamity, crushed here, destroyed forever, while a vast multitude of others have taken the religion of Jesus Christ into every-day life, and first, in practical business affairs, and secondly, on the throne of heavenly triumph, have illustrated, while angels looked on and a universe approved, the glorious truth that "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life which now is as well as of that which is to come."

SUNSET.

A Sermon of Good Cheer.

"Abide with us; for it is toward evening."—LUKE 24 : 29.

Two villagers having concluded their errand in Jerusalem have started out at the city gate and are on their way to Emmaus, the place of their residence. They go with a sad heart. Jesus, who had been their admiration and their joy, had been basely massacred and entombed. As with sad face and broken heart they pass on their way, a stranger accosts them. They tell him their anxieties and bitterness of soul. He in turn talks to them, mightily expounding the Scriptures. He throws over them the fascination of intelligent conversation. They forget the time and notice not the objects they pass, and before they are aware have come up in front of their house. They pause before the entrance, and attempt to persuade the stranger to tarry with them. They press upon him their hospitalities. Night is coming on, and he may meet a prowling wild beast or be obliged to lie unsheltered from the dew. He cannot go much farther now. Why not stop there, and continue their pleasant conversation? They take him by the arm and they insist upon his coming in, addressing him in the words: "Abide with us, for it is toward evening." The lamps are lighted, the table is spread, socialities are enkindled. They rejoice in the presence of the stranger guest. He asks a blessing upon the bread they eat, and he hands a piece of it to each. Suddenly and with overwhelming power the thought flashes upon the astounded people—it is the Lord! And as they sit in breathless wonder, looking upon the resurrected body of Jesus, He vanished. The interview ended. He was gone.

With many of us it is a bright, sunshiny day of prosperity. There is not a cloud in the sky, not a leaf rustling in the forest. No chill in the air. But we cannot expect all this to last. He is not an intelligent man who expects perpetual daylight of joy. The sun will after a while near the horizon. The shadows will lengthen. While I speak, many of us stand in the very hour described in the text, "For it is toward evening." The request of the text is appropriate for some before me. For with them it is toward *the evening of old age*. They have passed the meridian of life. They are sometimes startled to think how old they are. They do not, however, like to have others remark upon it. If others suggest their approximation toward venerable appearance, they say, "Why, I'm not so old after all." They do, indeed, notice that they

cannot lift quite so much as once. They cannot walk quite so fast. They cannot read quite so well without spectacles. They cannot so easily recover from a cough or any occasional ailment. They have lost their taste for merriment. They are surprised at the quick passage of the year. They say that it only seems but a little while ago that they were boys. They are going a little down hill. There is something in their health, something in their vision, something in their walk, something in their changing associations, something above, something beneath, something within to remind them that it is toward evening. The great want of all such is to have Jesus abide with them. It is a dismal thing to be getting old without the rejuvenating influence of religion. When we step on the down grade of life and see that it dips to the verge of the cold river, we want to behold some one near who will help us across it. When the sight loses its power to glance and gather up, we need the faith that can illumine. When we feel the failure of the ear, we need the clear tones of that voice which in olden times broke up the silence of the deep with cadences of mercy. When the axemen of death hew down whole forests of strength and beauty around us and we are left in solitude, we need the dove of divine mercy to sing in our branches. When the shadows begin to fall and we feel that the day is far spent, we need most of all to supplicate the strong, beneficent Jesus in the prayer of the villagers, "Abide with us, for it is toward evening."

The request of the text is an appropriate exclamation for all those who are approached in *the gloomy hour of temptation*. There is nothing easier than to be good-natured when everything pleases, or to be humble when there is nothing to oppose us, or forgiving when we have not been assailed, or honest when we have no inducement to fraud. But you have felt the grapple of some temptation. Your nature at some time quaked and groaned under the infernal force. You felt that the devil was after you. You saw your Christian graces retreating. You feared that you would fail in the awful wrestle with sin and be thrown into the dust. The gloom thickened. The first indications of the night were seen. In all the trembling of your soul, in all the infernal suggestions of Satan, in all the surging up of tumultuous passions, you felt with awful emphasis that it was toward evening.

In the tempted hour you need to ask Jesus to abide with you. You can beat back the monster that would devour. You can unhorse the sin that would ride you down. You can sharpen the battle-axe with which you split the head of helmeted abomination. Who helped Paul shake the brazen-gated heart of Felix? Who acted like a good sailor when all the crew howled in the Mediterranean shipwreck? Who helped the martyrs to be firm, when one word of recantation would have unfastened the withes of the stake and put out the kindling fire? When the night of the soul came on and all the denizens of darkness came riding upon the winds of perdition—who gave strength to the soul? Who gave calmness to the heart? Who broke the spell of infernal enchantment? He who heard the request of the villagers: "Abide with us, for it is toward evening."

One of the forts of France was attacked and the outworks were taken before night. The besieging army lay down, thinking that there was but little to do in the morning and that the soldiery in the fort could be easily made to surrender. But during the night, through a back stairs, they escaped into the country. In the morning the besieging army sprang upon the battlements, but found that their prey was gone. So when we are assaulted in temptation, there is always some secret stair by which we might get off. God will not allow us to be tempted above what we are able, but with every temptation will bring a way of escape that we may be able to bear it.

The prayer of the text is appropriate for all who are *anticipating sorrow*. The greatest folly that ever grew on this planet is the tendency to borrow trouble; but there are times when approaching sorrow is so evident that we need to be making especial preparations for its coming. One of your children has lately become a favorite. The cry of that child strikes deeper into the heart than the cry of all the others. You think more about it. You give it more attention, not because it is any more of a treasure than the others, but because it is becoming frail. There is something in the cheek, in the eye and in the walk that makes you quite sure that the leaves of the flower are going to be scattered. The utmost nursing and medical attendance are ineffectual. The pulse becomes feeble, the complexion lighter, the step weaker, the laugh fainter. No more romping for that one through hall and parlor. The nursery is darkened by an approaching calamity. The heart feels with mournful anticipation that the sun is going down. Night speeds on. It is toward evening. You have long rejoiced in the care of a mother. You have done everything to make her last days happy. You have run with quick feet to wait upon her every want. Her presence has been a perpetual blessing in the household. But the fruit-gatherers are looking wistfully at that tree. Her soul is ripe for heaven. The gates are ready to flash open for her entrance. But your soul sinks at the thought of separation. You cannot bear to think that soon you will be called to take the last look at that face, which from the first hour has looked upon you with affection unchangeable. But you see that life is ebbing and the grave will soon hide her from your

sight. You sit quiet. You feel heavy-hearted. The light is fading from the sky, the air is chill. It is toward evening.

You had a considerable estate and felt independent. In five minutes on one fair balance sheet you could see just how you stood with the world. But there came complications; something that you imagined impossible, happened. The best friend you had proved traitor to your interests. A sudden crash of national misfortune prostrated your credit. You may to-day be going on in business, but you feel anxious about where you are standing, and fear that the next turn of the commercial wheel will bring you prostrate. You foresee what you consider certain defalcation. You think of the anguish of telling your friends that you are not worth a dollar. You know not how you will ever bring your children home from school. You wonder how you will stand the selling of your library or the moving into a plainer house. The misfortunes of life have accumulated. You wonder what makes the sky so dark. It is toward evening. Trouble is an apothecary that mixes a great many draughts, bitter and sour and nauseous, and you must drink some one of them. Trouble puts up a great many packs, and you must carry some one of them. There is no sandal so thick and well adjusted but some thorn will strike through it. There is no sound so sweet but the undertaker's screw-driver grates through it. In this swift shuttle of the heart some of the threads must break. The journey from Jerusalem to Emmaus will soon be ended. Our Bible, our common-sense, our observation reiterates in tones that we cannot mistake and ought not to disregard: it is toward evening.

Oh, then, for Jesus to abide with us! He sweetens the cup. He extracts the thorn. He wipes the tear. He hushes the tempest. He soothes the soul that flies to Him for shelter. Let the night swoop and the euroclydon toss the sea. Let the thunders roar—soon all will be well. Christ in the ship to soothe His friends. Christ on the sea to stop its tumult. Christ in the grave to scatter the darkness. Christ in the heavens to lead the way. Blessed all such. His arms will enclose them, His grace comfort them, His light cheer them, His sacrifice free them, His glory enchant them. If earthly estate take wings, He will be an incorruptible treasure. If friends die, He will be their resurrection. Standing with us in the morning of your joy and in the noonday of our prosperity, He will not forsake us when the lustre has faded and it is toward evening.

Listen to Paul's battle-shout with misfortune. Hark to mounted Latimer's fire song. Look at the glory that hath reft the dungeon and filled the earth and heavens with the crash of the falling manacles of despotism. And then look at those who have tried to cure themselves of human prescriptions, attempting to heal gangrene with patch of court-plaster, and to stop the plague of dying empires with the quackery of earthly wisdom. Nothing can speak peace to the soul. Nothing can unstrap our crushing burthens, nothing can overcome our spiritual foes, nothing can open our eyes to see the surrounding horses and chariots of salvation that fill all the moun-

tains, but the voice and command of Him, who stopped one night at Emmaus.

The words of the text are pertinent to us all, from the fact that we are nearing *the evening of death*. I have heard it said that we ought to live as though each moment were to be our last. I do not believe that theory. As far as preparation is concerned, we ought always to be ready; but we cannot always be thinking of death, for we have duties in life that demand our attention. When a man is selling goods, it is his business to think of the bargain he is making. When a man is pleading in the courts it is his duty to think of the interests of his clients. When a clerk is adding up accounts it is his duty to keep his mind upon the column of figures. He who fills up his life with thoughts of death is far from being the highest style of Christian. I knew a man who used often to say at night, "I wish I might die before morning!" He is now an infidel. But there are times when we ought to give ourselves to the contemplation of that solemn moment when to the soul time ends and eternity begins. We must go through that one pass. There is no roundabout way, no by-path, no circuitous route. Die we must; and it will be to us a shameful occurrence or a time of admirable behavior. Our friends may stretch out their hands to keep us back, but no imploration on their part can hinder us. They might offer large retainers, but death would not take the fee. The breath will fail and the eyes will close and the heart will stop. You may hang the couch with gorgeous tapestry, but what does death care for bed-curtains? You may hang the room with the finest works of art, but what does death care for pictures? You may fill the house with the wailings of widowhood and orphanage; does death mind weeping?

This ought not to be a depressing theme. Who wants to live here forever? The world has always treated me well, and every day I feel less and less like scolding and complaining. But yet I would not want to make this my eternal residence. I love to watch the clouds, and to bathe my soul in the blue sea of heaven; but I expect when the firmament is rolled away as a scroll to see a new heaven, grander, higher and more glorious. You ought to be willing to exchange your body that has headaches and sideaches and weaknesses innumerable, that limps with the stone-bruise or festers with the thorn or flames on the funeral pyre of fevers, for an incorruptible body and an eye that blinks not before the jasper gates and the great white throne. But between that and this there is an hour about which no man should be reckless or foolhardy. I doubt not your courage, but I tell you that you will want something better than a strong arm, a good aim and a trusty sword when you come to your last battle. You will need a better robe than any you have in your wardrobe to keep your arm in that place.

Circumstances do not make so much difference. It may be bright day when you push off from the planet or it may be dark night, and while the owl is hooting from the forest. It may be spring, and your soul may go out among the blossoms, apple orchards swinging their censers in the way. It may be winter and the

earth in a snow shroud. It may be autumn, and the forests set on fire by the retreating year; dead nature laid out in state. It may be with your wife's hand in your hand, or you may be in a strange hotel with a servant faithful to the last. It may be in the rail-train, shot off the switch, and tumbling in long reverberation down the embankment—crash! crash! I know not the time; I know not the mode; but the days of our life are being subtracted away and we shall come down to the time when we have but ten days left, then nine days, then eight days, then seven days, six days, five days, four days, three days, two days, one day. Then hours: three hours, two hours, one hour. Then only minutes left: five minutes, four minutes, three minutes, two minutes, one minute. Then only seconds left: four seconds, three seconds, two seconds, one second. Gone! The chapter of life ended! The Book closed! The pulse is at rest! The feet through with the journey! The hands closed from all work. No word on the lips. No breath in the nostrils. Hair combed back to lie undishevelled by any human hands. The muscles still. The nerves still. The lungs still. The tongue still. All still. You might put the stethoscope to the breast and hear no sound. You might put a speaking trumpet to the ear, but you could not wake the deafness. No motion. No throb. No life. Still! Still!

On earth with many of you the evening is the happiest part of the twenty-four hours. You gather about the stand. You talk and laugh and sing. You recount the day. You plan for the morrow. You have games and repartees. Amid all the toil of the day that is the goal for which you run, and as you take out your watch or look at the descending sun, you thrill with the thought that it is toward evening. So death comes to the disciple! What if the sun of life is about to set? Jesus is the day-spring from on high; the perpetual morning of every ransomed spirit. What if the darkness comes? Jesus is the light of the world and of heaven. What though this earthly house does crumble? Jesus has prepared a house of many mansions. Jesus is the anchor that always holds. Jesus is the light that is never eclipsed. Jesus is the fountain that is never exhausted. Jesus is the evening star, amid the gloom of the gathering night. You are almost through with the abuse and backbiting of enemies. They will call you no more by evil names. Your good deeds will no longer be misinterpreted or your honor filched. The troubles of earth will end in the felicities of heaven! Toward evening! The bereavements of earth will soon be lifted. You will not much longer stand pouring your grief in the tomb like Rachel weeping for her children or David mourning for Absalom. Broken hearts bound up. Wounds healed. Tears wiped away. Sorrows terminated. No more sounding of the dead march! Toward evening. Death will come, sweet as slumber to the eyelids of the babe, as full rations to a starving soldier, as evening hour to the exhausted workman. The sky will take on its sunset glow, every cloud a fire-psalm, every lake a glassy mirror; the forests transfigured; 'delicate mists climbing the air. Your

friends will announce it ; your pulses will beat
it ; your joys will ring it ; your lips will whisper
it : " Toward evening."

" The world its fancied pearl may crave,
'Tis not the pearl for me.
'Twill dim its lustre in the grave,
'Twill perish in the sea.
But there's a Pearl of price untold,
That never can be bought with gold ;

The sinking soul 'twill save,
Oh, that's the Pearl for me !

" Let pleasure chant her siren song,
'Tis not the song for me.
To weeping it will turn ere long,
For this is Heaven's decree.
But there's a song the ransomed sing—
To Jesus, their exalted King,
With cheerful heart and tongue
Oh, that's the song for me !"

IN AMBUSH.

Sermon Preached on Sunday, July 8, 1883.

"Then ye shall rise up from the ambush, and seize upon the city."—JOSHUA 8 : 7.

ONE Sabbath evening with my family around me, we were talking over the scene of the text. In the wide-open eyes and the quick interrogations and the blanched cheeks, I realized what a thrilling drama it was. There is the old city, shorter by name than any other city in the ages, spelled with two letters—A, I—Ai. Joshua and his men want to take it. How to do it is the question. On a former occasion, in a straightforward, face-to-face fight, they had been defeated ; but now they are going to take it by ambuscade. General Joshua has two divisions in his army—the one division the battle-worn commander will lead himself, the other division he sends off to encamp in an ambush on the west side of the city of Ai. No torches, no lanterns, no sound of heavy battalions but 30,000 swarthy warriors moving in silence, speaking only in a whisper ; no clicking of swords against shields, lest the watchmen of Ai discover it and the stratagem be a failure. If a roystering soldier in the Israelitish army forgets himself, all along the line the word is "Hush !" Joshua takes the other division, the one with which he is to march, and puts it on the north side of the city of Ai, and then spends the night in reconnoitring in the valley. There he is, thinking over the fortunes of the coming day, with something of the feelings of Wellington the night before Waterloo, or of Meade and Lee the night before Gettysburg. There he stands in the night, and says to himself : "Yonder is the division in ambush on the west side of Ai. Here is the division I have under my especial command on the north side of Ai. There is the old city slumbering in its sin. To-morrow will be the battle. Look ! the morning already begins to tip the hills. The military officers of Ai look out in the morning very early, and while they do not see the division in ambush, they behold the other division of Joshua, and the cry, "To arms ! To arms !" rings through all the streets of the old town, and every sword, whether hacked and bent or newly welded, is brought out, and all the inhabitants of the city of Ai pour through the gates, an infuriated torrent, and their cry is : "Come, we'll make quick work with Joshua and his troops." No sooner had these people of Ai come out against the troops of Joshua, than Joshua gave such a command as he seldom gave : "Fall back !" Why, they could not believe their own ears. Is Joshua's courage failing him ?

The retreat is beaten, and the Israelites

are flying, throwing blankets and canteens on every side under this worse than Bull Run defeat. And you ought to hear the soldiers of Ai cheer and cheer and cheer. But they huzza too soon. The men lying in ambush are straining their vision to get some signal from Joshua that they may know what time to drop upon the city. Joshua takes his burnished spear, glittering in the sun like a shaft of doom and points it toward the city ; and when the men up yonder in the ambush see it, with hawk-like swoop they drop upon Ai, and without stroke of sword or stab of spear take the city and put it to the torch. So much for the division that was in ambush. How about the division under Joshua's command ? No sooner does Joshua stop in the flight, than all his men stop with him, and as he wheels they wheel, for in a voice of thunder he cried "Halt !" One strong arm driving back a torrent of flying troops. And then as he points his spear through the golden light toward that fatal city, his troops know that they are to start for it. What a scene it was when the division in ambush which had taken the city marched down against the men of Ai on the one side, and the troops under Joshua doubled up their enemies from the other side, and the men of Ai were caught between these two hurricanes of Israelitish courage, thrust before and behind, stabbed in breast and back, ground between the upper and the nether millstones of God's indignation. Woe to the city of Ai ! Cheer for the triumphs of Israel !

Lesson the first : There is such a thing as *victorious retreat*. Joshua's falling back was the first chapter in his successful besiegement. And there are times in your life when the best thing you can do is to run. You were once the victim of strong drink. The demijohn and the decanter were your fierce foes. They came down upon you with greater fury than the men of Ai upon the men of Joshua. Your only safety is to get away from them. Your dissipating companions will come around you for your overthrow. Run for your life ! Fall back ! Fall back from the drinking saloon. Fall back from the wine party. Your flight is your advance. Your retreat is your victory. There is a saloon down here on the next street that has almost been the ruin of your soul. Then why do you go along that street ? Why do you not pass through some other street rather than by the place of your calamity ? A spoonful of brandy taken for

medicinal purposes by a man who twenty years before had been reformed from drunkenness, hurled into inebriety and the grave one of the best friends I ever had. Your retreat is your victory. Here is a converted infidel. He is so strong now in his faith in the Gospel he says he can read anything. What are you reading? Bolingbroke? Andrew Jackson Davis's tracts? Tyn-dall's Glasgow University address? Drop them and run. You will be an infidel before you die unless you quit that. These men of Ai will be too much for you. Turn your back on the rank and file of unbelief. Fly before they cut you with their swords and transfix you with their javelins.

There are people who have been well-nigh ruined because they risked a foolhardy expedition in the presence of mighty and overwhelming temptations, and the men of Ai made a morning meal of them. So also there is such a thing as victorious retreat for the church. Thousands of times the kingdom of Christ has seemed to fall back. When the blood of the Scotch covenanters gave a deeper dye to the heather of the highlands, when the Vaudois of France chose extermination rather than make an unchristian surrender, when on St. Bartholomew's day mounted assassins rode through the streets of Paris, crying: "Kill! Blood-letting is good in August! Kill! Death to the Huguenots! Kill!" when Lady Jane Grey's head rolled from the executioner's block; when Calvin was imprisoned in the castle; when John Knox died for the truth; when John Bunyan lay rotting in Bedford Jail, saying: "If God will help me and my physical life continues I will stay here until the moss grows on my eyebrows rather than give up my faith." The days of retreat for the church were days of victory.

The Pilgrim Fathers fell back from the other side of the sea to Plymouth Rock, but now are marshalling a continent for the Christianization of the world. The Church of Christ falling back from Piedmont, falling back from the Rue St. Jacques, falling back from St. Denis, falling back from Wurtemberg castles, falling back from the Brussels market place, yet all the time triumphing. Notwithstanding all the shocking reverses which the Church of Christ suffers, what do we see to-day? Three thousand missionaries of the cross on heathen ground; sixty thousand ministers of Jesus Christ in this land; at least fifty-one millions of Christians on the earth. All nations to-day kindling in a blaze of revival. Falling back, yet advancing until the old Wesleyan hymn will prove true:

"The lion of Judah shall break the chain,
And give us the victory again and again!"

But there is a more marked illustration of victorious retreat in the life of our Joshua, the Jesus of the ages. First falling back from an appalling height to an appalling depth, falling from celestial hills to terrestrial valleys, from throne to manger; yet that did not seem to suffice Him as a retreat. Falling back still further from Bethlehem to Nazareth, from Nazareth to Jerusalem, back from Jerusalem to Golgotha, back from Golgotha to the mausoleum in the rock, back down over the precipices of perdition

until He walked amid the caverns of the eternal captives and drank of the wine of the wrath of almighty God amid the Ahabs and the Jezebels and the Belshazzars. Omen of the pulpit and men of the pew, Christ's descent from heaven to earth does not measure half the distance. It was from glory to perdition. He descended into hell. All the records of earthly retreat are as nothing compared with this falling back. Santa Anna with the fragments of his army flying over the plateaux of Mexico and Napoleon and his army retreating from Moscow into the awful snows of Russia are not worthy to be mentioned with this retreat when all the powers of darkness seem to be pursuing Christ as He fell back, until the body of Him who came to do such wonderful things lay pulseless and stripped. Methinks that the city of Ai was not so emptied of its inhabitants when they went to pursue Joshua, as perdition was emptied of devils when they started for the pursuit of Christ and He fell back and back down lower, down lower, chasm below chasm, pit below pit, until he seemed to strike the bottom of objugation and scorn and torture. Oh, the long, loud, jubilant shout of hell at the defeat of the Lord God Almighty!

But let not the powers of darkness rejoice quite so soon. Do you hear that disturbance in the tomb of Arimathea? I hear the sheet rending! What means that stone hurled down the side of the hill? Who is this coming out? Push him back! The dead must not stalk in this open sunlight. Oh, it is our Joshua. Let him come out. He comes forth and starts for the city. He takes the spear of the Roman guard and points that way. Church militant marches up on one side and the church triumphant marches down on the other side. And the powers of darkness being caught between these ranks of celestial and terrestrial valor, nothing is left of them save just enough to illustrate the direful overthrow of hell and our Joshua's eternal victory. On His head be all the crowns. In His hand be all the sceptres. At His feet be all the human hearts; and here, Lord, is one of them.

Lesson the second: *The triumph of the wicked is short.* Did you ever see an army in a panic? There is nothing so uncontrollable. If you had stood at Long Bridge, Washington, during the opening of our unfortunate war, you would know what it is to see an army run. And when those men of Ai looked out and saw those men of Joshua in a stampede, they expected easy work. They would scatter them as the equinox the leaves. Oh, the gleeful and jubilant descent of the men of Ai upon the men of Joshua! But their exhilaration was brief, for the tide of battle turned and these quondam conquerors left their miserable carcasses in the wilderness of Bethaven. So it always is. The triumph of the wicked is short. You made \$20,000 at the gaming table. Do you expect to keep it? You will die in the poorhouse. You made a fortune by iniquitous traffic. Do you expect to keep it? Your money will scatter, or it will stay long enough to curse your children after you are dead. Call over the roll of bad men who prospered and see how short was their prosperity. For a while like the men of Ai they went from conquest to con-

quest, but after a while disaster rolled back upon them and they were divided into three parts; misfortune took their property, the grave took their body, and the lost world took their souls. I am always interested in the building of theatres and the building of dissipating saloons. I like to have them built of the best granite and have the rooms made large and to have the pillars made very firm. God is going to conquer them and they will be turned into churches. These stores in which fraudulent men do business, these splendid banking institutions where the president and cashier put all their property in their wives' hands and then fail for \$200,000—all these institutions are to become the places where honest Christian men do business.

How long will it take your boys to get through your ill-gotten gains? The wicked do not live out half their days. For a while they swagger and strut and make a great splash in the newspapers, but after a while it all dwindles down into a brief paragraph: "Died suddenly, July 8th, 1883, at thirty-five years of age. Relatives and friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral on Wednesday, at two o'clock, from his late residence on Madison Square. Interment at Greenwood." Some of them jumped off the docks. Some of them took prussic acid. Some of them fell under the snap of a Derringer pistol. Some of them spent their last days in a lunatic asylum. Where is Oakes Ames, the despoiler of public men, of Credit Mobilier infamy? Where a Ketcham and Swartwout, absconding swindlers? Where is James Fisk, the libertine? Where is John Wilkes Booth, the assassin? And all the other misdemeanants? The wicked do not live out half their days. Disembogue, O world of darkness! Come up, your locks dripping with eternal fire, Hildebrand and Henry II. and Robespierre, and with blistering and blaspheming and ashen lips hiss out: "The triumph of the wicked is short." Alas for the men of Ai when Joshua stretches out his spear toward the city!

Lesson the third: How much may be accomplished by lying in *ambush for opportunities*. Are you hypercritical of Joshua's manœuvre? Do you say that it was cheating for him to take that city by ambush? Was it wrong for Washington to kindle camp-fires on New Jersey Heights, giving the impression to the opposing force that a great army was encamped there when there was none at all? I answer, if the war was right then Joshua was right in his stratagem. He violated no flag of truce. He broke no treaty, but by a lawful ambush captured the city of Ai. Oh, that we all knew how to lie in ambush for opportunities to serve God. The best of our opportunities do not lie on the surface, but are secreted; by tact, by stratagem, by Christian ambushade you may take almost any castle of sin for Christ. Come up toward men with a regular besiegement of argument and you will be defeated; but just wait until the door of their hearts is set ajar, or they are off their guard, or their severe caution is away from home, and then drop in on them from a Christian ambushade. There has been many a man up to his chin in scientific portfolios which proved there was no Christ and no divine revelation, his pen a scime-

tar flung into the heart of theological opponents, who, nevertheless, has been discomfited and captured for God by some little three-year-old child who has got up and put her snowy arms around his sinewy neck, and said: "Papa, why don't you love Jesus?"

Oh, make a flank movement; steal a march on the devil; cheat that man into heaven. A five-dollar treatise that will stand all the laws of homiletics may fail to do that which a penny tract of Christian entreaty may accomplish. Oh, for more Christians in ambushade, not lying in idleness, but waiting for a quick spring, waiting until just the right time comes. Do not talk to a man about the vanity of this world on the day when he has bought something at "twelve" and is going to sell it at "fifteen." But talk to him about the vanity of the world on the day when he has bought something at "fifteen" and is compelled to sell it at "twelve." Do not rub a man's disposition the wrong way. Do not take the imperative mood when the subjunctive mood will do just as well. Do not talk in perverid style to a phlegmatic nor try to tickle a torrid temperament with an icicle. You can take any man for Christ if you know how to get at him. Do not send word to him that to-morrow at ten o'clock you propose to open your batteries upon him, but come on him by a skilful, persevering, God-directed ambushade.

Lesson the fourth: The importance of *taking good aim*. There is Joshua, but how are those people in ambush up yonder to know when they are to drop on the city, and how are these men around Joshua to know when they are to stop their flight and advance? There must be some signal—a signal to stop the one division and to start the other. Joshua with a spear on which were ordinarily hung the colors of battle, points toward the city. He stands in such a conspicuous position, and there is so much of the morning light dripping from that spear-tip, that all around the horizon they see it. It was as much as to say: "There is the city. Take it. Take it now. Roll down from the west. Surge up from the north. It is ours, the city of Ai. God knows and we know that a great deal of Christian attack amounts to nothing simply because we do not take good aim. Nobody knows and we do not know ourselves which point we want to take, when we ought to make up our minds what God will have us to do, and point our spear in that direction and then hurl our body, mind, soul, time, eternity at that one target. In our pulpits and pews and Sunday-schools and prayer-meetings we want to get a reputation for saying pretty things, and so we point our spear toward the flowers; or we want a reputation for saying sublime things, and we point our spear toward the stars; or we want to get a reputation for historical knowledge, and we point our spear toward the past; or we want to get a reputation for great liberality, so we swing our spear all around; and it strikes all points of the horizon, and you can make out of it whatever you please; while there is the old world, proud, rebellious and armed against all righteousness; and instead of running any further away from its pursuit, we ought to turn around, plant our foot in the strength of the eternal God, lift the old

cross and point it in the direction of the world's conquest till the redeemed of earth, marching up from one side and the glorified of heaven marching down from the other side, the last battlement of sin is compelled to swing out the streamers of Emanuel. Oh, Church of God, take aim and conquer.

I have heard it said, "Look out for a man who has only one idea; he is irresistible." I say: Look out for the Church of Christ which has one idea, and that a determination for soul-saving. I believe God would strike me dead if I dared to point the spear in any other direction. Oh, for some of the courage and enthusiasm of Joshua! He flung two armies from the tip of that spear. It is sinful for us to rest, unless it is to get stronger muscle and fresher brain and purer heart for God's work. I feel on my head the hands of Christ in a new ordination. Do you not feel the same omnipotent pressure? There is a work for all our churches. Oh, that we might stand up side by side and point the spear toward the city! It ought to be taken. It will be taken. Our cities are drifting off toward loose religion or what is called "liberal Christianity," which is so liberal that it gives up all the cardinal doctrines of the Bible, so liberal that it surrenders the rectitude of the throne of the Almighty. That is liberality with a vengeance. Let us decide upon the work which we, as Christian churches, have to do, and, in the strength of God, go to work and do it.

I believe that the next twelve months will be the most stupendous year that heaven ever saw.

The nations are quaking now with the coming of God. It will be a year of successes for the men of Joshua, but of doom for the men of Ai. You put your ear to the rail-track and you can hear the train coming miles away. So I put my ear to the ground and I hear the thundering on of the lightning train of God's mercies and judgments. The mercy of God is first to be tried upon this nation. It will be preached in the pulpits, in theatres, on the streets, everywhere. People will be invited to accept the mercy of the Gospel and the story and the song and the prayer will be "mercy." But suppose they do not accept the offer of mercy—what then? Then God will come with His judgments, and the grasshoppers will eat the crops, and the freshets will devastate the valleys, and the defalcations will swallow the money-markets, and the fires will burn the cities, and the earth will quake from pole to pole. Year of mercies and of judgments. Year of invitation and of warning. Year of jubilee and of woe. Which side are you going to be on? With the men of Ai or the men of Joshua? Pass over this Sabbath, into the ranks of Israel. I would clap my hands at the joy of your coming. You have a poor chance for this world and the world to come without Jesus. You cannot stand what is to come upon you and upon the world unless you have the pardon and the comfort and the help of Christ. Come over. On this side is your happiness and safety, on the other side disquietude and despair. Eternal defeat to the men of Ai! Eternal victory to the men of Joshua!

CORN-HUSKING TIME.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, November 3, 1882.

"As a shock of corn cometh in in his season."—JOB 5 : 26.

GOING at the rate of forty miles the hour last Wednesday, I caught this sermon. If you have recently been in the fields of Pennsylvania, or New Jersey, or New York, or New England, or in any of the country districts, you know that the corn is all cut. The sharp knife struck through the stalks and left them all along the fields until a man came with a bundle of straw and twisted a few of these wisps of straw into a band, and then gathering up as much of the corn as he could compass with his arms, he bound it with this wisp of straw, and then stood it in the field in what is called a shock. It is estimated that there are now at least two billion bushels of corn either standing in the shock, or having been already husked. In the latter part of this month or next month, the farmers will gather, one day on one farm, and then another day on another farm, and they will put on their rough husking apron, and they will take the husking peg, which is a piece of iron with a leathern loop fastened to the hand, and with it unsheath the corn from the husk and toss it into the golden heap. Then the wagons will come along and take it to the corn-crib.

How vividly to all those of us who were born in the country comes the remembrance of husking time. We waited for it as for a gala day of the year. It was called a frolic. The trees having for the most part shed their foliage, the farmers waded through the fallen leaves and came through the keen morning air to the gleeful company. The frosts which had silvered everything during the night began to melt off of the top of the corn-shocks. While the farmers were waiting for others, they stood blowing their breath through their fingers, or thrashing their arms around their body to keep up warmth of circulation. Roaring mirth greeted the late farmer as he crawled over the fence. Joke and repartee and rustic salutation abounded. All ready, now! The men take hold of the shock of corn and hurl it prostrate, while the moles and mice which have secreted themselves there for warmth, attempt escape. The withe of straw is unwound from the corn-shock and the stalks heavy with the wealth of grain are rolled into two bundles between, which the husker sits down. The husking peg is thrust in until it strikes the corn, and then the fingers rip off the sheathing of the ear, and there is a crack as the root of the corn is snapped off from the husk,

and the grain disimprisoned is hurled up into the sunlight. The air is so tonic, the work is so very exhilarating, the company is so blithe, that some laugh, and some shout, and some sing, and some banter, and some tease a neighbor for a romantic ride along the edge of the woods in an eventide, in a carriage that holds but two, and some prophesy as to the number of bushels to the field, and others go into competition as to which shall rifle the most corn-shocks before sundown. After a while, the dinner-horn sounds from the farmhouse, and the table is surrounded by a group of jolly and hungry men. From all the pantries and the cellars and the perches of fowl on the place the richest dainties come, and there is carnival and neighborhood reunion, and a scene which fills our memory, part with smiles but more with tears, as we remember that the farm belongs now to other owners, and other hands gather in the field, and many of those who mingled in that merry husking scene have themselves been reaped, "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

There is a difference of opinion as to whether the Orientals knew anything about the corn as it stands in our fields; but recent discoveries have found out that the Hebrew knew all about Indian maize, for there have been grains of corn picked up out of ancient crypts and exhumed from hiding-places where they were put down many centuries ago, and they have been planted in our time and have come up just such Indian maize as we raise in New York and Ohio; so I am right when I say that my text may refer to a shock of corn just as you and I bound it, just as you and I threw it, just as you and I husked it. There may come some practical and useful and comforting lessons to all our souls, while we think of coming in at last "like a shock of corn coming in in his season."

It is high time that the King of Terrors were thrown out of the Christian vocabulary. A vast multitude of people talk of death as though it were the disaster of disasters instead of being to a good man the blessing of blessings. It is moving out of a cold vestibule into a warm temple. It is migrating into groves of redolence and perpetual fruitage. It is a change from bleak March to roseate June. It is a change of manacles for garlands. It is the transmuting of the iron handcuffs of earthly incarceration into the diamonded wristslets of a bridal party; or to use the sugges-

tion of my text, it is only husking time. It is the tearing off of the rough sheath of the body that the bright and the beautiful soul may go free. Coming in "like a shock of corn cometh in in his season." Christ broke up a funeral procession at the gate of Nain by making a resurrection day for a young man and his mother. And I would that I could break up your sadnesses and halt the long funeral procession of the world's grief by some cheering and cheerful view of the last transition.

We all know that husking time was a time of frost. Frost on the fence. Frost on the stubble. Frost on the ground. Frost on the bare branches of the trees. Frost in the air. Frost on the hands of the huskers. You remember we used to hide between the corn-stacks so as to keep off the wind, but still you remember how shivering was the body and how painful was the cheek, and how benumbed were the hands. But after a while the sun was high up and all the frosts went out of the air, and hilarities awakened the echoes, and joy from one corn-shock went up, "Aha, aha!" and was answered by joy from another corn-shock, "Aha, aha!" So we all realize that the death of our friends is the nipping of many expectations, the freezing, the chilling, the frosting of many of our hopes. It is far from being a south wind. It comes out of the frigid north, and when they go away from us we stand benumbed in body and benumbed in mind and benumbed in soul. We stand among our dead neighbors, our dead families, and we say, "Will we ever get over it?" Yes, we will get over it amid the shoutings of Heavenly reunion, and we will look back to all these distresses of bereavement only as the temporary distresses of husking time. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." "Light, and but for a moment," said the apostle as he clapped his hands, "light, and but for a moment." The chill of the frosts followed by the gladness that cometh in "like a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Of course, the husking time made rough work with the ear of corn. The husking peg had to be thrust in and the hard thumb of the husker had to come down on the swathing of the ear, and then there was a pull and there was a ruthless tearing, and then a complete snapping off before the corn was free, and if the husk could have spoken it would have said, "Why do you lacerate me? Why do you wrench me?" Ah! my friends, that is the way God has arranged that the ear and the husk shall part, and that is the way He has arranged that the body and the soul shall separate. You can afford to have your physical distresses when you know that they are only forwarding the soul's liberation. Every rheumatic pain is only a plunge of the husking peg. Every neuralgic twinge is only a twist by the husker. There is gold in you that must come out. Some way the shackle must be broken. Some way the ship must be launched for Heavenly voyage. You must let the Heavenly husbandman husk off the mortality from the immortality. There ought to be great consolation in this for all who have chronic ailments, since the Lord is gradually and more mildly taking away from you that which hinders

your soul's liberation, doing gradually for you what for many of us in robust health perhaps He will do in one fell blow at the last. At the close of every illness, at the close of every paroxysm you ought to say, "Thank God, that is all past now; thank God, I will never have to suffer that again; thank God, I am so much nearer the hour of liberation." You will never suffer the same pain twice. You may have a new pain in an old place, but never the same pain twice. The pain does its work and then it dies. Just so many plunges of the crowbar to free the quarry-stone for the building. Just so many strokes of the chisel to complete the statue. Just so many pangs to separate the soul from the body. You who have chronic ailments and disorders, are only paying in instalments that which some of us will have to pay in one payment when we pay the debt of nature. Thank God, therefore, ye who have chronic disorders that you have so much less suffering at the last. Thank God, that you will have so much less to feel in the way of pain at the hands of the Heavenly husbandman when "the shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Perhaps now this may be an answer to a question which I asked last Sabbath morning, but did not answer: Why is it that so many really good people have so dreadfully to suffer? You often find a good man with enough pains and aches and distresses, you would think, to discipline a whole colony, while you will find a man who is perfectly useless going about with easy digestion and steady nerves and shining health, and his exit from the world is comparatively painless. How do you explain that? Well, I noticed in the husking time that the husking peg was thrust into the corn and then there must be a stout pull before the swathing was taken off of the ear and the full, round, healthy, luxuriant corn was developed; while on the other hand there was corn that hardly seemed worth husking. We threw that into a place all by itself, and we called it "nubbins." Some of it was mildewed, and some of it was mice nibbled, and some of it was great promise and no fulfilment. All cobs and no corn. Nubbins! After the good corn had been driven up to the barn we came around with the corn-basket and we picked up these nubbins. They were worth saving, but not worth much. So all around us there are people who amount to comparatively nothing. They develop into no kind of usefulness. They are nibbled on one side by the world, and nibbled on the other side by the devil, and mildewed all over. Great promise and no fulfilment. All cobs and no corn. Nubbins! They are worth saving. I suppose many of them will get to Heaven, but they are not worthy to be mentioned in the same day with those who went through great tribulation into the kingdom of our God. Who would not rather have the pains of this life, the misfortunes of this life—who would not rather be torn, and wounded, and lacerated, and wrenched, and husked, and at last go in amid the very best grain of the granary, than to be pronounced not worth husking at all? Nubbins! In other words, I want to say to you people who have distress of body, and distress in business, and

distress of all sorts, the Lord has not any grudge against you. It is not derogatory, it is complimentary. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," and it is proof positive that there is something valuable in you, or the Lord would not have husked you.

You remember also, that in the time of husking it was a neighborhood reunion. By the great fireplace in the winter, the fires roaring around the gloried back-logs on an old-fashioned hearth, of which the modern stoves and registers are only the degenerate descendants, the farmers used to gather and spend the evening, and there would be much sociality; but it was not anything like the joy of the husking time, for then all the farmers came, and they came in the very best humor, and they came from beyond the meadow, and they came from beyond the brook, and they came from regions two and three miles around. Good spirit reigned supreme, and there were great handshakings, and there was carnival, and there was the recital of the brightest experiences in all their lives, and there was a neighborhood reunion the memory of which makes all the nerves of my body tremble with emotion as the strings of a harp when the fingers of the player have swept the chords. The husking time was the time of neighborhood reunion, and so Heaven will be just that. There they come up! They slept in the old village churchyard. There they come up! They reclined amid the fountains and the sculpture and the parterres of a city cemetery. There they come up! They went down when the ship foundered off Cape Hatteras. They come up from all sides—from Potter's Field and out of the solid masonry of Westminster Abbey. They come up! They come up! All the hindrances to their better nature husked off. All their physical ailments husked off. All their spiritual dependencies husked off. All their hindrances to usefulness husked off. The grain, the golden grain, the God-fashioned grain, visible and conspicuous. Some of them on earth were such disagreeable Christians you could hardly stand it in their presence. Now in Heaven they are so radiant you hardly know them. The fact is, all their imperfections have been husked off. They did not mean on earth to be disagreeable. They meant well enough, but they told you how sick you looked and they told you how many hard things they had heard about you, and they told you how often they had to stand up for you in some battles until you wished almost that they had been slain in some of the battles. Good, pious, consecrated, well-meaning disagreeables. Now, in Heaven all their offensiveness has been husked off. Each one is as happy as he can be. Every one he meets as happy as he can be. Heaven one great neighborhood reunion. All kings and queens, all songsters, all millionaires, all banquetters. God, the Father, with His children all around Him. No "good-by" in all the air. No grave cut in all the hills. River of crystal rolling over bed of pearl, under arch of chrysoprase, into seas of glass mingled with fire. Stand at the gate of the granary and see the grain come in; out of the frosts into the sunshine, out of the darkness into the light, out of the tearing and the ripping and the twisting

and the wrenching and the lacerating and the husking time of earth into the wide-open door of the King's granary, "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Yes, Heaven is a great sociable, with joy like the joy of the husking time. No one there feeling so big he declines to speak to some one that is not so large. Archangel willing to listen to smallest cherub. No bolting of the door of caste at one heavenly mansion to keep out the citizen of a smaller mansion. No clique in one corner whispering about a clique in another corner. David taking none of the airs of a giant-killer. Joshua making no one halt until he passes, because he made the sun and moon halt. Paul making no assumptions over the most ordinary preacher of righteousness. Naaman, captain of the Syrian host, no more honored than the captive maid who told him where he could get a good doctor. O my soul, what a country! The humblest man a king. The poorest woman a queen. The meanest house a palace. The shortest lifetime eternity. And what is more strange about it all is, we may all get there. "Not I," says some one standing back under the galleries. Yes, you. "Not I," says some one who has not been in church in fifteen years before. Yes, you. "Not I," says some one who has been for fifty years filling up his life with all kinds of wickedness. Yes, you. There are monopolies on earth, monopolistic railroads, and monopolistic telegraph companies, and monopolistic grain dealers, but no monopoly in religion. All who want to be saved may be saved, "without money and without price." Salvation by the Lord Jesus Christ for all the people. Of course, use common-sense in this matter. You cannot expect to get to Charleston by taking ship for Portland, and you cannot get to Heaven by going in an opposite direction. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. Through that one gate of pardon and peace all the race may go in.

"But," says some one, "do you really think I would be at home in that supernal society if I should reach it?" I think you would. I know you would. I remember that in the husking time there was great equality of feeling among the neighbors. There at one corn-shock a farmer would be at work who owned two hundred acres of ground. The man whom he was talking with at the next corn-shock owned but thirty acres of ground, and perhaps all that covered by a mortgage. That evening, at the close of the husking day, one man drove home a roan span so frisky, so full of life, they got their feet over the traces. The other man walked home. Great difference in education, great difference in worldly means; but I noticed at the husking time they all seemed to enjoy each other's society. They did not ask any man how much property he owned or what his education had been. They all seemed to be happy together in those good times. And so it will be in Heaven. Our Father will gather His children around Him, and the neighbors will come in, and the past will be rehearsed. And some one will tell of victory, and we will all celebrate it. And some one will tell of great struggle, and we will all praise the grace that fetched him out of it.

And some one will say, "Here is my old father that I put away with heartbreak; just look at him, he is as young as any of us!" And some one will say, "Here is my darling child that I buried in Greenwood, and all the after years of my life were shadowed with desolation—just look at her! She doesn't seem as if she had been sick a minute." Great sociality. Great neighborhood kindness. Go in and dine. What though John Milton sit down on one side and John Howard sit down on the other side. No embarrassment. What though Charlotte Elizabeth sit down on one side and Hannah More sit down on the other side? No embarrassment. A monarch yourself, why be embarrassed among monarchs? A songster yourself, why be embarrassed amid glorified songsters? Go in and dine.

All the shocks of corn coming in in their season. Oh, yes, in their season. Not one of you having died too soon, or having died too late, or having died at haphazard. Planted at just the right time. Ploughed at just the right time. Cut down at just the right time. Husked at just the right time. Garnered at just the right time. Coming in in your season. Oh, I wish that the two billion bushels of corn now in the fields or on the way to the seaboard might be a type of the grand yield of honor and glory and immortality, when all the shocks come in.

I do not know how you are constituted, but I am so constituted that there is nothing that so awakens reminiscences in me as the odors of a cornfield when I cross it at this time of year after the corn has been cut and it stands in shocks. And so I have thought it might be practically useful for us to-day to cross the cornfield, and I have thought perhaps, there might be some reminiscence roused in our soul that might be salutary and might be saving. In

Sweden a *prima donna*, while her house in the city was being repaired, took a house in the country for temporary residence, and she brought out her great array of jewels to show a friend who wished to see them. One night, after displaying these jewels, and leaving them on the table, and all her friends had gone, and the servants had gone—one summer night—she sat thinking and looking into a mirror just in front of her chair, when she saw in that mirror the face of a robber looking in at the window behind her and gazing at those jewels. She was in great fright, but sat still, and hardly knowing why she did so she began to sing an old nursery song, her fears making the pathos of the song more telling. Suddenly she noticed, while looking at the mirror, that the robber's face had gone from the window, and it did not come back. A few days after the *prima donna* received a letter from the robber saying, "I heard that the jewels were to be out that night, and I came to take them at whatever hazard; but when I heard you sing that nursery song with which my mother so often sang me to sleep, I could not stand it and I fled, and I have resolved upon a new and an honest life." O my friends, there are jewels in peril richer than those which lay upon that table that night. They are the jewels of the immortal soul. Would God that some song rolling up out of the deserted nursery of your childhood, or some song rolling up out of the cornfields, the song of the huskers twenty or forty years ago, might turn all our feet out of the paths of sin into the paths of righteousness. Would God that those memories wafted in on odor or song might start us this moment with swift feet toward that blessed place where so many of our loved ones have already preceded us, "as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

GNATS AND CAMELS.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, June 10, 1883.

"Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."—MATT. 23 : 24.

A PROVERB is compact wisdom, knowledge in chunks, a library in a sentence, the electricity of many clouds discharged in one bolt, a river put through a mill race. When Christ quotes the proverb of the text, He means to set forth the ludicrous behavior of those who make a great bluster about small sins and have no appreciation of great ones.

In my text a small insect and a large quadruped are brought into comparison—a gnat and a camel. You have in museum or on the desert seen the latter, a great awkward, sprawling creature, with back two stories high, and stomach having a collection of reservoirs for desert travel, an animal forbidden to the Jews as food, and in many literatures entitled "the ship of the desert." The gnat spoken of in the text is in the grub form. It is born in pool or pond, after a few weeks becomes a chrysalis, and then after a few days becomes the gnat as we recognize it. But the insect spoken of in the text is in its very smallest shape, and it yet inhabits the water—for my text is a misprint and ought to read "strain *out* a gnat."

My text shows you the prince of inconsistencies. A man after long observation has formed the suspicion that in a cup of water he is about to drink, there is a grub or the grandparent of a gnat. He goes and gets a sieve or strainer. He takes the water and pours it through the sieve in the broad light. He says, "I would rather do anything almost than drink this water until this larva be extirpated." This water is brought under inquisition. The experiment is successful. The water rushes through the sieve and leaves against the side of the sieve the grub or gnat. Then the man carefully removes the insect and drinks the water in placidity. But going out one day, and hungry, he devours a "ship of the desert," the camel, which the Jews were forbidden to eat. The gastronome has no compunctions of conscience. He suffers from no indigestion. He puts the lower jaw under the camel's forefoot, and his upper jaw over the hump of the camel's back, and gives one swallow and the dromedary disappears forever. He strained out a gnat, he swallowed a camel.

While Christ's audience were yet smiling at the appositeness and wit of His illustration—for smile they did in church, unless they were too stupid to understand the hyperbole—Christ practically said to them, "That is you," Punc-

tilious about small things; reckless about affairs of great magnitude. No subject ever withered under a surgeon's knife more bitterly than did the Pharisees under Christ's scalpel of truth. As an anatomist will take a human body to pieces and put them under a microscope for examination, so Christ finds His way to the heart of the dead Pharisee and cuts it out and puts it under the glass of inspection for all generations to examine. Those Pharisees thought that Christ would flatter them and compliment them, and how they must have writhed under the red-hot words as he said: "Ye fools, ye whited sepulchres, ye blind guides which strain out a gnat and swallow a camel."

There are in our day a great many gnats strained out and a great many camels swallowed, and it is the object of this sermon to sketch a few persons who are extensively engaged in that business.

First, I remark, that all those ministers of the Gospel are photographed in the text who are very scrupulous about the conventionalities of religion, but put no particular stress upon matters of vast importance. Church services ought to be grave and solemn. There is no room for frivolity in religious convocation. But there are illustrations, and there are hyperboles like that of Christ in the text that will irradiate with smiles any intelligent auditory. There are men like those blind guides of the text who advocate only those things in religious service which draw the corners of the mouth down, and denounce all those things which have a tendency to draw the corners of the mouth up, and these men will go to installations and to presbyteries and to conferences and to associations, their pockets full of fine sieves to strain out the gnats, while in their own churches at home every Sunday there are fifty people sound asleep. They make their churches a great dormitory, and their somniferous sermons are a cradle, and the drawled-out hymns a lullaby, while some wakeful soul in a pew with her fan keeps the flies off unconscious persons approximate. Now, I say it is worse to sleep in church than to smile in church, for the latter implies at least attention, while the former implies the indifference of the hearers and the stupidity of the speaker. In old age, or from physical infirmity, or from long watching with the sick, drowsiness will sometimes overpower one; but when a minister of the Gospel looks

off upon an audience and finds healthy and intelligent people struggling with drowsiness, it is time for him to give out the doxology or pronounce the benediction. The great fault of church services to-day is not too much vivacity, but too much somnolence. The one is an irritating gnat that may be easily strained out; the other is a great, sprawling and sleepy-eyed camel of the dry desert. In all our Sabbath schools, in all our Bible classes, in all our pulpits we need to brighten up our religious message with such Christ-like vivacity as we find in the text.

I take down from my library the biographies of ministers and writers of past ages, inspired and uninspired, who have done the most to bring souls to Jesus Christ, and I find that without a single exception they consecrated their wit and their humor to Christ. Elijah used it when he advised the Baalites, as they could not make their god respond; telling them to call louder as their god might be sound asleep or gone a hunting. Job used it when he said to his self-conceited comforters, "Wisdom will die with you." Christ not only used it in the text, but when He ironically complimented the putrefied Pharisees, saying, "The whole need not a physician," and when by one word He described the cunning of Herod, saying: "Go ye, and tell that fox." Matthew Henry's commentaries from the first page to the last coruscated with humor as summer clouds with heat lightning. John Bunyan's writings are as full of humor as they are of saving truth, and there is not an aged man here who has ever read "Pilgrim's Progress" who does not remember that while reading it he smiled as often as he wept. Chrysostom, George Herbert, Robert South, John Wesley, George Whitefield, Jeremy Taylor, Rowland Hill, Nettleton, George G. Finney, and all the men of the past who greatly advanced the kingdom of God consecrated their wit and their humor to the cause of Christ. So it has been in all the ages, and I say to these young theological students, who cluster in these services Sabbath by Sabbath, sharpen your wits as keen as scymitars, and then take them into this holy war.

It is a very short bridge between a smile and a tear, a suspension bridge from eye to lip, and it is soon crossed over, and a smile is sometimes just as sacred as a tear. There is as much religion, and I think a little more, in a spring morning than in a starless midnight. Religious work without any humor or wit in it is a banquet with a side of beef, and that raw, and no condiments, and no dessert succeeding. People will not sit down at such a banquet. By all means remove all frivolity and all bathos and all lightness and all vulgarity—strain them out through the sieve of holy discrimination; but, on the other hand, beware of that monster which overshadows the Christian Church to-day, conventionality, coming up from the Great Sahara Desert of Ecclesiasticism, having on its back a hump of sanctimonious gloom, and vehemently refuse to swallow that camel.

Oh, how particular a great many people are about the infinitesimals while they are quite reckless about the magnitudes. What did

Christ say? Did He not excoriate the people in His time who were so careful to wash their hands before a meal but did not wash their hearts? It is a bad thing to have unclean hands; it is a worse thing to have an unclean heart. How many people there are in our time who are very anxious that after their death they shall be buried with their feet toward the east, and not at all anxious that during their whole life they should face in the right direction so that they shall come up in the resurrection of the just whichever way they are buried. 'How many there are chiefly anxious that a minister of the Gospel shall come in the line of apostolic succession, not caring so much whether, he comes from Apostle Paul or Apostle Judas. They have a way of measuring a gnat until it is larger than a camel.

Again: My subject photographs all those who are abhorrent of small sins while they are reckless in regard to magnificent thefts. You will find many a merchant who, while he is so careful that he would not take a yard of cloth or a spool of cotton from the counter without paying for it, and who if a bank cashier should make a mistake and send in a roll of bills five dollars too much would dispatch a messenger in hot haste to return the surplus, yet who will go into a stock company in which after a while he gets control of the stock, and then waters the stock and makes \$100,000 appear like \$200,000. He only stole \$100,000 by the operation. Many of the men of fortune made their wealth in that way. One of those men, engaged in such unrighteous acts, that evening, the evening of the very day when he watered the stock, will find a wharf-rat stealing a Brooklyn *Eagle* from the basement doorway, and will go out and catch the urchin by the collar, and twist the collar so tightly the poor fellow cannot say that it was thirst for knowledge that led him to the dishonest act, but grip the collar tighter and tighter, saying, "I have been looking for you a long while; you stole my paper four or five times, haven't you? you miserable wretch." And then the old stock gambler, with a voice they can hear three blocks, will cry out: "Police, police!" That same man, the evening of the day in which he watered the stock, will kneel with his family in prayers and thank God for the prosperity of the day, then kiss his children good-night with an air which seems to say, "I hope you will all grow up to be as good as your father!" Prisons for sins insectile in size, but palaces for crimes dromedarian. No mercy for sins animalcule in proportion, but great leniency for mastodon iniquity. A poor boy slyly takes from the basket of a market woman a choke pear—saving some one else from the cholera—and you smother him in the horrible atmosphere of Raymond Street Jail or New York Tombs, while his cousin, who has been skilful enough to steal \$50,000 from the city, you will make him a candidate for the New York Legislature!

There is a great deal of uneasiness and nervousness now among some people in our time who have gotten unrighteous fortunes, a great deal of nervousness about dynamite. I tell them that God will put under their unrighteous fortunes something more explosive than

dynamite, the earthquake of His omnipotent indignation. It is time that we learn in America that sin is not excusable in proportion as it declares large dividends and has outriders in equipage. Many a man is riding to perdition position ahead and lackey behind. To steal one copy of a newspaper is a gnat; to steal many thousands of dollars is a camel. There is many a fruit dealer who would not consent to steal a basket of peaches from a neighbor's stall, but who would not scruple to depress the fruit market; and as long as I can remember we have heard every summer the peach crop of Maryland is a failure, and by the time the crop comes in the misrepresentation makes a difference of millions of dollars. A man who would not steal one peach basket steals fifty thousand peach baskets. Go down into the Mercantile Library, in the reading-rooms, and see the newspaper reports of the crops from all parts of the country, and their phraseology is very much the same, and the same men wrote them, methodically and infamously carrying out the huge lying about the grain crop from year to year and for a score of years. After a while there will be a "*corner*" in the wheat market, and men who had a contempt for a petty theft will burglarize the wheat bin of a nation and commit larceny upon the American corn-crib. And in this hot weather some of the men will sit in churches and in reformatory institutions trying to strain out the small gnats of scoundrelism, while in their grain elevators and in their storehouses they are fattening huge camels which they expect after a while to swallow. Society has to be entirely reconstructed on this subject. We are to find that a sin is inexcusable in proportion as it is great.

I know in our time the tendency is to charge religious frauds upon good men. They say, "Oh, what a class of frauds you have in the Church of God in this day," and when an elder of a church, or a deacon, or a minister of the Gospel, or a superintendent of a Sabbath-school turns out a defaulter, what display heads there are in many of the newspapers. Great primer type. Five line pica. "Another Saint Absconded," "Clerical Scoundrelism," "Religion at a Discount," "Shame on the Churches," while there are a thousand scoundrels outside the church to where there is one inside the church, and the misbehavior of those who never see the inside of a church is so great it is enough to tempt a man to become a Christian to get out of their company. But in all circles, religious and irreligious, the tendency is to excuse sin in proportion as it is mammoth. Even John Milton in his "*Paradise Lost*," while he condemns Satan, gives such a grand description of him you have hard work to suppress your admiration. Oh, this straining out of small sins like gnats, and this gulping down great iniquities like camels.

This subject does not give the picture of one or two persons, but is a gallery in which thousands of people may see their likenesses. For instance, all those people who, while they would not rob their neighbor of a farthing, appropriate the money and the treasure of the public. A man has a house to sell, and he tells his customer it is worth \$20,000. Next day the asses-

sor comes around and the owner says it is worth \$15,000. The government of the United States took off the tax from personal income, among other reasons because so few people would tell the truth, and many a man with an income of hundreds of dollars a day made statements which seemed to imply he was about to be handed over to the overseer of the poor. Careful to pay their passage from Liverpool to New York, yet smuggling in their Saratoga trunk ten silk dresses from Paris and a half dozen watches from Geneva, Switzerland, telling the Custom House officer on the wharf, "There is nothing in that trunk but wearing apparel," and putting a five-dollar gold piece in his hand to punctuate the statement.

Described in the text are all those who are particular never to break the law of grammar, and who want all their language an elegant specimen of syntax, straining out all the inaccuracies of speech with a fine sieve of literary criticism, while through their conversation go slander and innuendo and profanity and falsehood larger than a whole caravan of camels, when they might better fracture every law of the language and shock their intellectual taste, and better let every verb seek in vain for its nominative, and every noun for its government, and every preposition lose its way in the sentence, and adjectives and participles and pronouns get into a grand riot worthy of the Fourth Ward on Election Day, than to commit a moral inaccuracy. Better swallow a thousand gnats than one camel.

Such persons are also described in the text who are very much alarmed about the small faults of others, and have no alarm about their own great transgressions. There are in every community and in every church watch-dogs who feel called upon to keep their eyes on others and growl. They are full of suspicions. They wonder if that man is not dishonest, if that man is not unclean, if there is not something wrong about the other man. They are always the first to hear of anything wrong. Vultures are always the first to smell carrion. They are self-appointed detectives. I lay this down as a rule without any exception, that those people who have the most faults themselves are most merciless in their watching of others. From scalp of head to sole of foot they are full of jealousies and hypercriticisms. They spend their life in hunting for musk rats and mud turtles instead of hunting for Rocky Mountain eagles, always for something mean instead of something grand. They look at their neighbors' imperfections through a microscope, and look at their own imperfections through a telescope upside down. Twenty faults of their own do not hurt them so much as one fault of somebody else. Their neighbors' imperfections are like gnats and they strain them out; their own imperfections are like camels and they swallow them.

But lest more might think they escape the scrutiny of the text, I have to tell you that we all come under the divine satire when we make the questions of time more prominent than the questions of eternity. Come now, let us all go into the confessional. Are not all tempted to make the question, Where shall I live now? greater than the question, Where shall I live

forever? How shall I get more dollars here? greater than the question, How shall I lay up treasures in heaven? the question, How shall I pay my debts to man? greater than the question, How shall I meet my obligations to God? the question, How shall I gain the world? greater than the question, What if I lose my soul? the question, Why did God let sin come into the world? greater than the question, How shall I get it extirpated from my nature? the question, What shall I do with the twenty or forty or seventy years of my sublunar existence? greater than the question, What shall I do with the millions of cycles of my post-terrestrial existence? Time, how small it is! Eternity, how vast it is! The former more insignificant in comparison with the latter than a gnat is insignificant when compared with a camel. We dodged the text. We said, "That doesn't mean

me, and that doesn't mean me," and with a ruinous benevolence we are giving the whole sermon away.

But let us all surrender to the charge. What an ado about things here. What poor preparation for a great eternity. As though a minnow were larger than a behemoth, as though a swallow took wider circuit than an albatross, as though a nettle were taller than a Lebanon cedar, as though a gnat were greater than a camel, as though a minute were longer than a century, as though time were higher, deeper, broader than eternity. So the text which flashed with lightning of wit as Christ uttered it is followed by the crashing thunders of awful catastrophe to those who make the questions of time greater than the questions of the future, the oncoming, overshadowing future. O eternity, eternity, eternity!

LAME ON BOTH FEET.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, January 6, 1878.

"As there yet any that is left of the house of Saul, that I may shew him kindness for Jonathan's sake?
... So Mephibosheth dwelt in Jerusalem: for he did eat continually at the king's
table; and was lame on both his feet."—II SAMUEL 9: 1, 13.

WAS there ever anything more romantic and chivalrous than the love of David and Jonathan? At one time Jonathan was up and David was down. Now David is up and Jonathan's family is down. As you have often heard of two soldiers before going into battle making a covenant that if one is shot the survivor will take charge of the body, the watch, the mementoes, and perhaps of the bereft family of the one that dies, so David and Jonathan had made a covenant, and now that Jonathan is dead, David is inquiring about his family, that he may show kindness unto them for their father Jonathan's sake. Careful search is made, and a son of Jonathan by the dreadfully homely name of Mephibosheth is found. His nurse, in his infancy, had let him fall, and the fall had put both his ankles out of place, and they had never been set. This decrepit, poor man is brought into the palace of King David. David looks upon him with melting tenderness, no doubt seeing in his face a resemblance to his old friend, the deceased Jonathan. The whole bearing of King David toward him seems to say: "How glad I am to see you, Mephibosheth. How you remind me of your father, my old friend and benefactor. I made a bargain with your father a good many years ago, and I am going to keep it with you. What can I do for you, Mephibosheth? I am resolved what to do: I will make you a rich man; I will restore to you the confiscated property of your grandfather Saul, and you shall be a guest of mine as long as you live, and you shall be seated at my table among the princes." It was too much for Mephibosheth, and he cried out against it, calling himself a dead dog. "Be still," says David, "I don't do this on your own account; I do this for your father Jonathan's sake. I can never forget his kindness. I remember when I was hounded from place to place how he befriended me. Can I ever forget how he stripped himself of his courtier apparel and gave it to me instead of my shepherd's coat, and how he took off his own sword and belt and gave them to me instead of my sling? Oh, I can never forget him. I feel as if I couldn't do enough for you, his son. I don't do it for your sake; I do it for your father Jonathan's sake." "So Mephibosheth dwelt in Jerusalem; for he did eat continually at the king's table; and was lame on both his feet."

There is so much gospel in this quaint incident that I am embarrassed to know where to begin. Whom do Mephibosheth, and David, and Jonathan make you think of?

Mephibosheth, in the first place, stands for the disabled human soul. Lord Byron describes sin as a charming recklessness, as a gallantry, as a Don Juan; Georges Sand describes sin as triumphant in many intricate plots; Gavarni, with his engraver's knife, always shows sin as a great jocularity; but the Bible presents it as a Mephibosheth, lame on both feet. Sin, like the nurse in the context, attempted to carry us, and let us fall, and we have been disabled, and in our whole moral nature we are decrepit. Sometimes theologians higggle about a technicality. They use the words "total depravity," and some people believe in the doctrine, and some reject it. What do you mean by total depravity? Do you mean that every man is as bad as he can be? Then I do not believe it either. But do you mean that sin has let us fall, that it has scarified, and disabled, and crippled our entire moral nature, until we cannot walk straight, and are lame in both feet? Then I admit your proposition. There is not so much difference in an African jungle, with barking, howling, hissing, fighting quadruped and reptile, and Paradise with its animals coming before Adam when he patted them and stroked them and gave them names, so that the panther was as tame as the cow, and the condor as tame as the dove, as there is between the human soul disabled and that soul as God originally constructed it. I don't care what the sentimentalists or the poets say in regard to sin; in the name of God I declare to you to-day that sin is disorganization, disintegration, ghastly disfiguration, hobbling deformity.

Your modern theologian tells you that man is a little out of sorts; he sometimes thinks wrong; he sometimes does wrong; indeed, his nature needs a little moral surgery, an outside splint; a slight compress, a little rectification. Religion is a good thing to have; it might some day come into use. Man is partially wrong, not all wrong. He is lame in one foot. Bring the salve of divine grace, and the ointment, and the pain extractor, and we will have his one foot cured. Man is only half wrong, not altogether wrong. In what is man's nature right? In his

will? his affections? his judgment? No. There is an old book that says: "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint." Mephibosheth lame in both feet. Our belief of the fact that sin has scarified and deformed our souls increases as we go on in years. When you started life you thought that man was a little marred by sin, and he was about one-tenth wrong. By the time you had gone through the early experience of your trade, or occupation, or profession, you believed that man was about half wrong. By the time you came to mid-life you believed that man was three-fourths wrong. But within these past few years, since you have been so lied about and swindled and cheated, you have come to the conclusion that man is altogether wrong, and now you can say with the prayer-book and with the Bible: "There is no health in us." Now you believe with the prophet, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Whatever you may have believed before, now you believe that Mephibosheth is lame on both feet.

Again, Mephibosheth in the text stands for the disabled human soul humbled and restored. When this invalid of my text got a command to come to King David's palace, he trembled. The fact was that the grandfather of Mephibosheth had treated David most shockingly, and now Mephibosheth says to himself, "What does the king want of me? Isn't it enough that I am lame? Is he going to destroy my life? Is he going to wreak on me the vengeance which he holds toward my grandfather Saul? It's too bad." But go to the palace Mephibosheth must, since the king has commanded it. With staff and crutches and helped by his friends, I see Mephibosheth going up the stairs of the palace. I hear his staff and crutches rattling on the tessellated floor of the throne-room. No sooner have these two persons confronted each other—Mephibosheth and David, the king—than Mephibosheth throws himself flat on his face before the king, and styles himself a dead dog. In the East, when a man styles himself a dog, he utters the utmost term of self-abnegation. It is not a term so strong in this country, where, if a dog has a fair chance, he sometimes shows more nobility of character than some human specimens that we wot of; but the mangy curs of the Oriental cities, I am told by travellers, are utterly detestable. Mephibosheth gives the utmost term of self-loathing when he compares himself to a dog, and dead at that. Consider the analogy.

When the command is given from the palace of heaven to the human soul to come, the soul begins to tremble. It says: "What is God going to do with me now? Is He going to destroy me? Is He going to wreak His vengeance upon me?" There is more than one Mephibosheth trembling in this house to-day, because God has summoned him to the palace of divine grace! What are you trembling about? God has no pleasure in the death of a sinner. He does not send for you to hurt you. He sends for you to do you good. A Scotch preacher had the following circumstances brought under his observation: There was a poor woman in the parish who was about to be turned out because she could not

pay her rent. One night she heard a loud knocking at the door, and she made no answer, and hid herself. The rapping continued louder, louder, louder, but she made no answer, and continued to hide herself. She was almost frightened unto death. She said: "That's the officer of the law come to throw me out of my home." A few days after a Christian philanthropist met her in the street, and said: "My poor woman, where were you the other night? I came round to your house to pay your rent. Why didn't you let me in? Were you at home?" "Why," she replied, "was that you?" "Yes, that was me; I came to pay your rent." "Why," she said, "if I had had any idea it was you I would have let you in. I thought it was an officer come to cast me out of my home." O soul, that loud knocking at thy gate to-day is not the sheriff come to put you in jail; it is the best friend you ever had come to be your security. You shiver with terror because you think it is wrath. It is mercy. Why, then, tremble because the King of heaven and earth calls you to His palace? Stop trembling and start right away. "Oh," you say, "I can't start. I have been so lamed by sin, and so lamed by evil habit, I can't start. I am lame in both feet." My friend, we come out with our prayers and sympathies to help you up to the palace. If you want to get to the palace you may get there. Start now. The Holy Spirit will help you. All you have to do is just to throw yourself on your face at the feet of the King, as Mephibosheth did.

Mephibosheth's caninal comparison seems extravagant to the world, but when a man has seen himself as he really is, and seen how he has been treating the Lord, there is no term vehement enough to express his self-condemnation. The dead dog of Mephibosheth's comparison fails to describe the man's utter loathing of himself. Mephibosheth's posturing does not seem too prostrate. When a soul is convicted, first he prays upright. Then the muscles of his neck relax, and he is able to bow his head. After a while, by an almost superhuman effort he kneels down to pray. After a while, when he has seen God and seen himself, he throws himself flat on his face at the feet of the King, just like Mephibosheth. The fact is, if we could see ourselves as God sees us, we would perish at the spectacle. You would have no time to overhaul other people. Your cry would be: "God, be merciful to me a sinner."

And again: Mephibosheth in my text stands for the disabled human soul saved for the sake of another. Mephibosheth would never have got into the palace on his own account. Why did David ransack the realm to find that poor man, and then bestow upon him a great fortune, and command a farmer by the name of Ziba to cultivate the estate and give to this invalid Mephibosheth half the proceeds every year? Why did King David make such a mighty stir about a poor fellow who would never be of any use to the throne of Israel? It was for Jonathan's sake. It was what Robert Burns calls for "auld lang syne." David could not forget what Jonathan had done for him in other days. Three times this chapter has it that all this kindness

on the part of David to Mephibosheth was for his father Jonathan's sake. The daughter of Peter Martyr, through the vice of her husband, came down to penury, and the Senate of Zurich took care of her for her father's sake. Sometimes a person has applied to you for help, and you have refused him; but when you found he was the son or brother of some one who had been your benefactor in former days, and by a glance you saw the resemblance of your old friend in the face of the applicant, you relented, and you said: "Oh, I will do this for your father's sake." You know by your experience what my text means. Now, my friends, it is on that principle that you and I are to get into the King's palace.

The most important part of every prayer is the last three or four words of it—"For Christ's sake." Do not rattle off those words as though they were merely the finishing stroke of the prayer. They are the most important part of the prayer. When in earnestness you go before God and say, "For Christ's sake," it rolls in, as it were, upon God's mind all the memories of Bethlehem and Gennesaret and Golgotha. When you say before God, "For Christ's sake," you hold before God's mind every groan, every tear, every crimson drop of His only begotten Son. If there is anything in all the universe that will move God to an act of royal beneficence, it is to say, "For Christ's sake." God is omnipotent, but He is not strong enough to resist that cry, "For Christ's sake." If a little child should kneel behind God's throne and should say, "For Christ's sake," the great Jehovah would turn around on His throne to look at her and listen. No prayer ever gets to heaven but for Christ's sake. No soul is ever comforted but for Christ's sake. The world will never be redeemed but for Christ's sake. Our name, however illustrious it may be among men, before God stands only for inconsistency and sin; but there is a name, a potent name, a blessed name, a glorious name, an everlasting name, that we may put upon our lips as a sacrament and upon our forehead as a crown, and that is the name of Jesus, our divine Jonathan, who stripped Himself of His robe and put on our rags, and gave us His sword and took our broken reed, so that now, whether we are well or sick, whether we are living or dying, if we speak that name it moves heaven to the centre, and God says: "Let the poor soul come in. Carry him up into the throne-room of the palace. Though he may have been in exile, though sin may have crippled him on this side, and sorrow may have crippled him on the other side, and he is lame in both his feet, bring him up into the palace, for I want to show him everlasting kindness for Jonathan's sake."

Again: Mephibosheth in my text stands for the disabled human soul lifted to the King's table. It was more difficult in those times even than it is now for common men to get into a royal dining-room. The subjects might have come around the rail of the palace and might have seen the lights kindled, and might have heard the clash of the knives and the rattle of the golden goblets, but not get in. Stout men with stout feet could not get in once in all their life to one banquet, yet poor Mephibosheth goes

in, lives there, and is every day at the table. Oh, what a getting up in the world it was for poor Mephibosheth! Well, though you and I may be wofully lamed with sin, for our divine Jonathan's sake, I hope we will all get in to dine with the King.

Before dining we must be introduced. If you are invited to a company of persons where there are distinguished people present, you are introduced: "This is the Senator." "This is the Governor." "This is the President." Before we sit down at the King's table in heaven I think we will want to be introduced. Oh, what a time that will be, when you and I, by the grace of God, get into heaven, and are introduced to the mighty spirits there, and some one will say: "This is Joshua." "This is Paul." "This is Moses." "This is John Knox." "This is Florence Nightingale." "This is John Milton." "This is Martin Luther." "This is George Whitefield." Oh, shall we have any strength left after such a round of celestial introduction? Yea! We shall be potentates ourselves. Then we shall sit down at the King's table with the sons and the daughters of God, and one will whisper across the table to us and say, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God!" and some one at the table will say, "How long will it last?" All other banquets at which I sat ended. How long will this last? and Paul will answer "Forever!" and Joshua will say "Forever!" and John Knox will say "Forever!" and George Whitefield will say "Forever!"

And the wine at that banquet will be old wine; it will be very old wine; it will be the oldest wine of heaven; it will be the wine that was trodden out from the red clusters on the day when Jesus trod the winepress alone. Wine already more than eighteen centuries old. And no one will deride us as to what we were in this world. No one will bring up our imperfections here, our sins here. All our earthly imperfections completely covered up and hidden. Mephibosheth's feet under the table. Kingly fare. Kingly vesture. Kingly companionship. We shall reign forever and ever. I think that banquet will mean more to those who had it hard in this world than to those who had it easy. That banquet in David's palace meant more to Mephibosheth than to any one else, because he had been poor and crippled, and despised, and rejected. And that man who in this world is blind will better appreciate the light of heaven than we who in this world had good eyesight. And that man who in this world was deaf will better appreciate the music of heaven than we who in this world had good hearing. And those will have a higher appreciation of the easy locomotion of that land who in this world were Mephibosheths.

O my soul, what a magnificent gospel! It takes a man so low down and raises him so high! What a gospel! Come now, who wants to be banqueted and empalaced? As when Wilberforce was tring to get the "Emancipation Bill" through the British Parliament, and all the British Isles were anxious to hear of the passage of that "Emancipation Bill," when a vessel was

coming into port and the captain of the vessel knew that the people were so anxious to get the tidings, he stepped out on the prow of the ship and shouted to the people, long before he got up to the dock, "Free!" and they cried it, and they shouted it, and they sang it all through the land, "Free! free!" So to-day I would like to sound the news of your present and your eternal emancipation until the angels of God hovering in the air, and watchmen on the battlements, and bell-men in the town cry it, shout it, sing it, ring it: "Free! free!" I come out now

as the messenger of the palace to invite Mephibosheth to come up. I am here to-day to tell you that God has a wealth of kindness to bestow upon you for His Son's sake. The doors of the palace are open to receive you. The cupbearers have already put the chalices on the table, and the great, loving, tender, sympathetic heart of God bends over you this moment, saying: "Is there any that is yet left of the house of Saul, that I may show him kindness for Jonathan's sake?"

DREAMS.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, January 11, 1880.

"I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh: . . . your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions."—JOEL 2 : 28.

IN this photograph of the Millennium the dream is lifted into great conspicuity. You may say of a dream that it is nocturnal fantasia, or that it is the absurd combination of waking thoughts, and with a slur of intonation you may say: "It is only a dream;" but God has honored the dream by making it the avenue through which again and again He has marched upon the human soul, decided the fate of nations, and changed the course of the world's history. God appeared in a dream to Abimelech, warning him against an unlawful marriage; in a dream to Jacob, announcing, by the ladder set against the sky full of angels, the communication between earth and heaven; in a dream to Joseph, foretelling his coming power under the figure of all the sheaves of the harvest bowing down to his sheaf; to the chief butler, foretelling his disimprisonment; to the chief baker, announcing his decapitation; to Pharaoh, showing him first the seven plenty years, and then the seven famine-struck years, under the figure of the seven fat cows devouring the seven lean cows; to Solomon, giving him the choice between wisdom and riches and honor; to a warrior, under the figure of a barley cake smiting down a tent, encouraging Gideon in his battle against the Amalekites; to Nebuchadnezzar, under the figure of a broken image and a hewn-down tree, foretelling his overthrow of power; to Joseph, of the New Testament, announcing the birth of Christ in his own household; to Mary, bidding her fly from Herodic persecutions; to Pilate's wife, warning him not to become complicated with the judicial overthrow of Christ.

We all admit that God in ancient times and under Bible dispensation addressed the people through dreams. The question now is, does God appear in our day and reveal Himself through dreams? That is the question everybody asks, and that question this morning I shall try to answer. You ask me if I believe in dreams. My answer is, I do, but all I have to say will be under five heads.

I. Remark the first: the Scriptures are so full of revelation from God, that if we get no communication from Him in dreams, we ought, nevertheless, to be satisfied.

With twenty guide-books to tell you how to get to Boston or Pittsburg, or London or Glasgow, or Manchester, do you want a night vision

to tell you how to make the journey? We have in this Scripture full direction in regard to the journey of this life, and how to get to the celestial city, and with this grand guide-book, this magnificent directory, we ought to be satisfied. I have more faith in a decision to which I come when I am wide-awake than when I am sound asleep. I have noticed that those who give a great deal of their time to studying dreams get their brain addled. They are very anxious to remember what they dreamed about the first night they slept in a new house. If in their dream they take the hand of a corpse, they are going to die. If they dream of a garden, it means a sepulchre. If something turns out according to a night vision, they say, "Well, I am not surprised. I dreamed it." If it turns out different from the night vision, they say, "Well, dreams go by contraries." In their efforts to put their dreams into rhythm, they put their waking thoughts into discord. Now, the Bible is so full of revelation that we ought to be satisfied if we get no further revelation.

Sound sleep received great honor when Adam slept so extraordinarily that the surgical incision which gave him Eve did not wake him; but there is no such need for extraordinary slumber now, and he who catches an Eve must needs be wide-awake! No need of such a dream as Jacob had with a ladder against the sky, when ten thousand times it has been demonstrated that earth and heaven are in communication. No such dream needed as that which was given to Abimelech, warning him against an unlawful marriage, when we have the records of the county clerk's office. No need of such a dream as was given to Pharaoh about the seven years of famine, for now the seasons march in regular procession, and steamer and rail-train carry breadstuffs to every famine-struck nation. No need of a dream like that which encouraged Gideon, for all through Christendom it is announced and acknowledged and demonstrated that righteousness, sooner or later, will get the victory.

If there should come about a crisis in your life upon which the Bible does not seem to be sufficiently specific, go to God in prayer and you will get especial direction. I have more faith, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, in directions given you with the Bible in your lap and your thoughts uplifted in prayer to God, than in all

the information you will get unconscious on your pillow. I can very easily understand why the Babylonians and the Egyptians, with no Bible, should put so much stress on dreams; and the Chinese, in their holy book, Chow King, should think their emperor gets his directions through dreams from God; and that Homer should think that all dreams came from Jove, and that in ancient times dreams were classified into a science; but why do you and I put so much stress upon dreams when we have a supernatural book of infinite wisdom on all subjects? why should we harry ourselves with dreams? Why should Eddystone and Barnegat lighthouses question a summer fire-fly?

II. Remark the second: all dreams have an important meaning.

They prove that the soul is comparatively independent of the body. The eyes are closed, the senses are dull, the entire body goes into a lethargy which in all languages is used as a type of death, and then the soul spreads its wing and never sleeps. It leaps the Atlantic Ocean, and mingles in scenes three thousand miles away. It travels great reaches of time, flashes back eighty years, and the octogenarian is a boy again in his father's house. If the soul, before it has entirely broken its chain of flesh, can do all this, how far can it leap, what circles can it cut when it is fully liberated! Every dream, whether agreeable or harassing, whether sunshiny or tempestuous, means so much that rising from your couch you ought to kneel down and say: "O God! am I immortal? Whence? Whither? Two natures. My soul caged now,—what when the door of the cage is opened? If my soul can fly so far in the few hours in which my body is asleep in the night, how far can it fly when my body sleeps the long sleep of the grave?" Oh, this power to dream, how startling, how overwhelming! If prepared for the after-death fly, what an enchantment! If not prepared for the after-death fly, what a crushing agony! Immortal! Immortal!

III. Remark the third: the vast majority of dreams are merely the result of disturbed physical condition, and are not a supernatural message.

Job had carbuncles, and he was scared in the night. He says: "Thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me with visions." Solomon had an overwrought brain, overwrought with public business, and he suffered from erratic slumber, and he writes in Ecclesiastes: "A dream cometh through the multitude of business." Dr. Gregory, in experimenting with dreams, found that a bottle of hot water put to his feet while in slumber made him think he was going up the hot sides of Mount Etna. Another morbid physician, experimenting with dreams, his feet uncovered through sleep, thought he was riding in an Alpine diligence. But a great many dreams are merely narcotic disturbance. Anything that you see while under the influence of chloral, or brandy, or "hasheesh," or laudanum, is not a revelation from God. The learned De Quincey did not ascribe to divine communication what he saw in sleep, opium saturated; dreams which he afterward described in the following words: "I was worshipped, I was

sacrificed, I fled from the wrath of Brahmah, through all the forests of Asia. Vishnu hated me. Sceva laid in wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris. I had done a deed, they said, that made the crocodiles tremble. I was buried for a thousand years in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed with the cancerous kiss of crocodiles, and lay confounded with unutterable slimy things among wreathy and Nilotic mud." Do not mistake narcotic disturbance for divine revelation.

But I have to tell you that the majority of the dreams are merely the penalty of outraged digestive organs, and you have no right to mistake the nightmare for heavenly revelation. Late suppers are a warranty deed for bad dreams. Highly-spiced salads at eleven o'clock at night, instead of opening the door heavenward, open the door infernal and diabolical. You outrage natural law, and you insult the God who made those laws. It takes from three to five hours to digest food, and you have no right to keep your digestive organs in struggle when the rest of your body is in somnolence. The general rule is, eat nothing after six o'clock at night, retire at ten, sleep on your right side, keep the window open five inches for ventilation, and other worlds will not disturb you much. By physical maltreatment you take the ladder that Jacob saw in his dream and you lower it to the nether world, allowing the ascent of the demoniacal. Dreams are midnight dyspepsia. An unregulated desire for something to eat ruined the race in Paradise, and an unregulated desire for something to eat keeps it ruined. The world during six thousand years has tried in vain to digest that first apple. The world will not be evangelized until we get rid of a dyspeptic Christianity. Healthy people do not want this cadaverous and sleepy thing that some people call religion. They want a religion that lives regularly by day and sleeps soundly by night. If through trouble or coming on of old age, or exhaustion of Christian service, you cannot sleep well, then you may expect from God "songs in the night;" but there are no blessed communications to those who willingly surrender to indigestibles. Napoleon's army at Leipsic, Dresden, and Borodino, came near being destroyed through the disturbed gastric juices of its commander. That is the way you have lost some of your battles.

IV. Another remark I make is that our dreams are apt to be merely the echo of our day thoughts.

I will give you a recipe for pleasant dreams. Fill your days with elevated thought and unselfish action, and your dreams will be set to music. If all day you are gouging and grasping and avaricious, in your dreams you will see gold that you cannot clutch, and bargains in which you were out-Shylocked. If during the day you are irascible, and pugnacious, and gunpowdery of disposition, you will at night have battle with enemies in which they will get the best of you. If you are all day long in a hurry, at night you will dream of rail-trains that you want to catch while you cannot move one inch toward the

depot. If you are always over suspicious and expectant of assault, you will have at night hallucinations of assassins with daggers drawn. No one wonders that Richard III., the iniquitous, the night before the battle of Bosworth Field dreamed that all those whom he had murdered stared at him, and that he was torn to pieces by demons from the pit. The scholar's dream is a philosophic echo. The poet's dream is a rhythmic echo. Coleridge composed his "Kubla Khan" asleep in a narcotic dream, and waking up, wrote down three hundred lines of it. Tartini, the violin player, composed his most wonderful sonata while asleep in a dream so vivid, that waking he easily transferred it to paper.

Waking thoughts have their echo in sleeping thoughts. If a man spends his life in trying to make others happy and is heavenly-minded, around his pillow he will see cripples who have got over their crutch, and processions of celestial imperials, and hear the grand march roll down from drums of heaven over jasper parapets. You are very apt to hear in dreams what you hear when you are wide-awake.

V. Now, having shown you that having a Bible we ought to be satisfied not getting any further communication from God, and having shown you that all dreams have an important mission, since they show the comparative independence of the soul from the body, and having shown you that the majority of dreams are a result of disturbed physical condition, and having shown you that our sleeping thoughts are apt to be an echo of our waking thoughts, I come now to my fifth and most important remark, and that is to say, that it is capable of proof that God does sometimes in our day, and has often since the close of the Bible dispensation, appear to people in dreams.

All dreams that make you better are from God. How do I know it? Is not God the source of all good? It does not take a very logical mind to argue that out. Tertullian and Martin Luther believed in dreams. The dreams of John Huss are immortal. St. Augustine, the Christian father, gives us the fact that a Carthaginian physician was persuaded of the immortality of the soul by an argument which he heard in a dream. The night before his assassination the wife of Julius Cæsar dreamed that her husband fell dead across her lap.

It is possible to prove that God does appear in dreams to warn, to convert, and to save men. My friend, a retired sea captain and a Christian, tells me that one night while on the sea he dreamed that a ship's crew were in great suffering. Waking from his dream, he put about the ship, tacked in different directions, surprised everybody on his vessel—they thought he was going crazy—sailed on in another direction hour after hour, and for many hours until he came to the perishing crew and rescued them, and brought them to New York. Who conducted that dream? The God of the sea.

In 1695 a vessel went out from Spithead for West India, and ran against the ledge of rocks called the Caskets. The vessel went down, but the crew clambered up on the Caskets, to die of thirst or starvation as they supposed. But there was a ship bound for Southampton that had the

captain's son on board. This lad twice in one night dreamed that there was a crew of sailors dying on the Caskets. He told his father of this dream. The vessel came down by the Caskets in time to find and to rescue those poor dying men. Who conducted that dream? The God of the rocks, the God of the sea.

The Rev. Dr. Bushnell, in his marvellous book entitled "Nature and the Supernatural," gives the following fact that he got from Captain Yount, in California, a fact confirmed by many families: Captain Yount dreamed twice one night that one hundred and fifty miles away there was a company of travellers fast in the snow. He also saw in the dream, rocks of peculiar formation, and telling this dream to an old hunter, the hunter said: "Why, I remember those rocks; those rocks are in the Carson Valley Pass, one hundred and fifty miles away." Captain Yount, impelled by this dream, although laughed at by his neighbors, gathered men together, took mules and blankets, and started out on the expedition, travelled one hundred and fifty miles, saw those very rocks which he had described in his dream, and found the suffering ones at the foot of those rocks, brought them back to confirm the story of Captain Yount. Who conducted that dream? The God of the snow, the God of the Sierra Nevadas.

God has often appeared in resource and comfort. You have known people—perhaps it is something I state in your own experience—you have seen people go to sleep with bereavements inconsolable, and they awakened in perfect resignation because of what they had seen in slumber. Dr. Crannage, one of the most remarkable men I ever met—remarkable for benevolence and great philanthropies—at Wellington, England, last summer, showed me a house where the Lord had appeared in a wonderful dream to a poor woman. The woman was rheumatic, sick, poor to the last point of destitution. She was waited on and cared for by another poor woman, her only attendant. Word came to her one day that this poor woman had died, and the invalid of whom I am speaking lay helpless upon the couch, wondering what would become of her. In that mood she fell asleep. In her dreams she said the Angel of the Lord appeared, and took her into the open air and pointed in one direction, and there were mountains of bread, and pointed in another direction, and there were mountains of butter, and in another direction, and there were mountains of all kinds of worldly supply. The Angel of the Lord said to her: "Woman, all these mountains belong to your Father, and do you think He will let you, His child, hunger and die?" Dr. Crannage told me by some divine impulse he went into that destitute home, saw the suffering there, and administered unto it, caring for her all the way through. Do you tell me that that dream was woven out of earthly anodynes? Was that the phantasmagoria of a diseased brain? No; it was an all-sympathetic God addressing a poor woman through a dream.

Furthermore, I have to say that there are people in this house who were converted to God through a dream. The Rev. John Newton, the

fame of whose piety fills all Christendom, while a profligate sailor on shipboard, in his dream, thought that a being approached him and gave him a very beautiful ring, and put it upon his finger, and said to him, "As long as you wear that ring you will be prospered; if you lose that ring you will be ruined." In the same dream another personage appeared, and by a strange infatuation persuaded John Newton to throw overboard that ring, and it sank into the sea. Then the mountains in sight were full of fire and the air was lurid with consuming wrath. While John Newton was repenting of his folly in having thrown overboard the treasure, another personage came through the dream, and told John Newton he would plunge into the sea and bring that ring up if he desired it. He plunged into the sea and brought it up, and said to John Newton, "Here is that gem, but I think I will keep it for you, lest you lose it again;" and John Newton consented, and all the fire went out from the mountains, and all the signs of lurid wrath disappeared from the air, and John Newton said that he saw in his dream that that valuable gem was his soul, and that the being who persuaded him to throw it overboard was Satan, and that the One who plunged in and restored that gem, keeping it for him, was Christ. And that dream makes one of the most wonderful chapters in the life of that most wonderful man.

A German was crossing the Atlantic Ocean, and in his dream he saw a man with a handful of white flowers, and he was told to follow the man who had that handful of white flowers. The German, arriving in New York, wandered into the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting, and Mr. Lamphier—whom many of you know—the great apostle of prayer-meetings, that day had given to him a bunch of tube-roses. They stood on his desk, and at the close of the religious services he took the tube-roses and started homeward, and the German followed him, and through an interpreter told Mr. Lamphier that on the sea he had dreamed of a man with a handful of white flowers and was told to follow him. Suffice it to say, that through that interview and following interviews, he became a Christian, and is a city missionary preaching the Gospel to his own countrymen. God in a dream!

John Hardonk, while on shipboard, dreamed one night that the day of judgment had come, and that the roll of the ship's crew was called, except his own name, and that these people,

this crew, were all banished; and in his dream he asked the reader why his own name was omitted, and he was told it was to give him more opportunity for repentance. He woke up a different man. He became illustrious for Christian attainment. If you do not believe these things, then you must discard all testimony, and refuse to accept any kind of authoritative witness. God in a dream!

Rev. Herbert Mendes was converted to God through a dream of the last judgment; and I doubt if there is a man or woman in this house to-day that has not had some dream of that great day of judgment which shall be the winding up of the world's history. If you have not dreamed of it, perhaps to-night you may dream of that day. There are enough materials to make a dream. Enough voices, for there shall be the roaring of the elements, and the great earthquake. Enough light for the dream, for the world shall blaze. Enough excitement, for the mountains shall fall. Enough water, for the ocean shall rear. Enough astronomical phenomena, for the stars shall go out. Enough populations, for all the races of all the ages will fall into line of one of two processions, the one ascending and the other descending, the one led on by the rider on the white horse of eternal victory, the other led on by Apollyon on the black charger of eternal defeat. The dream comes on me now, and I see the lightnings from above answering the volcanic disturbances from beneath, and I hear the long reverberating thunders that shall wake up the dead, and on one side I see the opening of a gate into scenes golden and amethystical, and on the other side I hear the clanging back of a gate into Bastiles of eternal bondage, and all the seas lifting up their crystal voices, cry, "Come to judgment!" and all the voices of the heaven cry, "Come to judgment!" and crumbling mausoleum, and Westminster Abbeys, and pyramids of the dead with marble voices, cry: "Come to judgment!" And the archangel seizes an instrument of music which has never yet been sounded, an instrument of music that was made only for one sound, and thrusting that mighty trumpet through the clouds, and turning it this way, he shall put it to his lip and blow the long, loud blast that shall make the solid earth quiver, crying "Come to judgment!"

"Then from this earthly grossness quit,
Attired in stars, we shall forever sit."

OUT OF IVORY PALACES.

A Sermon on the Aroma of the Gospel.

"All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."—PSALMS 45 : 8.

AMONG the grand adornments of the city of Paris is the Church of Notre Dame, with its great towers, and elaborated rose-windows, and sculpturing of the last judgment, with the trumpeting angels and rising dead ; its battlements of quatrefoil ; its sacristy, with ribbed ceiling and statues of saints. But there was nothing in all that building which more vividly appealed to my plain republican tastes, than the costly vestments which laid in oaken presses—robes that had been embroidered with gold, and been worn by popes and archbishops on great occasions. There was a robe that had been worn by Pius VII. at the crowning of the first Napoleon. There was also a vestment that had been worn at the baptism of Napoleon II. As our guide opened the oaken presses and brought out these vestments of fabulous cost, and lifted them up, the fragrance of the pungent aromatics in which they had been preserved, filled the place with a sweetness that was almost oppressive. Nothing that had been done in stone more vividly impressed me than these things that had been done in cloth, and embroidery, and perfume. But to-night, my friends, I open the drawer of this text, and I look upon the kingly robes of Christ, and as I lift them, flashing with eternal jewels, the whole house is filled with the aroma of these garments, which smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces.

In my text the king steps forth. His robes rustle and blaze as He advances. His pomp and power, and glory overmaster the spectator. More brilliant is He than Queen Vashti, moving amid the Persian princes ; than Marie Antoinette on the day when Louis XVI. put upon her the necklace of eight hundred diamonds ; than Anne Boleyn the day when Henry VIII. welcomed her to his palace ; all beauty and all pomp forgotten, while we stand in the presence of this imperial glory, King of Zion, King of earth, King of heaven, King forever ! His garments not worn out, not dust-bedraggled ; but radiant, and jewelled, and redolent. It seems as if they must have been pressed a hundred years amid the flowers of heaven. The wardrobes from which they have been taken must have been sweet with clusters of camphire, and frankincense, and all manner of precious wood. Do you not inhale the odors ? Ay, ay. They smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces.

Your first curiosity to-night is to know why the robes of Christ are odorous with myrrh.

This was a bright-leaved Abyssinian plant. It was trifoliated. The Greeks, Egyptians, Romans and Jews bought and sold it at a high price. The first present that was ever given to Christ was a sprig of myrrh, thrown on His infantile bed in Bethlehem, and the last gift that Christ ever had was myrrh pressed into the cup of His crucifixion. The natives would take a stone and bruise the tree, and then it would exude a gum that would saturate all the ground beneath. This gum was used for purposes of merchandise. One piece of it, no larger than a chestnut, would whelm a whole room with odors. It was put in closets, in chests, in drawers, in rooms, and its perfume adhered almost interminably to anything that was anywhere near it. So when in my text I read that Christ's garments smell of myrrh, I immediately conclude the exquisite sweetness of Jesus. I know that to many He is only like any historical person ; another John Howard ; another philanthropic Oberlin ; another Confucius ; a grand subject for a painting ; a heroic theme for a poem ; a beautiful form for a statue ; but to those who have heard His voice, and felt His pardon, and received His benediction, He is music, and light, and warmth, and thrill, and external fragrance. Sweet as a friend sticking to you when all else betray. Lifting you up while others try to push you down. Not so much like morning-glories, that bloom only when the sun is coming up, nor like "four o'clocks," that bloom only when the sun is going down, but like myrrh, perpetually aromatic—the same morning, noon, and night—yesterday, to-day, forever. It seems as if we cannot wear Him out. We put on Him all our burdens, and afflict Him with all our griefs, and set Him foremost in all our battles, and yet He is ready to lift, and to sympathize, and to help. We have so imposed upon Him that one would think in eternal affront He would quit our soul ; and yet to-night He addresses us with the same tenderness, dawns upon us with the same smile, pities us with the same compassion.

There is no name like His for us. It is more imperial than Cæsar's, more musical than Beethoven's, more conquering than Charlemagne's, more eloquent than Cicero's. It throbs with all life. It weeps with all pathos. It groans with all pain. It stoops with all condescension. It breathes with all perfume. Who like Jesus to set a broken bone, to pity a homeless orphan, to nurse a sick man, to take a prodigal back without any scolding, to illumine a cemetery all

ploughed with graves, to make a queen unto God out of the lost woman of the street, to catch the tears of human sorrow in a lachrymatory that shall never be broken? Who has such an eye to see our need, such a lip to kiss away our sorrow, such a hand to snatch us out of the fire, such a foot to trample our enemies, such a heart to embrace all our necessities? I struggle for some metaphor with which to express Him. He is not like the bursting forth of a full orchestra; that is too loud. He is not like the sea when lashed to rage by the tempest; that is too boisterous. He is not like the mountain, its brow wreathed with the lightnings; that is too solitary. Give us a softer type, a gentler comparison. We have seemed to see Him with our eyes, and to hear Him with our ears, and to touch Him with our hands. Oh, that to-night He might appear to some other one of our five senses! Ay, the nostril shall discover His presence. He comes upon us like spice gales from heaven. Yea, His garments smell of pungent, lasting, and all-pervasive myrrh.

Oh, that you all knew His sweetness. How soon you would turn from your novels. If the philosopher leaped out of his bath in a frenzy of joy, and clapped his hands, and rushed through the streets, because he had found the solution of a mathematical problem, how will you feel leaping from the fountain of a Saviour's mercy and pardon, washed clean, and made white as snow, when the question has been solved: "How can my soul be saved?" Naked, frost-bitten, storm-lashed soul, let Jesus this night throw around thee the "garments that smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

Your second curiosity is to know why the robes of Jesus are odorous with aloes. There is some difference of opinion about where these aloes grow, what is the color of the flower, what is the particular appearance of the herb. Suffice it for you and me to know that aloes mean bitterness all the world over, and when Christ comes with garments bearing that particular odor, they suggest to me the bitterness of a Saviour's sufferings. Were there ever such nights as Jesus lived through—nights on the mountain, nights on the sea, nights in the desert? Who ever had such a hard reception as Jesus had? A hostelry the first, an unjust trial in oyer and terminer another, a foul-mouthed, yelling mob the last. Was there a space on His back as wide as your two fingers where He was not whipped? Was there a space on His brow an inch square where He was not cut of the briars? When the spike struck at the instep, did it not go clear through to the hollow of the foot? Oh, long, deep, bitter pilgrimage. Aloes! Aloes!

John leaned his head on Christ, but who did Christ lean on? Five thousand men fed by the Saviour; who fed Jesus? The sympathy of a Saviour's heart going out to the leper and the adulteress; but who soothed Christ? Denied both cradle and death-bed, He had a fit place neither to be born nor to die. A poor babe! A poor lad! A poor young man! Not so much as a taper to cheer his dying hours. Even the candle of the sun snuffed out. Oh, was it not all aloes? All our sins, sorrows, bereavements,

losses, and all the agonies of earth and hell picked up as in one cluster and squeezed into one cup, and that pressed to His lips, until the acrid, nauseating, bitter draught was swallowed with a distorted countenance, and a shudder from head to foot, and a gurgling strangulation. Aloes! aloes! Nothing but aloes. All this for Himself? All this to get the fame in the world of being a martyr? All this in a spirit of stubbornness, because He did not like Augustus? No! no! All this because He wanted to pluck you and me from hell. Because He wanted to raise you and me to heaven. Because we were lost and He wanted us found. Because we were blind and He wanted us to see. Because we were serfs and He wanted us manumitted. "Oh, ye in whose cup of life the saccharine has predominated; oh, ye who have had bright and sparkling beverages, how do you feel toward Him who in your stead, and to purchase your disenthralment, took the aloes, the unsavory aloes, the bitter aloes?"

Your third curiosity is to know why these garments of Christ are odorous with cassia. This was a plant that grew in India and the adjoining islands. You do not care to hear what kind of a flower it had or what kind of a stalk. It is enough for me to tell you that it was used medicinally. In that land and in that age, where they knew but little about pharmacy, cassia was used to arrest many forms of disease. So when in my text we find Christ coming with garments that smell of cassia, it suggests to me the healing and curative power of the Son of God. "Oh, you say, 'now you have a superfluous idea. We are not sick. Why do we want cassia? We are athletic. Our respiration is perfect. Our limbs are lithe, and in these autumnal days we feel we could bound like the roe.'" I beg to differ, my brother, from you. None of you can be better in physical health than I am, and yet I must say we are all sick. I have taken the diagnosis of your case, and have examined all the best authorities on the subject, and I have come now to tell you that you are full of wounds and bruises and putrefying sores which have not been bound up, or mollified with ointment. The marasmus of sin is on us—the palsy, the dropsy, the leprosy. The man that is expiring to-night on Fulton Street—the allopathic and homeopathic doctors having given him up, and his friends now standing around to take his last words—is no more certainly dying as to his body than you and I are dying unless we have taken the medicine from God's apothecary. All the leaves of this Bible are only so many prescriptions from the divine physician, written, not in Latin like the prescriptions of earthly physicians, but written in plain English, so that a man, though a fool, need not err therein.

Thank God that the Saviour's garments smell of cassia. If you have not taken this healing medicine of the Gospel, you are dying a death which will not, perhaps, put your body into the cemetery just now; but you are dying a death which will leave the soul in a grave whose headstone is inscribed with this epitaph: "In memoriam. Here lies a man who missed heaven. This is the second death. Born some years ago on earth. Died last night in eternity!"

"There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath ;
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death !"

Suppose a man were sick, and there was a phial on his mantel-piece with medicine he knew would cure him, and he refused to take it, what would you say of him? He is a suicide. And what do you say of that man who, to-night, sick in sin, has the healing medicine of God's grace offered him, and refuses to take it? If he dies he is a suicide. People talk as though God took a man and led him out to darkness and death, as though He brought him up to the cliffs and then pushed him off. Oh, no. When a man is lost it is not because God pushes him off; it is because he jumps off. In olden times a suicide was buried at the cross-roads, and the people were accustomed to throw stones upon his grave. So it seems to me there may be in this house to-night a man who is destroying his own soul, and as though the angels of God were here to bury him at the point where the roads of life and death cross each other, throwing upon the grave the broken law and a great pile of mis-improved privileges, so that those going may look at the fearful mound, and learn what a suicide it is when an immortal soul, for which Jesus died, puts itself out of the way.

When Christ trod this planet with foot of flesh, the people rushed after Him—people who were sick, and those who, being so sick they could not walk, were brought by their friends. Here I see a mother holding up her little child and saying: "Cure this croup, Lord Jesus. Cure this scarlet fever." And others saying: "Cure this ophthalmia. Give ease and rest to this spinal distress. Straighten this club-foot." Christ made every house where He stopped a dispensary. I do not believe that in the nineteen centuries that have gone by since, His heart has got hard. I feel that we can come to-night with all our wounds of soul and get His benediction. O Jesus, here we are. We want healing. We want sight. We want health. We want life. The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. Blessed be God that Jesus Christ comes through this assemblage now, His "garments smelling of myrrh"—that means fragrance—"and aloes"—they mean bitter sacrificial memories—"and cassia"—that means medicine and cure; and according to my text, He comes "out of the ivory palaces."

You know, or if you do not know, I will tell you now, that some of the palaces of olden time were adorned with ivory. Ahâb and Solomon had their homes furnished with it. The tusks of African and Asiatic elephants were twisted into all manners of shapes, and there were stairs of ivory, and chairs of ivory, and tables of ivory, and floors of ivory, and pillars of ivory, and windows of ivory, and fountains that dropped into basins of ivory, and rooms that had ceilings of ivory. Oh, white and overmastering beauty. Green tree-branches sweeping the white curbs. Tapestry trailing the snowy floors. Brackets of light flashing on the lustrous surroundings. Silvery music rippling to the beach of the arches. The mere thought of it almost stuns my brain, and you say, "Oh, if I could only have walked

over such floors! If I could have thrown myself in such a chair! If I could have heard the drip and dash of those fountains!" You shall have something better than that if you only let Christ introduce you. From that place He came, and to that place He proposes to transport you, for His "garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

Oh, what a place heaven must be! The Tuileries of the French, the Windsor Castle of the English, the Spanish Alhambra, the Russian Kremlin, dungeons compared with it! Not so many castles on either side the Rhine as on both sides of the river of God the ivory palaces! One for the angels, insufferably bright, winged, fire-eyed, tempest-charioted; one for the martyrs, with blood-red robes, from under the altar; one for the King, the steps of His palace the crowns of the church militant; one for the singers, who lead the one hundred and forty and four thousand; one for you, ransomed from sin; one for me, plucked from the burning. Oh, the ivory palaces!

To-night it seems to me as if the windows of those palaces were illumined for some great victory, and I look and see climbing the stairs of ivory, and walking on floors of ivory, and looking from the windows of ivory, some whom we knew and loved on earth. Yes, I know them. There are father and mother, not eighty-two years and seventy-nine years, as when they left us, but blithe and young as when on their marriage day. And there are brothers and sisters, merrier than when we used to romp across the meadows together. The cough gone. The cancer cured. The erysipelas healed. The heart-break over. Oh, how fair they are in the ivory palaces! And your dear little children that went out from you—Christ did not let one of them drop as He lifted them. He did not wrench them from you. No. They went as from one they loved well to One whom they loved better. If I should take your little child and press its soft face against my rough cheek, I might keep it a little while; but when you, the mother, came along, it would struggle to go with you. And so you stood holding your dying child when Jesus passed by in the room, and the little one sprang out to greet Him. That is all. Your Christian dead did not go down into the dust and the gravel and the mud. Though it rained all that funeral day, and the water came up to the wheel's hub as you drove out to the cemetery, it made no difference to them, for they stepped from the home here to the home there, right into the ivory palaces. All is well with them. All is well.

When I was thinking out this sermon, and had got to about this point, there was a knock at my door, and I received a telegram from a very dear ministerial friend. It read: "My wife just died. Funeral next Sunday. Will you be one of the pall-bearers?" I telegraphed immediately: "I will." Who could hold back at such a time? I knew I could carry my part of the burden. It is not a dead weight that you lift when you carry a Christian out. Jesus makes the bed up soft with velvet promises, and He says: "Put her down here very gently. Put that head, which will never ache again, on this pillow

of hallelujahs. Send up word that the procession is coming. Ring the bells. Ring! Open your gates, ye ivory palaces!" And so your loved ones are there. They are just as certainly there, having died in Christ, as that you are here. There is only one thing more they want. Indeed, there is one thing in heaven they have not got. They want it. What is it? Your company. But, oh, my brother, unless you change your tack you cannot reach that harbor. You might as well take the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, expecting in that direction to reach Toronto, as to go on in the way some of you are going and yet expect to reach the ivory palaces. Your loved ones are looking out of the windows of heaven to-night, and yet you seem to turn your back upon them. You do not seem to know the sound of their voices as well as you used to, or be moved by the sight of their dear faces. Call louder, ye departed ones. Call louder from the ivory palaces. When I think of that place, and think of my entering it, I feel awkward; I feel as sometimes when I have been exposed to the weather, and my shoes have been bemired, and my coat is soiled, and my hair is disheveled, and I stop in front of some fine residence where I have an errand. I feel not fit to go in as I am and sit among polished guests. So some of us feel about heaven. We need to be washed—we need to be rehabilitated before we go into the ivory palaces. Eternal God, let the surges of Thy pardoning mercy roll over us. I want not only to wash my hands and my feet, but, like some skilful diver, standing on the pier-head, who leaps into the wave and comes up at a far-distant point from where he went in, so

I want to go down and so I want to come up. O Jesus, wash me in the waves of Thy salvation.

And here I ask you to solve a mystery that has been oppressing me for twenty-five years. I have asked it of doctors of divinity who have been studying theology half a century, and they have given me no satisfactory answer. I have turned over all the books in my library, but got no solution to the question, and to-night I come and ask you for an explanation. By what logic was Christ induced to exchange the ivory palaces of heaven for the crucifixion agonies of earth? I shall take the first thousand million years in heaven to study out that problem. Meanwhile and now, taking it as the tenderest and mightiest of all facts that Christ did come, that He came with spikes in His feet, came with thorns in His brow, came with spears in His heart, to save you and to save me. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." O Christ, whelm this audience with Thy compassion. Mow them down like summer grain with the harvesting sickle of Thy grace. Ride through to-night the conqueror, "Thy garments smelling of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

O sinner, fling everything else away and take Christ! Take Him now, not to-morrow. This very night there may be an excitement in your dwelling, and a tremulous pouring out of drops from an unsteady and affrighted hand, and before to-morrow morning your chance may be gone.

THE DEMAND OF GOD AND CIVILIZATION.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, October 7, 1883.

"And Hushai said unto Absalom, The counsel that Ahithophel hath given is not good at this time."—

II SAMUEL 17 : 7.

AHITHOPHEL and Hushai were thorough politicians. They were antagonistic. They were as much opposed to each other in other times as Disraeli and Gladstone in modern times. What Ahithophel proposed Hushai opposed. Ahithophel said, "It must be done in this way." Hushai said, "It must be done in the other way." Ahithophel had changed his politics, and from being prime minister in David's cabinet had become a staff officer of Absalom, the enemy. After a while Absalom drops Ahithophel, and in his chagrin Ahithophel goes out and commits suicide. Hushai surrendered the cause of Absalom, and was rewarded for it. His son Baana became one of the officers of King Solomon as a reward.

Political life then, as in all times, was very uncertain and full of temptation. It was up and down, and up and down. There have been in the world hundreds of political parties. They did their work. They lost their prestige. They expired. Their names are forgotten. In our own country we have an Ahithophel and a Hushai in the two political parties which are now standing face to face getting ready for a great national contest. Which one shall play the Ahithophel and commit suicide, and which one shall send its mission and success to other generations I cannot say. Enough for me this morning to declare what I believe God and civilization demand of the two political parties of this day, or their extermination. Now is the time for philanthropist and Christian to speak. A little further on and the excitement will be so great that there will be no calm appreciation of national moralities. The time for a naval architect to decide the structure of a ship is in his own office before the first beam is laid, and the time to decide political platforms for the country is before the first spike is driven.

I. First of all, then, I remark, that God and civilization demand of the political parties of this day a plank anti-Mormonistic. It is high time that the nation stopped playing with this cancer. All the plasters of political quacks only aggravate it, and nothing but the surgery of the sword will cure it. All the congressional laws on this subject have been notorious failures, and the worst failure the last, the Edmunds' law, because so much was expected of it. Meanwhile the great monster sits between the two mountains—the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra

Nevadas—sits in defiance and mockery, sometimes holding its sides with uncontrollable mirth at our national impotency. Shipload after shipload of Mormons are regurgitated at your Castle Garden, and hundreds and thousands of them are being sent on to the great moral lazaretto of the West. Others are on the way, and the Atlantic is heaving toward us the great surges of foreign libertinism. This moment the emissaries of that organized lust are busy in Norway and Sweden and England and Ireland and Scotland and Germany breaking up homes and with infernal cords drawing the population this way, a population which will be dumped as carrion on the American territories. American crime with its long rake stretched across other continents is heaping up on this land great winrows of abomination. Worse and worse. Four hundred Mormons coming into our port in one day, six hundred in another day, eight hundred in another day.

If the next American Congress should enact fifty laws against Mormonism in the same spirit of those which have passed, they would be of no avail. Nothing but United States troops armed with shot and shell and great guns will ever put down that iniquity. James Buchanan was right in 1857 when he sent an army and they marched to Salt Lake Valley; but James Buchanan was wrong when in 1858, after the Mormons had flung some rocks down from the high places and crushed American troops, he sent Governor Powell, of Kentucky, and Major McCullough, of Texas, to offer amnesty. Had that army under General Sidney Johnston marched on, Mormonism would have been a matter of history instead of an awful fact of the present. It will be a saving of human blood, if armed battalions march on now and destroy that great evil before it is a hundredfold more fortified.

Are we so cowardly and selfish in this generation that we are going to bequeath to the following generations this great evil? letting it go on until our children come to the front and we are safely entrenched under the mound of our own sepulchres, leaving our children through all their active life to wonder why we postponed this evil for their extirpation when we might have destroyed it with a hundredfold less exposure. What a legacy for this generation to leave the following generation! A vast acreage of sweltering putrefaction, of lowest beastliness,

of suffocating stench all the time becoming more and more malodorous and rotten and damnable. We want some great political party in some strong and unmistakable plank to declare that it will extirpate heroically and immediately this great harem of the American continent. We want some President of the United States to come in on such an anti-Mormonistic platform, and in his opening message to Congress ask for an appropriation for military expedition, and then put Phil Sheridan in his lightning stirrups, heading his horse westward, and in one year Mormonism will be extirpated and national decency vindicated. Compelling Mormonistic chiefs to take oath of allegiance will not do it, for they have declared in open assembly that perjury in their cause is commendable. Religious tracts on purity amount to nothing. They will not read them. Anything shorter than bayonets and anything softer than bullets will never do that work.

Every day you open a paper and you see in the State of New York some bigamist arrested and punished. What you prohibit on a small scale for a State you allow on a large scale for a nation. Bigamy must be put down. Polygamy must go free. What has been the effect, my friends? It has demoralized this whole nation. That carbuncle on the back of the nation has sickened all the nerves, and muscles, and arteries, and veins, and limbs of the body politic. I account in that way for many of the loose ideas abroad on all sides on the subject of the marriage relation. Divorce by the wholesale. Concubinage in high circles. Libertinism, if gloved and patent leathered, admitted into high circle. The malaria of Salt Lake City has smitten the nation with moral typhoid. The bad influence has well-nigh spiked that gun of Sinai which needs to thunder over the New England hills, over the savannas of the South and over the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevadas clear to the Pacific coast, "Thou shalt not commit adultery!" In 1878, in the State of Maine, over 400 cases of divorce. In the State of Massachusetts, in the same year, over 600 divorces. In the little State of Connecticut in that year, over 400 divorces. In New England in that year 2113 divorces. The County of Cook, in Illinois, over 800 divorces in one year. Advertisements in newspapers saying "Divorce legally and quietly effected. Can pay in instalments!" Some of the New York lawyers giving their entire time to domestic separations—suborning witnesses, giving advice as to how many months it is necessary to be out of the city, inducing suspicious complications, sending detective sleuth hounds on the track of good citizens, until the honest lawyers of these cities were compelled a little while ago to make outcry against the demeaning of their honorable profession. Looser and looser ideas on the subject of marriage, until sometimes the question of divorce is taken into consideration in the wedding solemnities, and people promise fidelity till death do them part, and say afterward softly, "perhaps," or "may be," "I rather think so." All over this land more and more marriage is fun. We do not want divorce made more easy in this country; we want it made more hard, so

that people will be more cautious in their affiancing, and you will understand that if you marry a brute of a husband or a fool of a wife you will have to stand it. Ah! my friends, there will be no toning up on this subject, there will be no moral health in the United States on the subject of the marriage relation until this nation shall slough off this Mormonistic ulcer and burn out with caustic of gunpowder this wound which has been so long feculent and ichorous and deathful. If you are under the delusion that by mild laws passed against Mormonism the evil will be extirpated you are making an awful mistake. The sooner you get over it the better. God and civilization demand of both political parties now a plank anti-Mormonistic.

II. Again, there is demanded of the political parties in this day a plank of intelligent helpfulness for the great foreign populations which have come among us. It is too late now to discuss whether we had better let them come. They are here. They are coming this moment through the Narrows, they are coming this moment through the gates of Castle Garden, they are this moment taking the first full inhalation of the free air of America, and they will continue to come as long as this country is the best place to live in. You might as well pass a law prohibiting summer bees from alighting on a field of blossoming buckwheat, you might as well prohibit the stags of the mountains from coming down to the deer lick, as to prohibit the hunger-bitten nations of Europe from coming to this land of bread, as to prohibit the people of England, Ireland, Scotland, Norway, Sweden, and Germany working themselves to death on small wages on the other side the sea, from coming to this land, where there are the largest compensations under the sun. Why did God spread out the prairies of Dakota and roll the precious ore into Colorado? It was that all the earth might come and plough, and come and dig. Just as long as the centrifugal forces of foreign despotisms throw them off, just so long will the centripetal force of American institutions draw them here.

And that is what is going to make this the mightiest nation of the earth. Inter-marriage of nationalities. Not circle intermarrying circle, and nation intermarrying nation, but it is going to be Italian and Norwegian, Russian and Celt, Scotch and French, English and American. The American of a hundred years from now is to be different from the American of to-day. German brain, Irish wit, French civility, Scotch firmness, English loyalty, Italian æsthetics packed into one man, and he an American. It is this intermarriage of nationalities that is going to make the American race the mightiest race of the ages. Now, I say, in God's name, let them come. I wish that Bartholdi's statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island in the Harbor of New York, which is to rise 275 feet and hold in the right hand a torch—I wish that the left hand could be spread abroad as if in welcome to all who come up the bay. The gates of this continent have been so long wide open you cannot shut them. Congress will have to repeal the impede law against Chinese emigration. Oh, what a confession of weakness it was on the part of legisla-

tors! They say that the Chinese are the wasps and the rats and we are the lions and the eagles. But what would you think of a convention of eagles in the eyrie passing a solemn vote that it was unsafe to have a wasp on the continent? What would you think of a convention of lions passing a resolution that it was positively unsafe to have a rat on the peninsula? But the Chinese are not wasps and rats. They are immortals. I saw yesterday in the paper that in Philadelphia they have been naturalizing some Chinese, and the time will come when in America John Chinaman shall have the right to vote, and then he will be smothered with caresses, and the Republican party will put its arm around his neck and kiss him on one cheek, and the Democratic party will put its arm around him and kiss him on the other cheek, and then the two parties will get into a fight as to which has loved him longest and loved him most! As when the negroes had no right to vote we spelled their name with two "gs," but now since they have the right of suffrage they are our dearly beloved brethren of the colored persuasion! The gates of the continent wide open, they must stay open.

But what are we doing for the moral and intellectual culture of the 500,000 foreigners who came in one year, and the 600,000 who came in another year, and the 800,000 who came in another year, and the 1,000,000 who came into our various American ports? What are we doing for them? Well, we are doing a great deal for them. We steal their baggage as soon as they get ashore! We send them up to a boarding-house where the least they lose is their money. We swindle them within ten minutes after they get ashore. We are doing a great deal for them! But what are we doing to introduce them into the duties of good citizenship? Many of them never saw a ballot-box, many of them never heard of the Constitution of the United States, many of them have no acquaintance with our laws. Now, I say, let the Government of the United States, so commanded by some political party, give to every immigrant who lands here a volume in good type and well bound for long usage—a volume containing the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and a chapter on the spirit of our Government. Let there be such a book on every shelf of every free library in America. While the American Bible Society puts into the right hand of every immigrant a copy of the Holy Scriptures, let the government of the United States, so commanded by some political party, put into the left hand of every immigrant a volume instructing him in the duties of good citizenship. There are thousands of foreigners in this land who need to learn that the ballot-box is not a footstool but a throne; not something to put your foot on, but something to bow before. I take back what I said about Bartholdi's statue, for I remember now that while in its right hand it is to hold a torch, in its left hand it is to hold a tablet of law. Good enough. Intelligence to enlighten, and law to control.

III. Again, it is demanded of the political parties of this day that they have a plank that shall acknowledge God. Let there be no favor-

ing of sects. Let Trinitarian and Unitarian, Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Roman Catholic be alike in the sight of the law—every man free to worship in his own way—but let no political party think it can do its duty unless it acknowledges that God who built this continent and revealed it at the right time to the discoverer, and who has reared here a prosperity which has been given to no other people. "Oh," says some one, "there are people in this country who do not believe in a God, and it would be an insult to them." Well, there are people in this country who do not believe in common decency, or common honesty, or any kind of government, preferring anarchy. Your every platform is an insult to them. You ought not to regard a man who does not believe in God any more than you should regard a man who refuses to believe in common decency. Your pocketbook is not safe a moment in the presence of an atheist! God is the only source of good government. Why not, then, say so, and let the chairman of the committee on resolutions in your national convention take a pen full of ink, and with bold hand head the document with one significant "Whereas" acknowledging the goodness of God in the past and begging His kindness and protection for the future.

For the lack of recognition of God in your political platforms they amount to nothing. They both make loud declaration about civil service reform, and it has been a failure. If you can take now in your cool moments the declaration made by the Democratic party in Cincinnati in 1880, and the declaration made by the Republican party in Chicago in 1880, and read those two declarations on the subject of civil service reform, and then think of what has transpired, and control your mirth, you have more self-control than I have. My child asks me what is civil service reform, and I tell him, as near as I can understand, it is that when the Republican party get the government of a State they are to turn out the Democrats, and when the Democrats get the supremacy in the State they are to turn out the Republicans.

Your platforms cry out for reform, and promise reform, if they are only kept in power or may obtain power. How much do they mean by reform? See what the Republican party did in 1876 in Louisiana and what the Democratic party did three or four years after in the gubernatorial election in Maine! Credit Mobilier of eleven years ago, River and Harbor Bill, by which last year the taxpayers of the United States were swindled out of fifty millions of dollars—in both infamies the two parties shoulder to shoulder, and side to side. What you want is more of God in your pronouncements. Without Him reform is retrogression and gain is loss and victory is defeat.

Why, my friends, this country belongs to God, and we ought in every possible way acknowledge it. From the moment that on an October morning, in 1492, Columbus looked over the side of the ship and saw the carved staff which made him think he was near an inhabited country, and saw also a thorn and a cluster of berries—type of our history ever since, the piercing sorrows and the cluster of national joys—until this

hour, our country has been bounded on the north and south and east and west by the goodness of God. The Huguenots took possession of the Carolinas in the name of God; William Penn settled Philadelphia in the name of God; the Hollanders took possession of New York in the name of God; the Pilgrim Fathers settled New England in the name of God. Preceding the first gun of Bunker Hill at the voice of prayer all heads uncovered. In the war of 1812, an officer came to General Andrew Jackson and said: "There is an unusual noise in the camp; it ought to be stopped." General Jackson said: "What is the noise?" The officer said, "It is the voices of prayer and praise." And the general said: "God forbid that prayer and praise should be an unusual noise in the encampment; you had better go and join them." Prayer at Valley Forge, prayer at Monmouth, prayer at Atlanta, prayer at South Mountain, prayer at Gettysburg. "Oh," says some infidel, "the Northern people prayed on one side and the Southern people prayed on the other side, and so it didn't amount to anything." And I have heard good Christian people confounded with the infidel statement, when it is plain to me as my right hand. Yes, the Northern people prayed in one way, and the Southern people prayed in another way, and God answered in His own way, giving to the North the re-establishment of the Government, and giving to the South larger opportunities, larger than she had ever anticipated, the harnessing of her rivers in great manufacturing interests, until the Mobile and the Tallapoosa and the Chattahoochee are Southern Merrimacs, and the unrolling of great mines of coal and iron, of which the world knew nothing, and opening before her opportunities of wealth which will give ninety-nine per cent more of affluence than she ever possessed. And instead of the black hands of American slaves emancipated, there are the more industrious and black hands of the coal and iron industries of the South which will achieve for her fabulous and unimagined wealth.

"And there are domes of white blossoms where
spread the white tent,
And there are ploughs in the track where the war
wagons went,
And there are songs where they lifted up Rachel's
lament."

Oh, you are a stupid man if you do not understand how God answered Abraham Lincoln's prayer in the White House, and Stonewall Jackson's prayer in the saddle, and answered all the prayers of all the cathedrals on both sides of Mason and Dixon's Line. God's country all the way past. God's country now.

Put His name in your pronouncements, put His name on your ensigns, put His name on your city and State and national enterprises, put His name in your hearts. To most of us this country was the cradle and to most of us it will be the grave. We want the same glorious privileges which we enjoy to go down to our children. We cannot sleep well the last sleep, nor will the pillow of dust be easy to our heads until we are assured that the God of our American institutions in the past will be the God of our American institutions in the days that are to come. Oh, when all the rivers which empty into the Atlantic and Pacific seas shall pull on factory bands, when all the great mines of gold and silver and iron and coal shall be laid bare for the nation, when the last swamp shall be reclaimed and the last jungle cleared, and the last American desert Edenized, and from sea to sea the continent shall be occupied by more than twelve hundred million souls, may it be found that moral and religious influences were multiplied in more rapid ratio than the population. And then there shall be four doxologies coming from north and south and east and west—four doxologies rolling toward each other and meeting mid-continent with such dash of holy joy that they shall mount to the throne.

"And Heaven's high arch resound again
With 'peace on earth, good will to men.'"

A TIGHT GRIP.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, September 23, 1883.

"And his hand clave unto the sword."—II. SAM. 23 : 10.

A GREAT general of King David was Eleazar, the hero of the text. The Philistines opened battle against him, and his troops retreated. The cowards fled. Eleazar and three of his comrades went into the battle and swept the field, for four men with God on their side are stronger than a whole battalion with God against them. "Fall back!" shouted the commander of the Philistine army. The cry ran along the host: "Fall back!" Eleazar having swept the field throws himself on the ground to rest, but the muscles and sinews of his hand had been so long bent around the hilt of the sword that the hilt was imbedded in the flesh, and the gold wire of the hilt had broken through the skin of the palm of the hand, and he could not drop this sword which he had so gallantly wielded. "His hand clave unto the sword." That is what I call magnificent fighting for the Lord God of Israel. And we want more of it.

I propose to show you this morning how Eleazar took hold of the sword and how the sword took hold of Eleazar. I look at Eleazar's hand, and I come to the conclusion that he took the sword with a very tight grip. The cowards who fled had no trouble in dropping their swords. As they fly over the rocks I hear their swords clanging in every direction. It is easy enough for them to drop their swords. But Eleazar's hand clave unto the sword. In this Christian conflict we want a tighter grip of the Gospel weapons, a tighter grasp of the two-edged sword of the truth. It makes me sick to see these Christian people who hold only a part of the truth, and let the rest of the truth go, so that the Philistines, seeing the loosened grasp, wrench the whole sword away from them. The only safe thing for us to do is to put our thumb on the Book of Genesis and sweep our hand around the Book until the New Testament comes into the palm, and keep on sweeping our hand around the Book until the tips of the fingers clutch at the words: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." I like an infidel a great deal better than I do one of these namby-pamby Christians who hold a part of the truth and let the rest go. By miracle God preserved this Bible just as it is, and it is a Damascus blade. The severest test to which a sword can be put in a sword factory is to wind the blade around a gun barrel like a ribbon, and then when the sword is let loose it flies back to its own shape. So the sword of God's truth has been fully test-

ed, and it is bent this way and that way, and wound this way and that way, but it always comes back to its own shape. Think of it! A Book written eighteen centuries ago, and some of it thousands of years ago, and yet in our time the average sale of this Book is more than twenty thousand copies every week, and more than a million copies a year. I say now that a book which is divinely inspired and divinely kept and divinely scattered is a weapon worth holding a tight grip of. Bishop Colenso will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the five books of Moses, and Strauss will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the miracles, and Renan will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the entire life of the Lord Jesus Christ, and your associates in the shop, or the factory, or the banking house will try to wrench out of your hand the entire Bible; but in the strength of the Lord God of Israel, and with Eleazar's grip hold on it. You give up the Bible, you give up any part of it, and you give up pardon and peace and life and heaven.

I see hundreds, perhaps thousands, of young men in this audience. Do not be ashamed, young man, to have the world know that you are a friend of the Bible. This Book is the friend of all that is good, and it is the sworn enemy of all that is bad. An eloquent writer recently gives an incident of a very bad man who stood in a cell of a Western prison. This criminal had gone through all styles of crime, and he was there waiting for the gallows. The convict standing there at the window of the cell, this writer says, "looked out and declared, 'I am an infidel.' He said that to all the men and women and children who happened to be gathered there, 'I am an infidel,'" and the eloquent writer says, "every man and woman there believed him." And the writer goes on to say, "If he had stood there saying, 'I am a Christian,' every man and woman would have said, 'He is a liar!'"

This Bible is the sworn enemy of all that is wrong, and it is the friend of all that is good. Oh, hold on it. Do not take part of it and throw the rest away. Hold on to all of it. There are so many people now who do not know. You ask them if the soul is immortal, and they say, "I guess it is, I don't know; perhaps it is, perhaps it isn't." Is the Bible true? "Well, perhaps it is, and perhaps it isn't; perhaps it may be figuratively, and perhaps it may

be partly, and perhaps it may not be at all." They despise what they call the apostolic creed; but if their own creed were written out it would read like this: "I believe in nothing, the maker of heaven and earth, and in nothing which it hath sent, which nothing was born of nothing, and which nothing was dead and buried and descended into nothing, and arose from nothing, and ascended to nothing, and now sitteth at the right hand of nothing, from which it will come to judge nothing. I believe in the holy agnostic church and in the communion of nothingarians, and in the forgiveness of nothing, and the resurrection of nothing, and in the life that never shall be. Amen!" That is the creed of tens of thousands of people in this day. If you have a mind to adopt such a theory I will not. "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, and in the holy catholic church, and in the communion of saints, and in the life everlasting. Amen." Oh, when I see Eleazar taking such a stout grip of the sword in the battle against sin and for righteousness, I come to the conclusion that we ought to take a stouter grip of God's eternal truth, the sword of righteousness.

As I look at Eleazar's hand I also notice his spirit of self-forgetfulness. He did not notice that the hilt of the sword was eating through the palm of his hand. He did not know it hurt him. As he went out into the conflict he was so anxious for the victory he forgot himself, and that hilt might go never so deeply into the palm of his hand, it could not disturb him. "His hand clave unto the sword." O my brothers and sisters, let us go into the Christian conflict with the spirit of self-abnegation. Who cares whether the world praises us or denounces us? What do we care for misrepresentation, or abuse, or persecution in a conflict like this? Let us forget ourselves. That man who is afraid of getting his hand hurt will never kill a Philistine. Who cares whether you get hurt or not if you get the victory? Oh, how many Christians there are who are all the time worrying about the way the world treats them. They are so tired, and they are so abused, and they are so tempted, when Eleazar did not think whether he had a hand, or an arm, or a foot. All he wanted was victory.

We see how men forget themselves in worldly achievement. We have often seen men who in order to achieve worldly success will forget all physical fatigue and all annoyance and all obstacle. Just after the battle of Yorktown, in the American Revolution, a musician wounded was told he must have his limbs amputated, and they were about to fasten him to the surgeon's table—for it was long before the merciful discovery of anesthetics. He said, "No, don't fasten me to that table; get me a violin." A violin was brought to him, and he said: "Now go to work as I begin to play," and for forty minutes, during the awful pangs of amputation, he moved not a muscle nor dropped a note, while he played some sweet tune. Oh, is it not strange that with the music of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and with this grand march of the church militant on the way to become the church triumphant, we cannot forget ourselves

and forget all pang and all sorrow and all persecution and all perturbation.

We know what men accomplish under worldly opposition. Men do not shrink back for antagonism, or for hardship. You have admired Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," as brilliant and beautiful a history as was ever written; but some of you may not know under what disadvantages it was written—that Conquest of Mexico—for Prescott was totally blind, and he had two pieces of wood parallel to each other fastened, and totally blind, with his pen between those pieces of wood he wrote, the stroke against one piece of wood telling how far the pen must go in one way, the stroke against the other piece of wood telling how far the pen must go in the other way. Oh, how much men will endure for worldly knowledge and for worldly success, and yet how little we endure for Jesus Christ. How many Christians there are that go around saying, "O my hand, my hand, my hurt hand; don't you see there is blood on the hand, and there is blood on the sword?" while Eleazar, with the hilt imbedded in the flesh of his right hand, does not know it.

"Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
Or sail through bloody seas?"

What have we suffered in comparison with those who expired with suffocation, or were burned, or were chopped to pieces for the truth's sake? We talk of the persecution of older times. There is just as much persecution going on now in various ways. In 1849, in Madagascar, eighteen men were put to death for Christ's sake. They were to be hurled over the rocks, and before they were hurled over the rocks, in order to make their death the more dreadful in anticipation, they were put in baskets and swung to and fro over the precipice that they might see how many hundred feet they would have to be dashed down, and while they were swinging in these baskets over the rocks they sang:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high."

Then they were dashed down to death. Oh, how much others have endured for Christ, and how little we endure for Christ. We want to ride to heaven in a Pullman sleeping-car, our feet on soft plush, the bed made up early so we can sleep all the way, the black porter of Death to wake us up only in time to enter the golden city. We want all the surgeons to fix our hand up. Let them bring on all the lint and all the bandages and all the salve, for our hand is hurt, while Eleazar does not know his hand is hurt. "His hand clave unto the sword."

As I look at Eleazar's hand, I come to the conclusion that he has done a great deal of hard hitting. I am not surprised when I see that these four men—Eleazar and his three companions—drove back the army of Philistines, that Eleazar's sword-clave to his hand, for every time he struck an enemy with one end of the sword, the other end of the sword wounded him. When he took

hold of the sword, the sword took hold of him. Oh, we have found an enemy cannot be conquered by rose water and soft speeches. It must be sharp stroke and straight thrust. There is intemperance, and there is fraud, and there is gambling, and there is lust, and there are ten thousand battalions of iniquity, armed Philistine iniquity. How are they to be captured and overthrown? Soft sermons in morocco cases laid down in front of an exquisite audience will not do it. You have got to call things by their right name. We have got to expel from our churches Christians who eat the sacrament on Sunday and devour widows' houses all the week. We have got to stop our indignation against the Hittites and the Jebusites and the Gergishites, and let those poor wretches go, and apply our indignation to the modern transgressions which need to be dragged out and slain. Ahabs here. Herods here. Jezebels here. The massacre of the infants here. Strike for God so hard that while you slay the sin the sword will adhere to your own hand. I tell you, my friends, we want a few John Knoxes and John Wesleys in the Christian Church to-day. The whole tendency is to refine on Christian work. We keep on refining on it, until we send apologetic word to iniquity we are about to capture it. And we must go with sword silver-chased and presented by the ladies, and we must ride on white palfrey under embroidered housing, putting the spurs in only just enough to make the charger dance gracefully, and then we must send a missive, delicate as a wedding card, to ask the old black giant of sin if he will not surrender. Women saved by the grace of God and on glorious mission sent, detained from Sabbath classes because their new hat is not done. Methodist churches that shook our cities with great revivals sending around to ask some demonstrative worshipper if he will not please to say "amen" and "hallelujah" a little softer. It seems as if in our churches we wanted a baptism of cologne and balm of a thousand flowers, when we actually need a baptism of fire from the Lord God of Pentecost. But we are so afraid somebody will criticise our sermons, or criticise our prayers, or criticise our religious work, that our anxiety for the world's redemption is lost in the fear we will get our hand hurt, while Eleazar went into the conflict, "and his hand clave unto the sword."

But I see in the next place what a hard thing it was for Eleazar to get his hand and his sword parted. The muscles and the sinews had been so long grasped around the sword he could not drop it when he proposed to drop it, and his three comrades, I suppose, came up and tried to help him, and they bathed the back part of the hand, hoping the sinews and muscles would relax. But no. "His hand clave unto the sword." Then they tried to pull open the fingers and to pull back the thumb; but no sooner were they pulled back than they closed again, "and his hand clave unto the sword." But after a while they were successful, and then they noticed that the curve in the palm of the hand corresponded exactly with the curve of the hilt. "His hand clave unto the sword."

You and I have seen it many a time. There

are in the United States to-day many aged ministers of the Gospel. They are too feeble now to preach. In the church records the word opposite their name is "emeritus," or the words are, "a minister without charge." They were a heroic race. They had small salaries, and but few books, and they swam spring freshets to meet their appointments. But they did in their day a mighty work for God. They took off more of the heads of Philistine iniquity than you could count from noon to sundown. You put that old minister of the Gospel now into a prayer-meeting, or occasional pulpit, or a sick room where there is some one to be comforted, and it is the same old ring to his voice and the same old story of pardon and peace and Christ and heaven. His hand has so long clutched the sword in Christian conflict he cannot drop it. "His hand clave unto the sword."

I had in my parish in Philadelphia a very aged man who in his early life had been the companion and adviser of the early presidents, Madison and Monroe. He had wielded vast influence, but I only knew him as a very aged man. The most remarkable thing about him was his ardor for Christ. When he could not stand up in the meetings without propping, he would throw his arm around a pillar of the church, and though his mind was partially gone, his love for Christ was so great that all were in deep respect and profound admiration, and were moved when he spoke. I was called to see him die. I entered the room, and he said: "Mr. Talmage, I cannot speak to you now." He was in a very pleasant delirium, as he imagined he had an audience before him. He said: "I must tell these people to come to Christ and prepare for heaven." And then in this pleasant delirium, both arms lifted, this octogenarian preached Christ and told of the glories of the world to come. There, lying on his dying pillow, his dying hand clave to his sword.

Oh, if there ever was any one who had a right to retire from the conflict it was old Joshua. Soldiers come back from battle have the names of the battles on their flags, showing where they distinguished themselves, and it is a very appropriate inscription. Look at that flag of old General Joshua. On it, Jericho, Gibeon, Hazar, City of Ai, and instead of the stars sprinkled on the flag, the sun and the moon which stood still. There he is, a hundred and ten years old. He is lying flat on his back, but he is preaching. His dying words are a battle charge against idolatry, and a rallying cry for the Lord of Hosts as he says: "Behold, this day I go the way of all the earth, and God hath not failed to fulfil His promise concerning Israel." His dying hand clave unto the sword.

There is the headless body of Paul on the road to Ostea. His great brain and his great heart have been severed. The elmwood rods had stung him fearfully. When the corn ship broke up he swam ashore, coming up drenched with the brine. Every day since that day when the horse reared under him in the suburbs of Damascus, as the supernatural light fell, down to this day when he is sixty-eight years of age, and old and decrepit from the prison cell of the Mamartine, he has been outrageously treated,

and he is waiting to die. How does he spend his last hours? Telling the world how badly he feels, and describing the rheumatism that he got in prison, the rheumatism afflicting his limbs, or the neuralgia piercing his temples, or the thirst that fevers his tongue? Oh, no. His last words are the battle shout for Christendom: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight." And so his dying hand clave unto the sword.

It was in the front room on the second floor that my father lay a-dying. It was Saturday morning, four o'clock. Just three years before that day, my mother had left him for the skies, and he had been homesick to join her company. He was eighty-three years of age. Ministers of the Gospel came in to comfort him, but he comforted them. How wonderfully the words sounded out from his dying pillow: "I have been young and now am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, or His seed begging bread." They bathed his brow, and they bathed his hands, and they bathed his feet, and they succeeded in straightening out the feet; but they did not succeed in bathing open the hand so it would stay open. They bathed the hand open, but it came shut. They bathed it open again, but it came shut. What was the matter with the thumb and the fingers of that old hand? Ah! it had so long clutched the sword of Christian conflict that "his hand clave unto the sword."

I preach this sermon as a tonic. I want you to hold the truth with ineradicable grip, and I want you to strike so hard for God that it will react, and while you take the sword the sword will take you. You noticed that the officers of the Northern army recently assembled at Denver, and you noticed that the officers of the Southern army recently assembled at Lexington. Soldiers coming together are very apt to recount their experiences and to show their scars. Here is a soldier who pulls up his sleeve, and says, "There, I was wounded in that arm," and shows the scar. And another soldier pulls down his collar, and says, "There, I was wounded in the neck." And another soldier says, "I have had no use of that limb since the gunshot fracture." O my friends, when the battle of life is over, and the resurrection has come, and our bodies rise

from the dead, will we have on us any scars showing our bravery for God? Christ will be there all covered with scars. Scars on the brow, scars on the hand, scars on the feet, scars all over the heart won in the battle of redemption. And all heaven will sob aloud with emotion as they look at those scars. Ignatius will be there, and he will point out the place where the tooth and paw of the lion seized him in the Coliseum, and John Huss will be there, and he will show where the coal first scorched the foot on that day when his spirit took wing of flame from Constance. M'Millan, and Campbell, and Freeman, American missionaries in India, will be there—the men who with their wives and children went down in the awful massacre at Cawnpore, and they will show where the daggers of the Sepoys struck them. The Waldenses will be there, and they will show where their bones were broken on that day when the Piedmontese soldiery pitched them over the rocks. And there will be those there who took care of the sick and who looked after the poor, and they will have evidences of earthly exhaustion. And Christ, with His scarred hand waving over the scarred multitude, will say, "You suffered with Me on earth; now be glorified with Me in heaven." And then the great organs of eternity will take up the chant, and St. John will play: "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

But what will your chagrin and mine be if it shall be told that day on the streets of heaven that on earth we shrank back from all toil and sacrifice and hardship. No scars to show the heavenly soldiery. Not so much as one ridge on the palm of the hand to show that just once in all this battle for God and the truth, we grasped the sword so firmly, and struck so hard that the sword and the hand stuck together and the hand clave to the sword. O my Lord Jesus, rouse us to Thy service.

"Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with the eye.

"When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine."

WELCOME AND DISMISSAL.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, September 30, 1883.

"When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats."—MATTHEW 25 : 31, 32.

HALF way between Chamouni, Switzerland, and Martigny I reined in the horse on which I was riding, and looked off upon the most wonderful natural amphitheatre of valley and mountain and rock, and I said to my companion, "What an appropriate place this would be for the last judgment. Yonder overhanging rock the place for the judgment-seat. These galleries of surrounding hills occupied by attendant angels. This vast valley, sweeping miles this way and miles that, the audience-room for all nations." But sacred geography does not point out the place. Yet we know that somewhere, some time, somehow, an audience will be gathered together stupendous beyond all statistics, and just as certainly as you and I make up a part of this audience to-day, we will make up a part of that audience on that day.

A common sense of justice in every man's heart demands that there shall be some great winding-up day, in which that which is now inexplicable shall be explained. Why did that good man suffer, and that bad man prosper? You say, "I don't know." But I must know. Why is that good Christian woman dying of what is called a spider cancer, while that daughter of folly sits wrapped in luxuriance, ease, and health? You say, "I don't know." But I must know. There are so many wrongs to be righted that if there were not some great righting-up day in the presence of all ages, there would be an outcry against God from which His glory would never recover. If God did not at last try the nations, the nations would try Him. We are, therefore, ready for the announcement of the text.

The world never saw Christ except in disguise. If once when He was on earth He had let out His glory, instead of the blind eyes being healed, all visions would have been extinguished. No human eye could have endured it. And instead of bringing the dead to life, all around about him would have been the slain under that overpowering effulgence. Disguise of human flesh. Disguise of seamless robe. Disguise of sandal. Disguise of voice. From Bethlehem caravansary to mausoleum in the rock, a complete disguise. But on the day of which I speak the Son of Man will come in His glory. No hiding of lustre. No sheathing of

strength. No suppression of grandeur. No wrapping out of sight of the Godhead. Any fifty of the most brilliant sunsets that you ever saw on land or sea would be dim as compared with the cerulean appearance on that day when Christ rolls through, and rolls on, and rolls down in His glory. The air will be all abloom with His presence, and everything from horizon to horizon aflame with His splendor.

Elijah rode up the sky-steep in a chariot, the wheels of whirling fire and the horses of galloping fire, and the charioteer drawing reins of fire on bits of fire; but Christ will need no such equipage, for the law of gravitation will be laid aside, and the natural elements will be laid aside, and Christ will descend swiftly enough to make speedy arrival, but slowly enough to allow the gaze of millions of spectators. In His glory! Glory of form, glory of omnipotence, glory of holiness, glory of justice, glory of love. In His glory! An unveiled, an uncovered God descending to meet the human race in an interview which will be prolonged only for a few hours, and yet which shall settle all the past and all the present and all the future, and be closed before the end of that day, which will close, not with setting sun, but with the destruction of the planet as a snuffers takes off the top of a burned wick.

It is a solemn time in a court-room when there is an important case on hand, and the judge of the Supreme Court enters, and he sits down, and with gavel strikes on the desk commanding bar and jury and witnesses and audience into silence. All voices are hushed, all heads are uncovered. But how much more impressive when Christ shall take the judgment-seat on the last day of the last week of the last month of the last year of the world's existence, and with gavel of thunderbolt shall smite the mountains, commanding all the land and all the sea into silence.

Can you have any doubt about who it is on the seat on the judgment day? Better make investigation, to see whether there are any scars about Him that reveal His person. Apparel may change. You cannot always tell by apparel. But scars will tell the story after all else fails. I find under His left arm a scar, and on His right hand a scar, and on His left hand a scar, and on

His right foot a scar, and on His left foot a scar. Oh, yes, He is the Son of Man in His glory. Every mark of wound now a badge of victory, every ridge showing the fearful gash now telling the story of pain and sacrifice which He suffered in behalf of the human race.

But what is all that commotion and flutter, and surging to and fro above Him and on either side of Him? It is a detailed regiment of heaven,

A CONSTABULARY ANGELIC,

sent forth to take part in that scene, and to execute the mandates that shall be issued. Ten regiments, a hundred regiments, a thousand regiments of angels; for on that day all heaven will be emptied out of its inhabitants to let them attend the scene. All the holy angels. From what a centre to what a circumference. Widening out and widening out, and higher up and higher up. Wings interlocking wings. Galleries of cloud above galleries of cloud, all filled with the faces of angels come to listen and come to watch, and come to help on that day for which all other days were made. Who are those two taller and more conspicuous angels? The one is Michael, who is the commander of all those who came out to destroy sin. The other is Gabriel, who is announced as commander of all those who come forth to help the righteous. Who is that mighty angel near the throne? That is the resurrection angel, his lips still aquiver and his cheek aflush with the blast that shattered the cemeteries and woke the dead. Who is that other great angel, with dark and overshadowing brow? That is the one who in one night, by one flap of his wing, turned 185,000 of Sennacherib's host into corpses. Who are those bright immortals near the throne, their faces partly turned toward each other as though about to sing? Oh, they are the Bethlehem chanters of the first Christmas night. Who are this other group standing so near the throne? They are the Saviour's especial body-guard, which hovered over Him in the wilderness and administered to Him in the hour of martyrdom, and heaved away the rock of His sarcophagus, and escorted Him upward on Ascension Day, now appropriately escorting Him down. Divine glory flanked on both sides by angelic radiance.

But now lower your eye from the divine and angelic to the human. The entire human race is present. All nations, says my text. Before that time the American Republic, the English Government, the French Republic, all modern modes of government may be obliterated for something better; but all nations, whether dead or alive, will be brought up into that assembly. Thebes and Tyre and Babylon and Greece and Rome as wide awake in that assembly as though they had never slumbered amid the dead nations. Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, all the nineteenth century, the eighteenth century, the twelfth century, the tenth century, the fourth century—all centuries present. Not one being that ever drew the breath of life but will be in that assembly. Vast multitude! No other audience a thousandth part as large. No other audience a millionth part as large. No human eye could look across it. Wing of

albatross and falcon and eagle not strong enough to fly over it. A congregation, I verily believe, not assembled on any continent, because no continent would be large enough to hold it. But, as the Bible intimates, in the air. The law of gravitation unanchored, the world moved out of its place. As now sometimes on earth a great tent is spread for some great convention, so over that great audience of the judgment shall be lifted the blue tent of the sky, and underneath it for floor the air made buoyant by the hand of Almighty God. A suspended auditorium. An architecture of atmospheric galleries strong enough to hold up worlds. Surely the two arms of God's almightiness are two pillars strong enough to hold up any auditorium.

But that audience is not to remain in session long. Most audiences on earth after an hour or two adjourn. Sometimes in court-rooms an audience will tarry four or five hours, but then it adjourns. So this audience spoken of in the text will adjourn. My text says, "He will separate them one from another as a shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats."

"No," says my Universalist friend, "let them all stay together." But the text says, "He shall separate them." "No," say the kings of this world, "let men have their choice, and if they prefer monarchical institutions, let them go together, and if they prefer republican institutions, let them go together." "No," say the conventionalities of this world, "let all those who moved in what is called high circles go together, and all those who on earth moved in low circles go together. The rich together, the poor together, the wise together, the ignorant together." Ah! no. Do you not notice in that assembly the king is without his sceptre, and the soldier without his uniform, and the bishop without his pontifical ring, and the millionaire without his certificates of stock, and the convict without his chain, and the beggar without his rags, and the illiterate without his bad orthography, and all of us without any distinction of earthly inequality? So I take it from that as well as from my text that the mere accident of position in this world will do nothing toward deciding the questions of that very great day.

"He will separate them as a shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats." The sheep, the cleanliest of creatures, here made a symbol of those who have all their sins washed away in the fountain of redeeming mercy. The goat, one of the filthiest of creatures here, a type of those who in the last judgment will be found never to have had any divine ablution. Division according to character. Not only character outside, but character inside. Character of heart, character of choice, character of allegiance, character of affection, character inside as well as character outside.

In many a case it will be a complete and immediate reversal of all earthly conditions. Some who in this world wore patched apparel will take on raiment lustrous as a summer noon. Some who occupied a palace will take a dungeon. Division regardless of all earthly caste, and some who were down will be up, and some who were up will be down. Oh what a shattering of conventionalities! What an upheaval of

all social rigidities, what a turning of the wheel of earthly condition, a thousand revolutions in a second. Division of all nations, of all ages, not by the figure 9, nor the figure 8, nor the figure 7, nor the figure 6, nor the figure 5, nor the figure 4; but by the figure 2. Two! Two characters, two destinies, two estates, two dominions, two eternities, a tremendous, an all-comprehensive, an all-decisive, an everlasting two!

I sometimes think that the figure of the book that shall be opened allows us to forget the thing signified by the symbol. Where is the book-binder that could make a volume large enough to contain the names of all the people who have ever lived? Besides that the calling of such a roll would take more than fifty years, more than a hundred years, and the judgment is to be consummated in less time than passes between sunrise and sunset. Ah! my friends, the leaves of that book of judgment are not made out of paper, but of memory. One leaf in every human heart. You have known persons who were near drowning, but they were afterward resuscitated, and they have told you that in the two or three minutes between the accident and the resuscitation, all their past life flashed before them—all they had ever thought, all they had ever done, all they had ever seen in an instant came to them. The memory never loses anything. It is only a folded leaf. It is only a closed book. Though you be an octogenarian, though you be a nonagenarian, all the thoughts and acts of your life are in your mind whether you recall them now or not; just as Macaulay's history is in two volumes although the volumes may be closed, and you cannot see a word of them, and will not until they are opened. As in the case of the drowning man, the volume of memory was partly open, or the leaf partly unrolled; in the case of the judgment the entire book will be opened, so that everything will be displayed from preface to appendix.

You have seen self-registering instruments which recorded how many revolutions they had made and what work they had done, so the manufacturer could come days after and look at the instrument and find just how many revolutions had been made, or how much work had been accomplished. So the human mind is a self-registering instrument, and it records all its past movements. Now that leaf, that all-comprehensive leaf in your mind and mine this moment, the leaf of judgment, brought out under the flash of the judgment throne, you can easily see how all the past of our lives in an instant will be seen. And so great and so resplendent will be the light of that throne that not only this leaf in my heart and that leaf in your heart will be revealed at a flash, but all the leaves will be opened, and you will read not only your own character and your own history, but the character and history of others.

In a military encampment the bugle sounded in one way means one thing, and sounded in another way it means another thing. Bugle sounded in one way means, "Prepare for sudden attack." Bugle sounded in another way means, "To your tents, and let all the lights be put out." I have to tell you, my brother, that

the trumpet of the Old Testament, the trumpet that was carried in the armies of olden times, and the trumpet on the walls in olden times, in the last great day will give significant reverberation. Old and worn-out and exhausted Time, having marched across decades and centuries and ages, will halt, and the sun and the moon and the stars will halt with it. The trumpet, the trumpet!

Peal the first: Under its power the sea will stretch itself out dead, the white foam on the lip, in its crystal sarcophagus, and the mountains will stagger and reel and stumble and fall into the valleys never to rise. Under one puff of that last cyclone all the candles of the sky will be blown out. The trumpet, the trumpet!

Peal the second: The alabaster halls of the air will be filled with those who will throng up from all the cemeteries of all the ages—from Greyfriar's Churchyard, and Roman catacomb, from Westminster Abbey, and from the coral crypts of oceanic cave, and some will rend off the bandage of Egyptian mummy, and others will remove from their brow the garland of green seaweed. From the north and the south and the east and the west they come. The dead! The trumpet, the trumpet!

Peal the third: Amid surging clouds and the roar of attendant armies of heaven the Lord comes through, and there are lightnings and thunderbolts, and an earthquake, and a hallelujah, and a wailing. The trumpet, the trumpet!

Peal the fourth: All the records of human life will be revealed. The leaf containing the pardoned sin, the leaf containing the unpardoned sin. Some clapping hands with joy, some grinding their teeth with rage, and all the forgotten past becomes a vivid present. The trumpet, the trumpet!

Peal the last: The audience breaks up. The great trial is ended. The high court of Heaven adjourns. The audience hie themselves to their two termini. They rise, they rise! They sink, they sink! Then the blue tent of the sky will be lifted and folded up and put away. Then the auditorium of atmospheric galleries will be melted. Then the folded wings of attendant angels will be spread for upward flight. The fiery throne of judgment will become a dim and a vanishing cloud. The conflagration of divine and angelic magnificence will roll back and off. The day for which all other days are made has closed, and the world has burned down, and the last cinder has gone out, and an angel flying on errand from world to world will poise long enough over the dead earth to chant the funeral litany as he cries, "Ashes to ashes!"

That judgment leaf in your heart I seize hold of this moment for cancellation. In your city halls, the great book of mortgages has a large margin, so that when the mortgagor has paid the full amount to the mortgagee, the officer of the law comes and he puts down on that margin the payment and the cancellation, and though that mortgage demanded vast thousands before, now it is null and void. So I have to tell you that that leaf in my heart and in your heart, that leaf of judgment has a wide margin for cancellation. There is only one hand in all the universe that can touch that margin. That hand this moment

lifted to make the record null and void forever. It may be a trembling hand, for it is a wounded hand, the nerves were cut and the muscles were lacerated. That record on that leaf was made in the black ink of condemnation ; but if cancellation takes place, it will be made in the red ink of sacrifice. O judgment-bound brother and sister, let Christ this moment bring to that record complete and glorious cancellation. This moment, in an outburst of impassioned prayer, ask for it. You think it is the fluttering of your heart. Oh, no ! It is the fluttering of that leaf, that judgment leaf.

I ask you not to take from your iron safe your last will and testament, but I ask for something of more importance than that. I ask you not to take from your private papers that letter so sacred that you have put it away from all human eyesight, but I ask you for something of more meaning than that. That leaf, that judgment leaf in my heart, that judgment leaf in your heart, which will decide our condition after this world shall have five thousand million years been swept out the heavens, an extinct planet, and time itself will be so long past that on the ocean of eternity it will seem only as now seems a ripple on the Atlantic.

When the goats in vile herd start for the barren mountains of death, and the sheep in fleece of snowy whiteness, and bleating with joy, move up the terraced hills to join the lambs already playing in the high pastures of celestial altitude, oh may you and I be close by the Shepherd's crook ! "When the Son of man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory : and before Him shall be gathered all nations ; and He shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats." Oh, that leaf, that one leaf in my heart, that one leaf in your heart. That leaf of judgment. Oh, those two tremendous words at the last, "Come !" "Go !" As though the overhanging heavens were the cup of a great bell, and all the stars were welded into a silvery tongue and swung from side to side until it struck, "Come !" As though all the great guns of eternal disaster were discharged at once, and they boomed forth in one resounding cannonade of "Go !" Arithmetical sum in simple division. Eternity the dividend. The figure two the divisor. Your unalterable destiny the quotient.

SENSITIVENESS OF CHRIST.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, October 28, 1883.

"Who touched me?"—MARK 5 : 31.

A GREAT crowd of excited people elbowing each other this way and that, and Christ in the midst of the commotion. They were on the way to see Him restore to complete health a dying person. Some thought He could effect the cure, others that He could not. At any rate, it would be an interesting experiment. A very sick woman of twelve years' invalidism is in the crowd. Some say her name was Martha, others say it was Veronica. I do not know what her name was; but this is certain: she had tried all styles of cure. Every shelf of her humble home had medicines on it. She had employed many of the doctors of that time when medical science was more rude and rough and ignorant than we can imagine in this time, when the word physician or surgeon stands for potent and educated skill. Professor Lightfoot gives a list of what he supposes may have been the remedies she had applied. I suppose she had been blistered from head to foot, and had tried the compress, and had used all styles of astringent herbs, and she had been mauled and hacked and cut and lacerated until life to her was a plague. Beside that, the Bible indicates her doctors' bills had run up frightfully, and she had paid money for medicines and for surgical attendance and for hygienic apparatus until her purse was as exhausted as her body.

What, poor woman, are you doing in that jostling crowd? Better go home and to bed and nurse your disorders. No! Wan and wasted and faint she stands there, her face distorted with suffering, and ever and anon biting her lip with some acute pain, and sobbing until her tears fall from the hollow eye upon the faded dress; only able to stand because the crowd is so close to her pushing her this way and that. Stand back! Why do you crowd that poor body? Have you no consideration for a dying woman? But just at that time the crowd parts and this invalid comes almost up to Christ; but she is behind Him and His human eye does not take her in. She has heard so much about His kindness to the sick, and she does feel so wretched, she thinks if she can only just touch Him once it will do her good. She will not touch Him on the sacred head, for that might be irreverent. She will not touch Him on the hand for that might seem too familiar. She says: "I will, I think, touch Him on His coat, not on the top of it, or on the bottom of the main fabric, but on the border, the blue border, the long threads

of the fringe of that blue border; there can be no harm in that. I don't think He will hurt me, I have heard so much about Him. Beside that, I can stand this no longer. Twelve years of suffering have worn me out. This is my last hope." And she presses through the crowd still further and reaches for Christ, but cannot quite touch Him. She pushes still further through the crowd and kneels and puts her finger to the edge of the blue fringe of the border. She just touches it. Quick as an electric shock there thrilled back into her shattered nerves and shrunken veins and exhausted arteries and panting lungs and withered muscles, health, beautiful health, rubicund health. God-given and complete health. The twelve years' march of pain and pang and suffering over suspension-bridge of nerve and through tunnel of bone instantly halted.

Christ recognizes somehow that magnetic and healthful influence through the medium of the blue fringe of His garment had shot out. He turns and looks upon that excited crowd, and startles them with the interrogatory of my text: "Who touched me?" The insolent crowd in substance replied, "How do we know? You get in a crowd like this and you must expect to be jostled. You ask us a question you know we cannot answer." But the roseate and rejuvenated woman came up and knelt in front of Christ, and told of the touch, and told of the restoration, and Jesus said: "Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole. Go in peace." So Mark gives us a dramatization of the Gospel. Oh, what a doctor Christ is! In every one of our households may He be the family physician.

Notice that there is no addition of help to others without subtraction of power from ourselves. The context says that as soon as this woman was healed, Jesus felt that virtue or strength had gone out of Him. No addition of help to others without subtraction of strength from ourselves. Did you never get tired for others? Have you never risked your health for others? Have you never preached a sermon, or delivered an exhortation, or offered a burning prayer, and then felt afterward that strength had gone out of you? Then you have never imitated Christ.

Are you curious to know how that garment of Christ should have wrought such a cure for this suppliant invalid? I suppose that Christ was surcharged with vitality. You know

that diseases may be conveyed from city to city by garments as in case of epidemic, and so I suppose that garments may be surcharged with health. I suppose that Christ had such physical magnetism that it permeated all His robe down to the last thread on the border of the blue fringe. But in addition to that there was a divine thrill, there was a miraculous potency, there was an omnipotent therapeutics without which this twelve years' invalid would not have been instantly restored.

Now, if omnipotence cannot help others without depletion, how can we ever expect to bless the world without self-sacrifice? A man who gives to some Christian object until he feels it, a man who in his occupation or profession overworks that he may educate his children, a man who on Sunday night goes home, all his nervous energy wrung out by active service in church, or Sabbath-school, or city evangelization, has imitated Christ, and the strength has gone out of him. A mother who robs herself of sleep in behalf of a sick-cradle, a wife who bears up cheerfully under domestic misfortune that she may encourage her husband in the combat against disaster, a woman who by hard saving and earnest prayer and good counsel, wisely given, and many years devoted to rearing her family for God and usefulness and heaven, and who has nothing to show for it but premature gray hairs and a profusion of deep wrinkles, is like Christ, and strength has gone out of her. That strength or virtue may have gone out through a garment she has made for the home, that strength may have gone out through the sock you knit for the barefoot destitute, that strength may go out through the mantle hung up in some closet after you are dead. So a crippled child sat every morning on her father's front step so that when the kind Christian teacher passed by to school she might take hold of her dress and let the dress slide through her pale fingers. She said it helped her pain so much and made her so happy all the day. Aye, have we not in all our dwellings garments of the departed, a touch of which thrills us through and through? the life of those who are gone thrilling through the life of those who stay. But mark you the principle I evolve from this subject. No addition of health to others unless there be a subtraction of strength from ourselves. He felt that strength had gone out of Him.

Notice also in this subject a Christ sensitive to human touch. We talk about God on a vast scale so much we hardly appreciate His accessibility. God in magnitude rather than God in minutia, God in the infinite rather than God in the infinitesimal; but here in my text we have a God arrested by a suffering touch. When in the sham trial of Christ they struck Him on the cheek we can realize how that cheek tingled with pain. When under the scourging the rod struck the shoulders and back of Christ, we can realize how he must have writhed under the lacerations. But here there is a sick and nerveless finger that just touches the long threads of the blue fringe of His coat, and He looks around and says, "Who touched Me?"

We talk about sensitive people, but Christ was the impersonation of all sensitiveness. The

slightest stroke of the smallest finger of human disability makes all the nerves of His head and heart and hand and feet vibrate. It is not a stolid Christ, not a phlegmatic Christ, not a preoccupied Christ, not a hard Christ, not an iron-cased Christ, but an exquisitely sensitive Christ that my text unveils. All the things that touch us touch Him, if by the hand of prayer we make the connecting line between Him and ourselves complete. Mark you, this invalid of the text might have walked through that crowd all day and cried about her suffering, and no relief would have come if she had not touched Him. When in your prayer you lay your hand on Christ you touch all the sympathies of an ardent and glowing and responsive nature.

You know that in telegraphy there are two currents of electricity. So when you put out your hand of prayer to Christ there are two currents—a current of sorrow rolling up from your heart to Christ, and a current of commiseration rolling from the heart of Christ to you. Two currents. Oh, why do you go unhelped? Why do you go wondering about this and wondering about that? Why do you not touch Him?

Are you sick? I do not think you are any worse off than this invalid of the text. Have you had a long struggle? I do not think it has been more than twelve years. Is your case hopeless? So was this of which my text is the diagnosis and prognosis. "Oh," you say, "there are so many things between me and God." There was a whole mob between this invalid and Christ. She pressed through and I guess you can press through.

Is your trouble a home trouble? Christ shows Himself especially sympathetic with questions of domesticity, as when at the wedding in Cana He alleviated a housekeeper's predicament, as when tears rushed forth at the broken home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. Men are sometimes ashamed to weep. There are men who if the tears start will conceal them. They think it is unmanly to cry. They do not seem to understand it is manliness and evidence of a great heart. I am afraid of a man who does not know how to cry. The Christ of the text was not ashamed to cry over human misfortune. Look at that deep lake of tears opened by the two words of the evangelist: "Jesus wept!" Behold Christ on the only day of His earthly triumph marching on Jerusalem, the glittering domes obliterated by the blinding rain of tears in His eyes and on His cheek; for when He beheld the city He wept over it. O man of the many trials, O woman of the heartbreak, why do you not touch Him?

"Oh," says some one, "Christ don't care for me. Christ is looking the other way. Christ has the vast affairs of His kingdom to look after. He has the armies of sin to overthrow, and there are so many worse cases of trouble than mine He doesn't care about me, and His face is turned the other way." So His back was turned to this invalid of the text. He was on His way to effect a cure which was famous and popular and wide-resounding. But the context says, "He turned Him about." If He was facing to the north He turned to the south;

if He was facing to the east He turned to the west. What turned Him about? The Bible says He has no shadow of turning. He rides on in His chariot through the eternities. He marches on crushing sceptres as though they were the crackling alders of a brook's bank, and tossing thrones on either side of Him without stopping to look which way they fall. From everlasting to everlasting. "He turned Him about." He whom all the allied armies of hell cannot stop a minute or divert an inch, by the wan, sick, nerveless finger of human suffering turned clear about.

Oh, what comfort there is in this subject for people who are called nervous. Of course, it is a misapplied word in that case, but I use it in the ordinary parlance. After twelve years of suffering, oh, what nervous depression she must have had. You all know that a good deal of medicine taken if it does not cure leaves the system exhausted, and in the Bible in so many words she "had suffered many things of many physicians, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse." She was as nervous as nervous could be. She knew all about insomnia and about the awful apprehension of something going to happen, and irritability about little things that in health would not have perturbed her. I warrant you it was not a straight stroke she gave to the garment of Christ, but a trembling forearm, and an uncertain motion of the hand, and a quivering finger with which she missed the mark toward which she aimed. She did not touch the garment just where she expected to touch it.

When I see this nervous woman coming to the Lord Jesus Christ, I say she is making the way for all nervous people. Nervous people do not get much sympathy. If a man breaks his arm everybody is sorry and they talk about it all up and down the street. If a woman has an eye put out by accident, they say: "That's a dreadful thing." Everybody is asking about her convalescence. But when a person is suffering under the ailment of which I am now speaking, they say: "Oh, that's nothing, she's a little nervous, that's all," putting a slight upon the most agonizing of suffering.

Now, I have a new prescription to give you. I do not ask you to discard human medicament. I believe in it. When the slightest thing occurs in the way of sickness in my household, we always run for the doctor. I do not want to despise medicine. If you cannot sleep nights do not despise bromide of potassium. If you have nervous paroxysm do not despise morphine. If you want to strengthen up your system do not despise quinine as a tonic. Use all right and proper medicines. But I want you to bring your insomnia, and bring your irritability, and bring all your weaknesses, and with them touch Christ. Touch Him not only on the hem of His garments, but touch Him on the shoulder where He carries our burden, touch Him on the head where He remembers all our sorrows, touch Him on the heart, the centre of all His sympathies. Oh yes, Paul was right when he said, "We have not a high priest who cannot be touched."

The fact is Christ Himself was nervous. All

those nights out of doors in malarial districts where an Englishman or an American dies if he goes at certain seasons. Sleeping out of doors so many nights, as Christ did, and so hungry, and His feet wet with the wash of the sea, and the wilderness tramp and the persecution and the outrage must have broken down His nervous system: a fact proved by the statement that He lived so short a time on the cross. That is a lingering death ordinarily, and many a sufferer on the cross has writhed in pain twenty-four hours, forty-eight hours. Christ lived only six. Why? He was exhausted before He mounted the bloody tree. Oh, it is a worn-out Christ, sympathetic with all people worn out.

A Christian woman went to the tract house in New York, and asked for tracts for distribution. The first day she was out on her Christian errand she saw a policeman taking an intoxicated woman to the station house. After the woman was discharged from custody, this Christian tract distributor saw her coming away all unkempt and unlovely. The tract distributor went up, threw her arms around her neck, and kissed her. The woman said, "O my God, why do you kiss me?" "Well," replied the other, "I think Jesus Christ told me to." "Oh, no," the woman said, "don't you kiss me; it breaks my heart: nobody has kissed me since my mother died." But that sisterly kiss brought her to Christ, started her on the road to heaven. The world wants sympathy; it is dying for sympathy, large-hearted, Christian sympathy. There is omnipotence in the touch. Oh, I am so glad that when we touch Christ, Christ touches us. The knuckles and the limbs and the joints all falling apart with that living death called the leprosy, a man is brought to Christ. A hundred doctors could not cure him. The wisest surgery would stand appalled before that loathsome patient. What did Christ do? He did not amputate, He did not poultice, He did not scarify. He touched him and he was well. The mother-in-law of the Apostle Peter was in a raging fever; brain fever, typhoid fever, or what, I do not know. Christ was the Physician. He offered no febrifuge, He prescribed no drops, He did not put her on plain diet. He touched her and she was perfectly well. Two blind men come stumbling into a room where Christ is. They are entirely sightless. Christ did not lift the eyelid to see whether it was cataract or ophthalmia. He did not put the men into a dark room for three or four weeks. He touched them and they saw everything. A man came to Christ. The drum of his ear had ceased to vibrate and he had a stuttering tongue. Christ touched the ear and he heard, touched his tongue and he articulated. There is a funeral coming out of that gate, a widow following her only boy to the grave. Christ cannot stand it, and He puts His hand on the hearse and the obsequies turn into a resurrection day.

O my brother, I am so glad when we touch Christ with our sorrows He touches us. When out of your grief and vexation you put your hand on Christ, it wakens all human reminiscence. Are we tempted? He was tempted. Are we sick? He was sick. Are we persecut-

ed? He was persecuted. Are we bereft? He was bereft.

St. Yoo of Kermartin one morning went out and saw a beggar asleep on his doorstep. The beggar had been all night in the cold. The next night St. Yoo compelled this beggar to come up in the house and sleep in the saint's bed while St. Yoo passed the night on the doorstep in the cold. Somebody asked him why that eccentricity. He replied, "It isn't an eccentricity; I want to know how the poor suffer, I want to know their agonies that I may sympathize with them, and therefore I slept on this cold step last night." That is the way Christ knows so much about our sorrows. He slept on the cold doorstep of an inhospitable world that would not let Him in. He is sympathetic now with all the suffering and all the tried and all the perplexed. Oh, why do you not go and touch Him?

You utter your voice in ■ mountain pass and there come back ten echoes, twenty echoes, thirty echoes perhaps, weird echoes. Every voice of prayer, every ascription of praise, every groan of distress has divine response and celestial reverberation, and all the galleries of heaven are filled with sympathetic echoes, and throngs of ministering angels echo, and the temples of

the redeemed echo, and the hearts of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost echo and re-echo.

I preach ■ Christ so near you can touch Him—touch Him with your guilt and get pardon—touch Him with your trouble and get comfort—touch Him with your bondage and get manumission. You have seen a man take hold of an electric chain. A man can with one hand take one end of the chain and with the other hand he may take hold of the other end of the chain. Then ■ hundred persons taking hold of that chain will all together feel the electric power. You have seen that experiment. Well, Christ with one wounded hand takes hold of one end of the electric chain of love and with the other wounded hand takes hold of the other end of the electric chain of love, and all earthly and angelic beings may lay hold of that chain, and around and around in sublime and everlasting circuit runs the thrill of terrestrial and celestial and brotherly and saintly and cherubic and seraphic and archangelic and divine sympathy. So that if this morning Christ should sweep His hand over this audience and say, "Who touched me?" there would be hundreds and thousands of voices responding: "I! I! I!"

BUSINESS LIFE.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, November 11, 1883.

"Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord,"—ROM. 12 : 11.

INDUSTRY, devoutness and Christian service—all commended in that short text. "What ! is it possible that they shall be conjoined ?" Oh, yes. There is no war between religion and business, between ledgers and Bibles, between churches and country houses. On the contrary, religion accelerates business, sharpens men's wits, sweetens acerbity of disposition, fills the blood of phlegmatics, and throws more velocity into the wheels of hard work. It gives better balancing to the judgment, more strength to the will, more muscle to industry, and throws into enthusiasm a more consecrated fire. You cannot in all the round of the world show me a man whose honest business has been despoiled by religion.

The industrial classes are divided into three groups : producers, manufacturers, traders. Producers, such as farmers and miners. Manufacturers, such as those who turn corn into food, and wool and flax into apparel. Traders, such as make profit out of the transfer and exchange of all that which is produced and manufactured. A business man may belong to any one or all of these classes, and not one is independent of any other. When the Prince Imperial of France fell on the Zulu battle-field because the strap fastening the stirrup to the saddle broke as he clung to it, his comrades all escaping, but he falling under the lances of the savages, a great many people blamed the Empress for allowing her son to go forth into that battle-field, and others blamed the English Government for accepting the sacrifice, and others blamed the Zulus for their barbarism. The one most to blame was the harness-maker who fashioned that strap of the stirrup out of shoddy and imperfect material as it was found to have been afterward. If the strap had held, the Prince Imperial would probably have been alive to-day. But the strap broke. No prince independent of a harness-maker ! High, low, wise, ignorant, you in one occupation, I in another, all bound together. So that there must be one continuous line of sympathy with each other's work. But whatever your vocation, if you have a multiplicity of engagements, if into your life there come losses and annoyances and perturbations as well as percentages and dividends, if you are pursued from Monday morning until Saturday night, and from January to January by inexorable obligation and duty, then you are a business man, or you are a business

woman, and my subject is appropriate to your case.

We are under the impression that the moil and tug of business life are a prison into which a man is thrust, or that it is an unequal strife where unarmed a man goes forth to contend. I shall show you this morning that business life was intended of God for grand and glorious education and discipline, and if I shall be helped to say what I want to say, I shall rub some of the wrinkles of care out of your brow, and unstrap some of the burdens from your back. I am not talking to an abstraction. Though never having been in business life, I know all about business men. In my first parish at Belleville, New Jersey, ten miles from New York, a large portion of my audience was made up of New York merchants. Then I went to Syracuse, a place of intense commercial activity, and then I went to Philadelphia, and lived long among the merchants of that city, than whom there are no better men on earth, and for more than fourteen years I have stood in this presence, Sabbath by Sabbath, preaching to audiences, the majority of whom are business men and business women. It is not an abstraction to which I speak, but a reality with which I am well acquainted.

In the first place, I remark that business life was intended as a school of energy. God gives us a certain amount of raw material out of which we are to hew our character. Our faculties are to be reset, rounded and sharpened up. Our young folks having graduated from school or college need a higher education, that which the rasping and collision of every-day life alone can effect. Energy is wrought out only in a fire. After a man has been in business activity ten, twenty, thirty years his energy is not to be measured by weights or plummets or ladders. There is no height it cannot scale, and there is no depth it cannot fathom, and there is no obstacle it cannot thrash.

Now, my brother, why did God put you in that school of energy ? Was it merely that you might be a yardstick to measure cloth, or a steelyard to weigh flour ? Was it merely that you might be better qualified to chaffer and higgler ? No. God placed you in that school of energy that you might be developed for Christian work. If the undeveloped talents in the Christian churches of to-day were brought out

and thoroughly harnessed, I believe the whole earth would be converted to God in a twelve-month. There are so many deep streams that are turning no mill-wheels and that are harnessed to no factory bands.

Now, God demands the best lamb out of every flock. He demands the richest sheaf of every harvest. He demands the best men of every generation. A cause in which Newton and Locke and Mansfield toiled you and I can afford to toil in. Oh, for fewer idlers in the cause of Christ, and for more Christian workers, men who shall take the same energy that from Monday morning to Saturday night they put forth for the achievement of a livelihood or the gathering of a fortune, and on Sabbath days put it forth to the advantage of Christ's kingdom and the bringing of men to the Lord.

Dr. Duff visited, he said, in South Wales, and he saw a man who had inherited a great fortune. The man said to him: "I had to be very busy for many years of my life getting my livelihood. After a while this fortune came to me, and there has been no necessity that I toil since. There came a time when I said to myself, 'Shall I now retire from business, or shall I go on and serve the Lord in my worldly occupation?'" He said: "I resolved on the latter, and I have been more industrious in commercial circles than I ever was before, and since that hour I have never kept a farthing for myself. I have thought it to be a great shame if I couldn't toil as hard for the Lord as I had toiled for myself, and all the products of my factories and my commercial establishments to the last farthing have gone for the building of Christian institutions and supporting the Church of God." Oh, if the same energy put forth for the world could be put forth for God! Oh, if a thousand men in these great cities who have achieved a fortune could see it their duty now to do all business for Christ and the alleviation of the world's suffering!

Again, I remark, that business life is a school of patience. In your every-day life how many things to annoy and to disquiet! Bargains will rub. Commercial men will sometimes fail to meet their engagements. Cash book and money drawer will sometimes quarrel. Goods ordered for a special emergency will come too late, or be damaged in the transportation. People intending no harm will go shopping without any intention of purchase, overturning great stocks of goods, and insisting that you break the dozen. More bad debts on the ledger. More counterfeit bills in the drawer. More debts to pay for other people. More meannesses on the part of partners in business. Annoyance after annoyance, vexation after vexation, and loss after loss. All that process will either break you down or brighten you up. It is a school of patience. You have known men under the process to become petulant, and choleric, and angry, and pugnacious, and cross, and sour, and queer, and they lost their customers, and their name became a detestation. Other men have been brightened up under the process. They were toughened by the exposure. They were like rocks, all the more valuable for being blasted. At first they had to choke down their wrath, at

first they had to bite their lip, at first they thought of some stinging retort they would like to make; but they conquered their impatience. They have kind words now for sarcastic flings. They have gentle behavior now for unmannerly customers. They are patient now with unfortunate debtors. They have Christian reflections now for sudden reverses. Where did they get that patience? By hearing a minister preach concerning it on Sabbath? Oh, no. They got it just where you will get it—if you ever get it at all—selling hats, discounting notes, turning banisters, ploughing corn, tinning roofs, pleading causes. Oh, that amid the turmoil and anxiety and exasperation of every-day life you might hear the voice of God saying: "In patience possess your soul." "Let patience have her perfect work."

I remark again, that, business life is a school of useful knowledge. Merchants do not read many books and do not study lexicons. They do not dive into profounds of learning, and yet nearly all through their occupations come to understand questions of finance, and politics, and geography, and jurisprudence, and ethics. Business is a severe schoolmistress. If pupils will not learn she strikes them over the head and the heart with severe losses. You put \$5000 into an enterprise. It is all gone. You say, "That is a dead loss." Oh, no. You are paying the schooling. That was only tuition, very large tuition—I told you it was a severe schoolmistress—but it was worth it. You learned things under that process you would not have learned in any other way.

Traders in grain come to know something about foreign harvests; traders in fruit come to know something about the prospects of tropical production; manufacturers of American goods come to understand the tariff on imported articles; publishers of books must come to understand the new law of copyright; owners of ships must come to know winds and shoals and navigation; and every bale of cotton, and every raisin-cask, and every tea-box, and ever cluster of bananas is so much literature for a business man. Now, my brother, what are you going to do with the intelligence? Do you suppose God put you in this school of information merely that you might be sharper in a trade, that you might be more successful as a worldling? Oh, no; it was that you might take that useful information and use it for Jesus Christ.

Can it be that you have been dealing with foreign lands and never had the missionary spirit, wishing the salvation of foreign people? Can it be that you have become acquainted with all the outrages inflicted in business life and that you have never tried to bring to bear that Gospel which is to extirpate all evil and correct all wrongs and illumine all darkness and lift up all wretchedness and save men for this world and the world to come? Can it be that understanding all the intricacies of business you know nothing about those things which will last after all bills of exchange and consignments and invoices and rent rolls shall have crumpled up and been consumed in the fires of the last great day? Can it be that a man will be wise for time and a fool for eternity?

I remark, also, that business life is a school for integrity. No man knows what he will do until he is tempted. There are thousands of men who have kept their integrity merely because they never have been tested. A man was elected treasurer of the State of Maine some years ago. He was distinguished for his honesty, usefulness and uprightness, but before one year had passed he had taken of the public funds for his own private use, and was hurled out of office in disgrace. Distinguished for virtue before. Distinguished for crime after. You can call over the names of men just like that, in whose honesty you had complete confidence, but placed in certain crises of temptation they went overboard. Never so many temptations to scoundrelism as now. Not a law on the statute book but has some back door through which a miscreant can escape. Ah! how many deceptions in the fabric of goods; so much plundering in commercial life that if a man talk about living a life of complete commercial accuracy there are those who ascribe it to greenness and lack of tact. More need of honesty now than ever before, tried honesty, complete honesty, more than in those times when business was a plain affair and woollens were woollens and silks were silks and men were men. How many men do you suppose there are in commercial life who could say truthfully, "In all the sales I have ever made I have never overstated the value of goods; in all the sales I have ever made I have never covered up an imperfection in the fabric; of all the thousands of dollars I have ever made I have not taken one dishonest farthing?" There are men, however, who can say it, hundreds who can say it, thousands who can say it. They are more honest than when they sold their first tierce of rice, or their first firkin of butter, because their honesty and integrity have been tested, tried and came out triumphant. But they remember a time when they could have robbed a partner, or have absconded with the funds of a bank, or sprung a snap judgment, or made a false assignment, or borrowed illimitably without any efforts at payment, or got a man into a sharp corner and fleeced him. But they never took one step on that pathway of hell fire. They can say their prayers without hearing the chink of dishonest dollars. They can read their Bible without thinking of the time when with a lie on their soul in the Custom House they kissed the Book. They can think of death and the judgment that comes after it without any flinching—that day when all charlatans and cheats and jockeys and frauds shall be doubly damned. It does not make their knees knock together, and it does not make their teeth chatter to read "as the partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool."

Oh, what a school of integrity business life is! If you have ever been tempted to let your integrity cringe before present advantage, if you have ever wakened up in some embarrassment, and said: "Now, I'll step a little aside from the right path and no one will know it, and I'll come all right again, it is only once." Oh, that only once has ruined tens of thousands of men

for this life and blasted their souls for eternity. It is a tremendous school—business life, a school of integrity.

A merchant in Liverpool got a five-pound Bank-of-England note, and holding it up toward the light he saw some interlineations in what seemed red ink. He finally deciphered the letters, and found out that the writing had been made by a slave in Algiers, saying in substance: "Whoever gets this bank-note will please to inform my brother, John Dean, living near Carlisle, that I am a slave of the Bey of Algiers." The merchant sent word, employed government officers, and found who this man was spoken of in this bank bill. After a while the man was rescued, who for eleven years had been a slave of the Bey of Algiers. He was immediately emancipated, but was so worn out by hardship and exposure he soon after died. Oh, if some of the bank bills that come through your hands could tell all the scenes through which they have passed, it would be a tragedy eclipsing any drama of Shakespeare, mightier than King Lear or Macbeth.

As I go on in this subject, I am impressed with the importance of our having more sympathy with business men. Is it not a shame that we in our pulpits do not oftener preach about their struggles, their trials, and their temptations? Men who toil with the hand are not apt to be very sympathetic with those who toil with the brain. The farmers who raise the corn and the oats and the wheat sometimes are tempted to think that grain merchants have an easy time, and get their profits without giving any equivalent. Plato and Aristotle were so opposed to merchandise that they declared commerce to be the curse of the nations, and they advised that cities be built at least ten miles from the sea-coast. But you and I know that there are no more industrious or high-minded men than those who move in the world of traffic. Some of them carry burdens heavier than hods of brick, and are exposed to sharper things than the east wind, and climb mountains higher than the Alps or Himalaya, and if they are faithful Christ will at last say to them: "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

We talk about the martyrs of the Piedmont valley, and the martyrs among the Scotch highlands, and the martyrs at Oxford. There are just as certainly *martyrs of Wall Street* and *State Street*, martyrs of *Fulton Street* and *Broadway*, martyrs of *Atlantic Street* and *Chestnut Street*, going through hotter fires, or having their necks under sharper axes. Then it behooves us to banish all fretfulness from our lives, if this be true. We look back to the time when we were at school, and we remember the rod, and we remember the hard tasks, and we complained grievously; but now we see it was for the best. Business life is a school, and the tasks are hard, and the chastisements sometimes are very grievous; but do not complain. The hotter the fire the better the refining. There are men before the throne of God this day in triumph who on earth were cheated out of everything but their

coffin. They were sued, they were imprisoned for debt, they were throttled by constables with a whole pack of writs, they were sold out of the sheriffs, they had to compromise with their creditors, they had to make assignments. Their dying hours were annoyed by the sharp ringing of the door-bell by some impetuous creditor who thought it was outrageous and impudent that a man should dare to die before he paid the last three shillings and sixpence.

I had a friend who had many misfortunes. Everything went against him. He had good business quality and was of the best of morals, but he was one of those men such as you have sometimes seen, for whom everything seems to go wrong. His life became to him a plague. When I heard he was dead, I said: "Good, got rid of the sheriffs!" Who are those lustrous souls before the throne? When the question is asked, "Who are they?" the angels standing on the sea of glass respond: "These are they who came out of great business trouble and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

A man arose in Fulton Street prayer-meeting, and said: "I wish publicly to acknowledge the goodness of God. I was in business trouble. I had money to pay, and I had no means to pay it, and I was in utter despair of all human help, and I laid this matter before the Lord, and this morning I went down among some old business friends I had not seen in many years just to make a call, and one said to me, 'Why, I am so glad to see you, walk in. We have some money on our books due you a good while, but we didn't know where you were, and therefore not having your address we could not send it. We are very glad you have come.'" And the man standing in Fulton Street prayer-meeting said: "The amount they paid me was six times what I owed." You say it only happened so? You

are an infidel. God answered that man's prayer. Oh, you want business grace. Commercial ethics, business honor. Laws of trade are all very good in their place, but there are times when you want something more than this world will give you. You want God. For the lack of Him some that you have known have consented to forge, and to maltreat their friends, and to curse their enemies, and their names have been bulletined among scoundrels, and they have been ground to powder; while other men you have known have gone through the very same stress of circumstances triumphant.

There are men here to-day who fought the battle and gained the victory. People come out of that man's store, and they say: "Well, if there ever was a Christian trader, that is one." Integrity kept the books and waited on the customers. Light from the eternal world flashed through the show windows. Love to God and love to man presided in that storehouse. Some day people going through the street notice that the shutters of the window are not down. The bar of that store door has not been removed. People say, "What is the matter?" You go up a little closer, and you see written on the card of that window: "Closed on account of the death of one of the firm." That day all through the circles of business there is talk about how a good man has gone. Boards of trade pass resolutions of sympathy, and churches of Christ pray, "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth." He has made his last bargain, he has suffered his last loss, he has ached with the last fatigue. His children will get the result of his industry, or, if through misfortune there be no dollars left, they will have an estate of prayer and Christian example which will be everlasting. Heavenly rewards for earthly discipline. There "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

THE POUTING SON.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, March 14, 1880.

And he was angry, and would not go in."—LUKE 15 : 28.

MANY times have I been asked to preach a sermon about the elder brother of the parable. I received a letter this week from Canada, saying, "Is the elder son of the parable so unsympathetic and so cold that he is not worthy of recognition?" The fact is that we ministers pursue the younger son. You can hear the flapping of his rags in many a sermonic breeze, and the cranching of the pods for which he was an unsuccessful contestant. I confess that never before now have I been able to train the *camera obscura* upon the elder son of the parable. I never could get a negative for a photograph. There was not enough light in the gallery, or the chemicals were poor, or the sitter moved in the picture. But now I think I have him. Not a side-face, or a three-quarters, or the mere bust, but a full-length portrait as he appears to me. The father in the parable of the prodigal had nothing to brag of in his two sons. The one was a rake and the other a churl. I find nothing admirable in the dissoluteness of the one, and I find nothing attractive in the acrid sobriety of the other. The one goes down over the larboard side, and the other goes down over the starboard side; but they both go down.

From all the windows of the old homestead bursts the minstrelsy. The floor quakes with the feet of the rustics, whose dance is always vigorous and resounding. The neighbors have heard of the return of the younger son from his wanderings, and they have gathered together. The house is full of congratulators. I suppose the tables are loaded with luxuries. Not only the one kind of meat mentioned, but its concomitants. "Clap!" go the cymbals, "thrum!" go the harps, "click!" go the chalices, up and down go the feet inside, while outside is a most sorry spectacle.

The senior son stands at the corner of the house, a frigid phlegmatic. He has just come in from the fields in very substantial apparel. Seeing some wild exhilarations around the old mansion, he asks of a servant passing by with a goat-skin of wine on his shoulder what all the fuss is about. One would have thought that, on hearing that his younger brother had got back, he would have gone into the house and rejoiced, and if he were not conscientiously opposed to dancing, that he would have joined in the Oriental schottische. No. There he stands. His brow lowers. His face darkens. His lip curls with contempt. He stamps the ground with in-

dignation. He sees nothing at all to attract. The odors of the feast coming out on the air do not sharpen his appetite. The lively music does not put any spring into his step. He is in a terrible pout. He criticises the expense, the injustice, and the morals of the entertainment. The father rushes out bare-headed, and coaxes him to come in. He will not go in. He scolds the father. He goes into a pasquinade against the younger brother, and he makes the most uncomely scene. He says, "Father, you put a premium on vagabondism. I stayed at home and worked on the farm. You never made a party for me; you didn't so much as kill a kid; that wouldn't have cost half as much as a calf; but this scapegrace went off in fine clothes, and he comes back not fit to be seen, and what a time you make over him! He breaks your heart, and you pay him for it. That calf to which we have been giving extra feed during all these weeks wouldn't be so fat and sleek if I had known to what use you were going to put it! That vagabond deserves to be cowed instead of banqueted. Veal is too good for him!" That evening, while the younger son sat telling his father about his adventures, and asking about what had occurred on the place since his departure, the senior brother goes to bed disgusted, and slams the door after him. That senior brother still lives. You can see him any Sunday, any day of the week. At a meeting of ministers in Germany some one asked the question, "Who is that elder son?" and Krummacher answered, "I know him; I saw him yesterday." And when they insisted upon knowing whom he meant, he said, "Myself; when I saw the account of the conversion of a most obnoxious man, I was irritated."

First, this senior brother of the text stands for the self-congratulatory, self-satisfied, self-worshipful man. With the same breath in which he vituperates against his younger brother he utters a panegyric for himself. The self-righteous man of my text, like every other self-righteous man, was full of faults. He was an ingrate, for he did not appreciate the home blessings which he had all those years. He was disobedient, for when the father told him to come in he stayed out. He was a liar, for he said that the recreant son had devoured his father's living, when the father, so far from being reduced to penury, had a homestead left, had instruments of music, had jewels, had a

mansion, and instead of being a pauper, was a prince. This senior brother, with so many faults of his own, was merciless in his criticism of the younger brother. The only perfect people that I have ever known were utterly obnoxious. I was never so badly cheated in all my life as by a perfect man. He got so far up in his devotions that he was clear up above all the rules of common honesty. These men that go about prowling among prayer-meetings, and in places of business, telling how good they are—look out for them; keep your hand on your pocket-book! I have noticed that just in proportion as a man gets good he gets humble. The deep Mississippi does not make as much noise as the brawling mountain rivulet. There has been many a store that had more goods in the show-window than inside on the shelves.

This self-righteous man of the text stood at the corner of the house hugging himself in admiration. We hear a great deal in our day about the higher life. Now there are two kinds of higher-life men. The one are admirable, and the other are most repulsive. The one kind of higher-life man is very lenient in his criticism of others, does not bore prayer-meetings to death with long harangues, does not talk a great deal about himself, but much about Christ and heaven, gets kindlier and more gentle and more useful until one day his soul spreads a wing and he flies away to eternal rest, and everybody mourns his departure. The other higher-life man goes around with a Bible conspicuously under his arm, goes from church to church, a sort of general evangelist, is a nuisance to his own pastor when he is at home, and a nuisance to other pastors when he is away from home; runs up to some man who is counting out a roll of bank bills, or running up a difficult line of figures, and asks him how his soul is; makes religion a dose of ipecacuanha; standing in a religious meeting making an address, he has a patronizing way, as though ordinary Christians were clear away down below him, so he had to talk at the top of his voice in order to make them hear, but at the same time encouraging them to hope on; that by climbing many years they may after a while come up within sight of the place where he now stands! I tell you plainly that a roaring, roystering, bouncing sinner is not so repulsive to me as that higher-life malformation. The former may repent; the latter never gets over his pharisaism. The younger brother of the parable came back, but the senior brother stands outside entirely oblivious of his own delinquencies and deficits, pronouncing his own eulogium. Oh, how much easier it is to blame others than to blame ourselves! Adam blamed Eve, Eve blamed the serpent, the serpent blamed the devil, the senior brother blamed the younger brother, and none of them blamed themselves.

Again, the senior brother of my text stands for all those who are faithless about the reformation of the dissipated and the dissolute. In the very tones of his voice you can hear the fact that he has no faith that the reformation of the younger son is genuine. His entire manner seems to say, "That boy has come back for more money. He got a third of the property; now

he has come back for another third. He will never be contented to stay on the farm. He will fall away. I would go in too and rejoice with the others if I thought this thing was genuine; but it is a sham. That boy is a confirmed inebriate and debauchee." Alas! my friends, for the incredulity in the Church of Christ in regard to the reclamation of the recreant. You say a man has been a strong drinker. I say, "Yes, but he has reformed." "Oh," you say, with a lugubrious face, "I hope you are not mistaken, I hope you are not mistaken." You say, "Don't rejoice too much over his conversion, for soon he will be unconverted, I fear. Don't make too big a party for that returned prodigal, or strike the timbrel too loud; and if you kill a calf, kill the one that is on the commons and not the one that has been luxuriating in the paddock." That is the reason why more prodigals do not come home to their father's house. It is the rank infidelity in the Church of God on this subject. There is not a house on the streets of heaven that has not in it a prodigal that returned and stayed home. There could be unrolled before you a scroll of a hundred thousand names—the names of prodigals who came back forever reformed. Who was John Bunyan? A returned prodigal. Who was Richard Baxter? A returned prodigal. Who was George Whitefield, the thunderer? A returned prodigal. And I could go out in all the aisles of this church to-day and find on either side those who, once far astray for many years, have been faithful, and their eternal salvation is as sure as though they had been ten years in heaven. And yet some of you have not enough faith in their return.

You do not know how to shake hands with a prodigal. You do not know how to pray for him. You do not know how to greet him. He wants to sail into the warm gulf-stream of Christian sympathy. You are the iceberg against which he strikes and shivers. You say he has been a prodigal. I know it, but you are the sour, unresponsive, censorious, saturnine, cranky elder brother, and if you are going to heaven one would think some people would be tempted to go to perdition to get away from you. The hunters say that if a deer be shot the other deer shove him out of their company, and the general rule is, away with a man that has been wounded with sin. Now, I say, the more bones a man has broken the more need he has of a hospital, and that the more a man has been bruised and cut with sin the more need he has to be carried into human and divine sympathy. But for such men there is not much room in this world—the men who want to come back after wandering. Plenty of room for elegant sinners, for sinners in velvet and satin and lace, for sinners high-salaried, for kid-gloved and patent-leathered sinners, for sinners fixed up by hair-dresser, pomatumed and lavendered and cologned and frizzled and crimped and "banged" sinners—plenty of room! Such we meet elegantly at the door of our churches, and we invite them into the best seats with Chesterfieldian gallantries; we usher them into the house of God, and put soft ottomans under their feet, and put a gilt-edged prayer-book in their hands,

and pass the contribution box before them with an air of apology, while they, the generous souls! take out the exquisite portmonnaie, and open it, and with diamonded finger push down beyond the ten-dollar gold pieces and delicately pick out as an expression of gratitude their offering to the Lord, of one cent. For such sinners plenty of room, plenty of room. But for the man who has been drinking until his coat is threadbare and his face is erysipelated, and his wife's wedding-dress is in the pawnbroker's shop, and his children, instead of being in school, are out begging broken bread at the basement-doors of the city—the man, body, mind and soul on fire with the flames that have leaped from the scathing, scorching, blasting, blistering, consuming cup which the drunkard takes, trembling, and agonized, and affrighted, and presses to his parched lip, and his cracked tongue, and his shrieking yet immortal spirit—no room.

Oh, if this younger son of the parable had not gone so far off, if he had not dropped so low in wassail, the protest would not have been so severe; but, going clear over the precipice as the younger son did, the elder son is angry and will not go in.

Oh, be not so hard in your criticism of the fallen, lest thou thyself also be tempted. Do you know who that man was who, Sabbath before last, staggered up and down the aisle in this church, disturbing the service until the service had to stop until he was taken from the room? He was a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ in a sister denomination! That man had preached the Gospel, that man had broken the bread of the holy communion for the people. From what a height to what a depth! Oh, I was glad there was no smiling in the room when that man was taken out, his poor wife following him with his hat in her hand, and his coat on her arm. It was as solemn to me as two funerals—the funeral of the body and the funeral of the soul. Beware lest thou also be tempted!

An invalid went to South America for his health, and one day sat sunning himself on the beach when he saw something crawling up the beach, wriggling toward him, and he was affrighted. He thought it was a wild beast, or a reptile, and he took his pistol from his pocket. Then he saw it was not a wild beast. It was a man, an immortal man, a man made in God's own image; and the poor wretch crawled up to the feet of the invalid and asked for strong drink, and the invalid took his wine flask from his pocket, and gave the poor wretch something to drink, and then under the stimulus he rose up and gave his history. He had been a merchant in Glasgow, Scotland. He had gone down under the power of strong drink until he was so reduced in poverty that he was living in a boat just off the beach. "Why," said the invalid, "I knew a merchant in Glasgow once," a merchant by such and such a name; and the poor wretch straightened himself and said, "I am that man." "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

Again, I remark that the senior brother of my text stands for the spirit of envy and jealousy.

The senior brother thought that all the honor they did to the returned brother was a wrong to him. He said, "I have stayed at home, and I ought to have had the ring, and I ought to have had the banquet, and I ought to have had the garlands." Alas for this spirit of envy and jealousy coming down through the ages! Cain and Abel, Esau and Jacob, Saul and David, Haman and Mordecai, Othello and Iago, Orlando and Angelica, Caligula and Torquatus, Cæsar and Pompey, Columbus and the Spanish courtiers, Cambyases and the brother he slew because he was a better marksman. Dionysius and Philoxenus, whom he slew because he was a better singer. Jealousy among painters. Closterman and Geoffrey Kneller, Hudson and Reynolds. Francia, anxious to see a picture of Raphael, Raphael sends him a picture. Francia, seeing it, falls in a fit of jealousy from which he dies. Jealousy among authors. How seldom contemporaries speak of each other! Xenophon and Plato living at the same time, but from their writings you never would suppose they heard of each other. Religious jealousies. The Mohammedans praying for rain during a drought, no rain coming. Then the Christians begin to pray for rain, and the rain comes. Then the Mohammedans met together to account for this, and they resolved that God was so well pleased with their prayers He kept the drought on so as to keep them praying; but that the Christians began to pray, and the Lord was so disgusted with their prayers that He sent rain right away so He would not hear any more of their supplications. Oh, this accursed spirit of envy and jealousy! Let us stamp it out from all our hearts.

A wrestler was so envious of Theogenes, the prince of wrestlers, that he could not be consoled in any way; and after Theogenes died, and a statue was lifted to him in a public place, his envious antagonist went out every night and wrestled with the statue until one night he threw it, and it fell on him and crushed him to death. So jealousy is not only absurd, but it is killing to the body and it is killing to the soul. How seldom it is you find one merchant speaking well of a merchant in the same line of business. How seldom it is you hear a physician speaking well of a physician on the same block. Oh, my friends, the world is large enough for all of us. Let us rejoice at the success of others. The next best thing to owning a garden ourselves is to look over the fence and admire the flowers. The next best thing to riding in fine equipage is to stand on the street and admire the prancing span. The next best thing to having a banquet given to ourselves is having a banquet given to our prodigal brother that has come home to his father's house.

Besides that, if we do not get as much honor and as much attention as others, we ought to congratulate ourselves on what we escape in the way of assault. The French general, riding on horseback at the head of his troops, heard a soldier complain and say, "It is very easy for the general to command us forward while he rides and we walk." Then the general dismounted and compelled the complaining soldier to get on the horse. Coming through a ravine, a bullet

from a sharpshooter struck the rider, and he fell dead. Then the general said, "How much safer it is to walk than to ride!"

Once more I have to tell you that this senior brother of my text stands for the pouting Christian. While there is so much congratulation within doors, the hero of my text stands outside, the corners of his mouth drawn down, looking as he felt—miserable. I am glad his lugubrious physiognomy did not spoil the festivity within. How many pouting Christians there are in our day—Christians who do not like the music of the churches, Christians who do not like the hilarities of the young—pouting, pouting, pouting at society, pouting at the fashions, pouting at the newspapers, pouting at the church, pouting at the government, pouting at high heaven. Their spleen is too large; their liver does not work, their digestion is broken down. There are two cruets in their castor always sure to be well supplied—vinegar and red pepper! Oh, come away from that mood. Stir a little saccharine into your disposition. While you avoid dissoluteness of the younger son, avoid also the irascibility and the petulance and the pouting spirit of the elder son, and imitate the father, who had embraces for the returning prodigal and coaxing words for the splenetic malcontent.

Ah! the face of this pouting elder son is put before us in order that we might better see the radiant and forgiving face of the father. Contrasts are mighty. The artist, in sketching the field of Waterloo, years after the battle, put a dove in the mouth of the cannon. Raphael, in

one of his cartoons, beside the face of a wretch put the face of a happy and innocent child. And so the sour face of this irascible and disgusted elder brother is brought out in order that in the contrast we might better understand the forgiving and the radiant face of God. That is the meaning of it—that God is ready to take back anybody that is sorry, to take him clear back, to take him back forever, and forever, and forever, to take him back with a loving hug, to put a kiss on his parched lip, a ring on his bloated hand, an easy shoe on his chafed foot, a garland on his bleeding temples, and heaven in his soul. Oh, I fall flat on that mercy! Come, my brother, and let us get down into the dust, resolved never to rise until the Father's forgiving hand shall lift us.

Oh, what a God we have! Bring your doxologies. Come, earth and heaven, and join in the worship. Cry aloud. Lift the palm branches! Do you not feel the Father's arm around your neck? Do you not feel the warm breath of your Father against your cheek? Surrender, younger son! Surrender, elder son! Surrender, all! Oh, go in to-day and sit down at the banquet. Take a slice of the fatted calf, and afterward, when you are seated, with one hand in the hand of the returned brother, and the other hand in the hand of the rejoicing father, let your heart beat time to the clapping of the cymbal and the mellow voice of the flute. It is meet that we should make merry and be glad, for this, thy brother, was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found.

SILVER WINGS.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, March 21, 1880.

"Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."—PSALMS 68 : 13.

I SUPPOSE you know what the Israelites did down in Egyptian slavery. They made bricks. Amid the utensils of the brick-kiln there were also other utensils of cookery—the kettles, the pots, the pans, with which they prepared their daily food—and when these poor slaves, tired of the day's work, lay down to rest, they lay down amid the implements of cookery and the implements of hard work. When they arose in the morning they found their garments covered with the clay and the smoke and the dust, and besmirched and begrimed with the utensils of cookery. But after a while the Lord broke up that slavery, and He took these poor slaves into a land where they had better garb, bright and clean and beautiful apparel. No more bricks for them to make. Let Pharaoh make his own bricks. When David in my text comes to describe the transition of these poor Israelites from their bondage amid the brick-kilns into the glorious emancipation for which God had prepared them, he says, "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

Miss Whately, the author of a celebrated book, "Life in Egypt," said she sometimes saw people in the East cooking their food on the tops of houses, and that she had often seen, just before sundown, pigeons, doves, which had, during the heat of the day, been hiding among the kettles and the pans with which the food was prepared, picking up the crumbs that they might find—just about the hour of sunset would spread their wings and fly heavenward, entirely unsoiled by the region in which they had moved, for the pigeon is a very cleanly bird. And as these pigeons flew away the setting sun would throw silver on their wings and gold on their breasts. So you see it was not a far-fetched simile, or an unnatural comparison, when David in my text says to these emancipated Israelites, and says to all those who are brought out of any kind of trouble into any kind of spiritual joy, "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

Sin is the hardest of all taskmasters. Worse than Pharaoh, it keeps us trudging, trudging in a most degrading service; but after a while

Christ comes, and He says, "Let my people go," and we pass out from among the brick-kilns of sin into the glorious liberty of the Gospel; we put on the clean robes of a Christian profession, and when at last we soar away to the warm nest which God has provided for us in heaven, we shall go fairer than a dove, its wings covered with silver, and its feathers with yellow gold.

I am going to preach something this morning which some of you do not believe, and that is that the grandest possible adornment is the religion of Jesus Christ. There are a great many people who suppose that religion is a very different thing from what it really is. The reason men condemn the Bible is because they do not understand the Bible; they have not properly examined it. Dr. Johnson said that Hume told a minister in the bishopric of Durham that he had never particularly examined the New Testament, yet all his life warring against it. Halley, the astronomer, announced his scepticism to Sir Isaac Newton, and Sir Isaac Newton said, "Now, sir, I have examined the subject, and you have not, and I am ashamed that you, professing to be a philosopher, consent to condemn a thing you never have examined." And so men reject the religion of Jesus Christ because they really have never investigated it. They think it something impractical, something that will not work, something Pecksniffian, something hypocritical, something repulsive, when it is so bright and so beautiful you might compare it to a chaffinch, you might compare it to a robin redbreast, you might compare it to a dove, its wings covered with silver, and its feathers with yellow gold.

But how is it if a young man becomes a Christian? All through the club-rooms where he associates, all through the business circles where he is known, there is commiseration. They say, "What a pity that a young man who had such bright prospects should so have been despoiled by those Christians, giving up all his worldly prospects for something which is of no particular present worth!" Here is a young woman who becomes a Christian, her voice, her face, her manners the charm of the drawing-room. Now all through the fashionable circles the whisper goes, "What a pity that such a bright light should have been extinguished, that such a graceful gait should be crippled, that

such worldly prospects should be obliterated!" Ah! my friends, it can be shown that religion's ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace; that religion, instead of being dark, and doleful, and lachrymose, and repulsive, is bright and beautiful, fairer than a dove its wings covered with silver and its feathers with yellow gold.

See, in the first place, what religion will do for a man's heart. I care not how cheerful a man may naturally be before conversion, conversion brings him up to a higher standard of cheerfulness. I do not say he will laugh any louder, I do not say but that he may stand back from some forms of hilarity in which he once indulged; but there comes into his soul an immense satisfaction. A young man, not a Christian, depends upon worldly successes to keep his spirits up. Now he is prospered, now he has large salary, now he has a beautiful wardrobe, now he has pleasant friends, now he has more money than he knows well how to spend, everything goes bright and well with him. But trouble comes—there are many young men in the house this morning who can testify out of their own experience that sometimes to young men trouble does come—his friends are gone, his salary is gone, his health is gone; he goes down, down. He becomes sour, cross, queer, misanthropic, blames the world, blames society, blames the church, blames everything, rushes perhaps to the intoxicating cup to drown his trouble, but instead of drowning his trouble drowns his body, and drowns his soul.

But here is a Christian young man. Trouble comes to him. Does he give up? No. He throws himself back on the resources of heaven. He says, "God is my Father. Out of all these disasters I shall pluck advantage for my soul. All the promises are mine—Christ is mine, Christian companionship is mine, heaven is mine. What though my apparel be worn out? Christ gives me a robe of righteousness. What though my money be gone? I have a title deed to the whole universe in the promise, 'All are yours.' What though my worldly friends fall away? Ministering angels are my bodyguard. What though my fare be poor and my bread be scant? I sit at the King's banquet."

Oh, what a poor, shallow stream is worldly enjoyment compared with the deep, broad, overflowing river of God's peace, rolling midway in the Christian heart! Sometimes you have gone out on the iron-bound beach of the sea when there has been a storm on the ocean, and you have seen the waves dash into white foam at your feet. They did not do you any harm. While there, you thought of the chapter written by the Psalmist, and perhaps you recited it to yourself while the storm was making commentary upon the passage: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble. Therefore will I not fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah!" Oh, how independent the religion of Christ makes a man of worldly success and worldly circumstances! Nelson, the night before his last

battle, said, "To-morrow I shall win either a peerage or a grave in Westminster Abbey." And it does not make much difference to the Christian whether he rises or falls in worldly matters; he has everlasting renown any way. Other plumage may be torn in the blast, but that soul adorned with Christian grace, is fairer than the dove its wings covered with silver, and its feathers with yellow gold.

You and I have found out that people who pretend to be happy are not always happy. Look at that young man caricaturing the Christian religion, scoffing at everything good, going into roystering drunkenness, dashing the champagne bottle to the floor, rolling the glasses from the bar-room counter, laughing, shouting, stamping the floor, shrieking. Is he happy? I will go to his midnight pillow. I will see him turn the gas off. I will ask myself if the pillow on which he sleeps is as soft as the pillow on which that pure young man sleeps. Ah! no. When he opens his eyes in the morning, will the world be as bright to him as that young man who retired at night saying his prayers, invoking God's blessing upon his own soul and the souls of his comrades, and father and mother and brother and sister far away? No, no. His laughter will ring out from the saloon so that you hear it as you pass by, but it is hollow laughter; in it is the snapping of heart-strings and the rattle of prison gates. Happy! that young man happy? Let him fill high the bowl; he cannot drown an upbraiding conscience. Let the balls roll through the bowling-alley; the deep rumble and the sharp crack cannot overpower the voices of condemnation. Let him whirl in the dance of sin and temptation and death. All the brilliancy of the scene cannot make him forget the last look of his mother as he left home, when she said to him, "Now, my son, you will do right, I am sure you will do right; you will, won't you?" That young man happy? Why, across every night there flits the shadows of eternal darkness; there are adders coiled up in every cup; there are vultures of despair striking their iron beak into his heart; there are skeleton fingers of grief pinching at the throat. I come in amid the clicking of the glasses and under the flashing of the chandeliers, and I cry, "Woe! woe! woe! The way of the ungodly shall perish. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked. The way of transgressors is hard." Oh, my friends, there is more joy in one drop of Christian satisfaction than in whole rivers of sinful delight. Other wings may be drenched of the storm and splashed of the tempest, but the dove that comes in through the window of this heavenly ark has wings like the dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.

Again I remark, religion is an adornment in the style of usefulness into which it inducts a man. Here are two young men. The one has fine culture, exquisite wardrobe, plenty of friends, great worldly success, but he lives for himself. His chief care is for his own comfort. He lives uselessly. He dies unregretted. Here is another young man. His apparel may not be so good, his education may not be so thorough. He lives for others. His happiness is to make

others happy. He is as self-denying as that dying soldier, falling in the ranks, when he said, "Colonel, there is no need of those boys tiring themselves by carrying me to the hospital; let me die just where I am." So this young man of whom I speak loves God, wants all the world to love Him, is not ashamed to carry a bundle of clothes up that dark alley to the poor. Which of those young men do you admire the better? The one a sham, the other a prince imperial.

Oh, do you know of anything, my hearer, that is more beautiful than to see a young man start out for Christ? Here is some one falling; he lifts him up. Here is a vagabond boy; he introduces him to a mission school. Here is a family freezing to death; he carries them a scuttle of coal. There are eight hundred millions perishing in midnight heathen darkness; by all possible means he tries to send them the Gospel. He may be laughed at, and he may be sneered at, and he may be caricatured; but he is not ashamed to go everywhere, saying, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. It is the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation." Such a young man can go through everything. There is no force on earth or in hell that can resist him.

I show you three spectacles. *Spectacle the first:* Napoleon passes by with the host that went down with him to Egypt, and up with him through Russia, and crossed the continent on the bleeding heart of which he set his iron heel, and across the quivering flesh of which went grinding the wheels of his gun-carriages—in his dying moment asking his attendants to put on his military boots for him.

Spectacle the second: Voltaire, bright and learned and witty and eloquent, with tongue and voice and stratagem infernal, warring against God and poisoning whole kingdoms with his infidelity, yet applauded by the clapping hands of thrones and empires and continents—his last words, in delirium supposing Christ standing by the bedside—his last words, "Crush that wretch!"

Spectacle the third: Paul—Paul, insignificant in person, thrust out from all refined association, scourged, spat on, hounded like a wild beast from city to city, yet trying to make the world good and heaven full; announcing resurrection to those who mourned at the barred gates of the dead; speaking consolations which light up the eyes of widowhood and orphanage and want with the glow of certain and eternal release; undaunted before those who could take his life, his cheek flushed with transport, and his eye on heaven; with one hand shaking defiance at all of the foes of earth and all the principalities of hell, and with the other hand beckoning messenger angels to come and bear him away, as he says, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me."

Which of the three spectacles do you most admire? When the wind of death struck the conqueror and the infidel they were tossed like

sea-gulls in a tempest, drenched of the wave and torn of the hurricane, their dismal voices heard through the everlasting storm; but when the wave and the wind of death struck Paul, like an albatross, he made a throne of the tempest, and one day floated away into the calm, clear summer of heaven, brighter than the dove, its wings covered with silver, and its feathers with yellow gold. Oh, are you not in love with such a religion—a religion that can do so much for a man while he lives, and so much for a man when he comes to die? I suppose you may have noticed the contrast between the departure of a Christian and the departure of an infidel. Deodorus, dying in chagrin because he could not compose a joke equal to the joke uttered at the other end of his table. Zeuxis dying in a fit of laughter at the sketch of an aged woman—a sketch made by his own hand. Mazarin, dying playing cards, his friend holding his hands because he was unable to hold them himself. All that on one side, compared with the departure of the Scotch minister, who said to his friends, "I have no interest as to whether I live or die; if I die I shall be with the Lord, and if I live the Lord will be with me." Or the last words of Washington, "It is well." Or the last words of McIntosh, the learned and the great, "Happy!" Or the last word of Hannah More, the Christian poetess, "Joy!" Or those thousands of Christians who have gone, saying, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?" Behold the contrast. Behold the charm of the one, behold the darkness of the other. Now I know it is very popular in this day for young men to think there is something more charming in scepticism than in religion. They are ashamed of the old-fashioned religion of the cross, and they pride themselves on their free thinking on all these subjects. My young friends, I want to tell you what I know from observation that while scepticism is a beautiful land at the start, it is the great Sahara Desert at the last.

Years ago a minister's son went off from home to college. At college he formed the acquaintance of a young man whom I shall call Ellison. Ellison was an infidel. Ellison scoffed at religion, and the minister's son soon learned from him the infidelity, and when he went home at vacation broke his father's heart by his denunciations of Christianity. Time passed on and vacation came, and the minister's son went off to spend the vacation, and was on a journey and came to a hotel. The hotel-keeper said, "I am sorry that to-night I shall have to put you in a room adjoining one where there is a very sick and dying man. I can give you no other accommodation." "Oh," said the young college student and minister's son, "that will make no difference to me except the matter of sympathy with anybody that is suffering." The young man retired to his room, but could not sleep. All night long he heard the groaning of the sick man, or the step of the watchers, and his soul trembled. He thought to himself, "Now, there is only a thin wall between me and a departing spirit. How if Ellison should know how I feel? How if Ellison should find out how my heart

flutters? What would Ellison say if he knew my scepticism gave way?" He slept not. In the morning, coming down, he said to the hotel-keeper, "How is the sick man?" "Oh," said the hotel-keeper, "he is dead, poor fellow! the doctors told us he could not last through the night." "Well," said the young man, "what was the sick one's name; where is he from?" "Well," said the hotel-keeper, "he is from Providence College." "Providence College! what is his name?" "Ellison." "Ellison!" Oh, how the young man was stunned! It was his old college mate—dead without any hope. It was many hours before the young man could leave that hotel. He got on his horse and started homeward, and all the way he heard something saying to him, "Dead! Lost! Dead! Lost!" He came to no satisfaction until he entered the Christian life, until he entered the Christian ministry, until he became one of the most eminent missionaries of the cross, the greatest Baptist missionary the world has ever seen since the days of Paul—no superior to Adoniram Judson. Mighty on earth, mighty in heaven—Adoniram Judson. Which do you like the best, Judson's scepticism or Judson's Christian life? Judson's suffering for Christ's sake, Judson's almost martyrdom? Oh, young man, take your choice between these two kinds of lives. Your own heart tells you this morning the Christian life is more admirable, more peaceful, more comfortable, and more beautiful.

Oh, if religion does so much for a man on earth, what will it do for him in heaven? That is the thought that comes over me now. If a soldier can afford to shout "Huzza!" when he goes into the battle, how much more jubilantly he can afford to shout "Huzza!" when he has gained the victory! If religion is so good a thing to have here, how bright a thing it will be in heaven! I want to see that young man when the glories of heaven have robed and crowned him. I want to hear him sing when all the huskiness of earthly colds is gone, and he rises up with the great doxology. I want to know what standard he will carry when marching under arches of pearl in the army of banners. I want to know what company he will keep in a land where they are all kings and queens forever and ever. If I have induced one of you this morning to begin a better life, then I want to know it. I may not in this world clasp hands with you in friendship, I may not hear from your own lips the story of temptation and sorrow; but I will clasp hands with you when the sea is passed and the gates are entered,

That I might woo you to a better life, and that I might show you the glories with which God clothes His dear children in heaven, I wish I could this morning swing back one of the twelve gates that there might dash upon your ear one shout of the triumph, that there might flame upon your eyes one blaze of the splendor. Oh, when I speak of that good land, you involuntarily think of some one there that you loved—father, mother, brother, sister, or dear little child garnered already. You want to know what they are doing this morning. I will tell you what they are doing. Singing. You want to know what they wear. I will tell you what they wear. Coronets of triumph. You wonder why oft they look to the gate of the temple, and watch and wait. I will tell you why they watch and wait and look to the gate of the temple. For your coming. I shout upward the news to-day, for I am sure some of you will repent and start for heaven. Oh, ye bright ones before the throne, your earthly friends are coming. Angels, poising mid-air, cry up the name. Gate-keeper of heaven, send forward the tidings. Watchman on the battlements celestial, throw the signal.

"Oh," you say, "religion I am going to have; it is only a question of time." My brother, I am afraid that you may lose heaven the way Louis Philippe lost his empire. The Parisian mob came around the Tuileries. The National Guard stood in defence of the palace, and the commander said to Louis Philippe, "Shall I fire now? Shall I order the troops to fire? With one volley we can clear the place." "No," said Louise Philippe, "not yet." A few minutes passed on, and then Louis Philippe, seeing the case was hopeless, said to the general, "Now is the time to fire." "No," said the general, "it is too late now; don't you see that the soldiers are exchanging arms with the citizens? It is too late." Down went the throne of Louis Philippe. Away from the earth went the House of Orleans, and all because the king said "Not yet, not yet." May God forbid that any of you should adjourn this great subject of religion, and should postpone assailing your spiritual foes until it is too late—too late, you losing a throne in heaven the way that Louis Philippe lost a throne on earth.

"When the Judge descends in might,
Clothed in majesty and light;
When the earth shall quake with fear,
Where, O where wilt thou appear?"

THE CIRCLE.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, October 19, 1879.

"It is He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth."—ISAIAH 40 : 22.

WHILE yet people thought that the world was flat, and thousands of years before they found out that it was round, Isaiah, in my text, intimated the shape of it, God sitting upon the circle of the earth. The most beautiful figure in all geometry is the circle. God made the universe on the plan of a circle. There are in the natural world straight lines, angles, parallelograms, diagonals, quadrangles ; but these evidently are not God's favorites. Almost everywhere where you find Him geometrizing, you find the circle dominant, and if not the circle, then the curve, which is a circle that died young ! If it had lived long enough, it would have been a full orb, a periphery. An ellipse is a circle pressed only a little too hard at the sides. Giant's Causeway in Ireland shows what God thinks of mathematics. There are over thirty five thousand columns of rocks—octagonal, hexagonal, pentagonal. These rocks seem to have been made by rule and by compass. Every artist has his moulding room, where he may make fifty shapes ; but he chooses one shape as preferable to all the others. I will not say that the Giant's Causeway was the world's moulding room, but I do say, out of a great many figures, God seems to have selected the circle as the best. "It is He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth." The stars in a circle, the moon in a circle, the sun in a circle, the universe in a circle, and the throne of God the centre of that circle.

When men build churches, they ought to imitate the idea of the Great Architect, and put the audience in a circle, knowing that the tides of emotion roll more easily that way than in straight lines. Six thousand years ago God flung this world out of His right hand ; but He did not throw it out in a straight line, but curvilinear, with a leash of love holding it so as to bring it back again. The world started from His hand pure and Edenic. It has been rolling on through regions of moral ice and distemper. How long it will roll God only knows ; but it will in due time make complete circuit and come back to the place where it started—the hand of God, pure and Edenic.

The history of the world goes in a circle. Why is it that the shipping in our day is improving so rapidly ? It is because men are imitating the old model of Noah's ark. A ship carpenter gives that as his opinion. Although

so much derided by small wits, that ship of Noah's time beat the Gallia and the Arizona, of which we boast so much. Where is the ship on the sea to-day that could outride a deluge in which the heaven and the earth were wrecked, landing all the passengers in safety ?—two of each kind of living creatures, thousands of species. Pomology will go on with its achievements, until after many centuries the world will have plums and pears equal to the Paradisaical. The art of gardening will grow for centuries, and after the Downings and Mitchells of the world have done their best, in the far future the art of gardening will come up to the arborescence of the year one. If the makers of colored glass go on improving, they may in some centuries be able to make something equal to the east window of York Minster, which was built in 1290. We are six centuries behind those artists ; but the world must keep on toiling until it shall make the complete circuit and come up to the skill of those very men. If the world continues to improve in masonry, we shall have after ■ while, perhaps after the advance of centuries, mortar equal to that which I saw this summer in the wall of an exhumed English city, built in the time of the Romans, sixteen hundred years ago—that mortar to-day as good as the day in which it was made, having outlasted the brick and the stone. I say, after hundreds of years, masonry may advance to that point. If the world stands long enough, we may have a city as large as they had in old times. Babylon, five times the size of London. You go into the potteries in England, and you find them making cups and vases after the style of the cups and vases exhumed from Pompeii. The world is not going back. Oh no ! but it is swinging in a circle, and will come back to the styles of pottery known so long ago as the days of Pompeii. The world must keep on progressing until it makes the complete circuit. The curve is in the right direction, the curve will keep on until it becomes the circle.

Well now, my friends, what is true in the material universe is true in God's moral government and spiritual arrangement. That is the meaning of Ezekiel's wheel. All commentators agree in saying that the wheel means God's providence. But a wheel is of no use unless it turn, and if it turn, it turns around, and if it turn around it moves in a circle. What then !

Are we parts of a great iron machine whirled around whether we will or not, the victims of inexorable fate? No! So far from that, I shall show you that we ourselves start the circle of good or bad actions, and that it will surely come around again to us unless by divine intervention it be hindered. Those bad or good actions may make the circuit of many years; but come back to us they will as certainly as that God sits on the circle of the earth. Jezebel, the worst woman of the Bible, slew Naboth because she wanted his vineyard. While the dogs were eating the body of Naboth, Elisha the prophet put down his compass, and marked a circle from those dogs clear around to the dogs that should eat the body of Jezebel the murderess. "Impossible!" the people said; "that will never happen." Who is that being flung out of the palace window? Jezebel. A few hours after they came around, hoping to bury her. They find only the palms of her hands and the skull. The dogs that devoured Jezebel and the dogs that devoured Naboth. Oh, what a swift, what an awful circuit!

But it is sometimes the case that this circle sweeps through a century, or through many centuries. The world started with a theocracy for government; that is, God was the president and emperor of the world. People got tired of a theocracy. They said, "We don't want God directly interfering with the affairs of the world; give us a monarchy." The world had a monarchy. From a monarchy it is going to have a limited monarchy. After a while, the limited monarchy will be given up, and the republican form of government will be everywhere dominant and recognized. Then the world will get tired of the republican form of government, and it will have an anarchy, which is no government at all. And then, all nations finding out that man is not capable of righteously governing man, will cry out again for a theocracy, and say, "Let God come back and conduct the affairs of the world." Every step—monarchy, limited monarchy, republicanism, anarchy, only different steps between the first theocracy and the last theocracy, or segments of the great circle of the earth on which God sits. But do not become impatient because you cannot see the curve of events, and therefore conclude that God's government is going to break down. History tells us that in the making of the Pyramids it took two thousand men two years to drag one great stone from the quarry and put it into the Pyramids. Well now, if men short-lived can afford to work so slowly as that, cannot God in the building of the eternities afford to wait? What though God should take ten thousand years to draw a circle? Shall we take our little watch, which we have to wind up every night lest it run down, and hold it up beside the clock of eternal ages? If, according to the Bible, a thousand years are in God's sight as one day, then according to that calculation the six thousand years of the world's existence has been only to God as from Monday to Saturday. But it is often the case that the rebound is quicker, and the circle is sooner completed.

You resolve that you will do what good you can. In one week you put a word of counsel in

the heart of a Sabbath-school child. During that same week you give a letter of introduction to a young man struggling in business. During the same week you make an exhortation in a prayer-meeting. It is all gone; you will never hear of it perhaps, you think. A few years after a man comes up to you, and says, "You don't know me, do you?" You say, "No, I don't remember ever to have seen you." "Why," he says, "I was in the Sabbath-school class over which you were the teacher; one Sunday you invited me to Christ; I accepted the offer; you see that church with two towers yonder?" "Yes," you say. He says, "That is where I preach," or, "Do you see that governor's house? That is where I live." One day a man comes to you, and says, "Good-morning." You look at him, and say, "Why, you have the advantage of me; I cannot place you." He says, "Don't you remember thirty years ago giving a letter of introduction to a young man—a letter of introduction to Moses H. Grinnell?" "Yes, yes, I do." He says, "I am the man; that was my first step toward a fortune; but I have retired from business now, and am giving my time to philanthropies and public interests. Come up to Yonkers and see me." Or a man comes to you, and says, "I want to introduce myself to you. I went into a prayer-meeting in Brooklyn some years ago; I sat back by the door; you arose to make an exhortation; that talk changed the course of my life, and if I ever get to heaven, under God I will owe my salvation to you." In only ten, twenty, or thirty years, the circle swept out and swept back again to your own grateful heart.

But sometimes it is a wider circle, and does not return for a great while. I saw a bill of expenses for burning Latimer and Ridley. The bill of expenses says:

One load of firs fagots.....	3s. 4d.
Cartage for four loads of wood..	2s.
Item, a post.....	1s. 4d.
Item, two chains.....	3s. 4d.
Item, two staples.....	6d.
Item, four laborers.....	2s. 8d.

That was cheap fire, considering all the circumstances; but it kindled a light which shone all around the world and aroused the martyr spirit, and out from that burning of Latimer and Ridley rolled the circle wider and wider, starting other circles, convoluting, overrunning, circumscribing, overarching all heaven—a circle.

But what is true of the good is just as true of the bad. You utter a slander against your neighbor. It has gone forth from your teeth; it will never come back, you think. You have done the man all the mischief you can. You rejoice to see him wince. You say, "Didn't I give it to him!" That word has gone out, that slanderous word, on its poisonous and blasted way. You think it will never do you any harm. But I am watching that word, and I see it beginning to curve, and it curves around, and it is aiming at your heart. You had better dodge it. You cannot dodge it. It rolls into your bosom, and after it rolls in a word of an old book which says, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

You maltreat an aged parent. You begrudge him the room in your house. You are impatient of his whimsicalities and garrulity. It makes you mad to hear him tell the same story twice. You give him food he cannot masticate. You wish he was away. You wonder if he is going to live forever. He will be gone very soon. His steps are shorter and shorter. He is going to stop. But God has an account to settle with you on that subject. After a while, your eye will be dim, and your gait will halt, and the sound of the grinding will be low, and you will tell the same story twice, and your children will wonder if you are going to live forever, and wonder if you will never be taken away. They called you "father" once; now they call you the "old man." If you live a few years longer, they will call you the "old chap"! What are those rough words with which your children are accosting you? They are the echo of the very words you used in the ear of your old father forty years ago. What is that which you are trying to chew, but find it unmasticable, and your jaws ache, and you surrender the attempt? Perhaps it may be the gristle which you gave to your father for his breakfast forty years ago? A gentleman passing along the street saw a son dragging his father into the street by the hair of the head. The gentleman, outraged at this brutal conduct, was about to punish the offender, when the old man arose and said: "Don't hurt him; it's all right; forty years ago this morning I dragged out my father by the hair of his head!" It is a circle. My father lived into the eighties, and he had a very wide experience, and he said that maltreatment of parents was always punished in this world. Other sins may be adjourned to the next world, but maltreatment of parents punished in this world.

The circle turns quickly, very quickly. Oh, what a stupendous thought that the good and the evil we start come back to us. Do you know that the judgment day will be only the points at which the circles join, the good and the bad we have done coming back to us, unless divine intervention hinder—coming back to us with welcome of delight or curse of condemnation.

Oh, I would like to see Paul, the invalid missionary, at the moment when his influence comes to full orb—his influence rolling out through Antioch, through Cyprus, through Lys- tra, through Corinth, through Athens, through Asia, through Europe, through America, through the first century, through five centuries, through twenty centuries, through all the succeeding centuries, through earth, through heaven; and at last, the wave of influence having made full circuit, strikes his great soul. Oh, then I would like to see him. No one can tell the wide sweep of the circle of his influence, save the One who is seated on the circle of the earth. I should not want to see the countenance of Voltaire when his influence comes to full orb. When the fatal hemorrhage seized him at eighty-three years of age his influence did not cease. The most brilliant man of his century, he had used all his faculties for assaulting Christianity; his bad influence, widening through France, widening out through Ger-

many, widening through all Europe, widening through America, widening through the one hundred and one years that have gone by since he died, widening through earth, widening through hell; until at last the accumulated influence of his bad life in fiery surge of omnipotent wrath will beat against his destroyed spirit, and at that moment it will be enough to make the black hair of eternal darkness turn white with the horror. No one can tell how that bad man's influence girdled the earth save the One who is seated on the circle of the earth—the Lord Almighty.

"Well now," say people in this audience, "this in some respects is a very glad theory, and in others a very sad one; we would like to have all the good we have ever done come back to us, but the thought that all the sins we have ever committed will come back to us, fills us with affright." My brother, I have to tell you God can break that circle, and will do so at your call. I can bring twenty passages of Scripture to prove that when God for Christ's sake forgives a man, the sins of his past life never come back. The wheel may roll on and roll on, but you take your position behind the cross and the wheel strikes the cross and is shattered forever. The sins fly off from the circle into the perpendicular, falling at right angles with complete oblivion. Forgiven! forgiven! The meanest thing a man can do is, after some difficulty has been settled, to bring it up again; and God will not be so mean as that. God's memory is mighty enough to hold all the events of the ages, but there is one thing that is sure to slip His memory, one thing He is sure to forget, and that is pardoned transgression. How do I know it? I will prove it. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." Come into that state this morning, my dear brother, my dear sister. "Blessed is the one whose transgressions are forgiven."

But do not make the mistake of thinking that this doctrine of the circle stops with this life; it rolls on through heaven. You might quote in opposition to me what St. John says about the city of heaven. He says it "lieth four square." That does seem to militate against this idea; but you know there is many a square house that has a family circle facing each other, and in a circle moving, and I can prove that this is so in regard to heaven. St. John says: "I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts and the elders." And again he says: "I saw round about the throne four and twenty seats." Again he says, "There was a rainbow round about the throne." The two former instances a circle; the last, either a circle or a semicircle. The seats facing each other, the angels facing each other, the men facing each other. Heaven an amphitheatre of glory. Circumference of patriarch and prophet and apostle. Circumference of Scotch Covenanters and Theban legion and Albigenses. Circumference of the good of all ages. Periphery of splendor unimagined and indescribable. A circle! A circle!

But every circumference must have a centre, and what is the centre of this heavenly circumference? Christ. His all the glory. His all

the praise. His all the crowns. All heaven wreathed into a garland round about Him. Take off the imperial sandal from His foot, and behold the scar of the spike. Lift the coronet of dominion from His brow, and see where was the laceration of the briers. Come closer, all heaven. Narrow the circle around His great

heart. O Christ, the Saviour ! O Christ, the man ! O Christ, the God ! Keep Thy throne forever, seated on the circle of the earth, seated on the circle of the heaven.

“On Christ, the solid rock, I stand ;
All other ground is shifting sand.”

SYMPATHY.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, October 12, 1879.

"Send thee help from the sanctuary."—PSALM 20:2.

If you should ask fifty men what the church is, they would give you fifty different answers. One man would say, "It is a convention of hypocrites." Another, "It is an assembly of people who feel themselves a great deal better than others." Another, "It is a place for gossip, where wolverene dispositions devour each other." Another, "It is a place for the cultivation of superstition and cant." Another, "It is an arsenal where theologians go to get pikes and muskets and shot." Another, "It is an art gallery, where men go to admire grand arches, and exquisite fresco, and musical warble, and the Dantesque in gloomy imagery." Another man would say, "It is the best place on earth except my own home." "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem! let my right hand forget her cunning."

Now, my friends, whatever the church is, my text tells you what it ought to be; a great, practical, homely, omnipotent help. "Send thee help from the sanctuary." The pew ought to yield restfulness for the body. The color of the upholstery ought to yield pleasure to the eye. The entire service ought to yield strength for the toil and struggle of every-day life. The Sabbath ought to be harnessed to all the six days of the week, drawing them in the right direction. The church ought to be a magnet, visibly and mightily affecting all the homes of the worshippers. Every man gets roughly jostled, gets abused, gets cut, gets insulted, gets slighted, gets exasperated. By the time the Sabbath comes, he has an accumulation of six days of annoyance, and that is a starveling church service which has not strength enough to take that accumulated annoyance and hurl it into perdition. The business man sits down in church headachey from the week's engagements. Perhaps he wishes he had tarried at home on the lounge with the newspapers and the slippers. That man wants to be cooled off, and graciously diverted. The first wave of the religious service ought to dash clear over the hurricane decks, and leave him dripping with holy and glad and heavenly emotion. "Send thee help from the sanctuary."

In the first place, sanctuary help ought to come from the music. A woman recently dying in England persisted in singing to the last moment. The attendants tried to persuade her to stop, saying it would exhaust her and make her disease worse. She answered, "I must sing;

I am only practising for the heavenly choir." Music on earth is a rehearsal for music in heaven. If you and I are going to take part in that great orchestra, it is high time that we were stringing and thrumming our harps. They tell us that Thalberg and Gottschalk never would go into a concert until they had first in private rehearsed, although they were such masters of the instrument. And can it be that we expect to take a part in the great oratorio of heaven if we do not rehearse here?

But I am not speaking of the next world. Sabbath song ought to set all the week to music. We want not more harmony, not more artistic expression, but more volume in our church music. The English Dissenting churches far surpass our American churches in this respect. An English audience of one thousand people will give more volume of sacred song than an American audience of two thousand people. I do not know what the reason is. Oh, you ought to hear them sing in Surrey Chapel. A few weeks ago I had the opportunity of preaching the anniversary—I think the ninetieth anniversary—sermon in Rowland Hill's old chapel, and when they lifted their voices in sacred song, it was simply overwhelming; and then, in the evening of the same day, in Agricultural Hall, twenty thousand voices lifted in doxology. It was like the voice of many waters, and like the voice of many thunders, and like the voice of heaven.

"The blessing thrilled through all the laboring throng,
And heaven was won by violence of song."

Now, I am no worshipper of noise, but I believe that if our American churches would with full heartiness of soul and full emphasis of voice sing the songs of Zion, this part of sacred worship would have tenfold more power than it has now. Why not take this part of the sacred service and lift it to where it ought to be. All the annoyances of life might be drowned out of that sacred song. Do you tell me that it is not fashionable to sing very loudly? Then, I say, away with the fashion. We dam back the great Mississippi of congregational singing, and let a few drops of melody trickle through the dam. I say, take away the dam, and let the billows roar on their way to the oceanic heart of God. Whether it is fashionable to sing loudly or not, let us sing with all possible emphasis.

We hear a great deal of the art of singing, of

music as an entertainment, of music as a recreation. It is high time we heard something of music as a help, a practical help. In order to this, we must have only a few hymns. New tunes and new hymns every Sunday make poor congregational singing. Fifty hymns are enough for fifty years. The Episcopal Church prays the same prayers every Sabbath, and year after year, and century after century. For that reason they have the hearty responses. Let us take a hint from that fact, and let us sing the same songs Sabbath after Sabbath. Only in that way can we come to the full force of this exercise. Twenty thousand years will not wear out the hymns of William Cowper, and Charles Wesley, and Isaac Watts. Suppose now each person in this audience has brought all the annoyances of the last three hundred and sixty-five days. Fill this room to the ceiling with sacred song, and you would drown out all those annoyances of the three hundred and sixty-five days, and you would drown them out forever. Organ and cornet are only to marshal the voice. Let the voice fall into line, and in companies, and in battalions, by storm take the obduracy and sin of the world. If you cannot sing for yourself, sing for others. By trying to give others good cheer, you will bring good cheer to your own heart.

When Londonderry, Ireland, was besieged many years ago, the people inside the city were famishing, and a vessel came up with provisions, but the vessel ran on the river bank and stuck fast. The enemy went down with laughter and derision to board the vessel, when the vessel gave a broadside fire against the enemy, and by the shock was turned back into the stream, and all was well. Oh, ye who are high and dry on the rocks of melancholy, give a broadside fire of song against your spiritual enemies, and by holy rebound you will come out into the calm waters. If we want to make ourselves happy, we must make others happy. Mythology tells us of Amphiion, who played his lyre until the mountains were moved and the walls of Thebes arose; but religion has a mightier story to tell of how Christian song may build whole temples of eternal joy, and lift the round earth into sympathy with the skies.

I tarried many nights this summer in London, and I used to hear the bells, the small bells of the city, strike the hour of night—one, two, three, four, and after they were done striking the hour of night then the great St. Paul's Cathedral would come in to mark the hours, making all the other sounds seem utterly insignificant as with mighty tongue it announced the hour of the night, every stroke an overmastering boom. My friends, it was intended that all the lesser sounds of the world should be drowned out in the mighty tongue of congregational song beating against the gates of heaven. Do you know how they mark the hours in heaven? They have no clocks, as they have no candles, but a great pendulum of hallelujah swinging across heaven from eternity to eternity.

"Let those refuse to sing

Who never knew our God;

But children of the Heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad."

Again I remark, that sanctuary help ought to come from the sermon. Of a thousand people in this or any other audience, how many want sympathetic help? Do you guess a hundred? Do you guess five hundred? You have guessed wrong. I will tell you just the proportion. Out of a thousand people in this audience there are just one thousand who need sympathetic help. These young people want it just as much as the old. The old people sometimes seem to think they have a monopoly of the rheumatisms, and the neuralgias, and the headaches, and the physical disorders of the world; but I tell you there are no worse heartaches than are felt by some of these young people. Do you know that much of the work is done by the young? Raphael died at thirty-seven; Richelieu at thirty-one; Gustavus Adolphus died at thirty-eight; Innocent III. came to his mightiest influence at thirty-seven; Cortez conquered Mexico at thirty; Don John won Lepanto at twenty-five; Grotius was attorney-general at twenty-four; and I have noticed amid all classes of men that some of the severest battles and the toughest work comes before thirty. Therefore we must have our sermons and our exhortations in prayer-meeting all sympathetic with the young. And so with these people further on in life. What do these doctors and lawyers and merchants and mechanics care about the abstractions of religion? What they want is help to bear the whimsicalities of patients, the browbeating of legal opponents, the unfairness of customers, who have plenty of fault-finding for every imperfection of handiwork, but no praise for twenty excellences. What does that brain-racked, hand-blistered man care for Zwingle's "Doctrine of Original Sin," or Augustine's "Anthropology?" You might as well go to a man who has the pleurisy and put on his side a plaster made out of Doctor Parr's "Treatise on Medical Jurisprudence."

While all of a sermon may not be helpful alike to all, if it be a Christian sermon preached by a Christian man, there will be help for every one somewhere. We go into an apothecary store. We see others being waited on; we do not complain because we do not immediately get the medicine; we know our turn will come after a while. And so while all parts of a sermon may not be appropriate to our case, if we wait prayerfully before the sermon is through, we shall have the divine prescription. I say to these young men who come here Sabbath by Sabbath, and who are going to preach the Gospel, these theological students—I say to them, We want in our sermons not more metaphysics, nor more imagination, nor more logic, nor more profundity. What we want in our sermons and Christian exhortations is more sympathy. When Father Taylor preached in the Sailors' Bethel at Boston, the jack tars felt they had help for their duties among the ratlines and the forecastles. When Richard Weaver preaches to the operatives in Oldham, England, all the workingmen feel they have more grace for the spindles. When Doctor South preached to kings and princes and princesses, all the mighty men and women who heard him felt preparation for their high station.

Again I remark, that sanctuary help ought to come through the prayers of all the people. The door of the eternal storehouse is hung on one hinge, a gold hinge, the hinge of prayer, and when the whole audience lay hold of that door, it must come open. There are here many people spending their first Sabbath after some great bereavement. What will your prayer do for them? How will it help the tomb in that man's heart? Here are people who have not been in church before for ten years; what will your prayer do for them by rolling over their soul holy memories? Here are people in crises of awful temptation. They are on the verge of despair, or wild blundering, or theft, or suicide. What will your prayer do for them this morning in the way of giving them strength to resist? Will you be chiefly anxious about the fit of the glove that you put to your forehead while you prayed? Will you be chiefly critical of the rhetoric of the pastor's petition? No. No. A thousand people will feel, "that prayer is for me," and at every step of the prayer chains ought to drop off, and temples of sin ought to crush into dust, and jubilees of deliverance ought to brandish their trumpets. In most of our churches we have three prayers—the opening prayer, what is called the "long prayer," and the closing prayer. There are many people who spend the first prayer in arranging their apparel after entrance, and spend the second prayer, the "long prayer," in wishing it were through, and spend the last prayer in preparing to start for home.

The most insignificant part of every religious service is the sermon. The more important parts are the Scripture lesson and the prayer. The sermon is only a man talking to a man. The Scripture lesson is God talking to man. Prayer is man talking to God. Oh, if we understood the grandeur and the pathos of this exercise of prayer, instead of being a dull exercise, we would imagine that the room was full of divine and angelic appearances.

But, my friends, the old style of church will not do the work. We might as well now try to take all the passengers from New York to Buffalo by stage-coach, or all the passengers from Albany to Buffalo by canal-boat, or do all the battling of the world with bow and arrow, as with the old style of church to meet the exigencies of this day. Unless the church in our day will adapt itself to the time, it will become extinct. The people reading newspapers and books all the week, in alert, picturesque, and resounding style, will have no patience with Sabbath humdrum. We have no objections to bands and surplice, and all the paraphernalia of clerical life; but these things make no impression—make no more impression on the great masses of the people than the ordinary business suit that you wear in Wall Street. A tailor cannot make a minister. Some of the poorest preachers wear the best clothes; and many a backwoodsman has dismounted from the saddle-bags, and in his linen duster preached a sermon that shook earth and heaven with its Christian eloquence. No new Gospel, only the old Gospel in a way suited to the time. No new church, but a church to be the asylum, the inspiration,

the practical sympathy, and the eternal help of the people.

But while half of the doors of the church are to be set open toward this world, the other half of the doors of the church must be set open toward the next. You and I tarry here only a brief space. We want somebody to teach us how to get out of this life at the right time and in the right way. Some fall out of life, some go stumbling out of life, some go groaning out of life, some go cursing out of life. We want to go singing, rising, rejoicing, triumphing. We want half the doors of the church set in that direction. We want half the prayers that way, half the sermons that way. We want to know how to get ashore from the tumult of this world into the land of everlasting peace. We do not want to stand doubting and shivering when we go away from this world; we want our anticipations aroused to the highest pitch. We want to have the exhilaration of a dying child in England, the father telling me the story. When he said to her, "Is the path narrow?" she answered, "The path is narrow: it is so narrow that I cannot walk arm in arm with Christ, so Jesus goes ahead, and He says, 'Mary, follow.'"

Through these church gates set heavenward how many of your friends and mine have gone? The last time they were out of the house they came to church. The earthly pilgrimage ended at the pillar of public worship, and then they marched out to a bigger and brighter assemblage. Some of them were so old they could not walk without a cane or two crutches; now they have eternal juvenescence. Or they were so young they could not walk except as the maternal hand guided them; now they bound with the hilarities celestial. The last time we saw them they were wasted with malarial or pulmonary disorder; but now they have no fatigue, and no difficulty of respiration in the pure air of heaven. How I wonder when you and I will cross over! Some of you have had about enough of the thumping and flailing of this life. A draught from the fountains of heaven would do you good. Complete release you could stand very well. If you got on the other side, and had permission to come back, you would not come. Though you were invited to come back and join your friends on earth, you would say, "No, let me tarry here until they come; I shall not risk going back; if a man reaches heaven he had better stay here."

Oh, I join hands with you this morning in that uplifted splendor.

"When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?"

In Freybourg, Switzerland, there is the trunk of a tree four hundred years old. That tree was planted to commemorate an event. About ten miles from the city the Swiss conquered the Burgundians, and a young man wanted to take the tidings to the city. He took a tree branch and ran with such speed the ten miles, that when he reached the city waving the tree branch he had only strength to cry, "Victory!" and dropped dead. The tree branch that he carried was planted, and it grew to be a great tree twenty feet in circumference, and the remains of it

are there to this day. My hearer, when you have fought your last battle with sin and death and hell, and they have been routed in the conflict, it will be a joy worthy of celebration. You will fly to the city and cry, "Victory!" and drop at the feet of the great King. Then the palm branch of the earthly race will be planted

to become the out-branching tree of everlasting rejoicing.

"When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls,
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?"

A SERMON TO LAWYERS.

"Bring Zenas the lawyer."—TITUS 3 : 13.

WE all admire the heroic and rigorous side of Paul's nature, as when he stands coolly deliberate on the deck of the corn ship while the jack-tars of the Mediterranean are cowering in the cyclone ; as when he stands undaunted amid the marbles of the palace, before thick-necked Nero, surrounded with his twelve cruel lictors ; as when we find him earning his livelihood with his own needle, sewing hair-cloth, and preaching the Gospel in the interstices ; as when we find him able to take the thirty-nine lashes, every stroke of which fetched the blood, yet continuing in his missionary work ; as when we find him, regardless of the consequence to himself, delivering a temperance lecture to Felix, the government inebriate. But sometimes we catch a glimpse of the mild and genial side of Paul's nature. It seems that he had a friend who was a barrister by profession. His name was Zenas, and he wanted to see him. Perhaps he had formed the acquaintance of this lawyer in the court-room. Perhaps, sometimes, when he wanted to ask some question in regard to Roman law, he went to this Zenas, the lawyer. At any rate, he had a warm attachment for the man, and he provides for his comfortable escort and entertainment as he writes to Titus : " Bring Zenas the lawyer."

This man of my text belonged to a profession which has often had ardent supporters of Christ and the Gospel. Among them, Blackstone, the great commentator on English law ; and Wilberforce, the emancipator ; and the late Benjamin F. Butler, Attorney-General of New York ; and the late Charles Chauncey, the leader of the Philadelphia bar ; and Chief-Justices Marshall, and Tenterden, and Campbell, and Sir Thomas More, who died for the truth on the scaffold, saying to his aghast executioner : " Pluck up courage, man, and do your duty ; my neck is very short ; be careful, therefore, and do not strike awry."

Among the mightiest pleas that ever have been made by tongue of barrister, have been pleas in behalf of the Bible and Christianity—as when Daniel Webster stood in the Supreme Court at Washington, pleading in the famous Girard will case, denouncing any attempt to educate the people without giving them at the same time moral sentiment, as " low, ribald, and vulgar deism and infidelity ;" as when Samuel L. Southard, of New Jersey, the leader of the forum in his day, stood on the platform at

Princeton College commencement, advocating the literary excellency of the Scriptures ; as when Edmund Burke, in the famous trial of Warren Hastings, not only in behalf of the English Government, but in behalf of elevated morals, closed his speech in the midst of the most august assemblage ever gathered in Westminster Hall, by saying : " I impeach Warren Hastings in the name of the House of Commons, whose national character he has dishonored ; I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights and liberties he has subverted ; I impeach him in the name of human nature, which he has disgraced ; in the name of both sexes, and of every rank, and of every station, and of every situation in the world, I impeach Warren Hastings."

Yet, notwithstanding all the pleas which that profession has made in behalf of God, and the Church, and the Gospel, and the rights of man, there has come down through the generations a style of prejudice against it. So long ago as in the time of Oliver Cromwell, it was decided that lawyers might not enter the Parliament House as members, and they were called " sons of Zeruah." The learned Dr. Johnson wrote an epitaph for one of them in these words :

" God works wonders now and then,
Here lies a lawyer, an honest man !"

Two hundred years ago, a treatise was issued with the title : " Doomsday Approaching with Thunder and Lightning for Lawyers." A prominent clergyman of the last century wrote in regard to that profession, these words : " There is a society of men among us bred up from their youth in the art of proving, according as they are paid, by words multiplied for the purpose, that white is black and black is white. For example : If my neighbor has a mind to my cow, he hires a lawyer to prove that he ought to have my cow from me. I must hire another lawyer to defend my right, it being against all rules of law that a man should speak for himself. In pleading they do not dwell upon the merits of the cause, but upon circumstances foreign thereto. For instance, they do not take the shortest method to know what title my adversary has to my cow, but whether the cow be red or black, her horns long or short, or the like. After that they adjourn the cause from time to time, and in twenty years they come to an issue. This society likewise has a peculiar cant or jargon of

their own, in which all their laws are written, and these they take especial care to multiply, whereby they have so confounded truth and falsehood that it will take twelve years to decide whether the field left to me by my ancestors for six generations belongs to me, or to one three hundred miles off."

I say these things to show you that there has been a prejudice going on down, against that profession, from generation to generation. I account for it on the single fact that they compel men to pay debts that they don't want to pay, and that they arraign criminals who want to escape the consequences of their crime; and as long as that is so, and it always will be so, just so long there will be classes of men who will affect, at any rate, to despise the legal profession. I know not how it is in other countries; but I have had long and wide acquaintance with men of that profession—I have found them in all my parishes—I tarried in one of their offices for three years, where there came real estate lawyers, insurance lawyers, criminal lawyers, marine lawyers, and I have yet to find a class of men more genial or more straightforward. There are in that occupation, as in all our occupations, men utterly obnoxious to God and man; and so it is in all our professions; but if I were on trial for my integrity or my life, and I wanted even-handed justice administered to me, I would rather have my case submitted to a jury of twelve lawyers than to a jury of twelve clergymen. The legal profession, I believe, have less violence of prejudice than is to be found in the sacred calling.

There is, however, no man who has more temptations or graver responsibilities than the barrister, and he who attempts to discharge the duties of his position with only earthly resources, is making a very great mistake. Witness the scores of men who have been your contemporaries, making eternal shipwreck. Witness the men who, with the law of the land under their arm, have violated every statute of the eternal God. Witness the men who have argued placidly before earthly tribunals, who shall shiver in dismay before the Judge of quick and dead. Witness Lord Thurlow, announcing his loyalty to earthly government in the sentence: "If I forget my earthly sovereign, may God forget me," and yet stooping to unaccountable meannesses. Witness Lord Coke, the learned and the reckless. Witness Sir George Mackenzie, the execrated of all Scotch Covenanters, so that until this day, in Gray Friars' Churchyard, Edinburgh, the children whistle through the bars of the tomb, crying:

"Bloody Mackenzie, come out if you dare,
Lift the sneck, and draw the bar."

No other profession more needs the grace of God to deliver them in their temptations, to comfort them in their trials, to sustain them in the discharge of their duty. While I would have you bring the merchant to Christ, and while I would have you bring the farmer to Christ, and while I would have you bring the mechanic to Christ, I address you to-day in the words of Paul to Titus: "Bring Zenas the lawyer." By so much as his duties are delicate

and great, by so much does he need Christian stimulus and safeguard. We all become clients. I do not suppose there is a man fifty years of age, who has been in active life, who has not been afflicted with a lawsuit. Your name is assaulted, and you must have legal protection. Your boundary line is invaded, and the courts must re-establish it. Your patent is infringed upon, and you must make the offending manufacturer pay the penalty. Your treasures are taken, and the thief must be apprehended. You want to make your will, and you do not want to follow the example of those who, for the sake of saving \$100 from an attorney, imperil \$250,000, and keep the generation following for twenty years quarrelling about the estate, until it is all exhausted. You are struck at by an assassin, and you must invoke for him the penitentiary. All classes of persons in course of time become clients, and therefore they are all interested in the morality and the Christian integrity of the legal profession. "Bring Zenas the lawyer."

But how is an attorney to decide as to what are the principles by which he should conduct himself in regard to his clients? On one extreme, Lord Brougham will appear, saying: "The innocence or guilt of your client is nothing to you. You are to save your client regardless of the torment, the suffering, the destruction of all others. You are to know but one man in the world—your client. You are to save him though you should bring your country into confusion. At all hazards you must save your client." So says Lord Brougham. But no right-minded lawyer could adopt that sentiment. On the other extreme, Cicero will come to you and say: "You must never plead the cause of a bad man," forgetful of the fact that the greatest villain on earth ought to have a fair trial, and that an attorney cannot be judge and advocate at the same time. It was grand when Lord Erskine sacrificed his attorney-generalship for the sake of defending Thomas Paine in his publication of his book called "The Rights of Man," while, at the same time, he, the advocate, abhorred Thomas Paine's religious sentiments. Between these two opposite theories of what is right, what shall the attorney do? God alone can direct him. To that chancery he must be appellant, and he will get an answer in an hour. Blessed is that attorney, between whose office and the throne of God there is perpetual, reverential, and prayerful communication. That attorney will never make an irreparable mistake. True to the habits of your profession, you say: "Cite us some authority on the subject." Well, I quote to you the decision of the Supreme Court of heaven: "If any lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him."

What a scene is the office of a busy attorney! In addition to the men who come to you from right motives, bad men will come to you. They will offer you a large fee for counsel in the wrong direction. They want to know from you how they can escape from solemn marital obligation. They come to you wanting to know how they can fail advantageously for themselves. They come to you wanting to know how they can make the insurance company pay for a destroyed

house which they burned down with their own hands. Or they come to you on the simple errand of wanting to escape payment of their honest debts. Now, it is no easy thing to advise settlement, when by urging litigation you could strike a mine of remuneration. It is not a very easy thing to dampen the ardor of an inflamed contestant, when you know through a prolonged lawsuit you could get from him whatever you asked. It is no easy thing to attempt to discourage the suit for the breaking of a will in the Surrogate's Court because you know the testator was of sound mind and body when he signed the document. It requires no small heroism to do as I once heard an attorney do in an office in a Western city. I overheard the conversation, when he said: "John, you can go on with this lawsuit, and I will see you through as well as I can; but I want to tell you before you start, that a lawsuit is equal to a fire." Under the tremendous temptations that come upon the legal profession, there are scores of men who have gone down, and some of them from being the pride of the highest tribunal of the State, have become a disgrace to the Tombs court-room. Every attorney, in addition to the innate sense of right, wants the sustaining power of the old-fashioned religion of Jesus Christ. "Bring Zenas the lawyer."

There are two or three forms of temptation to which the legal profession is especially subjected. The first of all is *scepticism*. Controversy is the life-time business of that occupation. Controversy may be incidental or accidental with us; but with you it is perpetual. You get so used to pushing the sharp question "Why?" and making unaided reason superior to the emotions, that the religion of Jesus Christ, which is a simple matter of faith, and above human reason, has but little chance with some of you. A brilliant orator of the Republican party in the last Presidential campaign is a foe of Christianity, and wrote a book, on the first page of which he announced this sentiment: "An honest God is the noblest work of man!" Scepticism is the mightiest temptation of the legal profession, and that man who can stand in that profession, resisting all solicitations to infidelity, and can be as brave as George Briggs, of Massachusetts, who stepped from the gubernatorial chair to the missionary convention, to plead the cause of a dying race; then on his way home from the convention, on a cold day, took off his warm cloak and threw it over the shoulders of a thinly clad missionary, saying: "Take that and wear it, it will do you more good than it will me;" or, like John McLean, who can step from the Supreme Court room of the United States, on to the anniversary platform of the American Sunday-School Union, its most brilliant orator—deserves congratulation and encomium. O men of the legal profession, let me beg of you to quit asking questions in regard to religion, and begin believing. The mighty men of your profession, Story, and Kent, and Mansfield became Christians, not through their heads, but through their hearts. "Except ye become as a little child, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of God." If you do not become a Christian, O man of the legal profession, until you can reason this whole

thing out in regard to God, and Christ, and the immortality of the soul, you will never become a Christian at all. Only believe. "Bring Zenas the lawyer."

Another mighty temptation for the legal profession is to *Sabbath breaking*. The trial has been going on for ten or fifteen days. The evidence is all in. It is Saturday night. The judge's gavel falls on the desk, and he says: "Crier, adjourn the court until ten o'clock Monday morning." On Monday morning the counsellor is to sum up the case. Thousands of dollars, yea, the reputation and the life of his client may depend upon the success of his plea. How will he spend the intervening Sunday? There is not one lawyer out of a hundred that can withstand the temptation to break the Lord's day under such circumstances. And yet, if he does, he hurts his own soul. What, my brother, you cannot do before twelve o'clock Saturday night, or after twelve o'clock Sunday night, God does not want you to do at all. Besides that, you want the twenty-four hours of Sabbath rest to give you that electrical and magnetic force which will be worth more to you before the jury than all the elaboration of your case on the sacred day. Our own Judge Neilson, in his interesting reminiscences of Rufus Choate, says that during the last case that gentleman tried in New York, the court adjourned from Friday until Monday, on account of the illness of Mr. Choate; but the chronicler says that on the intervening Sabbath he saw Mr. Choate in the old "Brick Church," listening to the Rev. Dr. Gardiner Spring. I do not know whether, on the following day, Rufus Choate won his cause or lost it; but I do know that his Sabbatic rest did not do him any harm. Every lawyer is entitled to one day's rest out of seven. If he surrender that, he robs three—God, his own soul, and his client. Lord Castlereagh and Sir Thomas Romilly were the leaders of the bar in their day. They both died suicides. Wilberforce accounts for their aberration of intellect on the ground that they were unintermittent in their work, and they never rested on Sunday. "Poor fellow!" said Wilberforce, in regard to Castlereagh. "Poor fellow! it was non-observance of the Sabbath." Chief-Justice Hale says: "When I do not properly keep the Lord's day, all the rest of the week is unhappy and unsuccessful in my worldly employment." I quote to-day from the highest Statute Book in the universe: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." The legal gentleman who breaks that statute may seem for a while to be advantaged; but in the long run, the man who observes this law of God, will have larger retainers, vaster influence, greater professional success than those men who break the statute. Observance of the law of God pays not only spiritually and eternally, but it pays in hard dollars.

Another powerful temptation of the legal profession is to *artificial stimulus*. No one except those who have addressed audiences knows about the nervous exhaustion that sometimes comes afterward. The temptation to strong drink approaches the legal profession at that very point. Then, a trial is coming on. Through the ill-ventilated court-room, the barrister's health has

been depressed for days and for weeks. He wants to rally his energy. He is tempted to resort to artificial stimulus. It is either to get himself up, or let himself down, that this temptation comes upon him. The flower of the American bar, ruined in reputation and ruined in estate, said in his last moments: "This is the end. I am dying on a borrowed bed, covered with a borrowed sheet, in a house built by public charity. Bury me under that tree in the middle of the field, that I may not be crowded; I always have been crowded."

Another powerful temptation of the legal profession is to allow the absorbing duties of the profession to *shut out thoughts of the great future*. You know very well that you who have so often tried others, will after a while be put on trial yourselves. Death will serve on you a writ of ejectment, and you will be put off these earthly premises. On that day, all the affairs of your life will be presented in a "bill of particulars." No *certiorari* from a higher court, for this is the highest court. The day when Lord Exeter was tried for high treason; the day when the House of Commons moved for the impeachment of Lord Lovatt; the days when Charles I. and Queen Caroline were put upon trial; the day when Robert Emmet was arraigned as an insurgent; the day when Blennerhasset was brought into the court-room because he had tried to overthrow the United States Government, and all the other great trials of the world are nothing compared with the great trial in which you and I shall appear, summoned before the Judge of quick and dead. There will be no pleading there "the statute of limitation;" no "turning State's evidence," trying to get off ourselves, while others suffer; no "moving for a nonsuit." The case will come on inexorably, and we shall be tried. You, my brother, who have so often been advocate for others, will then need an advocate for yourself. Have you

selected him? The Lord Chancellor of the Universe. If any man sin, we have an advocate—Jesus Christ the righteous. It is uncertain when your case will be called on. "Be ye also ready."

Lord Ashburton and Mr. Wallace were leading barristers in their day. They died about the same time. A few months before their decease they happened to be at the same hotel in a village, the one counsel going to Devonshire, the other going to London. They had both been seized upon by a disease which they knew would be fatal, and they requested that they be carried into the same room and laid down on sofas, side by side, that they might talk over old times and talk over the future. So they were carried in, and lying there on opposite sofas, they talked over their old contests at the bar, and then they talked of the future world upon which they must soon enter. It was said to have been a very affecting and solemn interview between Mr. Wallace and Lord Ashburton. My friends, my subject to-day puts you side by side with those men in your profession who have departed this life, some of them sceptical and rebellious, some of them penitent, childlike, and Christian. These were wandering stars, for whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever, while these others went up from the court-room of earth to the throne of eternal dominion. Through Christ, the advocate, these got glorious acquittal. In the other case, it was a hopeless lawsuit. An unpardoned sinner *versus* the Lord God Almighty. Oh, what disastrous litigation! Behold, He comes! The Judge! The Judge! the clouds of heaven, the judicial ermine. The great white throne, the judicial bench. The archangel's voice that shall wake the dead, the crier. "Come, ye blessed—depart, ye cursed," the acquittal or the condemnation. "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened."

A SERMON TO DOCTORS.

"And Asa in the thirty and ninth year of his reign was diseased in his feet until his disease was exceeding great; yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers."—II CHRON. 16 : 12, 13.

HERE is King Asa with the gout. High living and no exercise have vitiated his blood, and my text presents him with his inflamed and bandaged feet on an ottoman. In defiance of God, whom he hated, he sends for certain conjurors or quacks. They come and give him all sorts of lotions and panaceas. They bleed him. They sweat him. They manipulate him. They blister him. They poultice him. They scarify him. They drug him. They cut him. They kill him! He was only a young man of thirty-nine years, and had a disease which, though very painful, seldom proves fatal to a young man, and he ought to have got well; but he fell a victim to charlatanry and empiricism. "And Asa in the thirty and ninth of his reign was diseased in his feet, until his disease was exceeding great; yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers." That is, the doctors killed him.

In this sharp and graphic way the Bible sets forth the truth, that you have no right to shut God out from the realm of pharmacy and therapeutics. If Asa had said: "O Lord, I am sick; bless the instrumentality employed for my recovery!" "Now, servant, go and get the best doctor you can find"—he would have recovered. In other words, the world wants divinely-directed physicians. There are a great many such. The diploma they received from the Long Island College Hospital, or from the New York Academy of Medicine, or from the University of Pennsylvania, or from the institutes of London or Paris, were nothing compared with the diploma they received from the Head Physician of the universe, on the day when they started out and He said to them: "Go, heal the sick, and cast out the devils of pain, and open the blind eyes, and unstop the deaf ears." God bless the doctors all the world over! and let all the hospitals, and dispensaries, and infirmaries, and asylums, and domestic circles of the earth respond: "Amen."

Men of the medical profession we often meet in the home of distress. We shake hands across the cradle of agonized infancy. We join each other in an attempt at solace where the paroxysm of grief demands an anodyne as well as a prayer. We look into each other's sympathetic faces through the dusk, as the night of death is

falling in the sick room. We do not have to climb over any barrier to-day in order to greet each other, for our professions are in full sympathy. You, doctor, are our first and last earthly friend. You stand at the gates of life when we enter this world, and you stand at the gates of death when we go out of it. In the closing moments of our earthly existence, when the hand of wife, or mother, or sister, or daughter, shall hold our right hand, it will give strength to our dying moments, if we can feel the tips of your fingers along the pulse of the left wrist. We do not meet to-day, as on other days, in houses of distress, but by the pleasant altars of God, and I propose to preach a sermon of helpfulness and good cheer. As in the nursery children sometimes re-enact all the scenes of the sick room, so to-day you play that you are the patient and that I am the physician, and take my prescription just once. It shall be a tonic, a sedative, a dietetic, a disinfectant, a stimulus, and an anodyne at the same time. "Is there not balm in Gilead? Is there not a physician there?"

In the first place, I think all the medical profession should become Christians because of the debt of gratitude they owe to God for the honor He has put upon their calling. No other calling in all the world, except it be that of the Christian ministry, has received so great an honor as yours. Christ Himself was not only preacher, but physician, surgeon, aurist, ophthalmotologist, and under His mighty power optic and auditory nerve thrilled with light and sound, and catalepsy arose from its fit, and the club-foot was straightened, and ankylosis went out of the stiffened tendons, and the foaming maniac became placid as a child, and the streets of Jerusalem became in extemporized hospital crowded with convalescent victims of casualty and invalidism. All ages have woven the garland for the doctor's brow. Homer said:

"A wise physician, skilled our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal."

Cicero said: "There is nothing in which men so approach the gods as when they try to give health to other men." Charles IX. made proclamation that all the Protestants in France should be put to death on St. Bartholomew's day, but made one exception, and that the case of Pare,

the father of French surgery. The battle-fields of the American Revolution welcomed Drs. Mercer, and Warren, and Rush. When the French army was entirely demoralized at fear of the plague, the leading surgeon of that army inoculated himself with the plague to show the soldiers there was no contagion in it; and their courage rose, and they went on to the conflict. God has honored this profession all the way through. Oh, the advancement from the days when Hippocrates tried to cure the great Pericles with hellebore and flaxseed poultices down to far later centuries when Haller announced the theory of respiration, and Harvey the circulation of the blood, and Ascelli the uses of the lymphatic vessels, and Jenner balked the worst disease that ever scourged Europe, and Sydenham developed the recuperative forces of the physical organism, and cinchona bark stopped the shivering agues of the world, and Sir Astley Cooper and Abernethy, and Hosack, and Romeyn, and Griscom, and Valentine Mott of the generation just passed, honored God, and fought back death with their keen scalpels.

If we who are laymen in medicine would understand what the medical profession has accomplished for the insane, let us look into the dungeon where the poor creatures used to be incarcerated. Madmen chained naked to the wall. A kennel of rotten straw their only sleeping place. Room unventilated and unlighted. The worst calamity of the race punished with the very worst punishment. And then come and look at the insane asylums of Utica and Kirkbride—sofaed, and pictured, libreried, concerted, until all the arts and adornments come to coax recreant reason to assume her throne. Look at Edward Jenner, the great hero of medicine. Four hundred thousand people annually dying in Europe from the small-pox, Jenner finds that by the inoculation of people with vaccine from a cow the great scourge of nations may be arrested. The ministers of the Gospel denounced vaccination; small wits caricatured Edward Jenner as riding in a great procession on the back of a cow; and grave men expressed it as their opinion that all the diseases of the brute creation would be transplanted into the human family; and they gave instances where, they said, actually horns had come out on the foreheads of innocent persons, and people had begun to chew the cud! But Dr. Jenner, the hero of medicine, went on fighting for vaccination until it had been estimated that that one doctor, in fifty years, has saved more lives than all the battles of any one century destroyed!

Passing along the streets of Edinburgh a few weeks after the death of Sir James Y. Simpson, I saw the photograph of the doctor in all the windows of the shops and stores, and well might that photograph be put in every window, for he first used chloroform as an anæsthetic agent. In other days they tried to dull human pain by the hasheesh of the Arabs and the madrepore of the Roman and the Greek; but it was left to Dr. James Simpson to introduce chloroform as an anæsthetic. Alas for the writhing subjects of surgery in other centuries! Blessed be God for that wet sponge or vial, in the hand of the operating surgeon in the clinical department of the

medical college, or in the sick room of the domestic circle, or on the battle-field amid thousands of amputations. Napoleon after a battle rode along the line and saw under a tree, standing in the snow, Larrey the surgeon, operating upon the wounded. Napoleon passed on, and twenty-four hours afterward came along the same place, and he saw the same surgeon operating in the same place, and he had not left it. Alas for the battle-fields without chloroform! But now, the soldier-boy takes a few breaths from the sponge and forgets all the pang of the gun-shot fracture, and while the surgeons of the field hospital are standing around him, he lies there dreaming of home, and mother, and heaven. No more parents standing around a suffering child, struggling to get away from the sharp instrument, but mild slumber instead of excruciation, and the child wakes up and says: "Father, what's the matter? What's the doctor here to-day for?" Oh, blessed be God for James Simpson and the heaven-descended mercies of chloroform.

The medical profession steps into the courtroom, and after conflicting witnesses have left everything in a fog, by chemical analyses shows the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, as by mathematical demonstration, thus adding honors to medical jurisprudence.

This profession has done wonders for public hygiene! How often they have stood between this nation and Asiatic cholera, and the yellow fever. The monuments in Greenwood, and Mount Auburn, and Laurel Hill, tell something of the story of those men who stood face to face with pestilence in Southern cities, until staggering in their own sickness they stumbled across the corpses of those whom they had come to save. This profession has been the successful advocate of ventilation, sewerage, drainage, and fumigation, until their sentiments were well expressed by Lord Palmerston, when he said to the English nation at the time a fast had been proclaimed to keep off a great pestilence: "Clean your streets or death will ravage, notwithstanding all the prayers of this nation. Clean your streets, and then call on God for help."

See what this profession has done for human longevity. There was such a fearful subtraction from human life, that there was a prospect that within a few centuries this world would be left almost inhabitantless. Adam started with a whole eternity of earthly existence before him; but he cut off the most of it, and only comparatively few years were left—only seven hundred years of life, and then five hundred, and then four hundred, and then two hundred, and then one hundred, and then fifty, and then the average of human life came to forty, and then it dropped to eighteen. But medical science came in, and since the sixteenth century, the average of human life has risen from eighteen years to forty-four; and it will continue to rise until the average of human life will be fifty, and it will be sixty, and it will be seventy, and a man will have no right to die before ninety, and the prophecy of Isaiah will be literally fulfilled: "And the child shall die a hundred years old." The millennium for the souls of men, will be the millennium for the bodies of men. Sin done, disease

will be done—the clergyman and the physician getting through with their work at the same time.

But it seems to me that the most beautiful benediction of the medical profession has been dropped upon the poor. No excuse now for any one's not having scientific attendance. Dispensaries and infirmaries everywhere under the control of the best doctors, some of them poorly paid, some of them not paid at all. A half-starved woman comes out from the low tenement house into the dispensary, and unwraps the rags from her babe, a bundle of ulcers, and rheum, and pustules, and over that little sufferer bends the accumulated wisdom of the ages, from Esculapius down to last week's autopsy. In one dispensary, in one year, one hundred and fifty thousand prescriptions were issued. Why do I show you what God has allowed this profession to do? Is it to stir up your vanity? Oh, no. The day has gone by for pompous doctors, with conspicuous gold-headed canes and powdered wigs, which were the accompaniments in the days when the barber used to carry through the streets of London Dr. Brockelsby's wig, to the admiration and awe of the people, saying: "Make way! here comes Dr. Brockelsby's wig." No, I announce these things not only to increase the appreciation of laymen in regard to the word of physicians, but to stir in the hearts of the men of the medical profession a feeling of gratitude to God that they have been allowed to put their hand to such a magnificent work, and that they have been called into such illustrious company. Have you never felt a spirit of gratitude for this opportunity? Do you not feel thankful now? Then, I am afraid, doctor, you are not a Christian, and that the old proverb which Christ quoted in His sermon may be appropriate to you: "Physician, heal thyself."

Another reason why I think the medical profession ought to be Christians, is because there are so many trials and annoyances in that profession that need positive Christian solace. I know you have the gratitude of a great many good people, and I know it must be a grand thing to walk intelligently through the avenues of human life, and with anatomic skill poise yourself on the nerves and fibres which cross and recross this wonderful physical system. I suppose a skilled eye can see more beauty even in a malformation than an architect can point out in any of his structures, though it be the very triumph of arch, and plinth, and abacus. But how many annoyances and trials the medical profession have. Dr. Rush used to say, in his valedictory address to the students of the medical college: "Young gentlemen, have two pockets—a small pocket and a big pocket; a small pocket in which to put your fees, a large pocket in which to put your annoyances."

In the first place, the physician has no Sabbath. Busy merchants, and lawyers, and mechanics, cannot afford to be sick during the secular week, and so they nurse themselves along with lozenges and horehound candy until Sabbath morning comes, and then they say: "I must have a doctor." And that spoils the Sabbath-morning church service for the physician.

Beside that, there are a great many men who dine but once a week with their families. During the secular days they take a hasty lunch at the restaurant, and on the Sabbath they make up for their six days' abstinence by especial gormandizing, which, before night makes their amazed digestive organs cry out for a doctor. And that spoils the evening church service for the physician.

Then they are annoyed by people coming too late. Men wait until the last fortress of physical strength is taken, and Death has dug around it the trench of the grave, and then they run for the doctor. The slight fever which might have been cured with a foot-bath, has become virulent typhus, and the hacking cough, killing pneumonia. As though a captain should sink his ship off Amagansett, and then put ashore in a yawl, and then come to New York to the marine office, and want to get his vessel insured. Too late for the ship, too late for the patient.

Then there are many who always blame the doctor because the people die, forgetting the Divine enactment: "It is appointed unto men once to die." The father in medicine who announced the fact that he had discovered the art by which to make men in this world immortal, himself died at forty-seven years of age, showing that immortality was less than half a century for him. Oh, how easy it is when people die, to cry out: "Malpractice." Then the physician must bear with all the whims, and the sophistries, and the deceptions, and the stratagems, and the irritations of the shattered nerves and the beclouded brain of women, and more especially of men, who never know how gracefully to be sick, and who with their salivated mouth curse the doctor, giving him his dues, as they say—about the only dues he will in that case collect. The last bill that is paid is the doctor's bill. It seems so incoherent for a restored patient, with ruddy cheeks and rotund form, to be bothered with a bill charging him for old calomel and jalap. The physicians of this country do more missionary work without charge than all the other professions put together. From the concert room, from the merry party, from the comfortable couch on a cold night, when the thermometer is five degrees below zero, the doctor must go right away; he always must go right away. To keep up under this nervous strain, to go through this night-work, to bear all these annoyances, many physicians have resorted to strong drink and perished. Others have appealed to God for sympathy and help, and have lived. Which were the wise doctors, judge ye?

Again: The medical profession ought to be Christians because there are professional exigencies when they need God. Asa's destruction by unblest physicians was a warning. There are awful crises in every medical practice when a doctor ought to know how to pray. All the hosts of ills will sometimes hurl themselves on the weak points of the physical organism, or with equal ferocity will assault the entire line of susceptibility to suffering. The next dose of medicine will decide whether or not that happy home shall be broken up. Shall it be this medicine or that medicine? God help the doctor.

Between the five drops and the ten drops may be the question of life or death. Shall it be the five or the ten drops? Be careful how you put that knife through those delicate portions of the body, for if it swing out of the way the sixth part of an inch, the patient perishes. Under such circumstances a physician needs not so much consultation with men of his own calling, as he needs consultation with that God who strung the nerves and built the cells, and swung the crimson tide through the arteries. You wonder why the heart throbs—why it seems to open and shut. There is no wonder about it. It is God's hand, shutting, opening, shutting, opening, on every heart. When a man comes to doctor the eye, he ought to be in communication with Him who said to the blind: "Receive thy sight." When a doctor comes to treat a paralytic arm, he ought to be in communication with Him who said: "Stretch forth thy hand, and he stretched it forth." When a man comes to doctor a bad case of hemorrhage, he needs to be in communication with Him who cured the issue of blood, saying: "Thy faith hath saved thee."

I do not mean to say that piety will make up for medical skill. A bungling doctor, confounded with what was not a very bad case, went into the next room to pray. A skilled physician was called in. He asked for the first practitioner. "Oh," they said, "he's in the next room, praying." "Well," said the skilled doctor, "tell him to come out here and help, he can pray and work at the same time." It was all in that sentence. Do the best we can and ask God to help us. There are no two men in all the world, it seems to me, that so much need the grace of God as the minister who doctors the sick soul, and the physician who prescribes for the diseased body.

Another reason why the medical profession ought to be Christians, is because there opens before them such a grand field for Christian usefulness. You see so many people in pain, in trouble, in bereavement. You ought to be the voice of heaven to their souls. Old Dr. Gasherie De Witt, a practitioner of New York, told me in his last days: "I always present the religion of Christ to my patients, either directly or indirectly, and I find it is almost always acceptable." Doctors Abercrombie and Brown, of Scotland, Doctors Hey and Fothergill, of England, and Dr. Rush, of our own country, were celebrated for their faithfulness in that direction. "Oh," says the medical profession, "that is your occupation; that belongs to the clergy, not to us." My brother, there are severe illnesses in which you will not admit even the clergy, and that patient's salvation

will depend upon your faithfulness. With the medicine for the body in one hand, and the medicine for the soul in the other, oh, what a chance! There lies a dying Christian on the pillow. You need to hold over him the lantern of the Gospel until its light streams across the pathway of the departing pilgrim, and you need to cry into the dull ear of death: "Hark to the song of heaven's welcome that comes stealing over the waters." There lies on the pillow a dying sinner. All the morphine that you brought with you cannot quiet him. Terror in the face. Terror in the heart. How he jerks himself up on one elbow, and looks wildly into your face, and says: "Doctor, I can't die; I am not ready to die. What makes it so dark? Doctor, can you pray?" Blessed for you and blessed for him if then you can kneel down and say: "O God, I have done the best I could to cure this man's body, and I have failed. Now, I commit to Thee his poor, suffering, and affrighted soul. Open Paradise to his departing spirit."

But I must close, for there may be suffering men and women waiting in your office, or on the hot pillow, wondering why you don't come. But before you go, O doctors, hear my prayer for your eternal salvation. Blessed will be the reward in heaven for the faithful Christian physician. Some day, through overwork, or from bending over a patient and catching his contagious breath, the doctor comes home, and he lies down faint and sick. He is too weary to feel his own pulse or take the diagnosis of his own complaint. He is worn out. The fact is his work on earth is ended. Tell those people in the office there they need not wait any longer; the doctor will never go there again. He has written his last prescription for the alleviation of human pain. The people will run up his front steps and inquire: "How is the doctor today?" All the sympathies of the neighborhood will be aroused, and there will be many prayers that he who has been so kind to the sick may be comforted in his last pang. It is all over now. In two or three days, his convalescent patients, with shawl wrapped around them, will come to the front window and look out at the passing hearse, and the poor of the city, barefooted and bare-headed, will stand on the street corner, saying: "Oh, how good he was to us all!" But on the other side of the river of death some of his old patients, who are forever cured, will come out to welcome him, and the Physician of heaven, with locks as white as snow, according to Apocalyptic vision, will come out and say, "Come in, come in. I was sick, and ye visited me!"

A SERMON TO MERCHANTS.

"Tyre, the crowning city, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth,"—
ISAIAH 23 : 8.

ITS wealth, and splendor, and power, made Tyre the crowning city of the land. What Tyre was to that land, New York, with its surroundings, is to this country—the crowning city. Philadelphia has a more genial clime; and less superficiality of society; and Boston a reputation for higher culture; and Chicago more speed of advancement; but, taking all in all, New York is the crowning city of the United States. The question in Boston is: "How much does he know?" In Philadelphia: "Who was his father?" The question in New York is: "How much is he worth?" This tendency of things has developed the material advantages of our city until, like that of Tyre of old, it may be called "the crowning city." "Its merchants are princes, and its traffickers the honorable of the earth."

It is to this royal family of merchants that I speak to-day. I call them the royal family because they are higher in authority and power than Congresses or Parliaments. How often it has been the case that the cabinets of Europe have waited to hear what a Jewish banker had to say on the matter. I speak at a most cheering and brightening time. I was this last week in Kentucky, and during the four days and nights that I spent in the cars, I was more impressed with this fact than any other—that the merchandise of the land is waking up. The cars crowded with merchants from New York to Pittsburg; crowded from Pittsburg to Columbus; crowded from Columbus to Cincinnati; crowded from Cincinnati to Louisville, Kentucky; crowded all the way back with merchants. It is at such an encouraging time I speak. But in all circumstances merchants have their trials. If a man has any helpful word in their behalf, shall he not utter it? If a war break out, they furnish the means for the armament. If famine prey upon Ireland, merchants send out breadstuffs. If there are churches to be built, and colleges to be endowed, and beneficent institutions to be supported, the merchants put their hands to the work, and they have a right to expect that in our ministration we will be sympathetic with their struggles and temptations. I shall speak of some of the temptations and trials to which our merchants are subjected, and then show them the way out.

In the first place, a great many of our merchants are much tried with limited capital.

Everybody knows it takes three or four times as much money now to do business well as once it did. Once, a man would take a few hundred dollars and put them into goods, and he would be his own store-sweeper, his own weigher, his own book-keeper, his own salesman, and, having all the affairs under his own hand and brain, everything was net profit. So it was in the times when the Granvilles, and the Lenoxes, and the Stewarts, and the Lawrences of the world started. Oh, what a change! Heavy taxation, costly apparatus, extensive advertising, exorbitant store rent, are only a part of the demand made upon our commercial men.

The man waking up with a small capital says: "I can't endure this pressure any longer," and under this temptation of limited capital men ruin themselves in one of two directions. Some immediately succumb to the temptation. They surrender before the first shot of the battle is fired. At the first hard run they yield. Their knees knock together at the fall of the auctioneer's gavel. They do not understand that there is such a thing as heroism in merchandise, and that there are Waterloos of the counter, and that no braver battle was ever won with the sword than has been won with the yardstick. Their souls melt within them because sugars are up when they want to buy, and down when they want to sell, and because there are bad debts on their ledgers; the gloom of their soul overshadows their dry goods and groceries. Despondency blasts them.

Other men are ruined by the temptation in the opposite direction. They say: "Here, I have struggled as long as can be expected; I am going to stop this. I have been going along from hand to mouth long enough; I find by legitimate business and straightforward merchandise I can't succeed; now from this time it is make or break." The craft that did very well in a small storm is pushed out beyond the lighthouse on the great sea of speculation. The man borrows a few thousand dollars from friends who do not like to refuse him. He says: "I can't be any worse off than I am now; if I succeed with this borrowed money I shall give 10,000 dollars to the Bible Society, and 10,000 dollars to the Tract Society, and I will help to support all beneficent institutions; and if I fail, I'll be no worse off than I am now. One hundred thousand dollars subtracted from nothing, nothing

remains." Perhaps stocks are the dice with which he gambles. Perhaps he buys large tracts of western lands, and then some day meeting a farmer from a fat homestead in New Jersey, or Massachusetts, or New York State, he persuades the farmer to trade off his homestead for lots in western cities, with wide avenues, and costly palaces, and lake steamers smoking at the wharves, and lightning express trains coming down from all directions! There it is, all on paper! True, there has been no city built, and no railroad constructed as yet, but everything points in that direction, and the thing will be done as sure as you live. The man stops at no fraud, stops at no outrage. He dashes past in his splendid equipage after two years of business, and the laborer looks up as he goes by and says: "Well, I wonder where that man got his money!" and then the laborer, wiping the sweat from his brow, thinks to himself: "Why, two years ago that man was as poor as I am. I wonder where he got his money!" He stole it. After a while the bubble bursts, and the creditors rush in, and the law clutches, but finds nothing in its grasp. The pictorials blaze the face of the man who had genius enough in a few years to fail for 250,000 dollars. I would not want to block up the path to lawful accumulation before any of our young men; but when I see so many men, through limited capital, tempted into reckless speculation, I think it is time for the Church of God and the ministers of religion to raise a most emphatic and unmistakable protest. It is this process through which so many merchants go down into destruction and perdition. If ever tempted into reckless speculation, preach to your soul a sermon from the text: "As a partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not, so riches got by fraud; a man shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at the end he shall be a fool."

Again, I remark that a great many of our merchants are tempted to overcare and anxiety. All styles of merchandise seem overdone. Smitten with the love of quick gain, men rush into the cities resolved to get rich at all hazards. The money must come; they do not care how it comes. Our honest merchants are thrown into competition with men of larger means and less conscience, and if an opportunity for emolument be lost for an hour, somebody else picks it up. This spirit of strife and contention among the occupations—this rivalry in business—was well illustrated by Charles Kingsley, who says: "Go where you will, in town or country, you will find half-a-dozen shops struggling for a custom that would only keep up one. And so they are forced to undersell one another; and, when they have got down the prices all they can by fair means, they are forced to get them lower by foul, and to sand the sugar, and poison the tea, and put, Satan—that prompts them on—knows what, into the bread; and then they don't thrive—they can't thrive. God's curse must be on them. They began by trying to oust each other and eat each other up, and, while they are eating up their neighbors, their neighbors eat them up, and so they all come to ruin together."

Now, what a contest it is for our honest, up-

right merchants, when they go out into this competition! From January to December it is one long struggle. No quiet at night for their tossing limbs and their brain that will not stop thinking. Even the Sabbath does not dam back this tide of worldliness, for its wave dashes clear over the church, and leaves its foam on the Bible and the Prayer-book. Men on salaries, men culturing their farms, do not understand that wear and tear of body, mind, and soul to which our merchants are subjected in this day, when their livelihood, their competency, their fortune, their business honor may all depend upon the uncertainties of the next hour. This perpetual excitement of the brain, the corroding care of the heart, this strain that exhausts the spirit, pushes many of our very best merchants mid-life into the grave. They find that Wall Street does not end at the East River; it ends in Greenwood. Their life dashed out against a money-safe. They carry their store on their back. They trudge like camels sweating from Aleppo to Damascus.

Oh, if there is any class of men who have my hearty sympathies, it is these men who are toiling in merchandise to-day. I wish I could rub out some of the lines of care from your brow. I wish I could lift some of the burdens from your heart. I wish I could give relaxation to your worn-out muscles. Is it not time for you to take it a little easier? Do the best you can, and then trust the rest with God. Take a long breath. God manages all the affairs of your life, and He manages them for the best. Consider the lilies; they always have robes. Behold the fowls of the air; they always have nests. Bethink yourself of the fact that God did not intend you to be a pack-horse. Dig yourself out from the hogsheads, the shelves, and in the light of this holy Sabbath, in the strength and faith of God, throw your fretfulness and fears to the wind. You brought nothing into the world, and it is very certain you can carry nothing out; having food and raiment, be therewith content. There was a man who came over from New York some years ago, and threw himself down on the lounge in his house, and said: "Well, everything's gone." They said: "What do you mean?" "Oh," he replied, "we have had to suspend payment; our house has gone to pieces—nothing left." His little child bounded from the other side of the room and said: "Papa, you have me left." And the wife, who had been very sympathetic and helpful, came up and said: "Well, my dear, you have me left." And the old grandmother, seated in a corner of the room, put up her spectacles on her wrinkled forehead and said: "My son, you have all the promises of God left." Then the merchant burst into tears and said: "What an ingrate I am! I find I have a great many things left. God forgive me."

I tell you, my brother, what gives you so much worryment. You have an idea that your happiness depends upon your commercial success. It does not. You are building on a very poor foundation if you are building on that foundation. You know the authentic statistic that out of a hundred merchants only two succeed finally, and are you going into this struggle with

the idea that your happiness for this world or the next depends upon commercial success? I want to explode that infatuation. Some years ago a man wrote: "I called on a friend, a great antiquarian, a gentleman always referred to in all matters relating to the city of Boston, and he told me that in the year 1800 he took a memorandum of every person on Long Wharf; and that in 1840, which is as long as a merchant continues in business, only five in one hundred remained. They had all in that time failed, or died destitute of property. I then went to a very intelligent director of the Union Bank—a very strong bank. He told me that bank commenced business in 1798, that there was then another bank in Boston—the Massachusetts Bank—and that the bank was so overrun with business that the clerks and officers were obliged to work until 12 o'clock at night, and on Sunday; that they had occasion to look back—a year or two ago—and they found that of the one thousand accounts which were opened with them in starting, only six remained; they had in the forty years either failed or died destitute of property. Houses whose paper had passed without question, had all gone in that time. 'Banking,' said he, 'is like death, and is as certain; they fall singly and alone, and are thus forgotten; but there is no escape from it, and he is a fortunate man who fails young!'" Another friend told me that he had occasion to look through the probate office a few years since, and was surprised to find over ninety per cent of all the estates settled there were insolvent. Now what a foolish man that is who builds his happiness on the prospects of worldly success! You are not dependent upon commercial prosperity for your peace here, or for your joy hereafter.

Again: I notice that our merchants are tempted sometimes to neglect their home duties. There ought to be no collision between the store and the home; but there is sometimes a collision. There are merchants in this city, who are merely the cashier of their family; they are the agent to provide dry goods and groceries. They have nothing to do with the discipline and education of their children. Perhaps once or twice a year—some Sunday afternoon when they have nothing else to do—they call their children around about them, and review their good habits, and review their bad habits, and give them a quarter a-piece for their virtues, and chastise them for their faults, and give them a world of good advice, and then all the rest of the year, wonder that their children are not better for this semi-annual discipline and castigation. If they have family prayers, it is with a rush; and they read the 23d Psalm of David—a psalm more read than any chapter perhaps in the Bible—first, because it is a very precious and glorious psalm; secondly, in many cases, because it is short. If they ask a blessing at the table, it is cut off at both ends, and with their hand on the carving-knife. While they are waiting for the dessert, they are counting on their fingers—making commercial estimate. Then the hat goes to the head, and they are down the street; and before their family have left the table, they are binding up another pack-

age of goods, and saying: "Anything more I can do for you to-day, sir?"

Oh, my brother, you have not discharged your responsibilities to your household when you have given them a drawing master and a music teacher. It is your duty, O father—no other one can do this but yourself—to look after the physical culture of your children. You ought sometimes to unlimber your dignity, you ought sometimes to run out with your children into their sports and games. That man who cannot sometimes turn his back upon the severe work of life, and fly the kite, and trundle the hoop, and jump the rope, and chase the ball with his children, ought never to have been tempted out of a crusty, unredeemable solitariness. Do you suppose you are going to keep your children home if you do not make your home bright? As long as they find the saloons of sin more beautiful, more attractive than the home circle, so long they will go there. Do you suppose you can sit down with your children in the evening, from seven to ten o'clock, groaning over your rheumatism, expecting them to be entertained with that? Oh, no! do not give them any extra trouble. They will have their own rheumatism soon enough. Bring into your homes all brightness, all books, all musical instruments, so far as you can afford them. I do not invite you to extravagance, but I say so far as you can afford them; and above all, not by a semi-annual discipline, but the year round, teach your children that religion is a great gladness, that it is a chain of gold about the neck, that it takes no blitheness from the step, no lustre from the eye, no ring from the laughter, but that her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

Again: I remark that a good many of our merchants are tempted to make financial gain of more importance than the soul. It is a grand thing to have plenty of money; the more money you get the better, if it come honestly, and go usefully. There is no war between the Bible and worldly success. When I hear a man canting in pulpit, or pew, or prayer-meeting, against money, as though it had no practical use—well, I think the best heaven for such a man as that would be an everlasting poor-house. For the lack of money sickness dies without medicine, and hunger finds its coffin in an empty bread-tray. But while we admit that money has its lawful use, we must remember that it will not glitter in the dark valley, that it will not pay the ferriage across the Jordan of death, that it will not unlock the gate of heaven. There are men in our occupations and professions who act as though they thought a pack of bonds and mortgages might be traded off at the last for a mansion in the skies, as though gold would be a legal tender in that land where it is so common that they make paving-stones out of it.

Salvation by Christ is the old salvation. Treasures in heaven are the only incorruptible treasures. I suppose you have all ciphered in arithmetic as far as loss and gain. If you have, then I will give you a sum in loss and gain: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the *whole world* and lose his soul?" However finely you may be attired, the winds of death will flutter your apparel like rags. The pearl of great price

is worth more than any gem ever brought up from the depths of the ocean—worth more than Australian and Brazilian mines strung in one carcanet. "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things will be added to you." Yet, how many merchants there are who seem to get along without any religion. The fact is that a man is very seldom converted after he is worth 40,000 dollars. After a man gets a certain amount of worldly resources, he thinks: "Well, now I can take care of myself." Oh, how many there are who go down financially and go down eternally. You see it. You know it a great deal better than I do. You saw it yesterday; you have seen it every day for a long while. Men failing for this world and failing for eternity.

Some of you remember the shipwreck of the Central America, about twenty years ago. She was laden with a valuable cargo, and she had about five hundred passengers, I think. They had a prosperous voyage; but after a while a storm struck, and the surges trampled the deck and swung into the hatches, and there went up a five hundred-voiced death-shriek. The foam on the jaw of the wave. The pitching of the steamer as though it would leap a mountain. The dismal blaze of the signal-rockets. The long cough of the smoke-pipes. The hiss of extinguished furnaces. The walking of God through the storm. That vessel did not go down without a great struggle. The passengers gathered in long lines, and, with their buckets, tried to bale out the sinking steamer. After a

while there came a sail in sight. The people on that other vessel saw the flash of the distress-gun, but did not hear its sound, because the booming of the gun was drowned by the louder booming of the storm. The vessel came near. Very few got off. Suddenly the ship, the wounded steamer, gave a great lurch and went down. So there are men who are sailing on in life prosperously. All is well! All is well! until, after a while, a financial storm strikes them—a euroclydon—a cyclone—and they perish. Oh, my brother, because you lose your property, do not lose your soul, for there is coming a more stupendous shipwreck after awhile. This great ship of a world which God launched more than six thousand years ago, bearing a freightage of mountains and immortals, has been sailing on, sailing on, but some day it will be staggered with the cry of "Fire!" The timbers of rock will burn, and the mountains flame like masts, and the clouds like sails in the judgment hurricane. But God will take His children off that deck, and from the berths those who are asleep in Jesus, and He will set them beyond the reach of storm and tempest. But how many will go down will never be known until some day in heaven it is announced: "The shipwreck of the world! So many millions saved. So many millions drowned." Oh, my hearers, though your store go, though your house go, though your government securities go—may God, through the blood of the Everlasting Covenant, save all your souls!

A SERMON TO THE THEATRICAL PROFESSION.

"And certain of the chiefs of Asia, which were his friends, sent unto him, desiring him that he would not adventure himself into the theatre."—ACTS 19 : 31.

THE histrionic art has claimed much of the attention of the world since the day when Thespis acted his play in a wagon at the festival of Dionysius, until this hour when the finest audience-rooms in St. Petersburg, and Venice, and Milan, and Paris, and London, are given up to the drama. Professor Stacke, by his exhumation of the theatre of Bacchus, at Athens, has thrown much light upon the architecture of the ancient theatre. It was a vast building—the seats rising in concentric circles until no human voice could reach the multitude, and the play-actors had masks which served as speaking trumpets, while there were under the seats reflections of sound. The building was roofless, but covered with an awning to keep out the glare of the sun, as all the performances were in the daytime; while, at the side, there were porticoes into which many of the people retired in time of rain. These buildings were an over-mastering splendor of marble, and glass, and statuary, and gold, and silver, and precious stones. For twelve consecutive hours, yea, from morning until night, the audiences would assemble in multitudes of eighty or a hundred thousand people—ay, all the population of the city.

My text gives a glimpse of one of those buildings. It was six hundred and sixty feet in diameter, and in full accord with the architectural pomp and magnificence of that wonderful city. Paul wanted to attend that theatre. His friends were determined he should not go there. He says: "I must go there," and when so determined a man as Paul proposes a thing, it is a very difficult matter to hinder him. But they held fast of him, and the chief men of the city "sent unto him, desiring that he would not adventure himself into the theatre." What! had the apostle become so fond of the spectacular—had he been so pleased with the writings of Eschylus, the dramatist, and with the reputation of Sophocles and Euripides, the world-renowned tragedians, that between his sermons he must go and look upon the performances of the theatre? No! He wanted to go into that theatre to preach Christ to the people, and vindicate the cause of truth and righteousness. Indeed, I do not know any place more appropriate for the

preaching of the Gospel than these palaces of dramatic art. Christ says: "Go into all the world and preach my Gospel." That means preach it everywhere. No place too good for it. No place too bad for it. I never had a better time in proclaiming Christ to the people than one night in Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, at the invitation of the owner of the theatre, and under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association of that city. We began the service by a prayer-meeting in the green-room, and we concluded the service by an inquiry-meeting, in which scores of souls started out for heaven, afterward joining the different churches of the city. Chatham Theatre, in New York, was never put to a grander purpose than when in 1857, during the great revival, the doors were thrown open for religious assemblages, and hundreds of souls found that their birthplace, and on one occasion the service of the main audience was overpowered by the Christian songs that came rolling up from the bar-room where men once destroyed their bodies and souls with strong drink. Until the ministry shall be invited to preach in all these palaces of dramatic art, the best thing we can do is, as far as possible, to imitate Paul the Apostle, and adventure ourselves into the theatre by preaching to those who attend upon it, and to those who act upon its stage, and to all the *employés* of the institution.

"But," says some one, "you are the last man in the world to preach to the theatrical profession, since you are their avowed enemy." Before I get through this morning, I will show you whether or not I am their enemy. Three or four years ago, I preached three or four sermons on the character and condition of the average American theatre. What I thought and felt then, I think and feel now; but my utterances were very much misrepresented. I never made any wholesale and indiscriminate assault upon the theatrical profession. I acknowledged then, as I acknowledge now, that there is as much genius in that profession as in any other profession; that there are men and women in that profession who are pure and honest; that the characteristic of many of them has been generosity, and I said other things in that

direction ; but the reports in the newspapers did not give that part of my sermons, while they gave those parts that were entirely critical of that profession—that omission, not from any desire to misrepresent me, but I suppose from the crowded state of the columns of the newspapers at that time. One sermon was ascribed to me, not one word of which did I preach. I have this fact authenticated : that in one of the newspaper offices of the country, on Sunday afternoon, the question was asked : “ Where is Talmage’s sermon on the theatre ? ” The answer was, “ The gentleman who went over to phonograph the sermon met with an accident, and he did not get to the Tabernacle, and so we haven’t received it. ” “ Well,” said one in the office, “ you go down and find out what the text was. ” A messenger went and found out what the text was, and came back, and in that office my sermon was written out ! and by a man who had never seen me—making me the foe of all kinds of amusements, representing me as the denouncer of all the men and women of the theatrical profession, without any exception, as profligate and abandoned. “ Well,” you say, “ why didn’t you correct the impression ? ” Oh, I never hunt lies ! I have so many things to do, and that is not my business. My work is to proclaim the whole counsel of God as far as I understand it, and I leave the result with the Lord, and I find the plan works well.

We must, however, at this point of the discourse, acknowledge that there is an everlasting war between the Church and the playhouse. You do not like the Church. We do not like the theatre. But there is a common ground upon which we may meet to-day, as immortal men and women, with souls to be saved or lost, for whom there is a Christ ready to lift every burden, and heal every wound, and save every soul. Him I declare unto you to-day.

I ask that the members of the theatrical profession, whether present to-day, or after a while reading these words, come immediately, and unconditionally surrender to the Lord Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour. I make the request on two grounds. First, because of the vast amount of usefulness you might wield for Christ. It seems to me that the entire course of the world’s history would have been changed if men and women who have given themselves to the world’s theatrical entertainment had given themselves to Christian work. It was the dramatic element *sanctified* in Robert Hall, and Thomas Chalmers, and George Whitefield, that made them become the irresistible and all-conquering instruments of righteousness. If Hackett, and Edmund Kean, and John Kemble, and George Frederick Cook, and Junius Booth, and Garrick, and their contemporaries of the stage, had given themselves to the service of the Lord, this would have been a far different world from what it is. If the Davenports, and the Irvings, and the Wallacks, and the Edwin Booths of to-day would some night at the close of their performance come to the front of the stage and say to the people : “ Ladies and gentlemen, from this time I begin the especial service of Jesus Christ ; I give myself in private and in public to His cause ; I am to be His for time

and for eternity ”—it would revolutionize the American cities—it would save the world !

“ Oh,” you say, “ now you are talking about an impossibility ; you know very well that there is such a prejudice against our profession that if we should come and knock at the door of a Christian Church, we would be scouted and driven back. ” Great mistake. When Spencer H. Cone stepped from the burning theatre in Richmond, December 26th, 1811, and stepped into the pulpit of the Baptist denomination, he was rapturously welcomed, and I ask what impression that man ever made as a play-actor compared with the influence with which he thrilled Christendom when the great tragedian had become the great apostle ? I ask, then, in the name of God, that the dramatic talent of the world change its profession. I ask that you give to God your heart, your head, your hand, your foot, your power of impersonation, your grip over the human heart, your capacity to subdue and transport, and electrify great assemblages. Admitting, as you will, that it is every one’s duty to put to the grandest possible use every faculty that God gives man, I ask you to come and throw yourselves into the stupendous work of preparing men and women for an unending eternity. Garrick, the actor, and Whitefield, the preacher, were contemporaries—were friends and admirers. Garrick said he would give a thousand guineas for the capacity to use the exclamation “ Oh ! ” as George Whitefield used it. The triumph of the one was in Drury Lane Theatre ; the triumph of the other was on Moorfields Common, where thousands of souls under his ministry cried out for God. From the door of eternity, which man has the pleasanter retrospect ? Oh, I ask you to decide this matter as you will wish you had decided it after the curtain has fallen upon the last act of the tragedy of the world’s existence.

I put this request for your surrender to the Lord, also on the ground of your own happiness and safety. There is no peace for any occupation or profession without Christ. Your profession is no exception. The huzzas in the Haymarket Theatre and in Covent Garden, and in Goodman’s Fields, and in the Royal Theatre of London, could not give peace to Mrs. Siddons, and Thomas Betterton, and Edmund Kean, and Macready. The world may laugh at the farce, but the comedian finds it a very serious business. Liston in his day had more power to move the mirth of an audience than any other man. He went one day to Dr. Abernethy, saying : “ O doctor, I am so low-spirited ; can’t you cure me ? ” Dr. Abernethy did not know it was Liston, the comedian, who had come as a patient, and he said to him : “ Pooh, pooh, I am not the man you want to see ; don’t come and see a doctor ; go and see Liston ; two doses would cure a madman. ” Alas ! for Liston, he might cure others, but he could not cure himself. I tell you that without God there is no happiness and no permanent good cheer. At the wave of the orchestral baton, when the music rises, and the chandeliers gleam, and the play goes on plunging toward the castastrophe, it does not seem as if you had any disquietude at all ; but there are times of heartache, and

exasperation, and disappointment for you. A great London actor went into the mad-house for life, because by some unfortunate stroke of a sword he lost his wig in the play of *Hamlet*, and the guffaw of the audience utterly frenzied him.

Beside all the other annoyance of your life, there is the question of livelihood, and you know that in your profession it is a very precarious thing. Sometimes you are flush with money. Then a favorite troupe comes along and pushes you off the stage. "Hush! hush!" said the French actress to the manager, as he conducted her from the theatre to her carriage. "Hush! don't you let my coachman hear that you have given me only eighteen hundred francs a year, when I give him twenty-four hundred!" Sometimes you have gone from the theatre, when in the play you were robed, and garlanded, and coronated like a queen, to a home where the struggle for bread is awful. Now I ask you to come out and try the comforts of the old-fashioned religion of Jesus Christ. "Oh," you say, "in order to do that I should have to give up my profession." My brother, my sister, decide one question at a time. First give your heart to the Lord, and then decide this question. You will be able to decide it better then. You will have God to help you to decide it.

When I was, three or four years ago, preaching on the condition of the average American theatre, there were several play-actresses who came to my house and said: "We would like to become Christians, if you could only find for us some other occupation." I said to them what I say to you, that no one ever becomes a Christian until he or she is willing to come in this spirit and say: "O Lord Jesus, I take Thee now anyhow, come weal or woe, prosperity or privation, comfortable home or almshouse." It was in that spirit that the poor girl wrote the memorable hymn which you all know, after she had been turned out from her father's house, because he was an infidel, and she was determined to be a Christian, when she sat down and wrote in her banishment, these words:

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shall be.

"Perish every fond ambition,
All I've hoped, or wished, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own."

But let me say that God lets no one be shelterless and hungry who comes in that spirit. She shall have the omnipotent God for her friend, and all the armed hosts of heaven will be her sworn allies. The poor girl will be richer than all the rich men of the earth who have made this world their God, in their dying moment, saying a few nice religious things so as to help the minister through with his funeral sermon! Your safety and your happiness, as well as your usefulness, depend upon your being a Christian. Beside that, after the four acts have been gone through with—infancy, youth, manhood, old age—and you come to the fifth act, the last act, the catastrophe, the death-hour—what then? I know not what may be the shifting scenes of the act, whether palace or garret, or whether the

footlights may be glittering festivities, or the dim candles of destitution; but this I know, it will be a momentous hour. *Enter*, the King of Terrors, with all his courtiers of pain, and sickness, and bereavement. *Exeunt*, all the pleasures, and advantages, and enjoyments of this life. I don't know whether you will leave this world amid the excitement of the stage, as did Mr. Palmer, the London actor, who, while he was quoting the words of the play: "O God, is there not another and a better world?" dropped lifeless in the presence of the aghast audience, and then was carried to the green-room. I don't know what will be the circumstances of your leaving this world; but I know the hour will be a sifting process. In that hour all your past life will come before you—all you have been and all you might have been. I hope it will not be with you in that hour as it was with Madame Rachel, the celebrated actress, who ordered the jewels that had been given her by the kings of Europe to be brought to her, and with her dying hands she turned over the glittering jewels, and said: "Ah! my bright jewels, must I leave you so soon?" In the final hour it will be a grand thing if we can look back upon a life of usefulness, but it will be a dreadful thing if we look back upon an ill-spent life. Charles Lamb once wrote a play for the stage. It was a very poor play, and he went to see it enacted. The whole audience condemned the play, but the loudest hissing came from the gallery where Charles Lamb sat, and the audience looked up and saw that it was the author of the play who was hissing his own production. And, my friends, if at last we can look back upon a life wasted, or full of fatal mistakes, we ourselves will be the severest critics—we will be the most vehement in the denunciation of our own neglect and stupidity.

While in the great Brooklyn theatre disaster we were all warned to prepare for eternity, it seems to me that it was an especial call to the theatrical profession in the death of Claude Burroughs and Henry Murdoch, the two brilliant dramatists. Ah! they had but little time to prepare for eternity that night, when the play of *The Two Orphans* was exchanged for a scene which made many orphans. What difference does it make to them now whether the audience that sat before them that night were pleased or displeased with their acting? What difference does it make now to Macready whether the Astor Place Opera House greeted him with a volley of stones, or whether he was carried off on the shoulders of the exultant people? What difference does it make to Edwin Forrest whether the critics liked or disliked his Richard III., or his Gladiator, or his King Lear, or his Metamora, or his Shylock? When we have gone out of this world, if our life has been a failure, no clapping *encore* will ever bring us back to re-enact it. Our character in the last moment will be our character through eternity. "As the tree falleth, so it must lie." He that is holy will be holy still. He that is unjust will be unjust still. He that is filthy will be filthy still.

O men of the theatrical profession, to whom those words may come, and men of all occupa-

tions and professions—prepare for eternity. After the first ordeal of death has passed, there will be a second ordeal, and that will be the judgment. On that day the audience will be a vaster audience than all the people that were ever gathered in Covent Garden, and the Haymarket, and Goodman's Fields, and Drury Lane. It will be an innumerable audience. The foot-

lights will be burning mountains and burning seas. The orchestra will be the thunders of a parting heaven. The tragedy will be the rising of the righteous and the overthrow of the wicked. The closing scene will be the dispersing of the audience to their everlasting homes of gladness or retribution. Then the lights will go out, and the spectacle will be ended forever !

A SERMON TO COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS.

"The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings."—NAHUM 2 : 4.

It has been found out that many of the arts and discoveries which we supposed were peculiar to our own age, are merely the restoration of the arts and discoveries of thousands of years ago. I suppose that the past centuries have forgotten more than the present century knows. It seems to me that they must have known thousands of years ago, in the days of Nineveh, of the uses of steam and its application to swift travel. In my text I hear the rush of the rail-train, the clang of the wheels, and the jamming of the car couplings. "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways: they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings."

Have you ever taken your position in the night, far away from a depôt, along the track, waiting to see the rail-train come at full speed? At first, you heard in the distance, a rumbling like the coming of a storm, then you saw the flash of the head-light of the locomotive as it turned the curve; then you saw the wilder glare of the fiery eye of the train as it came plunging toward you; then you heard the shriek of the whistle that frenzied all the echoes; then you saw the hurricane dash of cinders; then you felt the jar of the passing earthquake, and you saw the shot thunderbolt of the express train. Well, it seems that we can hear the passing of a midnight express train in my text: "Their chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways: they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings."

I halt the train long enough to get on board, and I go through the cars, and I find three-fourths of the passengers are commercial travellers. They are a folk peculiar to themselves, easily recognized, at home on all the trains, not startled by the sudden dropping of the brakes, familiar with all the railroad signals, can tell you what is the next station, how long the train will stop, what place the passengers take luncheon at, can give you information on almost any subject, are cosmopolitan, at home everywhere from Bangor to Cincinnati. They are on the eight o'clock morning train, on the noon train, on the midnight train. You take a berth in a sleeping-car, and either above you or beneath you is one of these gentlemen. There are 30,000 professed commercial travellers in New York City, 100,000 professed commercial travellers in the United States; but 500,000 would not include all those

who are sometimes engaged in this service. They spend millions of dollars every day in the hotels and in the rail-trains. They have their official newspaper organ. They have their mutual benefit association, 2000 names on the rolls, and have already distributed more than \$68,000 among the families of deceased members. They are ubiquitous, unique, and tremendous for good or evil. All the tendencies of merchandise are toward their multiplication. The house that stands back on its dignity and waits for customers to come, instead of going to seek bargain makers, will have more and more unsaleable goods on the shelf, and will gradually lose its control of the markets; while the great, enterprising and successful houses will have their agents on all the trains, and "their chariots will rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways: they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings."

I think commercial travellers can stand a sermon of warm-hearted sympathy. If you have any words of good cheer for them, you had better utter them. If you have any good, honest prayers in their behalf, they will be greatly obliged to you. I never knew a man yet who did not like to be prayed for; I never knew a man yet that did not like to be helped. It seems to me that the sermon I preach this morning is timely. At this season of the year, there are tens of thousands of men going out to gather the spring trade. The month of March,* in all our commercial establishments, is a very busy month. In a few days our national perplexities will all be settled, and then look out for the brightest ten years of national prosperity which this country has ever witnessed. All our astute commercial men feel that we are standing at the opening gate of wonderful prosperity. Let the manufacturers put the bands on their wheels, and the merchants open a new set of account books in place of those filled with long columns of bad debts. Let us start on a new commercial campaign. Let us drop the old tune of "Naomi," and take up "Ariel" or "Antioch." "Oh," you say, "it is impossible that this land after so much depression should be revived." Why, in 1857 there were failures to the amount of \$291,000,000; we got over that; we will get over this. God hath not dealt so with any nation;

* This sermon was preached in February, 1877.

as for His judgments we have not known them. Praise ye the Lord.

Now you, the commercial traveller, have received orders from the head men of the firm that you are to start on a long excursion. You have your patterns all assorted and prepared. You have them put up in bundles or cases, and marked. You have full instructions as to prices. You know on what prices you are to stand firm, and from what prices you may retreat somewhat. You have your valise or trunk, or both, packed. If I were a stranger I would have no right to look into that valise, but as I am your brother I will take the liberty. I look into the valise and I congratulate you on all these comfortable articles of apparel. The seasons are so changeable you have not taken a single precaution too many. Some night you will get out in the snowbank and have to walk three or four miles until you get to the railroad station, and you will want all these comforts and conveniences. But will you excuse me if I make two or three suggestions about this valise? You say, "Certainly, as we are having a plain, frank talk this morning, I will not be offended at any honorable suggestion."

What is this little package in the valise? "Oh," you say, "that is a pack of cards." Well, my brother, you do not want to be lumbered with unnecessary baggage, and if you want to play cards you will find persons equipped with them on all the rail-trains and at all the depôts; besides that, there are Christian people, weak-headed, if you will, but still Christian people, who do not like cards, and who do not like to trade with people who play cards. "But," you say, "there is certainly no harm in a pack of cards; is there?" Instead of directly answering your question, I will give you, as my opinion, that there are thousands of men with as strong a brain as you have who have gone through card-playing into games of chance, and have dropped down into the gambler's life and into the gambler's hell. A Christian gentleman came from England to this country. He brought with him \$70,000 in money. He proposed to invest the money. Part of it was his own; part of it was his mother's. He went into a Christian church; was coldly received, and said to himself, "Well, if that is the kind of Christian people they have in America, I don't want to associate with them much." So he joined a card-playing party. He went with them from time to time. He went a little further on, and, after a while, he was in games of chance, and lost all of the \$70,000. Worse than that, he lost all his good morals; and, on the night that he blew his brains out, he wrote to the lady to whom he was affianced an apology for the crime he was about to commit, and saying in so many words: "My first step to ruin was the joining of that card party."

Well, I don't want to be too inquisitive, but what is this other little bundle in the valise? "Oh," you say, "that is a brandy flask." Well, now, my brother, just empty the contents, and fill it with cholera mixture. It is very important, when you are absent from home and on the train, that you have medicine which you can take in case of sudden sickness. Then, if

on a long route, your friends expect you to take them to the end of the train, and pour out some disinfectant into the begrimed glass at the water-tank, while they are standing around, smacking their lips, waiting for a drink, pour out some of this cholera mixture.

Now, you have taken my advice about two things. I have only one more counsel to give you, and then I will bother you no more with your baggage. Make an addition of some good, wholesome reading. Let it be in history, or a poem, or a book of pure fiction, or some volume that will give you information in regard to your line of business. Then add to that a Bible in round, beautiful type—small type is bad for the eyes anywhere, but peculiarly killing in the jolt of a rail-train. Put your railroad guide and your Bible side by side—the one to show you the route through this world, and the other to show you the route to the next world. "Oh," you say, "that is superfluous, for now in all the hotels, in the parlor, you will find a Bible, and in nearly all the rooms of the guests you will find one." But, my brother, that is not your Bible. You want your own hat, your own coat, your own blanket, your own Bible. "But," you say, "I am not a Christian, and you ought not to expect me to carry a Bible." My brother, a great many people are not Christians who carry a Bible. Beside that, before you get home, you might become a Christian, and you would feel awkward without a copy. Beside that, you might get bad news from home. I see you with trembling hand opening the telegram saying: "George is dying," or "Fannie is dead—come home!" Oh, as you sit in the train, stunned with the calamity, going home, you will have no taste for the newspapers, or for fine scenery, or for conversation, and yet you must keep your thoughts employed, or you will go stark mad. Then you will want a Bible, whether you read it or not. It will be a comfort to have it near you—that book full of promises which have comforted other people in like calamity. Whether you study the promises or not, you will want that book near you. Am I not wise and Christian this morning when I say throw out the cards and put in the Bible?

Now, you are all ready to start. You have your valise in the right hand, and you have your blanket and shawl-strap in the left hand. Good-by! May you have a prosperous journey; large sales—great percentages. Oh, there is one thing I forgot to ask you about! What train are you going to take? "Well," you say, "I will take the five o'clock Sunday afternoon train." Why? "Oh," you say, "I shall save a day by that, and on Monday morning I will be in the distant city, in the commercial establishment by the time the merchants come down." My brother, you are starting wrong. If you clip off something from the Lord's day, the Lord will clip off something from your lifetime successes. Sabbath-breaking pays no better for this world than it pays for the next. There was a large establishment in New York that said to a young man: "We want you to start to-morrow afternoon—Sunday afternoon—at five o'clock, for Pittsburg." "Oh," replied the young man, "I never travel on Sunday." "Well," said the head

man of the firm, "you must go; we have got to make time, and you must go to-morrow afternoon at five o'clock." The young man said: "I can't go, it is against my conscience; I can't go." "Well," said the head man of the firm, "then you will have to lose your situation; there are plenty of men who would like to go." The temptation was too great for the young man, and he succumbed to it. He obeyed orders. He left on the five o'clock train Sunday afternoon, for Pittsburg. Do you want the sequel in very short metre? That young man has gone down into a life of dissipation. What has become of the business firm? Bankrupt—one of the firm a confirmed gambler. Out of every week, get twenty-four hours for yourself. Your employer, young man, has no right to swindle you out of that rest. The bitter curse of Almighty God will rest upon that commercial establishment which expects its employes to break the Sabbath. What right has a Christian merchant to sit down in church on the Sabbath when his clerks are travelling abroad through the land on that day? Get up, professed Christian merchant, so acting. You have no business here. Go out and call that boy back. There was a merchant in 1837, who wrote: "I should have been a dead man had it not been for the Sabbath. Obligated to work from morning until night through the whole week, I felt on Saturday, especially on Saturday afternoon, that I must have rest. It was like going into a dense fog. Everything looked dark and gloomy as if nothing could be saved. I dismissed all and kept the Sabbath in the old way. On Monday it was all sunshine, but had it not been for the Sabbath, I have no doubt I should have been in my grave." Now, I say if the Sabbath is good for the employer, it is good for the employe. Young man, the dollar that you earn on the Sabbath is a red-hot dollar; and if you can put it into a bag with five thousand honest dollars, that red-hot dollar will burn a hole through the bottom of the bag, and let out all the five thousand honest dollars with it.

But I see you change your mind, and you are going on Monday morning, and I see you take the train—the Hudson River, or the Erie, or the Pennsylvania, or the Harlem, or the New Haven train. For a few weeks, now, you will pass half of your time in the rail-train. How are you going to occupy the time? Open the valise, and take out a book and begin to read. Magnificent opportunities have our commercial travellers for gaining information above all other clerks or merchants. The best place in the world to study is a rail-train. I know it by experience. Do not do as some commercial travellers do—as many of them do, as most of them do—sit reading the same newspaper over and over again, and all the advertisements through and through; then sit for two or three hours calculating the profits they expect to make; then spending two or three hours looking listlessly out of the window; then spending three to four hours in the smoking-car, the nastiest place in Christendom, talking with men who do not know as much as you do. Instead of that, call William Shakespeare, the dramatist, and John Ruskin, the essayist, and Tennyson, the poet, and Bancroft

and Macaulay, the historians, and Ezekiel and Paul, the inspired men of God, and ask them to sit with you, and talk with you, as they will if you ask them. I hear you say: "I do wish I could get out of this business of commercial travelling; I don't like it." My brother, why don't you read yourself out? Give me a young man of ordinary intellect and good eyesight, and let him devote to valuable reading the time not actually occupied in commercial errand, and in six years he will be qualified for any position for which he is ambitious.

"Oh," you say, "I have no taste for reading." Now, that is the trouble, but it is no excuse. There was a time, my brother, when you had no taste for cigars, they made you very sick, but you persevered until cigars have become to you a luxury. Now, if you can afford to struggle on to get a bad habit, is it not worth while to struggle on to get a good habit like that of reading? I am amazed to find how many merchants and commercial travellers preserve their ignorance from year to year, notwithstanding all their opportunities. It was well illustrated by one who had been largely successful, and who wanted the show of a library at home, and he wrote to a book merchant in London, saying: "Send me six feet of theology, and about as much metaphysics, and near a yard of civil law in old folio!" There is no excuse for a man lacking information, if he have the rare opportunities of a commercial traveller. Improve your mind. Remember the "Learned Blacksmith," who, while blowing the bellows, set his book up against the brick work, and became acquainted with fifty languages. Remember the scholarly Gifford, who, while an apprentice, wrought out the arithmetical problem with his awl on a piece of leather. Remember Abercrombie, who snatched here and there a fragmentary five minutes from an exhausting profession, and wrote immortal treatises on ethics.

Be ashamed to sell foreign fabrics or fruits unless you know something about the looms that wove them, or the vineyards that grew them. Understand all about the laws that control commercial life; about banking; about tariffs; about markets; about navigation; about foreign people—their characteristics and their political revolutions as they affect ours; about the harvests of Russia, the vineyards of Italy, the tea fields of China. Learn about the great commercial centres of Carthage, and Assyria, and Phœnicia. Read all about the Medici of Florence, mighty in trade, mightier in philanthropies. You belong to the royal family of merchants—be worthy of that royal family. Oh, take my advice this morning, and turn the years of weariness into years of luxury. Take those hours you spend at the dépôt, waiting for the delayed train, and make them Pisgah heights from which you can view the promised land. When you are waiting for the train, hour after hour in the dépôt, do not spend your time reading the sewing-machine advertisements, and looking up the time-tables of routes you will never take, going the twentieth time to the door to see whether the train is coming, bothering the ticket agent and telegraph operator with questions which you ask merely because you

want to pass away the time. But rather summon up the great essayists, and philosophers, and story-tellers, and thinkers of the ages, and have them entertain you.

But you have come now near the end of your railroad travel. I can tell by the motion of the car, that they are pulling the patent brakes down. The engineer rings the bell at the crossing. The train stops. "All out!" cries the conductor. You dismount from the train. You reach the hotel. The landlord is glad to see you—very glad! He stretches out his hand across the registry book with all the disinterested warmth of a brother! You are assigned an apartment. In that uninviting apartment you stay only long enough to make yourself presentable. You descend then into the reading-room, and there you find the commercial travellers seated around a long table, with a great elevation in the centre covered with advertisements; while there are inkstands sunken in the bed of the table, and scattered all around rusty steel pens and patches of blotting paper. Of course, you will not stay there. You saunter out among the merchants. You present your letters of introduction and authority. You begin business. Now, let me say there are two or three things you ought to remember. First, that all the trade you get by the practice of "treating" will not stick. If you cannot get custom except by tipping a wine-glass with somebody, you had better not get his custom. An old commercial traveller gives as his experience that trade gotten by "treating" always damages the house that gets it, in one way or the other.

Beside that, you cannot afford to injure yourself for the purpose of benefiting your employers. Your common-sense tells you that you cannot get into the habit of taking strong drink to please others without getting that habit fastened on you. I do not know whether to tell it or not. I think I will. A close carriage came to the Tabernacle door one night, at the close of a religious service. Some one said: "A gentleman in that carriage wants to see you." I looked into the carriage, and there sat as fine a salesman, and as elegant a gentleman as New York ever saw; but that night he was intoxicated. He said he wanted to put himself under my care. He said he had left home, and he never meant to go back again. I got into the carriage with him, rode with him until after midnight, trying to persuade him to go home. I have been scores of times to Greenwood, following the dead; but that was the most doleful ride I ever took. After midnight I persuaded him to go home. We alighted at his door. We walked through his beautiful hall, his wife and daughter standing back affrighted at his appearance. I took him to his room. I undressed him. I put him to bed. Where is that home now? All broken up. Where are the wife and the daughter? Gone into the desolations of widowhood and orphanage. Where is the man himself? Dead, by the violence of his own hand. O commercial traveller, though your firm may give you the largest salary of any man in your line, though they might give you ten per cent of all you sell, or twenty per cent, or fifty per cent, or ninety-nine per cent, they can-

not pay you enough to make it worth your while to ruin your soul.

Beside that, a commercial house never compensates a man who has been morally ruined in their employ. A young man in Philadelphia was turned out from his employ because of inebriation gotten in the service of the merchant who employed him; and here is the letter he wrote to his employer:

"SIR: I came into your service uncorrupt in principles and in morals; but the rules of your house required me to spend my evenings at places of public entertainment and amusement in search of customers. To accomplish my work in your service, I was obliged to drink with them, and join them in their pursuits of pleasure. It was not my choice, but the rule of the house. I went with them to the theatre and the billiard table; but it was not my choice. I did not wish to go. I went in your service. It was not my pleasure so to do; but I was the conductor and companion of the simple ones, void alike of understanding and of principle, in their sinful pleasures and deeds of deeper darkness, that I might retain them as your customers. Your interest required it. I have added thousands of dollars to the profits of your trade, but at what expense you now see, and I know too well. You have become wealthy, but I am poor, indeed; and now this cruel dismissal from your employ is the recompense I receive for a character ruined and prospects blasted in helping to make you a rich man!"

Alas! for the man who gets such a letter as that.

Again, I charge you, tell the whole truth about anything you sell. Lying commercial travellers will precede you. Lying commercial travellers will come right after you into the same store. Do not let their unfair competition tempt you from the straight line. It is an awful bargain that a man makes when he sells his goods and his soul at the same time. A young man in one of the stores of New York was selling some silks. He was binding them up when he said to the lady customer, "It is my duty to show you that there is a fracture in that silk." She looked at it and rejected the goods. The head man of the firm, hearing of it, wrote to the father of the young man in the country, saying: "Come and take your son away; he will never make a merchant." The father came in agitation, wondering what his boy had been doing, and the head man of the firm said: "Why, your son stood here at this counter and pointed out a fracture in the silk, and of course the lady wouldn't take it. We are not responsible for the ignorance of customers; customers must look out for themselves, and we look out for ourselves. Your son will never make a merchant." "Is that all?" said the father. "Ah! I am prouder of my boy than I ever was. John, get your hat and come home."

But it is almost night, and you go back to the hotel. Now comes the mighty tug for the commercial traveller. Tell me where he spends his evenings and I will tell you where he will spend eternity, and I will tell you what will be his worldly prospects. There is an abundance of choice. There is your room with the books.

There are the Young Men's Christian Association rooms. There are the week-night services of the Christian churches. There is the gambling saloon. There is the theatre. There is the house of infamy. Plenty of places to go to. But which, O immortal man, which? O God, which? "Well," you say, "I guess I will—I guess I will go to the theatre." Do you think the tarrying in that place until eleven o'clock at night will improve your bodily health, or your financial prospects, or your eternal fortune? No man ever found the path to usefulness, or honor, or happiness, or commercial success, or heaven through the American theatre. "Well," you say, "I guess, then, I will go to—I guess I will go to the gambling saloon." You will first go to look. Then you will go to play. You will make \$100, you will make \$500, you will make \$1000, you will make \$1500—then you will lose all. Then you will borrow some money so as to start anew. You will make \$50, you will make \$200, you will make \$600—then you will lose all. These wretches of the gambling saloon know how to tempt you. But mark this: all gamblers die poor. They may make fortunes—great fortunes—but they lose them.

"Well," you say, "if I can't go to the theatre, and if I can't go to the gambling saloon, then I guess—I guess I will go to the house of infamy." Commercial travellers have told me that in the letter-box at the hotel, within one hour after their arrival, they have had letters of evil solicitation in that direction. It is far away from home. Nobody will know it. Commercial travellers have sometimes gone in that evil path. Why not you? Halt! There are other gates of ruin, through which a man may go and yet come out, but that gate has a spring lock which snaps him in forever! He who goes there is damned already. He may seem to be comparatively free for a little while, but he is only on the limits, and the Satanic police have their eyes upon him to bring him in at any moment. The hot curse of God is on that crime, and, because of it, there are men here to-day whose heaven was blotted out ten years ago. There is no danger that they be lost; they are lost now. I look through their glaring eyeballs down into the lowest cavern of hell! O destroyed spirit, why comest thou in here to-day? Dost think I have the power to break open the barred gateway of the penitentiary of the damned? There is a passage in Proverbs I somewhat hesitate to read, but I do not hesitate long: "At the window of my house I looked through my casement, and beheld among the simple ones, I discovered among the youths a young man, void of understanding, passing through the street near her corner, and he went the way to her house, in the twilight, in the evening, in the black and dark night. He goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks, till a dart strikes through his liver."

But now the question is still open: Where will you spend your evening? O commercial travellers, how much will you give me to put you on the right track? Without charging you a farthing I will prescribe for you a plan which will save you for this world and the next, if you will take it. Go, before you leave home, to the

Young Men's Christian Association of the city where you live. Get from them letters of introduction. Carry them out to the towns and cities where you go. If there be no such association in the place you visit, then present them at the door of Christian churches, and hand them over to the pastors. Be not slow to arise in the devotional meeting and say: "I am a commercial traveller; I am far away from home, and I come in here to-night to seek Christian society." The best houses and the highest style of amusement will open before you, and instead of your being dependent upon the leprous crew who hang around the hotels, wanting to show you all the slums of the city, on the one condition that you will pay their expenses, you will get the benediction of God in every town you visit. Remember this, that whatever place you visit, bad influences will seek you out; good influences you must seek out.

While I stand here, I bethink myself of a commercial traveller, who was a member of my church in Philadelphia. He was a splendid young man, the pride of his widowed mother and of his sisters. It was his joy to support them, and for that purpose he postponed his own marriage-day. He thrived in business, and after a while set up his own household. Coming to Brooklyn, I had no opportunity for three or four years of making inquiry in regard to him. When I made such inquiry, I was told that he was dead. The story was, he was largely generous, and kind-hearted, and genial, and social, and he got into the habit of "treating" customers, and of showing them all the sights of the town, and he began rapidly to go down, and he lost his position in the church, of which he was a member, and he lost his position in the commercial house, of which he was the best agent; and his beautiful young wife, and his sick old mother, and his sisters, went into destitution, and he, as a result of his dissipation, died in Kirkbride Insane Asylum.

O commercial travellers, I pray for you to-day the all sustaining grace of God. There are two kinds of days when you are especially in need of divine grace. The one, the day when you have no success—when you fail to make a sale, and you are very much disappointed, and you go back to your hotel discomfited. That night you will be tempted to go to strong drink and rush into bad dissipations. The other day, when you will especially need divine grace, will be when you have had a day of great success, and the devil tells you you must go and celebrate that success. Then you will want the grace of God to restrain you from rollicking indulgences. Yes, there will be a third day when you will need to be Christians, and that will be the last day of your life. I do not know where you will spend it. Perhaps in your house, more probably in a rail-car, or a steamer, or the strange hotel. I see you on your last commercial errand. You have bidden good-by to the family at home for the last time. The train of your earthly existence is nearing the depot of the grave. The brakes are falling. The bell rings at the terminus. The train stops. All out for eternity! Show your ticket now for getting into the gate of the shining city—the red ticket washed in the blood of the Lamb.

A SERMON TO CLERKS.

"And a certain woman named Lydia, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira, which worshipped God, heard us: whose heart the Lord opened."—ACTS 16 : 14.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings." —PROV. 22 : 29.

THE first passage introduces to you Lydia, a Christian merchantess. Her business is to deal in purple cloths or silks. She is not a giggling nonentity, but a practical woman, not ashamed to work for her living. All the other women of Philippi and Thyatira have been forgotten; but God has made immortal in our text Lydia, the Christian saleswoman. The other text shows you a man with head, and hand, and heart, and foot all busy toiling on up until he gains a princely success. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings."

Great encouragement in these two passages for men and women who will be busy, but no solace for those who are waiting for good luck to show them, at the foot of the rainbow, a casket of buried gold. It is folly for anybody in this world to wait for something to turn up. It will turn down. The law of thrift is as inexorable as the law of the tides. Fortune, the magician, may wave her wand in that direction until castles and palaces come; but she will, after a while, invert the same wand, and all the splendours will vanish into thin air.

There are certain styles of behavior which lead to usefulness, honor, and permanent success, and there are certain styles of behavior which lead to dust, dishonor, and moral default. I would like to fire the ambition of young people. I have no sympathy with those who would prepare young folks for life by whittling down their expectations. That man or woman will be worth nothing to Church or State who begins life cowed down. The business of Christianity is not to quench but to direct human ambition. Therefore it is that I come out this morning and utter words of encouragement to those who are occupied as clerks in the stores, and shops, and banking-houses of the country. The people in this audience who are clerks are not an exceptional class. They belong to a great company of tens of thousands who are in this country, amid circumstances which will either make or break them for time and for eternity. I should be very slow to acknowledge that the clerks, male and female, of other cities, are any more honest or faithful than the clerks of our own city. Many of these people have already achieved a Christian manliness and a Christian womanliness which will be their passport to any position. I have seen their trials. I have watched their perplexities. There are evils abroad which need to be hunted down, and dragged out into the noonday light.

In the first place, I counsel clerks to remember that for the most part their clerkship is only a school from which they are to be graduated. It takes about eight years to get into one of the learned professions. It takes about eight years to get to be a merchant. Some of you will be clerks all your lives, but the vast majority of you are only in a transient position. After a while, some December day, the head men of the firm will call you into the back office, and they will say to you: "Now, you have done well by us; we are going to do well by you. We invite you to have an interest in our concern." You will bow to that edict very gracefully. Getting into a street car to go home, an old comrade will meet you and say: "What makes you look so happy to-night?" "Oh," you will say, "nothing, nothing." But in a few days your name will blossom on the sign. Either in the store or bank where you are now, or in some other store or bank, you will take a higher position than that which you now occupy. So I feel to-day that I am standing before people who will yet have their hand on the helm of the world's commerce, and you will turn it this way or that; now clerks, but to be bankers, importers, insurance company directors, shippers, contractors, superintendents of railroads—your voice mighty "on'Change"—standing foremost in the great financial and religious enterprises of the day. For, though we who are in the professions may, on the platform, plead for the philanthropies, after all, the merchants must come forth with their millions to sustain the movement.

Be, therefore, patient and diligent in this transient position. You are now where you can learn things you can never learn in any other place. What you consider your disadvantages are your grand opportunity. You see an affluent father some day come down on a prominent street with his son, who has just graduated from the University, and establishing him in business, putting \$50,000 of capital in the store. Well, you are envious. You say: "Oh, if I only had a chance like that young man—if I only had a father to put \$50,000 in a business for me, then I would have some chance in the world." Be not envious. You have advantages over that young man which he has not over you. As well might I come down to the docks when a vessel is about to sail for Valparaiso, and say: "Let me pilot this ship out of the Narrows." Why, I would sink crew and cargo

before I got out of the harbor, simply because I know nothing about pilotage. Wealthy sea captains put their sons before the mast for the reason that they know that it is the only place where they can learn to be successful sailors. It is only under drill that people get to understand pilotage and navigation, and I want you to understand that it takes no more skill to conduct a vessel out of the harbor and across the sea, than to steer a commercial establishment clear of the rocks. You see every day the folly of people going into a business they know nothing about. A man makes a fortune in one business; thinks there is another occupation more comfortable; goes into it and sinks all. Many of the commercial establishments of our cities are giving to their clerks a mercantile education as thorough as Yale, or Harvard, or Princeton are giving scientific attainment to the students matriculated. The reason there are so many men foundering in business from year to year, is because their early mercantile education was neglected. Ask these men in high commercial circles, and they will tell you they thank God for this severe discipline of their early clerkship. You can afford to endure the wilderness march, if it is going to end in the vineyards and orchards of the promised land.

But you say: "Will the womanly clerks in our stores have promotion?" Yes. Time is coming when women will be as well paid for their toil in mercantile circles as men are now paid for their toil. Time is coming when a woman will be allowed to do anything she can do well. It is only a little while ago when women knew nothing of telegraphy, and they were kept out of a great many commercial circles where they are now welcome; and the time will go on until the woman who at one counter in a store sells \$5000 worth of goods in a year, will get as high a salary as the man who at the other counter of the same store sells \$5000 worth of goods. All honor to Lydia, the Christian saleswoman. And in passing, I may as well say that you merchants who have female clerks in your stores ought to treat them with great courtesy and kindness. When they are not positively engaged, let them sit down. In England and in the United States physicians have protested against the habit of compelling the female clerks in the stores to stand when it was not necessary for them to stand. Therefore, I add to the protest of physicians the protest of the Christian Church, and in the name of good health, and that God who has made the womanly constitution more delicate than man's, I demand that you let her sit down.

The second counsel I have to give to the clerks who are here to-day, is that you seek out what are the lawful regulations of your establishment, and then submit to them. Every well-ordered house has its usages. In military life, on ship's deck, in commercial life, there must be order and discipline. Those people who do not learn how to obey, will never know how to command. I will tell you what young man will make ruin, financial and moral; it is the young man who thrusts his thumb into his vest and says: "Nobody shall dictate to me, I am my own master; I will not submit to the regula-

tions of this house." Between an establishment in which all the employes are under thorough discipline and the establishment in which the employes do about as they choose, is the difference between success and failure—between rapid accumulation and utter bankruptcy. Do not come to the store ten minutes after the time. Be there within two seconds, and let it be two seconds before instead of two seconds after. Do not think anything too insignificant to do well. Do not say, "It's only just once." From the most important transaction in commerce down to the particular style in which you tie a string around a bundle, obey orders. Do not get easily disgusted. While others in the store may lounge, or fret, or complain, you go with ready hands, and cheerful face, and contented spirit to your work. When the bugle sounds, the good soldier asks no questions, but shoulders his knapsack, fills his canteen and listens for the command of "March!"

Do not get the idea that your interests and those of your employer are antagonistic. His success will be your honor. His embarrassment will be your dismay. Expose none of the frailties of the firm. Tell no store secrets. Do not blab! Rebuff those persons who come to find out from clerks what ought never be known outside the store. Do not be among those young men who take on a mysterious air when something is said against the firm that employs them, as much as to say: "I could tell you some things if I would, but I won't." Do not be among those who imagine they can build themselves up by pulling somebody else down. Be not ashamed to be a subaltern.

Again, I counsel clerks in this house to search out what are the unlawful and dishonest demands of an establishment, and resist them. In the six thousand years that have passed, there has never been an occasion when it was one's duty to sin against God. It is never right to do wrong. If the head men of the firm expect of you dishonesty, disappoint them. "Oh," you say, "I should lose my place then." Better lose your place than lose your soul. But you will not lose your place. Christian heroism is always honored. You go to the head man of your store, and say: "Sir, I want to serve you; I want to oblige you; it is from no lack of industry on my part, but this thing seems to me to be wrong, and it is a sin against my conscience, it is a sin against God, and I beg you, sir, to excuse me." He may flush up and swear, but he will cool down, and he will have more admiration for you than for those who submit to his evil dictation; and while they sink, you will rise. Do not, because of seeming temporary advantage, give up your character, young man. Under God, that is the only thing you have to build on. Give up that, you give up everything. That employer asks a young man to hurt himself for time and for eternity, who expects him to make a wrong entry, or change an invoice, or say goods cost so much when they cost less, or impose upon the veridancy of a customer, or misrepresent a style of fabric. How dare he demand of you anything so insolent?

Again, I counsel all clerks to conquer the

trials of their particular position. One great trial for clerks is the inconsideration of customers. There are people who are entirely polite everywhere else, but gruff and dictatorial, and contemptible when they come into a store to buy anything. There are thousands of men and women who go from store to store to price things, without any idea of purchase. They are not satisfied until every roll of goods is brought down and they have pointed out all the real or imaginary defects. They try on all kinds of kid gloves, and stretch them out of shape, and they put on all styles of cloak and walk to the mirror to see how it would look, and then they sail out of the store, saying, "I will not take it to-day;" which means, "I don't want it at all," leaving the clerk amid a wreck of ribbons, and laces, and cloths, to smooth out a thousand dollars' worth of goods—not one cent of which did that man or woman buy or expect to buy. Now I call that a dishonesty on the part of the customer. If a boy runs into a store and takes a roll of cloth off the counter, and sneaks out into the street, you all join in the cry pell-mell: "Stop thief!" When I see you go into a store, not expecting to buy anything but to price things, stealing the time of the clerk, and stealing the time of his employer, I say, too: "Stop thief!"

If I were asked which class of persons most need the grace of God amid their annoyances, I would say: "Dry-goods clerks." All the indignation of customers about the high prices comes on the clerk. For instance: A great war comes. The manufactories are closed. The people go off to battle. The price of goods runs up. A customer comes into a store. Goods have gone up. "How much is that worth?" "A dollar." "A dollar! Outrageous. A dollar!" Why, who is to blame for the fact that it has got to be a dollar? Does the indignation go out to the manufacturers on the banks of the Merrimac, because they have closed up? No. Does the indignation go out toward the employer, who is out at his country seat? No. It comes on the clerk. He got up the war! He levied the taxes! He puts up the rents! Of course, the clerk!

Then a great trial comes to clerks in the fact that they see the parsimonious side of human nature. You talk about lies behind the counter—there are just as many lies before the counter. Augustine speaks of a man who advertised that he would, on a certain occasion, tell the people what was in their hearts. A great crowd assembled, and he stepped to the front and said, "I will tell you what is in your hearts: To buy cheap and sell dear!" Oh, people of Brooklyn, lay not aside your urbanity when you go into a store. Treat the clerks like gentlemen and ladies—proving yourself to be a gentleman or a lady. Remember, that if the prices are high and your purse is lean, that is no fault of the clerks. And if you have a son or a daughter amid those perplexities of commercial life, and such a one comes home all worn out, be lenient, and know that the martyr at the stake no more certainly needs the grace of God than our young people amid the seven-times-heated exasperations of a clerk's life.

Then there are all the trials which come to clerks from the treatment of inconsiderate employers. There are professed Christian men in this city who have no more regard for their clerks than they have for the scales on which the sugars are weighed. A clerk is no more than so much store furniture. No consideration for their rights or their interests. Not one word of encouragement from sunrise to sunset, nor from January to December. But when anything goes wrong—a streak of dust on the counter, or a box with the cover off—thunder showers of scolding. Men imperious, capricious, cranky toward their clerks—their whole manner as much as to say: "All the interest I have in you is to see what I can get out of you."

Then there are all the trials of incompetent wages, not in such times as these, when if a man gets half a salary for his services he ought to be thankful; but, I mean in prosperous times. You remember when the war broke out and all merchandise went up, and merchants were made millionaires in six months by the simple rise in the value of goods. Did the clerks get advantage of that rise? Sometimes, not always. I saw estates gathered in those times, over which the curse of God has hung ever since. The cry of unpaid men and women in those stores reached the Lord of Sabaoth, and the indignation of God has been around those establishments ever since, rumbling in the carriage-wheels, flashing in the chandeliers, glowing from the crimson upholstery, thundering in the long roll of the ten-pin alley. Such men may build up palaces of merchandise heaven high, but after a while a disaster will come along, and will put one hand on this pillar, and another hand on that pillar, and throw itself forward until down will come the whole structure, crushing the worshippers as grapes are mashed in a wine-press.

Then, there are boys in establishments who are ruined—in prosperous establishments—ruined by their lack of compensation. In how many prosperous stores it has been for the last twenty years that boys were given just enough money to teach them how to steal! Some were seized upon by the police. The vast majority of instances were not known. The head of the firm asked: "Where is George now?" "Oh, he isn't here any more." A lad might better starve to death on a blasted heath than take one farthing from his employer. Woe be to that employer who unnecessarily puts a temptation in a boy's way. There have been great establishments in these cities building marble palaces, their owners dying worth millions, and millions, and millions, who made a vast amount of their estate out of the blood, and muscle, and nerve of half-paid clerks. Such men as—well, I will not mention any name. But I mean men who have gathered up vast estates at the expense of the people who were ground under their heel. "Oh," say such merchants, "if you don't like it here, then go and get a better place." As much as to say: "I've got you in my grip, and I mean to hold you; you can't get any other place."

Oh, what a contrast we see between such men and those Christian merchants of Brooklyn and

New York who to-day are sympathetic with their clerks—when they pay the salary, acting in this way: "This salary that I give you is not all my interest in you. You are an immortal man; you are an immortal woman; I am interested in your present and your everlasting welfare; I want you to understand that, if I am a little higher up in this store, I am beside you in Christian sympathy." Go back thirty years to Arthur Tappen's store in New York—a man whose worst enemies never questioned his honesty. Every morning, he brought all the clerks, and the accountants, and the weighers into a room for devotion. They sang. They prayed. They exhorted. On Monday morning the clerks were asked where they had attended church on the previous day, and what the sermons were about. It must have sounded strangely, that voice of praise along the streets where the devotees of mammon were counting their golden beads. You say, Arthur Tappen failed. Yes, he was unfortunate, like a great many good men; but I understand he met all his obligations before he left this world, and I know that he died in the peace of the Gospel, and that he is before the throne of God to-day—forever blessed. If that be failing, I wish you might all fail.

There are a great many young men in this city—yea, in this house—who want a word of encouragement, Christian encouragement. One smile of good cheer would be worth more to them to-morrow morning in their places of business than a present of \$15,000 ten years hence. Oh, I remember the apprehension and the tremor of entering a profession. I remember very well the man who greeted me in the ecclesiastical court with the tip ends of the long fingers of the left hand; and I remember the other man who took my hand in both of his, and said: "God bless you, my brother; you have entered a glorious profession; be faithful to God and He will see you through." Why, I feel this minute the thrill of that hand-shaking, though the man who gave me the Christian grip has been in heaven fifteen years. There are old men here to-day who can look back to forty years ago, when some one said a kind word to them. Now, old men, pay back what you got then. It is a great art for old men to be able to encourage the young. There are many young people in our cities who have come from inland counties of our own State—from the granite hills of the North, from the savannas of the South, from the prairies of the West. They are here to get their fortune. They are in boarding-houses where everybody seems to be thinking of himself. They want companionship, and they want Christian encouragement. Give it to them.

My word is to all clerks in this house: Be mightier than your temptations. A Sandwich Islander used to think when he slew an enemy, all the strength of that enemy came into his own right arm. And I have to tell you that every misfortune you conquer is so much added to your own moral power. With omnipotence for a lever, and the throne of God for a fulcrum, you can move earth and heaven. While there are other young men putting the cup of sin to

their lips, stoop down and drink out of the fountains of God, and you will rise up strong to thresh the mountains. The ancients used to think that pearls were fallen rain drops, which, touching the surface of the sea, hardened into gems, then dropped to the bottom. I have to tell you to-day, that storms of trial have showered imperishable pearl into many a young man's lap. O young man, while you have goods to sell, remember you have a soul to save. In a hospital a Christian captain, wounded a few days before, got delirious, and in the midnight hour he sprang out on the floor of the hospital, thinking he was in the battle, crying: "Come on, boys! Forward! Charge!" Ah! he was only battling the spectres of his own brain. But it is no imaginary conflict into which I call you, young man, to-day. There are ten thousand spiritual foes that would capture you. In the name of God up and at them.

After the last store has been closed, after the last bank has gone down, after the shuffle of the quick feet on the Cutsom House steps has stopped, after the long line of merchantmen on the sea have taken sail of flame, after Brooklyn, and New York, and London, and Vienna, have gone down into the grave where Thebes, and Babylon, and Tyre lie buried, after the great fire-bells of the judgment-day have tolled at the burning of a world—on that day, all the affairs of banking-houses and stores will come up for inspection. Oh, what an opening of account books! Side by side, the clerks and the men who employed them—the people who owned thread-and-needle stores on the same footing with the Stewarts, and the Delanos, and the Abbotts, and the Barings. Every invoice made out—all the labels of goods—all certificates of stock—all lists of prices—all private marks of the firm, now explained so everybody can understand them. All the maps of cities that were never built, but in which lots were sold. All bargains. All gougings. All snap judgments. All false entries. All adulteration of liquors with copperas and strychnine. All mixing of teas, and sugars, and coffees, and syrups, with cheaper material. All embezzlements of trust funds. All swindles in coal, and iron, and oil, and silver, and stocks. All Swartouts, and Huntingtons, and Ketchums. On that day when the cities of this world are smoking in the last conflagration, the trial will go on; and down in an avalanche of destruction will go those who wronged man or woman, insulted God and defied the judgment. Oh, that will be a great day for you, honest Christian clerk. No getting up early; no retiring late; no walking around with weary limbs; but a mansion in which to live, and a realm of light, and love, and joy over which to hold everlasting dominion. Hoist him up from glory to glory, and from song to song, and from throne to throne; for while others go down into the sea with their gold like a millstone hanging to their neck, this one shall come up the heights of amethyst and alabaster, holding in his right hand the pearl of great price in a sparkling, glittering, flaming casket.

A SERMON TO TELEGRAPH OPERATORS.

"Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go, and say unto thee, *Here we are*?"—JOB 38 : 35,

YES, we can. It is done thousands of times every day. Franklin, at Boston, lassoed the lightnings, and Morse put on them a wire bit, turning them around from city to city, and Cyrus W. Field plunged them into the sea; and whenever the telegraphic instrument clicks at Valentia, or Heart's Content, or London, or New York, the lightnings of heaven are exclaiming in the words of my text: "Here we are! we await your bidding; we listen to your command."

In this sermon I speak to telegraph operators. They are not an exceptional class. The Western Union Telegraph Company have in this region more than a hundred offices; the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company have in this region more than sixty offices; so that there are thousands of these persons engaged, and in the United States they may be counted by the tens of thousands. Whether, therefore, I speak face to face, or address you through other channels, I wish to recognize the fact that telegraphic operators have their hand on momentous, domestic, social, political, financial, moral, religious, ecclesiastical interests, and that they have trials and annoyances which prove that their nerves are not like the telegraph, made out of wire, and in the name of our all-sympathetic Christianity, I this morning address: "Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go and say unto Thee: here we are?" Yes. That is your regular business.

In the first place, I charge you to gratitude to God for the fact that He has made you the means of so much advantage and blessing to the world. Oh, what a stride from the time when the Roman generals were dependent upon the signals given by the bonfires kindled on mountain-top, or the rockets, the torches, the columns of smoke, or the rotating-beam upon which the world was dependent in after-centuries—the rotating-beam placed on high points, which in the time of Napoleon became enveloped in fog, so only half the message reached London, announcing "Wellington defeated," throwing the whole city into consternation, until on the following day, when the fog lifted, the whole message arrived, saying: "Wellington defeated the French at Salamanca!" down on from those days until this time, when one telegraph company sends twenty million despatches in one year.

I am indebted to Mr. Chandler of the Atlantic

and Pacific Telegraph Company, and Mr. Prescott, the electrician of the Western Union Telegraph Company, for an array of facts, and for an inspection of mechanism that has left me in a state of wonderment. Last Monday, while I was looking, in the Western Union Telegraph office, at the new electro-motor telegraph printing instrument, there unrolled before me a message plainly printed from the operator in the city of Washington, giving me his compliments, and saying: "How do you like this performance?" leaving me struck through, as never before, with a sense of the almost omniscient and omnipresent power of American telegraphy. What painstaking since the day when Thales, 600 years before Christ, discovered frictional electricity by the rubbing of amber; and Winbler, in the last century, sent electric currents along metallic wires, until in our day, Farraday, and Bain, and Henry, and Morse, and Prescott, and Orton—some in one way and some in another way, have helped the lightning of heaven to come bounding along, crying: "Here we are!"

I celebrate the mercies of the telegraph. What meant those storm-signals at Barneget, and Hattnas, and St. John, and Key West, yesterday? By some color or some shape indicating a storm from the North, or a storm from the South, or changeable currents. Why, it meant the telegraph is gathering up the reports of thermometers, and barometers, and wind vanes, all over the land. And as Elijah, the prophet, ran down Mount Carmel ahead of King Ahab's chariot, announcing the coming of the rain, so this scientific prophet ran ahead of the imperial storm—ran down from Mount Washington and the Alleghanies and up from the Caribbean Sea, crying: "A tempest! Get ready on all the coasts; let the fishing-smacks stand off from the breakers; let not the steamers attempt harbor to-night; let all those vessels close reef maintopsail." There are thousands of sailors sleeping amid the corals and the sea-weed who this morning would have been alive had the storm-signals been lifted years before. Telegraph operators! they who go down to the sea in ships bless you. And in all the homes from which you have signalled back bereavement, in the morning and the evening prayer before God, let mention be made of the mercies of telegraphy.

What mean those rail-trains going up and down the great thoroughfares without accident, or with but few accidents—with less comparative

loss of life than the old stage-coach—putting almost a quarter of a century between Norwalk and Ashtabula disasters? Telegraphs are watching around these chariots of fire, telling when they start—when they stop—all about them. Millions of people travelling one way, millions of people travelling the other way in perfect safety. What a grand accompaniment the telegraph has been to the rail-train was well illustrated in England in 1850, when there was a collision at Gravesend, and the engineer leaped from the locomotive, and it went on at full speed, and a telegram went along the line saying: "Clear the track for a fugitive locomotive!" And it dashed through twelve villages without any accident; and then an engineer waited along the track, and, as soon as the fugitive had passed, had his own engine switched on to the same track, and pursued, and ran it down, and got aboard it, and reversed the rods, and, within two miles of London, put an end to what would have been a great disaster to life and property. The multiplicity of trains on the Pennsylvania route, and the Erie route, and the Hudson River route, but for the clicking of the telegraph, would make one long scene of disaster.

What has this art done for literature? One great curse of literature is verbosity—long sentences for small ideas—a whole pack of hounding adjectives after one poor noun! The economics of telegraphy came and declared: "Put what you have to say in ten words, or pay extra for every preposition, every adjective, every conjunction." Under this mighty pressure the land is learning the beauty of brevity. Men who would have taken two hours to tell a story, crowd, squeeze, compress, and jam it all into the ten words of the electric telegram. Why be a spendthrift of words? With four words God ordered the illuminations of two hemispheres: "Let—there—be—light." With five words the archangel shall preach the funeral sermon of the world: "Time—shall—be—no—longer!" The world is being talked to death! And the American telegraph is helping to abate the nuisance.

What has this art done for the domestic circle? In sudden exigency how quick it brings the physician! The fire that, in a few hours, would have burned the beautiful home into ashes, at the call of the electric telegraph is put out in five minutes. You are in a distant hotel, and in a paroxysm of pain. Yes, you are dying alone. No rail-train could have carried your message swift enough. You telegraph: "Come!" And very soon upon your dying vision there dawns the familiar and sympathetic face of her who has been to you as a sweet song ever since the day when, amid the orange blossoms and the sound of wedding march, you put the ring on her hand and promised to be faithful until death doth you part. And though you are far away, her breath on your dying cheek makes you feel at home, and you look up into her tearful eyes, and say: "My dear, I am so glad you have come." There is not a home in Christendom but has by the telegraph been put under everlasting obligation. A father may travel seven days in a straight line, and every night before retiring receive the salutations of his household.

What has this art done for the Church of God? Gathering up the doings of conventions, and presbyteries, and conferences, it comes bounding, saying: "Here we are!" Years ago, when a dying English soldier in India telegraphed to a Christian officer, hundreds of miles away: "What must I do to be saved?" the Christian officer telegraphed back: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." What a question and answer to go to and fro! When the Agamemnon and the Niagara had successfully put down the Atlantic Cable, the directors in London sent the first telegram to the directors in New York. The song of the angels: "Glory to God in the highest, and in earth, peace, goodwill to men." When the great revival occurred in 1857, the John Street prayer-meeting in New York telegraphed to the great meeting in Jaynes Hall, Philadelphia, saying: "Christian brethren, we greet you in brotherly love." The inhabitants of your city shall go to another, saying: "Let us go speedily to pray before the Lord, and to seek the Lord of Hosts: I will go also. Praise the Lord; call upon His name; declare His doings among the people; make mention that His name is exalted." And immediately there came over the telegraph wires from Philadelphia the answer: "Jaynes Hall prayer-meeting crowded; with one mind and heart they glorify our Father in heaven for the work He is doing in our city and country: the Lord hath done great things for us; may He who holds the seven stars in His right hand and who walks in the midst of the churches be with you by His spirit this day!" Ay, in 1857, the telegraph was the torch that set the whole land on fire with Christian enthusiasm, and 500,000 souls stepped into the kingdom of God. There is not a day now that Christian messages do not go over the wires. Every morning the secular and religious news of the world is put on our breakfast tables by the telegraph through the newspaper—the newspaper press of this country in one year giving \$521,000 for telegraphic intelligence—the newspaper press in Continental Europe \$11,000,000 in one year for telegraphic intelligence. The telegraph takes the whole earth in its benediction. The wires long enough to girdle the globe five times; from St. Kene to Brest, from Brest to Suez, from Suez to Bombay, from Bombay to Singapore. Oh, what a thrill of supremacy for the telegraph! The American villain lands in the arms of the Liverpool police. To arrest crime, to scatter good, to strike the key-note of musical accord, God has ordained the telegraph.

I am glad that woman, shut out from so many other fields of employment, has been admitted here. Telegraphy says to her: "Come down out of that killing work, and put your hand on this cleanly, and intelligent, and healthful employment;" and woman is to-day refining all telegraphic circles. People are better behaved, have more elevated conversation, and brighter cheer where women are. Is not that so? If it is not, why do we all love to get into the ladies' cabin of the Fulton Ferry? I thank God that woman, who has never had any chance, has been permitted to enter upon this elevated realm of telegraphy.

Now let me say to the men and women engaged in this art, Do not make that art a mere matter of livelihood. Can it be that you have no Christian gratitude to God who has allowed you to put your hand upon this mighty fulcrum which is to help to raise a sunken world toward a stooping heaven? I preach this sermon to magnify your office and to stir up in your soul an application of the grandeur of that work to which God has called you.

Again, I charge that you maintain inviolate all the confidence intrusted to you. The affairs of homes, of commercial establishment, and of churches, are in your hands. Through no other channel do there go so many things never intended for public eye or ear. Resist all that inquisitiveness which has more interest in knowing about the business of other people than in minding its own. And at this point, let me say, I think the judges of courts, and the national government ought to be very slow to bring into public inspection private telegrams. What a scene it was when Mr.orton, the President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, was arrested and brought before a confessional commission to display private telegrams of the last political contest. We all admired the fact that he resisted as long as it was possible to resist. It is a simple fact that the men who compelled that display of private telegrams were worsted by the exposition. They got scorched with their own lightnings. When the lightnings came and said, "Here we are," they said: "Yes, I wish I had never seen you!" Such espionage may do very well under despotisms, but not in this country and in this day. The letters of a post-office are no more sacred than the despatches of a telegraph. And public officials ought to be very careful how they tamper with this medium of intelligence, lest they cripple its influence and dishonor its name among the nations. A great many people are tempted to tell all they know, especially when they do not know much! And any institution like the telegraph, or the post-office, that cultures in the people a healthful taciturnity ought to be encouraged. Men talk too much, and women too!

Again, I charge you to seek divine solace in all your perplexities. To the outside world your work seems ambrosial. How easy to sit in a chair in a warm office and read, by the sound of the armature, or manipulate an instrument as easily as you would a piano! "Here, at last, is an occupation without any annoyances or trials." Alas! since the day you began to learn the art, you have not been free from annoyances and trials. Send five thousand telegrams without the mistake of a word, and in the five thousand and first telegram make the slightest mistake, and what a rattling there is at the other end of the lines. The officers of the company are besieged with charges of your inefficiency. People prowl around wanting to get your position. You are put down on a smaller salary in a less conspicuous position, or you are turned out, and you sit amazed that such attenuated lightning could make such loud thunder. Your nerves, your eyes, your heart sore with annoyance. So it is all along the line of telegraphy, and in all departments, from the uninformed lads who run

with the lead-pencil and the receipt book, and the message, clean up to the room of the electrician, and the room of the treasurer, and the vice-president, and the president.

The whole story of telegraphy has been a story of trial and struggles. Go back to 1844, in Boston, and you see a telegraph wire reaching from Milk Street to School Street, and the people paying twenty-five cents to see it operated, and the next year, 1845, in New York, you find a short telegraph running up Broadway, and the people paying twenty-five cents to see it operated, the operators going to bed hungry, their bed the hard floor of the office where they worked. It has been struggle all the way up and all the way down. Sebastopol, and Austerlitz, and Gettysburg were not more exciting scenes than those which were seen and suffered when the Atlantic cable was laid in 1858, 1865, and 1866. And Wellington won no more brilliant victory at Waterloo than did Cyrus W. Field when he landed at Heart's Content Office, after thirteen years of exposure and hardship, and caricature, and scoffing, and telegraphed to New York City:

HEART'S CONTENT, July 27.

"Arrived safely. All well. The cable laid, and in perfect order."

Well might the choir of Old Trinity Church, New York, a few days after celebrate the event in the presence of two hundred gowned clergymen, chanting while the organs rolled out the harmony: "Oh come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise unto the Rock of our salvation." You may weave your garlands around the brow of conquerors who have waded chin-deep in blood to get more territory. I shall save my garlands for the Galvanis, and the Davys, and the Bains, and the Captain Hudsons, who have helped, as by the stroke of God's omnipotence, to weld the continents together. And it has been trouble, and trial, and struggle, all the way through. The pioneers of the telegraph were the target for the ridicule of two hemispheres. When the cable broke, in 1858, all the nations jeered, and said: "We told you so." The Indians on the plain, the Arabs on the desert, the wild beasts in India, tore up the lines. The United States Government again and again has attempted to appropriate or steal the telegraphs of this country, and make them a mere system of political jobbery. Resistance to all this, and continuance amid all this, has made telegraphy in this country a strife, and a struggle, and a heroism.

Now, is there any comfort for these people in any department of this wonderful art? I have to tell you that God's Word, more wonderful than any syphon recorder, or galvanometer, or electromotograph, or writing instrument, or repeater that was ever invented, is charged to-day with comfort, and if you should touch it, you will feel an eternal thrill. Seated in your operating office—you are in quicker communication with heaven than with earth—you may, with a stroke of your finger, call someone thousands of miles away, and because of the difference in time, your message may seem to arrive there an hour earlier than when it was sent; but here is

something that beats all telegraphy, the promise of God: "*Before they call* I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear."

It has only been a short time, you know, since you could send messages on the same wire in opposite directions and at the same time; but for thousands of years there has been such communications between heaven and earth—between God and the human soul—both speaking instantaneously, and at the same time. God is ready this morning, and is every ready, to transmit comfort to your soul. Go to Him with your great troubles and your small troubles. Do you not now already feel the shock of the Lord's battery? No people in all the world have such an opportunity of appreciating the Lord's presence as you have. He is not in the storm or earthquake so much as in the click of the telegraph. You every day have your finger on the pulses of the Omnipotent arm. You know that God is in the room when you are operating. Standing or sitting in such an august Presence, what consecrated men and women you ought to be! Yea, you ought to have larger hearts than other people, since you can realize, as no others can, that the San Franciscan, and Russian, and the Australasian is only your next-door neighbor; and, seated in your chairs, you can shake hands with all nations. Yes, you ought to have a better appreciation than any other people of what Paul said when he declared: "God hath made of one blood all nations to dwell upon the earth, and hath determined the times appointed and the bound of their habitation, that they should seek after the Lord, if so be that, feeling after Him, they might find Him, though He is not far from any one of us." Working, as you do, with such tremendous agencies, and in such an august presence, you ought to be the most earnest of all Christian people. Ay, you need the religion of Jesus Christ, not only for its inspiration and its comfort, but as an absolute necessity.

Lift the storm-signal to-day. There is a day coming which will try every man's work, of whatever sort it is. In Christ all are safe. Away from Christ all are in peril. If I had all the telegraph-wires of the world brought to this plat-

form, and I could send only one message, I think it would be this: "Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I am glad to know that God is going to take possession of all the world's telegraphy. The thought stirs my soul. Between ten and three o'clock the wires are chiefly now occupied by quotations of the cotton exchange and the stock market, and the bankers and brokers employ most of the time between those hours; but after a while, when all the telegraph lines are completed, and, instead of four or five cables through the ocean from here to Europe there will be twenty, and the wire of the telegraph shall insinuate itself into the hidden abodes of the human family—then, methinks, there shall be some great central office and some great central instrument, and perhaps a herald of heaven will take his position, and put his hand on that instrument, and give the final call to all nations. Yea, perhaps, Christ Himself, descended among men, may put His hand on that central instrument, giving the final and successful call to all people, and thrilling to all lands the message: "Look unto Me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved, for I am God, and there is none else." And all the nations, instantly catching the invitation, shall respond, and China shall say, "I come," and India, "I come," and Siberia, "I come," and Russia, "I come," and Europe, and Asia, and Africa, and North and South America, "We come." Nations born in a day. Empires saved. The world's work done. God glorified. Heaven full.

"The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap, exulting, like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear—
From every eye He wipes off every tear.
In adamant chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet."

God, hasten the day, and then the galvanometers may cease, and then the Atlantic cables may snap, and the lightnings of heaven having fulfilled all their errands, and completed all their circuits, shall return and kneel at the foot of the throne, crying, "Here we are!"

PAUL IN A BASKET.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, November 25, 1883.

"Through a window, in a basket, was I let down by the wall."—II COR. II : 33.

SERMONS on Paul in jail, Paul on Mars Hill, Paul in the shipwreck, Paul before the Sanhedrim, Paul before Felix are plentiful, but in my text we have Paul in a basket.

Damascus is a city of white and glistening architecture sometimes called "the eye of the East," sometimes called "a pearl surrounded by emeralds," at one time distinguished for swords of the best material called Damascus blades, and upholstery of richest fabric called damasks. A horseman by the name of Paul, riding toward this city, had been thrown from the saddle. The horse had dropped under a flash from the sky, which at the same time was so bright it blinded the rider for many days, and, I think so permanently injured his eyesight that this defect of vision became the thorn in the flesh he afterward speaks of. He started for Damascus to butcher Christians, but after that hard fall from his horse he was a changed man and preached Christ in Damascus till the city was shaken to its foundation.

The mayor gives authority for his arrest, and the popular cry is, "Kill him! Kill him!" The city is surrounded by a high wall, and the gates are watched by the police lest the Cilician preacher escape. Many of the houses are built on the wall, and their balconies projected clear over and hovered above the gardens outside. It was customary to lower baskets out of these balconies and pull up fruits and flowers from the gardens. To this day visitors at the monastery of Mount Sinai are lifted and let down in baskets. Detectives prowled around from house to house looking for Paul, but his friends hid him now in one place, now in another. He is no coward, as fifty incidents in his life demonstrate. But he feels his work is not done yet, and so he evades assassination. "Is that preacher here?" the foaming mob shout at one house door. "Is that fanatic here?" the police shout at another house door. Sometimes on the street incognito he passes through a crowd of clenched fists and sometimes he secretes himself on the house-top. At last the infuriate populace get on sure track of him. They have positive evidence that he is in the house of one of the Christians, the balcony of whose home reaches over the wall. "Here he is! Here he is!" The vociferation and blasphemy and howling of the pursuers are at the front door. They break in. "Fetch out that gospelizer, and let us hang his head on the city gate. Where is he?" The emergency was

terrible. Providentially there was a good stout basket in the house. Paul's friends fasten a rope to the basket. Paul steps into it. The basket is lifted to the edge of the balcony on the wall, and then while Paul holds on to the rope with both hands his friends lower away, carefully and cautiously, slowly but surely, further down and further down, until the basket strikes the earth and the apostle steps out and afoot and alone starts on that famous missionary tour, the story of which has astonished earth and heaven. Appropriate entry in Paul's diary of travels: "Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall."

Observe, first, on what a slender tenure great results hang. The ropemaker who twisted that cord fastened to that lowering basket never knew how much would depend on the strength of it. How if it had been broken and the apostle's life had been dashed out? What would have become of the Christian Church? All that magnificent missionary work in Pamphilia, Capadocia, Galatia, Macedonia would never have been accomplished. All his writings that make up so indispensable and enchanting a part of the New Testament would never have been written. The story of resurrection would never have been so gloriously told as he told it. That example of heroic and triumphant endurance at Philippi, in the Mediterranean euroclydon, under flagellation and at his beheading would not have kindled the courage of ten thousand martyrdoms. But that rope holding that basket, how much depended on it? So again and again great results have hung on what seemed slender circumstances.

Did ever ship of many thousand tons crossing the sea have such important passenger as had once a boat of leaves, from taffrail to stern only three or four feet, the vessel made waterproof by a coat of bitumen and floating on the Nile with the infant lawgiver of the Jews on board? What if some crocodile should crunch it? What if some of the cattle wading in for a drink should sink it? Vessels of war sometimes carry forty guns looking through the port-holes, ready to open battle. But that tiny craft on the Nile seems to be armed with all the guns of thunder that bombarded Sinai at the law-giving. On how fragile craft sailed how much of historical importance!

The parsonage at Epworth, England, is on fire in the night, and the father rushed through the

hallway for the rescue of his children. Seven children are out and safe on the ground, but one remains in the consuming building. That one wakes, and finding his bed on fire and the building crumbling, comes to the window, and two peasants make a ladder of their bodies, one peasant standing on the shoulder of the other, and down the human ladder the boy descends—John Wesley. If you would know how much depended on that ladder of peasants ask the millions of Methodists on both sides of the sea. Ask their mission stations all round the world. Ask their hundreds of thousands already ascended to join their founder, who would have perished but for the living stairs of peasants' shoulders.

An English ship stopped at Pitcairn Island, and right in the midst of surrounding cannibalism and squalor, the passengers discovered a Christian colony of churches and schools and beautiful homes and highest style of religion and civilization. For fifty years no missionary and no Christian influence had landed there. Why this oasis of light amid a desert of heathendom? Sixty years before, a ship had met disaster, and one of the sailors, unable to save anything else, went to his trunk and took out a Bible which his mother had placed there, and swam ashore, the Bible held in his teeth. The Book was read on all sides until the rough and vicious population were evangelized, and a church was started, and an enlightened commonwealth established, and the world's history has no more brilliant page than that which tells of the transformation of a nation by one book. It did not seem of much importance whether the sailor continued to hold the book in his teeth or let it fall in the breakers, but upon what small circumstance depended what mighty results!

Practical inference: There are no insignificances in our lives. The minutest thing is part of a magnitude. Infinity is made up of infinitesimals. Great things an aggregation of small things. Bethlehem manger pulling on a star in the eastern sky. One book in a drenched sailor's mouth the evangelization of a multitude. One boat of papyrus on the Nile freighted with events for all ages. The fate of Christendom in a basket let down from a window on the wall. What you do, do well. If you make a rope make it strong and true, for you know not how much may depend on your workmanship. If you fashion a boat let it be water-proof, for you know not who may sail in it. If you put a Bible in the trunk of your boy as he goes from home, let it be heard in your prayers, for it may have a mission as far-reaching as the book which the sailor carried in his teeth to the Pitcairn beach. The plainest man's life is an island between two eternities—eternity past rippling against his shoulders, eternity to come touching his brow. The casual, the accidental, that which merely happened so, are parts of a great plan, and the rope that lets the fugitive apostle from the Damascus wall is the cable that holds to its mooring the ship of the Church in the north-east storm of the centuries.

Again, notice unrecognized and unrecorded services. Who spun that rope? Who tied it to the basket? Who steadied the illustrious

preacher as he stepped into it? Who relaxed not a muscle of the arm or dismissed an anxious look from his face until the basket touched the ground and discharged its magnificent cargo? Not one of their names has come to us, but there was no work done that day in Damascus or in all the earth compared with the importance of their work. What if they had in the agitation tied a knot that could slip? What if the sound of the mob at the door had led them to say: "Paul must take care of himself, and we will take care of ourselves." No, no! They held the rope, and in doing so did more for the Christian Church than any thousand of us will ever accomplish. But God knows and has made eternal record of their undertaking. And they know. How exultant they must have felt when they read his letters to the Romans, to the Corinthians, to the Galatians, to the Ephesians, to the Philippians, to the Colossians, to the Thessalonians, to Timothy, to Titus, to Philemon, to the Hebrews, and when they heard how he walked out of prison with the earthquake unlocking the door for him, and took command of the Alexandrian corn-ship when the sailors were nearly scared to death, and preached a sermon that nearly shook Felix off his judgment-seat. I hear the men and women who helped him down through the window and over the wall talking in private over the matter, and saying: "How glad I am that we effected that rescue! In coming times others may get the glory of Paul's work, but no one shall rob us of the satisfaction of knowing that we held the rope."

There are said to be about sixty-nine thousand ministers of religion in this country. About fifty thousand I warrant came from early homes which had to struggle for the necessities of life. The sons of rich bankers and merchants generally become bankers and merchants. The most of those who become ministers are the sons of those who had terrific struggle to get their every-day bread. The collegiate and theological education of that son took every luxury from the parental table for eight years. The other children were more scantily apparelled. The son at college every little while got a bundle from home. In it were the socks that mother had knit, sitting up late at night, her sight not as good as once it was. And there also were some delicacies from the sister's hand for the voracious appetite of a hungry student. The father swung the heavy cradle through the wheat, the sweat rolling from his chin bedewing every step of the way, and then sitting down under the cherry-tree at noon thinking to himself: "I am fearfully tired, but it will pay if I can once see that boy through college, and if I can know that he will be preaching the Gospel after I am dead." The younger children want to know why they can't have this and that as others do, and the mother says: "Be patient, my children, until your brother graduates, and then you shall have more luxuries, but we must see that boy through."

The years go by, and the son has been ordained and is preaching the glorious Gospel, and a great revival comes, and souls by scores and hundreds accept the Gospel from the lips of that young preacher, and father and mother, quite

old now, are visiting the son at the village parsonage, and at the close of a Sabbath of mighty blessing, father and mother retire to their room, the son lighting the way and asking them if he can do anything to make them more comfortable, saying if they want anything in the night just to knock on the wall. And then all alone father and mother talk over the gracious influences of the day, and say: "Well, it was worth all we went through to educate that boy. It was a hard pull, but we held on till the work was done. The world may not know it, but, mother, we held the rope, didn't we?" And the voice, tremulous with joyful emotion, responds: "Yes, father; we held the rope. I feel my work is done. Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." "Pshaw!" says the father, "I never felt so much like living in my life as now. I want to see what that fellow is going on to do, he has begun so well."

Something occurs to me quite personal. I was the youngest of a large family of children. My parents were neither rich nor poor; four of the sons wanted collegiate education, and four obtained it, but not without great home-struggle. We never heard the old people say once that they were denying themselves to effect this, but I remember now that my parents always looked tired. I don't think they ever got rested until they lay down in the Sommerville Cemetery. Mother would sit down in the evening, and say: "Well, I don't know what makes me feel so tired!" Father would fall immediately to sleep, seated by the evening stand, overcome with the day's fatigues. One of the four brothers after preaching the Gospel for about fifty years entered upon his heavenly rest. Another of the four is now on the other side the earth, a missionary of the cross. Two of us are in this land in the holy ministry, and I think all of us are willing to acknowledge our obligation to the old folks at home. About seventeen years ago the one, and about nineteen years ago the other, put down the burdens of this life, but they still hold the rope.

O men and women here assembled, you brag sometimes how you have fought your way in the world, but I think there have been helpful influences that you have never fully acknowledged. Has there not been some influence in your early or present home that the world cannot see? Does there not reach to you from among the New England hills, or from western prairie, or from southern plantation, or from English or Scottish or Irish home a cord of influence that has kept you right when you would have gone astray, and which, after you had made a crooked track, recalled you? The rope may be as long as thirty years or five hundred miles long or three thousand miles long, but hands that went out of mortal sight long ago still hold the rope. You want a very swift horse, and you need to rowel him with sharpest spurs, and to let the reins lie loose upon the neck, and to give a shout to a racer, if you are going to ride out of reach of your mother's prayers. Why, a ship crossing the Atlantic in seven days can't sail away from that! A sailor finds them on the lookout as he takes his place, and finds them on the mast as

he climbs the ratlines to disentangle a rope in the tempest, and finds them swinging on the hammock when he turns in. Why not be frank and acknowledge it—the most of us would long ago have been dashed to pieces had not gracious and loving hands steadily and lovingly and mightily held the rope.

But there must come a time when we shall find out who these Damascenes were who lowered Paul in the basket, and greet them and all those who have rendered to God and the world unrecognized and unrecorded services. That is going to be one of the glad excitements of heaven—the hunting up and picking out of those who did great good on earth and got no credit for it. Here the Church has been going on nineteen centuries, and this is probably the first sermon ever recognizing the services of the people in that Damascus balcony. Charles G. Finney said to a dying Christian: "Give my love to St. Paul when you meet him." When you and I meet him, as we will, I shall ask him to introduce me to those people who got him out of the Damascene peril.

We go into long sermon to prove that we will be able to recognize people in heaven, when there is one reason we fail to present, and that is better than all—God will introduce us. We shall have them all pointed out. You would not be guilty of the impoliteness of having friends in your parlor not introduced, and celestial politeness will demand that we be made acquainted with all the heavenly household. What rehearsal of old times and recital of stirring reminiscences. If others fail to give introduction, God will take us through, and before our first twenty-four hours in heaven—if it were calculated by earthly timepieces—have passed, we shall meet and talk with more heavenly celebrities than in our entire mortal state we met with earthly celebrities. Many who made great noise of usefulness will sit on the last seat by the front door of the heavenly temple, while right up within arm's reach of the heavenly throne will be many who, though they could not preach themselves or do great exploits for God, nevertheless held the rope.

Come, let us go right up and accost those on this circle of heavenly thrones. Surely, they must have killed in battle a million men. Surely they must have been buried with all the cathedrals sounding a dirge and all the towers of all the cities tolling the national grief. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I lived by choice the unmarried daughter in an humble home that I might take care of my parents in their old age, and I endured without complaints all their querulousness and administered to all their wants for twenty years."

Let us pass on round the circle of thrones. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I was for thirty years a Christian invalid, and suffered all the while, occasionally writing a note of sympathy for those worse off than I, and was general confidant of all those who had trouble, and once in a while I was strong enough to make a garment for that poor family in the back lane." Pass on to another throne. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I was the mother who raised a whole family of children for God and

they are out in the world Christian merchants, Christian mechanics, Christian wives, and I have had full reward of all my toil." Let us pass on in the circle of thrones. "I had a Sabbath-school class, and they were always on my heart, and they all entered the kingdom of God, and I am waiting for their arrival."

But who art thou, the mighty one of heaven on this other throne? In time of bitter persecution I owned a house in Damascus, a house on the wall. A man who preached Christ was hounded from street to street, and I hid him from the assassins, and when I found them breaking in my house and I could no longer keep him safely, I advised him to flee for his life, and a basket was let down over the wall with the maltreated man in it, and I was one who helped hold the rope." And I said: "Is that all?" and he answered, "That is all." And while I was lost in amazement, I heard a strong voice that sounded as though it might once have been hoarse from many exposures and triumphant as though it might have belonged to one of the martyrs, and it said: "Not many mighty, not many noble are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not to bring to naught things which are, that no flesh should glory in His presence." And I looked to see from whence the voice came, and lo! it was the very one who had said: "Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall."

Henceforth think of nothing as insignificant. A little thing may decide your all. A Cunarder

put out from England for New York. It was well equipped, but in putting up a stove in the pilot box a nail was driven too near the compass. You know how that nail would affect the compass. The ship's officer, deceived by that distracted compass, put the ship two hundred miles off her right course, and suddenly the man on the lookout cried, "Land ho! and the ship was halted within a few yards of her demolition on Nantucket shoals. A six-penny nail came near wrecking a Cunarder. Small ropes hold mighty destinies.

A minister seated in Boston at his table, lacking a word puts his hand behind his head and tilts back his chair to think, and the ceiling falls and crushes the table and would have crushed him. A minister in Jamaica at night by the light of an insect, called the candle-fly, is kept from stepping over a precipice a hundred feet. F. W. Robertson, the celebrated English clergyman, said that he entered the ministry from a train of circumstances started by the barking of a dog. Had the wind blown one way on a certain day, the Spanish Inquisition would have been established in England; but it blew the other way, and that dropped the accursed institution with seventy-five thousand tons of shipping to the bottom of the sea, or flung the splintered logs on the rocks.

Nothing unimportant in your life or mine. Three noughts placed on the right side of the figure one make a thousand, and six noughts on the right side of the figure one, a million, and our nothingness placed on the right side may be augmentation illimitable. All the ages of time and eternity affected by the basket let down from a Damascus balcony.

THE DUMB PRAYER ANSWERED.

Thanksgiving Discourse on Thursday Morning,
November 29, 1883.

[The Tabernacle was decorated with fruits and grains from all sections of the country.]

"I will hear, saith the Lord, I will hear the heavens, and they shall hear the earth; and the earth shall hear the corn, and the wine, and the oil; and they shall hear Jezreel."—HOSEA 2 : 21, 22.

ALL-SUGGESTIVE Thanksgiving text! Famine and trouble had reigned in Jezreel, but this text promises in allegory great harvests. To show the dependence of things on God and on each other they are represented as at prayer. The sun kneels at the golden altar, the stars kneel at the silver altar, and the clouds at the blue altar of the heavens. And they cry to God: "Give us light, give us warmth, give us moisture." "You shall have them," says the Lord. Then the lakes and rivers of earth kneel at the edge of the valleys, and the valleys at the foot of the hills, and the hills at the foot of the mountains, and the mountains at the foot of the cloud, crying, "Give us sunlight and moonlight and starlight and showers;" and sun and moon and star and cloud respond, "You shall have them." Then the orchards and vineyards and harvest fields and plantations and furrows cry to river and valley and hill and mountain: "Give us ripe fruit and full-headed grain and food for man and beast;" and the waters and the hills answered, "You shall have them." Then the people of Jezreel, hungry and weary with many privations and hardships, knelt under the withered leaves, and by the parched furrows and by the empty garner, and cried to the barren earth: "Give us relief from our hunger and nakedness and woe;" and the earth responds, "You shall have all you need." So the blessing starts at the top of God's throne and rolls to the bottom of the world's necessities. "I will hear, saith the Lord. I will hear the heavens and they shall hear the earth and the earth shall hear the corn and the wine and the oil and they shall hear Jezreel."

So during the past twelve months all our land has been at prayer, and here are the answers written all over this audience-room in letters of green and gold and white and orange. God heard the heavens, and the heavens heard the solar and lunar and stellar and cloudy influences, and they heard the earth, and the earth heard the fruits and grains, and these heard the American people. My heartiest thanks to those who gathered and arranged these products of the earth into a great object-lesson of the divine goodness. Here are corn and wheat and oats

from all sections, rice and cotton from the Carolinas, oranges from Florida, pomegranates from Louisiana, pears and grapes from California, cotton from South Carolina, gold and silver and copper and asbestos and granite and jasper and coal and iron from all quarters, while Long Island and New York and New Jersey have their products strewn all over the platform and around the galleries.

I have come into possession of a gold mine of facts. Last week I wrote to the Chief of the Bureau of the Treasury Department at Washington for a statement of this year's harvests so that I might have complete accuracy, and my letter evoked the facts of sixty years, showing God's determination to bless this land as He has blessed no other. I acknowledge the kindness of Mr. Joseph Nimmo, Jr., Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department, and of his assistants.

In all the sixty years the tides of national resource have risen higher and higher. But I shall take a retrospect of the ten years from 1873 to 1883. Bushels of corn in 1873, 932,274,000; in 1883, 1,577,000,000. Bushels of wheat in 1873, 281,234,000; 410,000,000 this year. The potato crop is not often mentioned in discourse because of the homeliness of the vegetable and the lack of rhythm in the word. But what more beautiful to a keen appetite than the good, honest, everywhere-present potato, whether roasted, or baked, or scalloped, or boiled, or fried, or stewed, or croquet-ed, or Saratoga-ed. When right out of the oven, or off the hearth, cracked with the knuckles till it bursts with excess of mealiness, sending up its incense to appreciative and hungry guests, no one will despise this vegetable link between oppressed Ireland and free America, the ever-present potato. In 1873, 106,089,000 bushels; in 1883, 195,000,000 bushels. So there is no need that at this Thanksgiving table you put with small spoon off the corner of a big plate a faint white dab of Mercer or Bermuda when the supply ought to drop with ladle profusion in the centre of the plate till the recipient requires both hands to hold it. The cotton crop of 1873, 3,930,000 bales; this year, ending August 31st, 6,949,000

bales. Notwithstanding all the evil prophecies a million and a half bales more this year than last, while to show how much richer the South is without slavery than it is with it I put the fact that in 1861 before the war she produced 3,656,000 bales opposed to the fact that this year produced 6,949,000.

Then look at the exportation to other countries, for exportation is the strongest test of our national prosperity. In 1873 we exported \$98,943,000 worth of bread and breadstuffs; in 1883, \$208,000,000 worth. Provisions exported in 1873, \$78,197,000 worth as against this year \$107,388,000 worth. And now that the Northern Pacific and Southern Pacific Railroads are open the augmentation will distract the statisticians with the almost infinity of agricultural and mining resources. The canals are blocked with freight pressing down to the markets. The cars rumble all through the darkness and whistle up the flagman in dead of night to let the Western harvest come and feed the mouths of the great cities. No Thanksgiving ever found so many happy and contented people in the United States as this. There were more good breakfasts this morning than any other Thanksgiving morning since this national habit was established. The coffee was better, the intermixture of chicory less observable, and the butter was honest butter made in honest churns, and the milk was milk, and the meat you could chew, and more people rose from the table thankful than on any similar morning.

Then we have not only the present surroundings to make us happy, but our minds are crowded with vivid reminiscences. On a day like this the memory becomes a kaleidoscope, and every minute the scene changes. You give to the kaleidoscope of memory a turn and there they are, natural as life, around the country hearth on a cold winter night. Hear the hickory fire crackle and see the shadows flit up and down the wall. Games that sometimes well-nigh upset the chairs—"Blind Man's Buff," "Who's got the Button," "The Popping Corn," "The Molasses Pulling," and the witch stories that made the neighbors' boys afraid to go home after dark. Hickory nuts on one dish, roseate apples on the other. The boisterous plays of "More Bags on the Mill," "Leap Frog," "Catcher," around and around the room until some one got hurt and a kiss was offered to make up the hurt, the kiss more resented than the hurt. High old times! Father and mother got up and went into the next room because they could not stand the racket. Then, instead of compunctions of conscience, a worse racket. But now the scene is fading out. The old fireplace is down, and the house is down with it. One of those boys went to sea and was never heard of. Another became squire in the neighboring village. Another went to college and became a minister. Another died the following summer, and they are all gone, and you had better turn the kaleidoscope quickly or you will get us all crying.

There! Turn it no further, for I want to see that old Thanksgiving dinner. Father at one end, mother at the other end, the children between wondering if father will ever get done

carving the turkey. Oh, that proud, strutting hero of the barnyard, upside down, his plumes gone and minus his gobbie. Stuffed with that which he can never digest! The day before at school we had learned that Greece was south of Turkey, but at that table we found that turkey was bounded by grease. The brown surface waiting for the fork to plunge astride the breast-bone, and with knife sharpened on the jambs of the fireplace lay bare the folds of white meat. Give to the boy disposed to be sentimental the heart. Give to the one disposed to music the drumstick. Give to the one disposed to theological discussion the "parson's nose." Then the pies! For the most part a lost art. What mince pies, in which you had all confidence, fashioned from all rich ingredients, instead of miscellaneous leavings which are only a sort of glorified hash! Not mince pies with profound mysteries of origin! But mother made them, chopped the meat for them, spiced them, sweetened them, flavored them, and laid the lower crust and the upper crust, with here and there a puncture by the fork to let you look through the light and flaky surface into the substance beneath. No brandy, for old folks were stout for temperance; and cider about half way between new and hard, with a slight tendency to hard. But I have always been opposed to cider—except when it's good. Dear me! What a pie! You deluded New Englanders can talk till you are gray about your pumpkin pies for Thanksgiving day; give me an old-fashioned New Jersey mince pie. Of the ten at that table all are gone save two—some in village churchyard, some in city cemetery—but we shall sit with them yet at a brighter banquet. Better turn the kaleidoscope.

Yes; there they go down the hill head first on a sled, coasting. Clear the track! Four sleighs abreast and four in the rear, the touch of the toe the only rudder. The walk up-hill thrashing the numb fingers around the body more than paid for by the descent, swift as the sled of a Laplander. Many of our lives only a repetition of that process, walking up-hill for the sake of riding down it.

Turn the kaleidoscope, and you see the neighborhood quilting. The mothers and wives came in the afternoon, all wrapped up from the cold, and their feet on a foot-stove. When they got warm and took out their needles and sat down it was a merry group and full of news. Once in a while a needle would slip and make a bad scratch upon the character of some absentee, but for the most part it was good, wholesome talk. And in the evening when the young people came and the old people were in one room and the young people in another, in the latter there was some lively stepping. While the black boy played "Moneymusk" even grandfather in the next room, who had distributed many tracts on the sin of dancing, was seen to make his heel go. It seemed to me a great fuss and a great gathering to get one quilt made. But the fact was that good neighborhood was quilted, warm sympathies were quilted, lifetime friendships were quilted, and connubial bliss quilted. And they stayed late. And such plays as you had in that back room when you joined hands, and one

of the loveliest stood in the ring! What a circumference to what a centre!

Turn again the kaleidoscope, and there is the old meeting-house, made solemn and sleepy, bumble-bees humming about the old clap-boards, horses under the shed stamping at the flies, Choir in the gallery with a broken fiddle. Farmers in their sleeves aroused from their slumbers by the hymn: "My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?" Aged minister, good enough for translation. The old church from floor to ceiling full of old-fashioned religion, one ounce of which is worth twenty tons of the humbug of modern evolution. Where's the old minister now? Where's the choir now? Where are the leaders who sat around the pulpit and listened till the sermon got to the seventeenthly?

Turn the kaleidoscope again, and there is the old country school-house where the master pulled our ears till they have always since been a little out of proportion. The tin cup out of which fifty drank without any fastidiousness. The gad cut out of the woods by the boy who was to suffer it in his own chastisement. The modest house in the woods and the jealousies because a pair of black or blue eyes would have uncomplimentary preferences. The bullies of ten years old imposing on those of seven. The rising of mirthful feeling among the ribs, quaking the young diaphragm and rising till it twitched the corners of the mouth and suppression was no more possible, and though frowning schoolmaster sat on the valve it would come to explosion, shattering the whole school into splinters of fun, one giggle setting off a whole magazine of cachinnation.

Turn the kaleidoscope, and here is the corn husking and the "raising" frolic, and here the snowballing carousal, and there the sleigh-riding party, and there the springtime blossoms and here the treat of the first ripe harvest apples. Was anything ever half so joyous?

One more turn to the kaleidoscope, and you see your early struggles. You now realize what were your best blessings. Your elaborate and prolonged decision as to whether it should be new hat or new coat, for it could not be both at the same season. Your effort to make \$10 do the work of \$20. The snubbing you got when you attempted higher position. The skilful buttoning up of the coat to hide patches. Your subordinate place to those who had not half your ability or morals. The endurance of those who swished about big with brief authority. At last your triumph, your raised salary, your advanced position, your affiancing, your marriage, your two rooms that were a plenty. The cradle with miracle of dimpled beauty, the high chair at the table pounding with spoon and rattle. The hardships of life widening into a comfortable livelihood and perhaps a competency. The graves covered with chaplets of consolation. The crosses with crowns hung on the top of them. The whole struggle and mystery of your life adjusted for your welfare here and hereafter. Enough! Put down the kaleidoscope of reminiscence, and take up the palm branch of thanksgiving.

But the present as well as the past demands your gratitude. I step into your house. You

say it is rather small. That is nothing. A large house is a great trouble to keep clean. Small houses are cosy. Beside that a great house gives children too large expectations, and when married and they have to take a smaller one, they are discontented, saying, "I was never used to such cramped apartments." These lights of your house have flashed upon many a joyous scene, and if the walls could speak they would tell of social party, and Christmas tree, and neighborhood merrymaking. These keys have thrummed a carol or wept under the touch of your child, and the portfolio in the rack hath many a well-worn song of Oaken-Bucket and Old Arm-chair. Instead of the rough-hewn rafters and bare walls among which your grandfathers entertained their guests, your walls bloom with wonders wrought by painter's pencil or engraver's knife or sculptor's chisel.

I step into your nursery, and am greeted by the song and laughter of your children. They clap their hands. They hide. They bound away. What bright eyes! what quick feet! what happy hearts! God bless them. Busy all day without fatigue they fall asleep chattering to wake up singing. You expect those hands will smooth your locks when they are gray, that these feet will run to your ministration when you are sick, and that these eyes will weep for you when you are gone. Be thankful to-day that upon your household has come the brightness of childhood.

I step into your dining hall, and I find that all the world has been waiting on you. Men grew weary and worn in making that carpet. Cabinet-makers toiled faithfully in making this furniture. Sailors were lashed to the storm in bringing you these foreign delicacies. Flocks and herds have fallen under butcher's knife to please your palate. Miners toiled in damp and darkness to exhume that glowing anthracite. And summer sun and howling storm and drifting snow have sent luxurious contributions to your table.

I step into your library, and I find the tables are covered with magazines and newspapers and books fresh from all the publishers. Historians and pamphleteers and fabulists and philosophers of all ages seem to await your bidding. On the historical shelf stand Bancroft and Prescott and Macaulay ready to tell you the story of early America, or describe the glories of Mexican scenery, or call back the scenes of parliaments that Old Death dissolved with more than the imperiousness of a Cromwell. On the poetic shelf are Walter Scott, sounding the Highland bagpipe, and Longfellow beating the Indian war whoop through his Hiawatha, and Bryant mingling moan of wild wood with call of the brown thresher. Dickens has a shelf all to himself, I expect, because no other single writer is able to stand beside him from Oliver Twist to Edwin Drood avenging the world's wrongs, weeping the world's sorrow, kindling the world's mirth, exposing the world's hypocrisy, and earning the world's thanksgiving. Thank God for your books. Books for hard study, books to waft you into reverie, books to make you laugh, books to make you weep, books in morocco, in satin, in gold, books of anecdote, of travel of memoir, of legend; books wreathed and starred and col-

umned; books about birds, about fishes, about shells, about insects; books for the young, books for the old.

You may not possess all these blessings of the parlor and nursery and dining hall and library, but still you know something of the height and depth and breadth of this sweet and tender and joyous and triumphant world—home. Look not upon it merely as a place to stay as the lion looks upon his lair or the fox his burrow or the eagle its eyrie. Call it not your residence or your house or lodging or domicile, but for the sake of childhood, for the sake of duty, for the sake of all that is good and beautiful and true and blessed, call it home!

What is that thunder? It is the ten-cylinder printing-press. Scribner and Appleton and Leslie and Harper and Lippincott and Ticknor! It thunders again, and this time it is the swift revolving presses of 11,802 newspapers and periodicals of the United States and the Canadas.

NATIONAL BLESSINGS.

Look abroad and see this great country. For these many years whose hand has turned back from our land the violence of plagues which have swept with their train of terrors through other countries? Who has grown in our fields harvests richer than Sicilian or Russian grain fields? Who hath raised up our national enterprise to beat back wildernesses and plant town after town, till every gleam of the wave on the lakes is answered by the gleam of city towers and the roar of the ocean at one side of the harbor has been answered by the din of a great metropolis at the other? Something higher than the American plough cultured the harvests. Something sharper than the American axe hewed down the forests. Something heavier than the American hammer built the cities. He who walked Gennesareth hath traversed our lakes. He who helped Simon Peter with his net hath blessed our fisheries. He who plucked golden ears of corn, rubbing them in His hands, hath helped gather our harvests. He who tarried at Bethany hath set all around about us the villages. Not a ship's keel but He helped to launch it. Not a wheel's tire but He helped to forge it, or a bouquet's blossom but He helped grow it, or a robin's wing but He tinged it.

To inspire our poets and kindle the painter's

emotion we have stupendous mountains rolling up from table land to table land higher and higher, scarred with great agonies of ruin, and heights with forests where God drops the meat into the eagle's eyrie, while in twisted, cloven sheets of silver come down the torrents a-gleam and a-dash and a-foam, tangled under rocks mossed and century-rusted, while elsewhere the student of nature may find awful cataracts which stand in walls of beryl and amethyst and jasper, rumbling like thunder and flashing like fire, then plunging down into unfathomed abyss from which comes up the wailing of their despair and the mists that seem like the smoke of their torment ascending forever and ever.

I also rehearse our civil and religious liberties. While millions of our fellow-men are in bondage and ruled by despotisms, we worship God in our own way, and no official spies watch our entrance, nor doth an armed soldiery interfere with the honest utterance of truth. We stand here to-day with our arm free to work, our head free to think, and our tongue free to speak. This Bible! See, it is all unclasped. This pulpit, there is no chain round about it. There is no snap of musketry in the street. Blessed be God that to-day we are free men, with the prospect and determination of always being free. We have no State religion. I glory in the fact that there is not on all our statute books one law that gives advantage to one sect over another. All are equal in the sight of the law, Jew and Gentile, Armenian and Calvinist, Trinitarian and Unitarian, Protestant and Roman Catholic. And if time of persecution should come, arms would be strong, and hearts would be stout, and blood would be free, and hell would be balked, and the right of man to worship God would be acknowledged, though it were at the point of the bayonet with the horses plunged bridle-deep in carnage.

Go home now to your sumptuous repasts, and if one be absent from you and absent from earth whose voice was most gleesome last Thanksgiving do not let your grief overpower your gratitude, but after all are seated at the table and merry voices are hushed, bow your heads for a blessing, and say: "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever."

ANGELIC INCOMPETENCY.

[THIS sermon was preached after the death of prominent members of Brooklyn Tabernacle.]

"And no man could learn that song, but the hundred and forty and four thousand which were redeemed from the earth."—REV. 14 : 3.

WE are apt to think of the songs of heaven as unanimous. We are accustomed to think when one palm is lifted, they are all lifted ; when one harp is struck, they are all struck ; when the great song of redemption rises before the throne, all the voices of eternity are heard in it. My text forbids that idea. It seems that when the song of grace rises in heaven, there are a great multitude who are incompetent, in that land, to take part in it. Though they may be mighty in intelligence, and mighty in pomp, and mighty in power, when that particular song is lifted, they put down their harps, they fold their hands, and they do not join the minstrelsy. You, and I, and our friends, redeemed by the grace of God, will easily take part ; but seraphim, and cherubim, and archangel will not be able to catch the strain. If for ten thousand years they should make rehearsal, they would never reach the refrain. If some skilled spirit in heaven should bring them under tuition for a million ages, and they should attempt to sing this song, they would break down in the utterance. It is an infinite, an everlasting impossibility that they sing it. "No man can learn that song, but the hundred and forty and four thousand which have been redeemed from the earth."

What is the song that utterly defies and overmasters the unfallen spirits of heaven ? It is the song of redemption, and I shall give you two or three reasons why those unfallen spirits find it an impossibility to sing it.

First, they never were redeemed from sin. The great burden of that redemption song in heaven will be deliverance from bondage. We shall stand in that high place and look down upon the chasms where sin plunged us and from which grace raised us. We shall think of how we wandered away from home, and of how Jesus called us back. We shall think of how we were unfit to come, and of how Jesus pitied us. We shall think of how we deserved to die, and of how Jesus urged upon us a ransom ; song of sins forgiven, of infirmities compassionated, of ingratitude overlooked. When that chorus of "Worthy is the Lamb," rises before the throne, we shall commingle in the anthem, and be able to touch all the heights and depths of it. But how could the unfallen spirits of heaven join in that chorus ? They know nothing about beating against the bars of spiritual imprisonment. Standing in the light of heaven, they know

nothing about the joy of rescue. Having sailed for ages on the smooth seas of heaven, they know nothing about the joy of clambering out from awful shipwreck. Beautiful and triumphant song, but they cannot sing it. It is to them an eternal impossibility. "No man can learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand that have been redeemed from the earth !"

Again, these unfallen spirits of heaven cannot mingle in that anthem because they do not know what it is to be comforted in suffering. You sometimes find a pianist or organist who has been through all the schools, and has his diploma ; but there seems to be no emotion in his playing. You say : "What's the matter with that musician ?" Why, I will tell you ; he has never had any trouble. But after he has lost children, or been thrust into sickness, or passed through any kind of trial, then he begins to pour out the deep emotion of his own soul into the very heart of the instrument, and all hearts respond to it. So I suppose that our sorrows and sufferings here will be somewhat preparative for the heavenly accord. It will not be a cold artistic trill, but a chant struck through with all the tenderness of this world's sorrows and sufferings. In some of the churches on Saturday night they have a rehearsal, and they sing over all the hymns for the Sabbath morning ; and I suppose that our trials on earth are only the Saturday night rehearsal for the Sabbath morning services of heaven. All those times when you put the dead out of your sight, all those times that you lay upon beds of sickness, all those times when you went through trial and persecution, I suppose they were only preparations for the new song of heaven. There you will think of how Jesus stood in the sick-room, of how Jesus walked beside you in that pilgrimage, of how Jesus put His arms about you when you felt faint and worn out with the troubles of life. The darkness all gone, you can look up in the face of Him who never betrayed you. All your tears gone, you will bless the hand that wiped them away. You will think then of Jesus, who never forsook you, when all else failed. Song of burdens lifted, of night illumined, of seas parted, of victories won. Now, what will seraph, and cherub, and archangel do with a song like that ? Why, they never wept over a grave. What do they know about languishing on beds of sickness ?

Other songs they have, but not this. This is a fire song, and only those who have gone through the flame can grasp it. See those sons and daughters of trial coming up, through the grace of God, into heaven. They are rising up before the throne. They come up out of nights of woe, out of inquisitions of torture, out of hovels of poverty. There they are before the throne; they are getting ready for the music of heaven. The hundred and forty and four thousand redeemed from the earth rise for the music. Are they all ready? Sing! Let them all sing! For no man but the hundred and forty and four thousand who have been redeemed from out of the earth can sing that song.

Again, I remark that the unfallen spirits of heaven cannot join in the anthem of grace in heaven, because they never were helped to die. Death is a tremendous pass. He who goes through it alone is sure to be discomfited. But when we have to go, when, with the shutters open at noonday, it is nevertheless dark in the room, we want a Divine Christ to stand by us and say: "Fear not; when thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee." Do you not suppose when we get through that dark pass of death, we are going to feel gratitude to Christ, and that we will have a glorious anthem of praise to sing to Him? But what will those unfallen spirits of heaven do with such a song as that? They never felt the death shudder. They never heard the moan of the dismal sea. They know nothing, by experience, of what is the last word, the last look, the last kiss. They know nothing about the pain, the bliss of dying. When we stand in heaven, and in our song celebrate the grace that pardoned us, and the grace that comforted us, and the grace that gave us victory over our last enemy, the unfallen spirits of heaven will have no capacity to join in the anthems. "No man can learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand that have been redeemed from the earth." But you say: "That makes only a half and half heaven; so many of these spirits will be silent." Oh, there will be anthems in which all the hosts of heaven can join. The fact that there will be a hundred and forty and four thousand, as stated in the text, intimates that there will be a vast congregation participating. That song is getting sweeter and louder all the time. Some of our dear friends have gone up and joined in it. If our hearing were only good enough, we would hear their sweet voices rippling on the night air. My friends, the past few days have been thick with graves. Some eight or nine of our congregation have gone into the eternal world. I call the roll of the dead. Do they make no answer? These dirges are for all of them. These words of comfort are for the fathers, the mothers, the brothers, the sisters, the companions, the sons and daughters, who are left to mourn: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." The day of reunion approaches. There shall be no more pain.

It would be expected that I should speak at greater length of two of these brethren with whom I was more intimately acquainted. Peter Wendover, somewhat disgusted with churches

because they have been accustomed to quarrel so much, had not attended upon religious services for some time, said if I were called to this Church he would come. We always liked each other, and when I like a man, I like him very much. He was an unpretentious man, but he was a great help to me when I preached. Upon the faces of some of my best friends I never look when I am preaching, because they either look down or their faces are unresponsive, although their hearts may be all right; but, under the sound of the Gospel, that man's face shone like the sun. When I got tired in a sermon, or the subject did not unfold as I would like to have it, I looked yonder, and his cheerful face was an inspiration. A few days ago, no one in his house, sitting in a chair in his back parlor, he arose to pass out of the room, and sank down gently on the floor, and his physicians say that without a pang he must have departed. The wife, coming in with some friends in the dusk of the evening, sat in the front parlor, not knowing anything had happened, and, on the departure of the friends, walked through the back parlor, saw her husband lying there, supposed he was only pretending to be asleep, for he was sometimes very playful and jovial, and she besought him that he would not tease her by lying there any longer, and she tried to induce him to get up. Nothing could induce him to get up, or ever will until the trumpet that wakes the dead.

Oh, you afflicted household, you tell me if you could have had some last words, you would have been more submissive; but, against that lack, I make this offset, that he had no physical anguish. You may think of him now not as one wasted, and groaning, and dying, but you may think of him as cheery, as bringing home something every night to the children, as robust, going out to meet that God with whom he had made his peace eight years ago, at the time we received him publicly into this discipleship. Good, honest, kind-hearted, Christian Peter Wendover—let his name be held in everlasting remembrance. It needs no Champollion, capable of deciphering hieroglyphics, to learn the lesson of that death. It is written in capitals that may be read all across this church and across this city: "Be ye also ready!" Where would he have been now if he had waited for a death-bed repentance? He never had any death-bed. Between the moment when he arose from his chair in the back parlor to the moment when he sank down lifeless, how short a time he would have had to prepare for a great eternity! Yet, there are some of my hearers who, because the life insurance company's physician has told them they are well, and strong, and there are no signs of physical weakness, are proposing to meet God at the bedside of their last sickness. If you should go home to-night, and take all your insurance policies, and all your bonds, and mortgages, and government securities, and receipts, and financial documents, and throw them into the fire, you would be doing a wiser thing than the way you are acting in regard to the things of eternity; in regard to the securities for the great day of judgment, and the years that are to come—the endless ages. Peter Wendover! what is the best time for this people

to prepare for eternity? "Now!" is the voice that cries from the tomb. "Now!" is the voice that drops from the heavens.

Philip Rollhaus, our lamented trustee, became a Christian at fifteen years of age. Nature had cut him out for great successes. There was not a man in all these cities who had more brilliant business prospects. He was one of those men who make money easy, and who knew how to use it in a proper manner, when they get it. He had business enthusiasm, and at the same time he was celebrated for Christian integrity. I received a letter from one of the best business houses in this city—a letter unsolicited by myself—in which they say in regard to this man: "Having had business with him for nearly a score of years, and coming in contact with him, almost daily, we have pleasure in saying that a more upright, honest, straightforward man we never found. His word was as good as his bond." What a testimonial to a dead merchant! Generosity is a tame word to describe his open-handedness. When he gave, what he gave was not drawn from him as by a forty-horse power; he gave with a perfect glee. Only three or four years in our midst here, and yet identified with all the great projects of the Church. Oh, how we will miss him. But let us not begrudge him his rest. He worked fast and he got through soon. His work all done he had a right to go home. He wanted to get well, as every man ought to want to get well who has a wife, and a child, and a mother to care for. But when he was told he could not get well, he said: "Is that so? why, then, it is time I were down on my knees." But he was too weak to kneel, and so from his pillow he uttered his dying prayer. To all who came in he said: "It is all right." His worldly business all right. His Christian foundation all right. The opening heaven all right. Everybody who knew him knew it could not be otherwise than all right. God will take care of the wife, and the child, and the mother. Looking over the bereft family, God will remember how kind Philip Rollhaus was to all the troubled; and He will pay it all back to that shadowed household. But there is no lonelier home to-night than that. Some men are not much missed when they are gone. They occupy only so much room in the world, as the number of inches of air they displace by their body when they stand up; but there was in this man such a magnetism when he stepped over the threshold that he filled the whole house with his personality. Pray for that widowed soul. I understand she is not here to-night. Let her be honored in the Church of God not only for her own sake, but for his sake. And if his only child be in the room now, while I speak, let me say, Philip, you have your father's name—copy your father's example. You remember how he put his hands on you in his dying prayer. If, in growing up, you sometimes feel the need of a father's counsel, go to the Lord and remind Him of a Christian ancestry, and say: "O Lord God of my father, show me what to do." To the mother of that departed one has come great disappointment. She had a right to expect that he would follow her out to the grave instead of her following him out to the

grave. You remember how he appealed to you in his last moment, and asked if he had been a good son. He had. He is your son yet. By the throne of God he will yet call you "Mother." But what is the lesson for us all? I think of fifty lessons, but there is one lesson that tops all the others. Philip Rollhaus! what is the lesson? A voice breaks from the gate of Greenwood, and breaks from the gates of heaven, saying: "Be quick! I had only a short time for earthly service; I died at thirty-five years of age; what thy hand findeth to do, do with all thy might, for there is no wisdom, nor device, nor knowledge in the grave where I have come." O my friends, we want rapid strokes—the push of an intense devotion—the realization of the fact that our life is the flight of a shuttle, or the flap of an eagle's wing. If there ever was a Church-membership that God intended to rouse up, then this Church-membership ought to be roused up by the quick rap of the undertaker's hammer, and the click of the grave-digger's spade, and the tolling of the cemetery tower. It tolled six times for that child gone out of the infant class. It tolled thirty-five times for Philip Rollhaus. It tolled fifty-seven times for Peter Wendover. How often will it beat for us? Oh, if our title to heaven is fading out, if our prayer flies with broken wing, if the altar of our devotion has on it more ashes than fire, let us wake up lest our life be pronounced a failure, and our death be a harrowing record, and our great future be an appalling catastrophe. But I cannot leave this audience in the darkness. I want to invite them all up into the illuminations of the Gospel. It will make them happy while they live, happy when they die, happy forever.

A few days ago, with lanterns and torches, and a guide, we went down in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. You may walk fourteen miles and see no sunlight. It is a stupendous place. Some places the roof of the cave a hundred feet high. The grottos filled with weird echoes, cascades falling from invisible height to invisible depth. Stalagmites rising up from the floor of the cave—stalactites descending from the roof of the cave, joining each other, and making pillars of the Almighty's sculpturing. There are rosettes of amethyst in halls of gypsum. As the guide carries his lantern ahead of you, the shadows have an appearance supernatural and spectral. The darkness is fearful. Two people, getting lost from their guide only for a few hours, years ago, were demented, and for years sat in their insanity. You feel like holding your breath as you walk across the bridges that seem to span the bottomless abyss. The guide throws his calcium light down into the caverns, and the light rolls and tosses from rock to rock, and from depth to depth, making at every plunge a new revelation of the awful power that could have made such a place as that. A sense of suffocation comes upon you as you think that you are two hundred and fifty feet in a straight line from the sunlit surface of the earth. The guide, after awhile, takes you into what is called the "Star Chamber," and then he says to you: "Sit here," and then he takes the lantern and goes down under the

rocks, and it gets darker and darker, until the night is so thick that the hand an inch from the eye is unobservable. And then, by kindling one of the lanterns, and placing it in a cliff of the rock, there is a reflection cast on the dome of the cave, and there are stars coming out in constellations—a brilliant night heavens—and you involuntarily exclaim: "Beautiful! beautiful!" Then he takes the lantern down in other depths of the cavern, and wanders on, and wanders off, until he comes up from behind the rocks gradually, and it seems like the dawn of the morning and it gets brighter and brighter. The guide is a skilled ventriloquist, and he imitates the voices of the morning, and soon the gloom is all gone, and you stand congratulating yourself over the wonderful spectacle.

Well, there are a great many people who look down into the grave as a great cavern. They think it is a thousand miles subterraneous, and all the echoes seem to be the voices of despair, and the cascades seem to be the falling tears that always fall, and the gloom of earth seems coming up in stalagmite, and the gloom of the

eternal world seems descending in the stalactite, making pillars of indescribable horror. The grave is no such place as that to me, thank God. Our divine Guide takes us down into the great caverns, and we have the lamp to our feet and the light to our path, and all the echoes in the rifts of the rock are anthems, and all the falling waters are fountains of salvation, and, after awhile, we look up, and behold! the cavern of the tomb has become a King's star-chamber. And, while we are looking at the pomp of it, an everlasting morning begins to rise, and all the tears of earth crystallize into stalagmite, rising up in a pillar on the one side, and all the glories of heaven seem to be descending in a stalactite, making a pillar on the other side, and you push against the gate that swings between the two pillars, and, as that gate flashes open, you find it is one of the twelve gates which are twelve pearls. Blessed be God that through this Gospel the mammoth cave of the sepulchre has become the illumined Star Chamber of the King!

MUST THE CHINESE GO?

[SERMON preached September 19th, 1880, soon after Dr. Talmage returned from the Pacific coast where the above question was raging.]

"Who is my neighbor?"—LUKE 10 : 29.

A KEEN lawyer had Christ under the fire of cross-examination, and this was one of the questions. The answer which Christ gave, enlarged the world's idea of neighborhood, and that idea of neighborhood has ever since been enlarging. It seemed a figure of speech to say that people living on the other side of the world were our neighbors; but steam from Southampton to New York and from China to San Francisco, and rail-tracks across all the continents, and cables under all the seas, have literally made the whole earth one neighborhood. Is the Chinaman a neighbor? Does he belong to the race of which God is the Father? Is he a brute, or an immortal? Will he help us, or will he hurt us? Must he be welcomed, or driven back? These are tremendous questions which press upon the nation to-day, and answer them we must, and answer them we will. The subject will yet be as much of an agitation on the Atlantic coast as it is on the Pacific coast.

I want you, my friends, to start right in your opinions, and therefore, I shall give you the result of my summer observation in California, where the Chinese populations have become an important factor. Arriving in San Francisco Saturday afternoon, August 7th, I had been but a few moments in my hotel when the highest officers of the city called upon me in the interest of the anti-Chinese sentiment, and from morning until night, and for many days, I do not think there was half an hour in which I was not brought into the presence of this subject by committee, or letter, or document; so that if any man ever had a good opportunity of seeing the whole subject from both sides, I had that opportunity. It is the habit in San Francisco to take people from the East to see the Chinese quarters, or what they call Chinatown. The newspapers say President Hayes last week visited Chinatown, but that they covered up the worst parts of the place, that he might be deceived in regard to the true character of Chinatown. No such imposition was practised upon me, for the five gentlemen with whom I went were openly and above-board always antagonistic to Chinese emigration, and it was their one desire to have me see the worst side of it. Doctor Mears, a most obliging gentleman, the President of the Board of Health of San Francisco, went with me, and if there is a man on the continent antagonistic to Chinese emigration, it is

Dr. Mears. So I saw the worst, and, it is bad enough and filthy enough and dreadful enough; but I tell you, as I told the people of San Francisco in their Grand Opera House, that underground New York life is fifty per cent worse than Chinatown. The white iniquity of our Atlantic coast cities is more brazen than the yellow iniquity of San Francisco, and as to malodors, it is the difference between the malodors of whiskey and the malodors of opium; and the malodors of whiskey are to me a thousandfold more offensive than the malodors of opium. The crowded tenement-houses of New York are more crowded and more abominable than the crowded Chinese quarters. I told the people of San Francisco, standing face to face, "If you will let your three hundred policemen be augmented by five hundred special policemen sworn in for the duty, men from your banking-houses and your churches—if they will go out in the name of God and the strength of the law, they will in one night extirpate the last iniquity of Chinatown." Do you tell me that two hundred and eighty thousand good San Franciscans cannot put down twenty thousand bad people?

From what I saw this summer in San Francisco, and from my observation in California ten years ago, I give it to you as my opinion, corroborated by the opinion of tens of thousands of people in California, that, of all the foreign populations which have come to the United States during the last forty years, none are more industrious, more sober, more harmless, more honest, more genial, more courteous, more obliging than the Chinese. I have in my possession affidavits from all classes of people in California, in which they present the truthfulness, the integrity, the love of order, the industry of the Chinese people. They have no equal as laundrymen; they are unrivalled as house help. I was told in many of the homes of San Francisco that one Chinese servant will do the work of three servants of any other kind.

It is objected to the Chinese that they underbid other labor, since they can live so much cheaper than other nationalities, and so they injure American labor and every other style of labor. I reply to that, in many departments the Chinese receive higher wages than any other class of persons. There are no such wages paid in Brooklyn or New York for domestic service as are paid to the Chinese in San Francisco.

day. Besides that, suppose they did underbid other labor, would you cast them out on that account? Then, to be consistent, you must drive out all those who work sewing machines and reapers and hay-rakes, because these different styles of machinery are underbidding other styles of work, and injuring those who toil with the bare hand. As to this absurd notion that is going through the country about the Chinese injuring American labor, I have to tell you this fact, that wages are higher in California, have been higher in California, than in any other State of the American Union. When we shall have in this cluster of cities, as we will have, twenty or thirty or forty thousand Chinese workmen, wages will be larger than they are now, and we will have greater prosperity; for then, instead of between one and two millions in this cluster of cities, we shall have three or four or five millions.

Again, it is objected to the Chinese that they do not spend all their money where they make it, but send it all back to China. False again. The Chinese pay in the city of San Francisco rent for residences and for wash-houses and so on, yearly, \$2,400,000. Would not we people in Brooklyn think it was a grand addition to our municipal condition if we had \$2,400,000 added every year? Further, as taxes to the State Government the Chinese in California pay over \$4,000,000 a year. It all stays in California. Moreover, they pay in customs to the United States Government annually \$9,400,000. That all stays in this country. Now, away with the falsehood that the Chinese spend none of their money in this country. Besides that, if they did send it all away, could you blame them much? How much money would you invest in a country where you were denied the rights of citizenship, and where you might any hour suffer outrage and expatriation? The Chinese are blamed because they demand that after death their bones be sent home to China. If you and I were as badly treated in Brooklyn as the Chinese have been treated in San Francisco, we would not want to be buried within three thousand miles of where the indignity had been enacted. We would argue, "If they treat us so badly while we have our arms to strike back, how will they treat us when we are powerless?"

Besides that, it comes very poorly from us, the charge that the Chinese send home their money. There are hundreds and thousands of American and English merchants in China; where do they send their money to? Besides that, we have been applauding and complimenting for the last thirty years the German and Irish serving-maids who have been denying themselves all luxuries and sending their money back to the old folks at home. Oh, we have admired that self-denial and that generosity, and we have had no words to express our admiration for their willingness to send their money to Germany and Ireland; and I think what is good for one nation is good for another. Besides that, O men of the Atlantic coast! do you know in what direction and for what purpose much of the money goes that is sent back to China? The parents of many of these Chinese in America are serfs, the subjects of a base

feudal system, and much of the money that is sent back to China is for the liberation of their parents. I have that from a mandarin high in authority. If your parents were in bondage, would not you send some money home to purchase their liberation? Would not you send all you have? Instead of caricaturing the Chinese for sending their money back to China, let us admire their self-denial—for they love luxuries as much as we do—let us applaud their self-denial.

But it is said they have such severe economies. Well, that is bad! That is a crime you cannot charge much upon the American people! The fact is, these people come in with a lower order of civilization, and they are industrious, and they pay all their debts, and save something for a rainy day; and such a style of civilization we cannot abide in this country! We do not want our higher style of civilization interfered with—that style which allows a man to spend four times more money than he makes, and to steal the rest! Away with this barbarism, which works all the time and pays all its debts!

Again, it is objected that the Chinese are pagans, and that they have peculiar dress. What, now, do you refer to—the Chinese cue? George Washington wore a cue, Benjamin Franklin wore a cue, John Hancock wore a cue, your great-grandfathers wore cues; and anything that Washington and Franklin and John Hancock and your ancestry did must have been eminently respectable. Besides that, Chinese apparel is often more than eclipsed by American apparel. Have you forgotten crinoline monstrosities of twenty years ago? the coal-scuttle bonnets of your grandmothers, the silver knee-buckles of your grandfathers, and how at different times in this country there has been an elaboration and an overtopping and appalling mystery of womanly head attire that ought to make us lenient in our criticism of Mongolian conspicuities? We see in this (for their dress is part of their religion) and in other things that a man's religious belief is to be interfered with. Do you think the Huguenots and the Pilgrim Fathers and the patriots of the Revolution would have contended as they did for civil and religious liberty in this country, if they had known that their descendants would make religious belief a test of residence and citizenship? If this Government continues to stand, it will be because alike defended are the joss-houses of the Chinese, the cathedrals of the Roman Catholics, the meeting-houses of the Quakers, and the churches of the Presbyterians.

Do you want me to make a choice between a religion which insults and stones a man because of the color of his skin or the length of his hair or the economy of his habits, on the one hand, and a paganism which patiently endures all this, working right on until death comes—if you want to have me make a choice between such a religion and such a paganism, I say, "Give me paganism." If you have a superior civilization, a superior Christianity, present them to these people in a courteous and Christian way. And this brings me to say that the first Sabbath forenoon I spent in a Chinese church in San Francisco, and I had the privilege, through an inter-

preter, of telling those Mongolians of that Christ who was not an American Christ, nor a Chinese Christ, nor a German Christ, nor an Italian Christ, nor a Spanish Christ, but the round world's Christ; and I think it was the greatest joy of the summer to me that I heard afterward that through the services salvation was brought to some of their souls.

These Chinese make grand Christians; and there are going to be more of them—five hundred millions of them—if the Bible be true when it says the land of Sinim is to surrender to God. Oh, how insignificant and contemptible will seem many of the Christians of this generation when in the future it shall be demonstrated that these Chinese were brought to our country, not so much by the stigmatized Six Emigration Companies, but by the God of the Bible, to have them Christianized, and multitudes of them sent home again for the redemption of China. Now, my friends, these Chinese are either inferior, or they are our equals, or they are our superiors. If they are our inferiors, flat skulls will never dominate high foreheads; stupidity will never overcome large brain. If they are inferior, you have nothing to dread. If they are your equals, does not your sense of justice say then they ought to have equal rights? If they are our superiors, then we cannot afford to maltreat them.

China is the richest country in all the earth. Oh, the ruby, and the amethyst, and the porphyry, and the agate, and the lapis lazuli, and the turquoise, and the emerald, and the crystal—enough precious stones to build the four walls of heaven! Oh, the gold, and the silver, and the iron, and the lead, and the copper waiting for the cellar-door of her mountains to be thrown open! Oh, the rosewood, and the camphor, and the cedar, and the cypress, and the varnish-trees, and the ebony, and the ivory—enough to make the cabinet-ware of all nations. Oh, the wheat, and the barley, and the mango, and the pineapple, and the persimmon, and the cocoanut, and the rice—enough to make puddings for all the earth, and tea enough to refresh all nations! You stupid man, do you not understand that their right to come here implies our right to go there? It will not be many years before there will be as many Americans in China as there are Chinese in America; and the question all over China will be, "Must the Americans go?" If, when a man must go in an emigrant-wagon six months to cross to the Pacific coast, many went, do you not think New Yorkers and Long Islanders will go to China when they can go there in five weeks, when they are fully persuaded of all the treasures of that great land? It is the will of Providence that the whole world should be on wheels, and the nations are going to move north, move south, move east, and move west. The nations will intermarry, and far down in the future men will have the blood of fifty nationalities in their arteries, and there will be in all the earth only one great nation—one nation on five continents—a grand, homogeneous, great-hearted, all-climated, five-zoned, world-encircling Christian nation. They broke to pieces at the foot of Babel; they will come together at

the foot of the Cross. Under the shadow of the one they were confounded; under the light of the other they will be harmonized; and when all nations and kingdoms and people become one empire, can you doubt who will be king? "Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

Again it is objected that these Chinese are merely the slaves of the six Chinese emigration companies—that they are the slaves of the Sam Yup Company, the Kong Chow Company, the Yung Wo Company, the Wing Yung Company, the Hop Wo Company, the Yan Wo Company. Now, say the political parties, "We don't want any more slavery in this country; we had black slavery, and got rid of it; now don't give us any yellow slavery."

What are the facts? The facts are these: that these six Chinese emigration companies pay the fare of the Chinese crossing the Pacific Ocean, the Chinese contracting that they will work it out after they get here, and there is no more honorable bargain made in Brooklyn and New York than that. These six Chinese companies say to the Chinese, "You are poor; now here is clothing and here is passage-money, and here is money to get food crossing the ocean, and we will take charge of you a little while after you get there, and you will, when you get in America, by your own hands, toil to pay for this passage-money." That is all there is of it. Those Chinese are no more slaves in America than you lawyers are the slaves of the clients that give you a retaining fee; no more slaves than you builders are the slaves of the capitalist who prepays you something before you begin the job. The six Chinese companies prepay the Chinese, and then the Chinese here work it out, and the two planks of the two political parties which imply the opposite are lying swindles on the American people. I tell you, men of the Atlantic coast, that this Chinese scare is the most unfounded, absurd, and unmitigated humbug that was ever enacted.

Oh, what a pitiable thing it is that the two political parties in order to get the electoral vote of California in the Presidential election, should put these anti-Chinese planks in their platforms! I was not surprised at the Democratic party, because they always have considered the question of color and race a reasonable question; but when I saw the Republican party, after fighting a four years' horrible war to establish the principle that all colors and all races are equal before God and the law; when I remembered that 500,000 human lives had been paid as the purchase for the establishment of that principle, and then I saw the Republican party surrendering from the yellow man what they had demanded for the black man, I was amazed beyond all expression, and I wondered if the sceptre was not departing.

Now, my friends, what are the circumstances in the case? Nearly a century ago, in the year 1784, the first American flag was seen in Chinese waters. Ever since then we have been begging and coaxing the Chinese to come out and be neighborly. In 1844 the Government of the United States practically said, "Oh, you dear Chinese, do come over and see us; come, and

bring your work with you; come and stay; come by hundred and by thousands; do come." In 1867 the Government of the United States sent out Mr. Burlingame, a skilful ambassador, and the United States Government said through him to the Chinese nation, "Oh, you dear Chinese, when will you come? We wait, we long, we expect; do come, do come." Mr. Burlingame presented the case in so genial a way that when he died the emperor deified him, and he is one of the gods of China to-day. "Well," said the coy and shy Chinese, "will you treat us well if we come?" "Oh, yes," we said, "we will not only defend you, but we will welcome you; you can wear your hair as you please; you can worship the gods you please; only do come, and we'll be so happy!" Over-persuaded, and against all the prejudices of the Chinese nation, they came.

Well, how have the Chinese been treated in this country? Brickbatted and slain; taxed before they could get ashore, for the privilege of landing; taxed for street-sweeping, when not one dollar of the money raised went for the cleansing of the Chinese quarters; taxed for the United States Government which gave them no defence; the way from the steamboat wharf to their stopping in the Chinese quarters one long scene of blasphemy and bloodshed, and no police. In other words, the United States Government broke its treaty. Eight hundred thousand dollars by the Chinese Government cheerfully paid as indemnity for Americans that had been abused in China. The United States Government refuses to pay for the wrongs done the Chinese in America. In the name of Almighty God, the Maker of nations, He who hath made of one blood all people, I impeach the United States Government for its perfidy toward the Chinese.

Now, my friends, I do not want you to join in this crusade against the Chinese. There have been outrages already committed in New York. I understand some have been committed in Brooklyn. When you greet those from European nations who come through Castle Garden, and pray for them all prosperity, use the same supplication for the children of Asia, who by the Central Pacific and Union Pacific Railways are handed over the mountains. There is no Gospel in brickbats. No room in this land for violence. The meanest and most insignificant and leprous Chinese that ever lay in a hospital will live as long as God lives. He is immortal—immortal. And that nation is to be evangelized, whether her people are trans-Pacific or cis-Pacific, they are to be evangelized, and in the millennial glory side by side will stand Europe and Africa, America and Asia, and the

Rocky Mountains and the Himalayas will answer each other, with salvation echo and re-echo.

Now this whole question of Chinese emigration and every other style of emigration God is going to settle. Every little while in this country we get in great excitement, and fly around as though everything is going to pieces; but God never gets excited. What a time we had with the slavery question. For half a century the North proposed one thing and the South proposed another thing. Matters grew worse and worse. Then God rose up. He said, "Here is a question higher than human wisdom, and I will settle it;" and He settled it at Shiloh, at South Mountain, and Atlanta, and Gettysburg—settled it by the graves of a million Northern and Southern dead. So, my brethren, this Chinese question is complicate and tremendous. It is a question higher than your City Hall, higher than the heathen goddess on the top of your Capitol at Washington, higher than your highest church steeples. It is a question so high that it is on a level with the throne of God, and the same great power that decides the tides of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, swinging them this way or that, will decide these tides of human migration whichever way He will. If He say "Come," they will come. If He say "Go," they will go.

Do not in your nervousness try to build up a high, stout wall to keep the Chinese out while you let others in. Such a wall as that, God's earthquakes would shake from beneath, and God's thunderbolts of wrath would smite from above, and that wall would heave and rock and fall on the demagogues who built it, and on the nation who favors it, and on the Christianity that is too cowardly to denounce it. God will say, "That American temple I built for civil and religious liberty, and for a Gospel that would have all men saved; I founded that temple in the blood of the Revolutionary fathers. The arches of that temple went up on the shoulders of men who died for their principles; the baptismal fonts of that temple were filled with the tears of exiled nations who came here for refuge; the sword of your patriot ancestry was the trowel that mortared the foundation; and lo! on these sacred altars you have sacrificed the swine of passion and hate, and these columns have been defiled with unholy hands; now let the temple perish. Down it must come—column and capital, arch and dome—and I will in some other land, and among a more generous people, and in a brighter age of the world, demonstrate before earth and heaven how that I would have all men equal and free!"

THE STELLAR BEAUTY OF CHRIST.

"I am the bright and morning star,"—REV. 22 : 16.

It seems as if the natural world were anxious to make up for the damage it did our race in furnishing the forbidden fruit. If that fruit wrought death among the nations, now all the natural products shall become a symbol of blessing. The showering down of the wealth of the orchard will make us think of Him whom Solomon describes as the apple tree among the trees of the wood ; and the flowers of tangled glen and cultured parterre shall be the dew of glittering garland for the brow of the Lord Jesus. Yea, even the night shall be taxed, and its brightest star shall be set as a gem in the coronet of our holy religion.

Have you ever seen the morning star advantageously ? If it was on your way home from a night's carousal, you saw none of its beauty. If you merely turned over on your pillow in the darkness, glancing out of the window, you know nothing about the cheerful influence of that star. But there are many in this house to-night, who in great passes of their life, some of them far out at sea, have gazed at that star and been thrilled through with indescribable gladness. That star comes trembling as though with the perils of the darkness, and yet bright with the anticipation of the day. It seems emotional with all tenderness, its eyes filled with the tears of many sorrows. It is the gem on the hand of the morning thrust up to signal its coming. Other stars are dim, like holy candles in a cathedral, or silver beads counted in superstitious litany ; but this is a living star, a speaking star, an historic star, an evangelistic star—bright, and brilliant, and triumphant symbol of the great Redeemer. The telegraphic operator puts his finger on the silver key of the electric instrument, and the tidings fly across the continent ; and so it seems to me that the finger of inspiration is placed upon this silver point in the heavens, and it thrills through all the earth : "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. Behold I am the bright and morning star." The meaning of my text is this : as the morning star precedes and promises the coming of the day, so Christ heralds the natural and spiritual dawn.

In the first place, Christ heralded the coming of the creation. There was a time when there was no order, no sound of beauty. No wing stirred. No word was uttered. No light sped. As far as God could look up, as far down, as far out, there was nothing. Immeasurable solitude, Height, and depth, and length, and breadth of

nothingness. Did Christ then exist ? Oh, yes. "By Him were all things made that are made ; things in heaven and things in earth, and things under the earth." Yes, He antedated the creation. He led forth Arcturus and his sons. He shone before the first morning. His voice was heard in the concert when the morning stars serenaded the advent of our infant earth, when, wrapped in swaddling clothes of light, it lay in the arms of the great Jehovah. He saw the first foundation laid. He saw the first light kindled. That hand which was afterward crushed upon the cross was thrust into chaos, and it brought out one world and swung it in that orbit ; and brought out another world and swung it in another orbit ; and brought out all the worlds, and swung them in their particular orbits. They came like sheep at the call of a shepherd. They knew His voice, and He called them all by their names. Oh, it is an interesting thought to me to know that Christ had something to do with the creation. I see now why it was so easy for Him to change water into wine ; He first created the water. I see now why it was so easy for Him to cure the maniac ; He first created the intellect. I see now why it was so easy for Him to hush the tempest ; He sank Gennesaret. I see now why it was so easy for Him to swing fish into Simon's net ; He made the fish. I see now why it was so easy for Him to give sight to the blind man ; He created the optic nerve. I see now why it was so easy for Him to raise Lazarus from the dead ; He created the body of Lazarus, and the rock that shut him in. Some suppose that Christ came a stranger to Bethlehem. Oh, no. He created the shepherds, and the flocks they watched, and the hills on which they pastured, and the heavens that overarched their heads, and the angels that chanted the chorus on that Christmas night. That hand, which was afterward nailed to the cross, was an omnipotent and creative hand, and the whole universe was poised on the tip of one of His fingers. Before the world was, Christ was. All the worlds came trooping up out of the darkness, and He greeted them, as a father greets His children, with a "good-morning," or a "good-night." Hail ! Lord Jesus, morning star of the first creation.

Again, Christ heralds the dawn of comfort in a Christian soul. Sometimes we come to passes in life where all kinds of tribulations meet us. You are building up some great enterprise. You have built the foundation—the wall—you are

just about to put on the capstone, when everything is demolished. You have a harp all strung for sweetest accord, and some great agony crushes it. There is a little voice hushed in the household. Blue eye closed. Color dashed out of the cheek. The foot still. Instead of the quick feet in the hall, the heavy tread of those who march to the grave. Oh, what are people to do amid all these sorrows? Some sit down and mourn. Some bite their lip until the blood comes. Some wring their pale hands. Some fall on their faces. Some lie on their backs helpless, and look up into what seems to them an unpying heaven. Some pull their hair down over their eyes, and look through with a fiend's glare. Some with both hands press their hot brain, and want to die, and cry: "O God! O God!" Long night, bitter night, stupendous night of the world's suffering! Some know not which way to turn. But not so the Christian man. He looks up toward the heavens. He sees a bright appearance in the heavens. Can it be only a flashing meteor? Can it be only a falling star? Can it be only a delusion? Nay, nay. The longer he looks, the more distinct it becomes, until, after awhile, he cries out: "A star! a morning star! a star of comfort! a star of grace! a star of peace! the star of the Redeemer!" Peace for all trouble. Balm for all wounds. Life for all dead. Now Jesus, the great heart-healer, comes into our home. Peace! Peace that passeth all understanding. We look up through our tears. We are comforted. It is the morning star of the Redeemer. "Who broke off that flower?" said one servant in the garden to another. "Who broke off that flower?" and the other servant said, "The master." Nothing more was said, for if the master had not a right to break off a flower to wear over his heart or to set in the vase in the mansion, who has a right to touch the flower? And when Christ comes down into our garden to gather lilies, shall we fight Him back? shall we talk as though He had no right to come? If any one in all the universe has a right to that which is beautiful in our homes, then our Master has, and He will take it, and He will wear it over His heart, or He will set it in the vase of the palace eternal. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Peace, troubled soul! I put the balm on your wounded heart to-night. The morning star, the morning star of the Redeemer.

Again, Christ heralds the dawn of millennial glory. It is night in China, night in India, night in Siberia, night for the vast majority of the world's population. But it seems to me there are some intimations of the morning. All Spain is to be brought under the influence of the Gospel, and, before long, she shall have a republic of the right kind—a Christian republic. What is that light I see breaking over the top of the Pyrenees? The morning. Yea, all Italy shall receive the Gospel. She shall have her schools, and her colleges, and her churches; her vast population shall surrender themselves to Christ. What is that light I see breaking over the top of the Alps? The morning. All India shall come to God. Her idols shall be cast down. Her juggernauts shall be broken. Her

temples of iniquity shall be demolished. What is that light I see breaking over the top of the Himalayas? The morning. The empurpled clouds shall guard the path of the conquering day. The Hottentot will come out of his mud hovel to look at the dawn; the Chinaman will come up on the granite cliffs, the Norwegian will get up on the rocks, and all the beach of heaven will be crowded with celestial inhabitants come out to see the sun rise over the ocean of the world's agony. They shall come from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south, and sit down in the kingdom of God. These sweltered under tropical suns. These shivered under Icelandic temperature. These plucked the vineyards in Italy. These packed the tea boxes in China. These were aborigines lifting up their dusky faces in the dawn. And the wind shall waft it, and every mountain shall become a transfiguration, and the sea will become the walking place of Him who trod the wave cliffs of stormy Tiberias, and the song of joy shall rise toward heaven, and the great sky will become a sounding board which shall strike back the shout of salvation to the earth until it rebounds again to the throne of the Almighty, and the morning star of Christian hope will become the full sunburst of millennial glory.

Again, Christ heralds the dawn of heaven upon every Christian's dying pillow. I suppose you have noticed that the characteristics of people in their healthy days are very apt to be their characteristics in their dying days. The dying words of ambitious Napoleon were: "Head of the army." The dying words of poetic Lord Byron were: "I must sleep now." The dying words of affectionate Lord Nelson were: "Kiss me, Hardy." The dying words of Voltaire were, as he saw one whom he supposed to be Jesus in the room: "Crush that wretch." But I have noticed that the dying words of Christians always mean peace. Generally the pain is all gone, and there is great quietude through the room. As one of these brothers told me last night, of his mother in the last moment: She looked up, and said, pointing to some supernatural being that seemed to be in the room, "Look at that bright form. Why, they have come for me now."

The lattice is turned so that the light is very pleasant. It is peace all around. You ask yourself, "Why, can this be a dying room? It is so different from anything I ever expected." And you walk the floor, and you look out of the window, and you come back and look at your watch, and you look at the face of the patient again, and there is no change, except that the face is becoming more radiant, more illuminated. The wave of death seems coming up higher and higher, until it has touched the ankle, then it comes on up until it touches the knee, and then it comes on up until it reaches the girdle, and then it comes on up until it reaches the lip, and the soul is about to be floated away into glory, and you roll back the patient's sleeve, and you put your finger on the pulse, and it is getting weaker and weaker, and the pulse stops, and you hardly know whether the life has gone or not. Indeed, you cannot tell when she goes away, she

goes away so calmly. Perhaps it is four o'clock in the morning, and you have the bed wheeled around to the window, and the dying one looks out into the night sky, and she sees something that attracts her attention, and you wonder what it is. Why, it is a star. It is a star that out of its silver rim is pouring a supernatural light into that dying experience. And you say, "What is it that you are looking at?" She says, "It is a star." You say, "What star is it that seems so well to please you?" "Oh," she says, "that is the morning star—Jesus!" I would like to have my death-bed under that evangelistic star—I would like to have my eye on that star, so I could be assured of the morning. Then the dash of the surf of the sea of death would only be the billowing up of the promise, "When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee, and the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." All other lights will fail—the light that falls from the scroll of fame, the light that flashes from the gem in the beautiful apparel, the light that flames from the burning lamps of a banquet—but this light burns on and burns on. Paul kept his eye on that morning

star, until he could say, "I am now ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Edward Payson kept his eye on that star until he could say, "The breezes of heaven fan me." Dr. Goodwin kept his eye on that evangelistic star until he could say, "I am swallowed up in God." John Tennant kept his eye on that evangelistic star until he could say, "Welcome, sweet Lord Jesus—welcome, eternity." No other star ever pointed a mariner into so safe a harbor. No other star ever sunk its silvered anchor so deep into the waters. No other star ever pierced such accumulated cloud, or beckoned with such a holy lustre. I would God that if my sermon to-night does not lead you to Christ, that before morning, looking out of the window, that the astronomy of the night heavens might lead you to the feet of Jesus.

"Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone, the Saviour speaks
It is the star of Bethlehem."

THE HERO OF THE AGES.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, October 26, 1879.

"Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."—ROMANS 8 : 34.

"THIS is the last sermon I shall ever preach," said Christmas Evans on the 13th of June, 1838. Three days after he expired. I do not know what his text was, but I do know that no man could choose a better theme—though he knew it was the last time he should ever preach—than the subject I present this morning.

Paul flung this challenge of the text to the feet of all ecclesiastical and civil authority—synagogues and Neros. He feared neither swords nor lions, earth nor hell. Diocletian slew seventeen thousand under his administration, and the world has been full of persecution; but all the persecutors of the world could not affright Paul. Was it because he was physically strong? Oh, no. I suppose he was very much weakened by exposure and maltreatment. Was it because he was lacking in sensitiveness? No; you find the most delicate shades of feeling playing in and out his letters and his sermons. Some of his communications burst into tears. What was it that lifted Paul into this triumphant mood? The thought of a Saviour dead, a Saviour risen, a Saviour exalted, a Saviour interceding.

All the world has sung the praise of Princess Alice. One child having died of a contagious disease—she was in the room where another was dying, and the court physician said to her, "You must not breathe the breath of this child, or you yourself will die." But seeing the child mourning because of the death of her brother, the mother stooped down, and in sympathy kissed the little one, caught the disease, and perished. All the world sings the heroism and the self-sacrifice of Princess Alice, but I have to tell you this morning that when our race was dying the Lord Jesus stooped down and gave us the kiss of His everlasting love, and perished that we might live. "It is Christ that died."

Can you tell me how tender-hearted Paul could find anything to rejoice at in the horrible death scene of Calvary? We weep at funerals, we are sympathetic when we see a stranger die, when a murderer steps upon the scaffold we pray for his departing spirit; and how could Paul—the great-hearted Paul—find anything to be pleased with at the funeral of a God? Beside that, Christ had only recently died, and the sorrow was fresh in the memory of the world, and how in the fresh memory of a Saviour's death could Paul be exultant? It was because Paul saw in that death his own deliverance, and the

deliverance of a race from still worse disaster; he saw the gap into which the race must plunge, and he saw the bleeding hands of Christ close it. The glittering steel on the top of the executioner's spear in his sight kindled into a torch to light men heavenward. The persecutors saw over the cross five words written in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin; but Paul saw over the cross of Christ only one word—"expiation!" He heard in the dying groan of Christ his own groan of eternal torture taken by another. Paul said to himself, "Had it not been that Christ volunteered in my behalf, those would have been my mauled hands and feet, my gashed side, my crimson temples."

Men of great physical endurance have sometimes carried very heavy burdens—three hundred pounds, four hundred pounds—and they have still said, "My strength is not yet tested; put on more weight." But after a while they were compelled to cry out, "Stop! I can carry no more." But the burden of Christ was illimitable. First, there was His own burden of hunger and thirst and bereavement, and a thousand outrages that have been heaped upon Him, and on top of that burden were the sorrows of His poor old mother, and on the top of those burdens the crimes of the ruffians who were executing Him. "Stop!" you cry, "it is enough; Christ can bear no more." And Christ says, "Roll on more burdens; roll on me the sins of this entire Jewish nation, and after that, roll on me the sins of the inhabited earth, and then roll on me the sins of the four thousand years past, so far as those sins have been forgiven." And the angels of God, seeing the awful pressure, cry, "Stop! He can bear no more." And the blood rushing to the nostril and lip seems to cry out, "Enough! He can endure no more." But Christ says, "Roll on a greater burden—roll on the sins of the next nineteen hundred years, roll on me the sins of all the succeeding ages, roll on me the agonies of hell, ages on ages, the furnaces and the prison houses and the tortures." That is what the Bible means when it says, "He bore our sins, and carried our sorrows."

"Now," says Paul, "I am free; that suffering purchased my deliverance; God never collects a debt twice; I have a receipt in full; if God is satisfied with me, then what do all the threats of earth and hell amount to? Bring on all your witnesses," says Paul; "show all your

force; do your worst against my soul; I defy you; I dare you; I challenge you. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died." Oh, what a strong argument that puts in the hand of every Christian man! Some day all the past sins of his life come down on him in fiery troop, and they pound away at the gate of his soul, and they say, "We have come for your arrest. Any one of us could overcome you; we are ten thousand strong; surrender!" And you open the door, and single-handed and alone you contend against that troop; you fling this divine weapon into their midst, you scatter those sins as quick as you can think it. "It is Christ that died." Why then bring up to us the sins of our past life? What have we to do with those obsolete things?

You know how hard it is for a diver to bring up anything that is lost near the shore of the sea; but suppose something be lost half way between Liverpool and New York; it cannot be found, it cannot be fetched up. "Now," says God, "your sins I have cast into the depths of the sea." Mid-Atlantic! All the machinery ever fashioned in foundries of darkness, and launched from the doors of eternal death, working for ten thousand years, cannot bring up one of our sins forgiven and forgotten and sunken into the depths of the sea. When a sin is pardoned, it is gone—it is gone out of the books, it is gone out of the memory, it is gone out of existence. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

From other tragedies men have come away exhausted and nervous and sleepless; but there is one tragedy that soothes and calms and saves. Calvary was the stage on which it was enacted, the curtain of the night falling at mid-noon was the drop scene, the thunder of falling rocks the orchestra, angels in the galleries, and devils in the pit the spectators, the tragedy a crucifixion. "It is Christ that died." Oh, triumphant thought!

If you go through the famous picture-galleries of Versailles you will find a great change there. I said to a friend who had been through those galleries this summer, "Are they as they were before the French war?" and I was told there was a great change there; that all that multitude of pictures which represented Napoleonic triumphs had been taken away, and in the frames were other pictures representative of Germanic triumph and victory. Oh, that all the scenes of Satanic triumph in our world might be blotted out, and that the whole world might be a picture gallery representing the triumphant Jesus! Down with the monarchy of transgression! Up with the monarchy of our King! Hail! Jesus, Hail!

But I must give you the second cause of Paul's exhilaration. If Christ had stayed in that grave we never would have gotten out of it. The grave would have been dark and dismal as the Conciergerie during the Reign of Terror, where the carts came up only to take the victims out to the scaffold. I do not wonder that the ancients tried by embalment of the body to resist the dissolution of death. The grave is the darkest, deepest, ghastliest chasm that was ever opened if there be no light from the resur-

rection throne streaming into it; but Christ stayed in the tomb all Friday night and all Saturday, all Saturday night and a part of Sunday morning. He stayed so long in the tomb that He might fit it for us when we go there. He tarried two whole nights in the grave, so that He saw how important it was to have plenty of light, and He has flooded it with His own glory.

It is early Sunday morning, and we start up to find the grave of Christ. We find the morning sun gilding the dew, and the shrubs are sweet as the foot crushes them. What a beautiful place to be buried in! Wonder they did not treat Christ as well when He was alive as they do now that He is dead. Give the military salute to the soldiers who stand guarding the dead. But hark to the crash! an earthquake! The soldiers fall back as though they were dead, and the stone at the door of Christ's tomb spins down the hill, flung by the arm of an angel. Come forth, O Jesus! from the darkness into the sunlight. Come forth, and breathe the perfume of Joseph's garden. Christ comes forth radiant, and as He steps out of the excavation of the rock I look down into the excavation, and in the distance I see others coming hand-in-hand, and troop after troop, and I find it is a long procession of the precious dead. Among them are our own loved ones—father, mother, brother, sister, companion, children coming up out of the excavation of the rock until the last one has stepped out into the light, and I am bewildered, and I cannot understand the scene until I see Christ wave His hand over the advancing procession from the rock, and hear Him cry, "I am the resurrection and the life; he who believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." And then I notice that the long dirge of the world's woe suddenly stops at the archangelic shout of "Come forth!"

O my friends, if Christ had not broken out of the grave you and I would never come out of it. It would have been another case of Charlotte Corday attempting to slay a tyrant, herself slain. It would have been another case of John Brown attempting to free the slaves, himself hung. It would have been Death and Christ in a grapple, and Death the victor. The black flag would have floated on all the graves and mausoleums of the dead, and hell would have conquered the forces of heaven, and captured the ramparts of God, and Satan would have come to coronation in the palaces of heaven, and it would have been devils on the throne and sons of God in the dungeon. No! no! no! When that stone was rolled from the door of Christ's grave, it was hurled with such a force that it crashed in all the grave-doors of Christendom, and now the tomb is only a bower where God's children take a *siesta*, an afternoon nap, to wake up in mighty invigoration. "Christ is risen." Hang that lamp among all the tombs of my dead. Hang it over my own resting-place. Christ's suffering is ended; His work is done. The darkest Friday afternoon of the world's history becomes the brightest Sunday morning of its resurrection joy. The Good Friday of bitter memories becomes the Easter of glorious transformation and resurrection.

"Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord.
Behold the place: He is not here;
The tomb is all unbarred.
The gates of death were closed in vain,
The Lord is risen, He lives again."

I give you the third cause of Paul's exhilaration. We honor the right hand more than we do the left. If in accident or battle we must lose one hand, let it be the left. The left hand being nearer the heart, we may not do much of the violent works of life with that hand without physical danger; but he who has the right arm in full play has the mightiest of all earthly weapons. In all ages and in all languages the right hand is the symbol of strength and power and honor. Hiram sat at the right hand of Solomon. Then we have the term, "He is a right-hand man." Lafayette was Washington's right-hand man; Marshal Ney was Napoleon's right-hand man; and now you have the meaning of Paul when he speaks of Christ who is at the right hand of God. That means He is the first guest of heaven. He has a right to sit there. The Hero of the universe! Count His wounds: two in the feet, two in the hands, one in the side—five wounds. Oh, you have counted wrong. These are not half the wounds. Look at the severer wounds in the temples—each thorn an excruciation. If a hero come back from battle, and he take off his hat, or roll up his sleeve, and show you the scar of a wound gotten at Ball's Bluff or at South Mountain, you stand in admiration at his heroism and patriotism; but if Christ should make conspicuous the five wounds gotten on Calvary—that Waterloo of all the ages—He would display only a small part of His wounds. Wounded all over, let Him sit at the right hand of God. He has a right to sit there. By the request of God, the Father, and the unanimous suffrage of all heaven, let Him sit there. In the grand review, when the redeemed pass by, they will look at Him and shout "Victory!"

The oldest inhabitant of heaven never saw a grander day than the one when Christ took the right hand of God. Hosanna! With lips of clay I may not appropriately utter it, but let the martyrs under the altar throw the cry to the elders before the throne, and they can toss it to the choir on the sea of glass until all heaven shall lift it—some on point of sceptre, and some on string of harp, and some on the tip of the green branches. Hosanna! hosanna!

A fourth cause of Paul's exhilaration: After a clergyman had preached a sermon in regard to the glories of heaven and the splendors of the scene, an aged woman said: "If all that is to go on in heaven, I don't know what will become of my poor head." O my friends, there will be so many things going on in heaven I have sometimes wondered if the Lord would not forget you and me! Perhaps Paul said sometimes: "I wonder God don't forget me down here in Antioch, and in the prison, and in the shipwreck. There are so many sailors, so many wayfarers, so many prisoners, so many heartbroken men," says Paul, "perhaps God may forget me. And then I am so vile a sinner. How I whipped those Christians! with

what vengeance I mounted that cavalry horse and dashed down to Damascus! Oh, it will take a mighty attorney to plead my cause and get me free." But just at that moment there came in upon Paul's soul something mightier than the surges that dashed his ship into Melita, swifter than the horse he rode down to Damascus. It was the swift and overwhelming thought of Christ's intercession.

Oh my friends, we must have an advocate. A poor lawyer is worse than no lawyer at all. We must have one who is able successfully to present our cause before God. Where is he? Who is he? There is only one advocate in all the universe that can plead our cause in the last judgment, that can plead our cause before God in the great tribunal. Sometimes in earthly courts attorneys have specialties, and one man succeeds better in patent cases, another in insurance cases, another in criminal cases, another in land cases, another in will cases, and his success generally depends upon his sticking to that specialty. I have to tell you that Christ can do many things; but it seems to me that His specialty is to take the bad case of the sinner and plead it before God until He gets eternal acquittal. Oh, we must have Him for our advocate.

But what plea can He make? Sometimes an attorney in court will plead the innocence of the prisoner. That would be inappropriate for us; we are all guilty! guilty! Unclean! unclean! Christ, our advocate, will not dare to plead our innocence. Sometimes the attorney in court tries to prove an *alibi*. He says: "This prisoner was not at the scene; he was in some other place at the time." Such a plea will not do in our case. The Lord found us in all our sins, and in the very place of our iniquity. It is impossible to prove an *alibi*. Sometimes an attorney will plead the insanity of the prisoner, and say he is irresponsible on that account. That plea will never do in our case. We sinned against light, against knowledge, against the dictates of our own consciences; we knew what we were doing. What then shall the plea be? The plea for our eternal deliverance will be Christ's own martyrdom. He will say: "Look at all these wounds. By all these sufferings I demand the rescue of this man from sin and death and hell. Constable, knock off the shackles—let the prisoner go free." "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."

But why all this gladness on the faces of these sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty? I know what you are thinking of. A Saviour dead, a Saviour risen, a Saviour exalted, a Saviour interceding. "What," say you, "is all that for me?" All! all! Never let me hear you complaining about anything again. With your pardoned sin behind you, and a successful Christ pleading above you, and a glorious heaven before you, how can you be despondent about anything? "But," says some man in the audience, "all that is very good and very true for those who are inside the kingdom; but how about those of us who are outside?" Then

I say, Come into the kingdom, come out of the prison house into the glorious sunlight of God's mercy and pardon, and come now.

It was in the last days of the Reign of Terror, the year 1793. Hundreds and thousands had perished under the French guillotine. France groaned with the tyrannies of Robespierre and the Jacobin Club. The last group of sufferers had had their locks shorn by Monchotte, the prison barber, so that the neck might be bare to the keen knife of the guillotine. The carts came up to the prison, the poor wretches were placed in the carts and driven off toward the scaffold; but while they were going toward the scaffold there was an outcry in the street, and then the shock of firearms, and then the cry, "Robespierre has fallen! Down with the Jacobins! Let France be free!" But the armed soldiers rode in upon these rescuers, so that the poor wretches in the carts were taken on to the scaffold, and horribly died. But that very night these monsters of persecution were seized, and

Robespierre perished under the very guillotine that he had reared for others, all France clapping their hands with joy as his head rolled into the executioner's basket. Then the axes of the excited populace were heard pounding against the gates of the prison, and the poor prisoners walked out free. O my friends, sin is the worst of all Robespierres; it is the tyrant of tyrants; it has built a prison house for our soul; it plots our death; it has shorn us for the sacrifice, but, blessed be God, this morning we hear the axes of God's gracious deliverance pounding against the door of our prison. Deliverance has come. Light breaks through all the wards of the prison. Revolution! Revolution! "Where sin abounded, grace does much more abound, that whereas sin reigned unto death, even so grace may reign unto eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Glorious truth! A Saviour dead, a Saviour risen, a Saviour exalted, a Saviour interceding!

THE EAST WIND.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, November 9, 1879.

"He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind."—ISAIAH 27 : 8.

THE north wind is bracing, the south wind is relaxing, but the east wind is irritating and full of threat. Eighteen times does the Bible speak against the east wind. Moses describes the thin ears blasted by the east wind. The Psalmist describes the breaking of the ships of Tarshish by the east wind. The locusts that plagued Egypt were borne in on the east wind. The gourd that sheltered Jonah was scattered by the east wind; and in all the six thousand summers, autumns, winters, springs, of the world's existence, the worst wind that ever blew is the east wind. Now, if God would only give us a climate of perpetual nor'-wester, how genial and kind and placid and industrious Christians we would all be! But it takes almighty grace to be what we ought to be under the east wind. Under the chilling and wet wing of the east wind the most of the world's villainies, frauds, outrages, suicides, and murders have been hatched out. I think if you should keep a meteorological history of the days of the year, and put right beside it the criminal record of the State, you would find that those were the best days for public morals which were under the north or west wind, and that those were the worst days for public morals which were under the east wind. The points of the compass have more to do with the world's morals and the Church's piety than you have yet suspected. Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, eminent for learning and for consecration, when asked by one of his students at Princeton whether he always had full assurance of faith, replied, "Yes, except when the wind blows from the east." Dr. Francia, Dictator of Paraguay, when the wind was from the east, made oppressive enactments for the people; but when the weather changed, repented him of the cruelties, repealed the enactments, and was in good humor with all the world.

Before I overtake the main thought of my subject this morning, I want to tell Christian people they ought to be observant of climatical changes. Be on your guard when the wind blows from the east. There are certain styles of temptations that you cannot endure under certain styles of weather. When the wind blows from the east, if you are of a nervous temperament, go not among exasperating people, try not to settle bad debts, do not try to settle old disputes, do not talk with a bigot on religion, do not go among those people who delight in saying irritating things, do not try to collect

funds for a charitable institution, do not try to answer an insulting letter. If these things must be done, do them when the sun shines and when the wind is from the north, or the south, or the west, but not when the wind is from the east.

You say that men and women ought not to be so sensitive and nervous. I admit it, but I am not talking about what the world ought to be; I am talking about what the world is. While there are persons whose disposition does not seem to be affected by changes in the atmosphere, nine out of ten are mightily played upon by such influences. O Christian man! under such circumstances do not write hard things against yourself, do not get worried about your fluctuating experience. You are to remember that the barometer in your soul is only answering the barometer of the weather. Instead of sitting down and being discouraged and saying, "I am not a Christian because I don't feel exultant," get up and look out of the window and see the weather vane pointing in the wrong quarter, and then say, "Get thee behind me, Satan, thou prince of the power of the air; get out of my house! get out of my heart, thou demon of darkness horsed on the east wind. Away!" However good and great you may be in the Christian life, your soul will never be independent of physical condition. I feel I am uttering a most practical, useful truth here, one that may give relief to a great many Christians who are worried and despondent at times.

Dr. Rush, a monarch in medicine, after curing hundreds of cases of mental depression, himself fell sick and lost his religious hope, and he would not believe his pastor when the pastor told him that his spiritual depression was only a consequence of physical depression. Andrew Fuller, Thomas Scott, William Cowper, Thomas Boston, David Brainerd, Philip Melancthon were mighty men for God, but all of them illustrations of the fact that a man's soul is not independent of his physical health. An eminent physician gave as his opinion that no man ever died a greatly triumphant death whose disease was below the diaphragm. Stackhouse, the learned Christian commentator, says he does not think Saul was insane when David played the harp before him, but it was a hypochondria coming from inflammation of the liver. Oh, how many good people have been mistaken in regard to their religious hope, not taking these things into consideration! The Dean of Car-

lisle, one of the best men that ever lived, and one of the most useful, sat down and wrote: "Though I have endeavored to discharge my duty as well as I could, yet sadness and melancholy of heart stick close by and increase upon me. I tell nobody, but I am very much sunk indeed, and I wish I could have the relief of weeping as I used to. My days are exceedingly dark and distressing. In a word, Almighty God seems to hide His face, and I intrust the secret hardly to any earthly being. I know not what will become of me. There is doubtless a good deal of bodily affliction mingled with this, but it is not all so. I bless God, however, that I never lose sight of the cross, and though I should die without seeing any personal interest in the Redeemer's merits, I hope that I shall be found at His feet. I will thank you for a word at your leisure. My door is bolted at the time I am writing this, for I am full of tears."

What was the matter with the Dean of Carlisle? Had he got to be a worse man? No. The physicians said that the state of his pulse would not warrant his living a minute. Oh, if the east wind affects the spleen, and affects the lungs, and affects the liver, it will affect your immortal soul. Appealing to God for help, press yourself against these withering blasts and destroying influences, lest that which the Psalmist said broke the ships of Tarshish shipwreck you.

But here comes in the glorious promise of my text: "He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind." Mind you, He does not say that the wind will not blow from the east; it must sometimes blow from that quarter; the east wind is just as important as the north wind, or the south wind, or the west wind, but not so pleasant. Trial must come. The text does not say you will escape the cutting blast. Whoever did escape it? Especially who that accomplished anything for church or State ever escaped it? I was this summer in the pulpit of John Wesley, in London, a pulpit where he stood one day and said: "I have been charged with all the crimes in the catalogue except one—that of drunkenness," and a woman arose in the audience and said: "You were drunk last night." John Wesley passing under the flail! I saw in a foreign journal a report of one of George Whitefield's sermons—a sermon preached a hundred and twenty or thirty years ago. It seemed that the reporter stood to take the sermon, and his chief idea was to caricature it; and these are some of the reportorial interlinings of the sermon of George Whitefield. After calling him by a nickname indicative of a physical defect in the eye, it goes on to say: "Here the preacher clasps his chin on the pulpit cushion. Here he elevates his voice. Here he lowers his voice. Holds his arms extended. Bawls aloud. Stands trembling. Makes a frightful face. Turns up the whites of his eyes. Clasps his hands behind him. Clasps his arms around him, and hugs himself. Roars aloud. Hollas. Jumps. Cries. Changes from crying. Hollas and jumps again." Well, my brother, if that good man went through all that process, in your occupation, in your profession, in your store, in your shop, at the bar, in the sick-room, in the

editorial chair, somewhere, you will have to go through a similar process; you cannot escape it.

Keats wrote his famous poem, and the hard criticism of the poem killed him—literally killed him. Tasso wrote his poem entitled "Jerusalem Delivered," and it had such a cold reception it turned him into a raving maniac. Stillingfleet was slain by his literary enemies. The frown of Henry VIII. slew Cardinal Wolsey. The Duke of Wellington refused to have the fence around his house, which had been destroyed by an excited mob, rebuilt, because he wanted the fence to remain as it was, a reminder of the mutability and uncertainty of the popular favor.

And you will have trial of some sort. You have had it already. Why need I prophesy? I might better mention an historical fact in your history. You are a merchant. What a time you had with that old business partner! How hard it was to get rid of him! Before you bought him out, or he ruined both of you, what magnitude of annoyance! Then after you had paid him down a certain sum of money to have him go out, and to promise he would not open a store of the same kind of business in your street, did he not open the very same kind of business as near to you as possible, and take all your customers as far as he could take them? And then, knowing all your frailties and weaknesses, after being in your business firm for so many years, is he not now spending his time in making a commentary on what you furnished as a text? You are a physician, and in your sickness, or in your absence, you get a neighboring doctor to take your place in the sick-room, and he ingratiates himself into the favor of that family, so that you forever lose their patronage. Or, you take a patient through the serious stages of a fever, and some day the impatient father or husband of the sick one rushes out and gets another medical practitioner, who comes in just in time to get the credit of the cure. Or, you are a lawyer, and you come in contact with a trickster in your profession, and in your absence, and contrary to agreement, he moves a nonsuit or the dismissal of the case; or the judge on the bench, remembering an old political grudge, rules against you every time he gets a chance, and says with a snarl, "If you don't like my decision, take an exception." Or, you are a farmer, and the curculio stings the fruit, or the weevil gets into the wheat, or the drought stunts the corn, or the long-continued rains give you no opportunity for gathering the harvest. Your best cow gets the hollow-horn, your best horse gets foundered. A French proverb said that trouble comes in on horseback and goes away on foot. So trouble dashed in on you suddenly, but oh, how long it was in getting away! Came on horseback, goes away on foot. Rapid in coming, slow in going. That is the history of nearly all your troubles. Again and again and again you have experienced the power of the east wind. It may be blowing from that direction this morning.

My friends, God intended these troubles and trials for some particular purpose. They do not come at random. Here is the promise: "He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind." In the Tower of London the swords

and the guns of other ages are burnished and arranged into huge passion-flowers, and huge sunflowers, and bridal cakes, and you wonder how anything so hard as steel could be put into such floral shapes. I have to tell you that the hardest, sharpest, most cutting, most piercing sorrows of this life may be made to bloom and blossom and put on bridal festivity. My text says they shall be mitigated, they shall be assuaged, they shall be graduated. God is not going to allow you to be overthrown. A Christian woman, very much despondent, was holding her child in her arms, and the pastor, trying to console the woman in her spiritual depression, said, "There, you will let your child drop." "Oh, no," she said, "I couldn't let the child drop." He said, "You will let the child drop." "Why," she said, "if I should drop the child here, it would dash his life out!" "Well, now," said the Christian minister, "don't you think God is as good as you are? Won't God, your Father, take as good care of you, His child, as you take care of your child? God won't let you drop."

I suppose God lets the east wind blow just hard enough to drive us into the harbor of God's protection. We all feel we can manage our own affairs. We have helm and compass and chart and quadrant. Give us plenty of sea-room and we sail on and sail on; but after a while there comes a Caribbean whirlwind up the coast, and we are helpless in the gale, and we cry out for harbor. All our calculations upset, we say with the poet,

"Change and decay on all around I see;
O Thou that changest not, abide with me!"

The south wind of mild providence makes us throw off the robe of Christian character and we catch cold, but the sharp east wind of trouble makes us wrap around us the warm promises. The best thing that ever happens to us is trouble. That is a hard thing perhaps to say; but I repeat it, for God announces it again and again, the best thing that happens to us is trouble.

When the French army went down into Egypt under Napoleon, an engineer, in digging for a fortress, came across a tablet which has been called the Rosetta stone. There were inscriptions in three or four languages on that Rosetta stone. Scholars studying out the alphabet of hieroglyphics from that stone were enabled to read ancient inscriptions on monuments and on tombstones. Well, many of the handwritings of God in our life are indecipherable hieroglyphics; we cannot understand them until we take up the Rosetta stone of divine inspiration, and the explanation all comes out, and the mysteries all vanish, and what was before beyond our understanding now is plain in its meaning, as we read, "All things work together for good to those who love God." So we decipher the hieroglyphics. Oh, my friends! have you ever calculated what trouble did for David? It made him the sacred minstrel for all ages. What did trouble do for Joseph? Made him the keeper of the corn-cribs of Egypt. What did it do for Paul? Made him the great apostle to the Gentiles. What did it do for Samuel

Rutherford? Made his invalidism more illustrious than robust health. What did it do for Richard Baxter? Gave him capacity to write of the "Saint's Everlasting Rest." What did it do for John Bunyan? Showed him the shining gates of the city. What has it done for you? Since the loss of that child, your spirit has been purer. Since the loss of that property, you have found out that earthly investments are insecure. Since you lost your health, you feel as never before a rapt anticipation of eternal release. Trouble has humbled you, has enlarged you, has multiplied your resources, has equipped you, has loosened your grasp from this world and tightened your grip on the next. Oh! bless God for the east wind. It has driven you into the harbor of God's sympathy.

Nothing like trouble to show us that this world is an insufficient portion. Hogarth was about done with life, and he wanted to paint the end of all things. He put on canvas a shattered bottle; a cracked bell; an unstrung harp; a sign-board of a tavern called "The World's End" falling down; a shipwreck; the horses of Phœbus lying dead in the clouds; the moon in her last quarter, and the world on fire. "One thing more," said Hogarth, "and my picture is done." Then he added the broken palette of a painter. Then he died. But trouble, with hand mightier and more skilful than Hogarth's, pictures the falling, failing, mouldering, dying world. And we want something permanent to lay hold of, and we grasp with both hands after God, and say, "The Lord is my light, the Lord is my love, the Lord is my fortress, the Lord is my sacrifice, the Lord, the Lord is my God."

Bless God for your trials. Oh, my Christian friend! keep your spirits up by the power of Christ's Gospel. Do not surrender. Do you not know that when you give up, others will give up? You have courage, and others will have courage. The Romans went into the battle, and by some accident there was an inclination of the standard. The standard upright meant forward march; the inclination of the standard meant surrender. Through the negligence of the man who carried the standard, and the inclination of it, the army surrendered. Oh! let us keep the standard up, whether it be blown by the east wind, or the north wind, or the south wind. No inclination to surrender. Forward into the conflict.

There is near Bombay a tree that they call the "sorrowing tree," the peculiarity of which is it never puts forth any bloom in the daytime, but in the night puts out all its bloom and all its redolence. And I have to tell you that though Christian character puts forth its sweetest blossoms in the darkness of sickness, the darkness of financial distress, the darkness of bereavement, the darkness of death, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Across the harsh discords of this world rolls the music of the skies—music that breaks from the lips, music that breaks from the harps and rustles from the palms, music like falling water over rocks, music like wandering winds among leaves, music like carolling birds among forests, music like ocean billows storming the Atlantic beach: "They shall hunger no more,

neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." I see a great Christian fleet approaching that harbor. Some of the ships come in with sails rent and bulwarks knocked away, but still afloat. Nearer and nearer the shining shore. Nearer and nearer eternal anchorage. Haul away, my lads! haul away! Some of the ships had mighty tonnage, and others were shallops easily lifted of the wave. Some were men-of-war and armed of the thunders of Christian battle, and others were unpretending tugs taking others through the "Narrows," and some were coasters that never ventured out into the deep seas of Christian experience; but they are all coming nearer the

wharf—brigantine, galleon, line-of-battle ship, long-boat, pinnace, war-frigate—and as they come into the harbor I find that they are driven by the long, loud, terrific blast of the east wind. It is through much tribulation that you are to enter into the kingdom of God.

You have blessed God for the north wind, and blessed Him for the south wind, and blessed Him for the west wind; can you not in the light of this subject bless Him for the east wind?

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

FORWARD.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, March 5, 1882.

"There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."—JOSHUA I : 5.

MOSES was dead. A beautiful tradition says the Lord kissed him, and in that act drew forth the soul of the dying lawgiver. He had been buried, only one Person at the funeral, the same One who kissed him. But God never takes a man away from any place of usefulness but He has some one ready. The Lord does not go looking around amid a great variety of candidates to find some one especially fitted for the vacated position. He makes a man for that place. Moses has passed off the stage, and Joshua, the hero of my text, puts his foot on the platform of history so solidly that all the ages echo with the tread. He was a magnificent fighter, but he always fought on the right side, and he never fought unless God told him to fight. In my text, he gets his military equipment and one would think it must have been plumed helmet for the brow, greaves of brass for the feet, habergeon for the breast. "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life." "Oh," you say, "anybody could have courage with such a backing up as that." Why, my friends, I have to tell you that the God of the universe and the Chieftain of eternity promises to do just as much for us as for him. All the resources of eternity are pledged in our behalf, if we go out in the service of God, and no more than that was offered to Joshua. I mean, as God may help me this morning, to encourage the faith of all good people while I tell you that God fulfilled this promise of my text, although Joshua's first battle was with the spring freshet; and the next with a stone wall; and the next, leading on a regiment of whipped cowards; and the next battle, against darkness, wheeling the sun and the moon into his battalion, and the last, against the King of Terrors, Death—five great victories.

For the most part, when the general of an army starts out in a conflict he would like to have a small battle in order that he may get his courage up and he may rally his troops and get them drilled for greater conflicts; but this first undertaking of Joshua was greater than the levelling of Fort Pulaski, or the thundering down of Gibraltar, or the overthrow of the Bastille. It was the crossing of the Jordan at the time of the spring freshet. The snows of Mount Lebanon had just been melting and they poured down into the valley, and the whole valley was a raging torrent. So the Canaanites stand on one bank and they look across and see Joshua

and the Israelites, and they laugh and say: "Aha! aha! they cannot disturb us in time—until the freshets fall; it is impossible for them to reach us." But after a while they look across the water and they see a movement in the army of Joshua. They say, "What's the matter now? why there must be a panic among these troops, and they are going to fly, or perhaps they are going to try to march across the river Jordan. Joshua is a lunatic." But Joshua, the chieftain of the text, looks at his army and cries: "Forward, march!" and they start for the bank of the Jordan.

One mile ahead go two priests carrying a glittering box four feet long and two feet wide. It is the ark of the covenant. And they come down, and no sooner do they just touch the rim of the water with their feet, than by an Almighty fiat Jordan parts. The army of Joshua marches right on without getting their feet wet, over the bottom of the river, a path of chalk and broken shells and pebbles, until they get to the other bank. Then they lay hold of the oleanders and tamarisks and willows and pull themselves up a bank thirty or forty feet high, and having gained the other bank, they clap their shields and their cymbals, and sing the praises of the God of Joshua. But no sooner have they reached the bank than the waters begin to dash and roar, and with a terrific rush they break loose from their strange anchorage. Out yonder they have stopped, thirty miles of distance they halted. On this side the waters roll off toward the salt sea. But as the hand of the Lord God is taken away from the thus uplifted waters—waters perhaps uplifted half a mile—as the almighty hand is taken away, those waters rush down, and some of the unbelieving Israelites say: "Alas, alas, what a misfortune! Why could not those waters have stayed parted? because perhaps we may want to go back. O Lord, we are engaged in a risky business. Those Canaanites may eat us up. How if we want to go back? Would it not have been a more complete miracle if the Lord had parted the waters to let us come through, and kept it parted to let us go back if we are defeated?" My friends, God makes no provision for a Christian's retreat. He clears the path all the way to Canaan. To go back is to die. The same gatekeepers that swing back the amethystine and crystalline gate of the Jordan to let Israel pass through, now swing shut the amethystine and crystalline gate

of the Jordan to keep the Israelites from going back. I declare it in your hearing to-day, victory ahead, water forty feet deep in the rear. Triumph ahead, Canaan ahead; behind you death and darkness and woe and hell. But you say: "Why didn't those Canaanites, when they had such a splendid chance—standing on the top of the bank thirty or forty feet high, completely demolish those poor Israelites down in the river?" I will tell you why. God had made a promise and He was going to keep it. "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But this is no place for the host to stop. Joshua gives the command, "Forward, march!" In the distance there is a long grove of trees, and at the end of the grove is a city. It is a city of arbors; a city with walls seeming to reach to the heavens, to buttress the very sky. It is the great metropolis that commands the mountain pass. It is Jericho. That city was afterward captured by Pompey, and it was afterward captured by Herod the Great, and it was afterward captured by the Mahommedans; but this campaign the Lord plans. There shall be no swords, no shields, no battering ram. There shall be only one weapon of war, and that a ram's horn. The horn of the slain ram was sometimes taken and holes were punctured in it, and then the musician would put the instrument to his lips, and he would run his fingers over this rude musical instrument, and make a great deal of sweet harmony for the people. That was the only kind of weapon. Seven priests were to take these rude rustic musical instruments, and they were to go around the city every day for six days—once a day for six days, and then on the seventh day they were to go around blowing these rude musical instruments seven times, and then at the close of the seventh blowing of the rams' horns on the seventh day the peroration of the whole scene was to be a shout at which those great walls should tumble from capstone to base.

The seven priests with the rude musical instruments pass all around the city walls on the first day, and a failure. Not so much as a piece of plaster broke loose from the wall—not so much as a loosened rock, not so much as a piece of mortar lost from its place. "There," say the unbelieving Israelites, "didn't I tell you so? Why, those ministers are fools. The idea of going around the city with those musical instruments and expecting in that way to destroy it! Joshua has been spoiled; he thinks because he has overthrown and destroyed the spring freshet, he can overthrow the stone wall. Why it is not philosophic. Don't you see there is no relation between the blowing of these musical instruments and the knocking down of the wall. It isn't philosophy." And I suppose there were many wiseacres who stood with their brows knitted, and with the forefinger of the right hand to the forefinger of the left hand, arguing it all out, and showing it was not possible that such a cause produced such an effect. And I suppose that night in the encampment there was plenty of philosophy and caricature, and if Joshua had been nominated for any high military position he would not have got many votes.

Joshua's stock was down. The second day, the priests blowing the musical instruments go around the city, and a failure. Third day, and a failure; fourth day, and a failure; fifth day, and a failure; sixth day, and a failure. The seventh day comes, the climacteric day. Joshua is up early in the morning and examines the troops, walks all around about, looks at the city wall. The priests start to make the circuit of the city. They go all around once, all around twice, three times, four times, five times, six times, seven times, and a failure.

There is only one more thing to do, and that is to utter a great shout. I see the Israelitish army straightening themselves up, filling their lungs for a vociferation such as was never heard before and never heard after. Joshua feels that the hour has come, and he cries out to his host: "Shout; for the Lord hath given you the city!" All the people begin to cry: "Down, Jericho, down Jericho!" and the long line of solid masonry begins to quiver and to move and to rock. Stand from under. She falls. Crash! go the walls, the temples, the towers, the palaces; the air blackened with the dust. The huzza of the victorious Israelites and the groan of the conquered Canaanites commingle, and Joshua standing there in the *débris* of the wall, hears a voice saying: "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

Only one house spared. Who lives there? Some great king? No. Some woman distinguished for great kindly deeds? No. She had been conspicuous for her crimes. It is the house of Rahab. Why was her house spared? Because she had been a great sinner? No, but because she repented, demonstrating to all the ages that there is mercy for the chief of sinners. The red cord of divine injunction reaching from her window to the ground, so that when the people saw that red cord they knew it was the divine indication they should not disturb the premises; making us think of the divine cord of a Saviour's deliverance, the red cord of a Saviour's kindness, the red cord of a Saviour's mercy, the red cord of our rescue. Mercy for the chief of sinners. Put your trust in that God, and no damage shall befall you. When our world shall be more terribly surrounded than was Jericho even, by the trumpets of the judgment day, and the hills and the mountains, the metal bones and ribs of nature, shall break, they who have had Rahab's faith shall have Rahab's deliverance.

"When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the earth below;
Thou undismayed shall o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile."

But Joshua's troops may not halt here. The command is, "Forward, march!" There is the city of Ai; it must be taken. How shall it be taken? A scouting party comes back and says: "Joshua, we can do that without you; it is going to be a very easy job; you just stay here while we go and capture it." They march with a small regiment in front of that city. The men of Ai look at them and give one yell, and the Israelites run like reindeers. The northern

troops at Bull Run did not make such rapid time as these Israelites with the Canaanites after them. They never cut such a sorry figure as when they were on the retreat. Anybody that goes out in the battles of God with only half a force, instead of your taking the men of Ai, the men of Ai will take you. Look at the Church of God on the retreat. The Bornesian cannibals ate up Munson the missionary. "Fall back!" said a great many Christian people—"Fall back, oh Church of God! Borneo will never be taken. Don't you see the Bornesian cannibals have eaten up Munson, the missionary?" Tyndall delivers his lecture at the University of Glasgow, and a great many good people say, "Fall back, oh Church of God! Don't you see that Christian philosophy is going to be overcome by worldly philosophy? Fall back." Geology plunges its crowbar into the mountains, and there are a great many people who say, "Scientific investigation is going to overthrow the Mosaic account of the creation. Fall back!" Friends of the Church have never any right to fall back.

Joshua falls on his face in chagrin. It is the only time you ever see the back of his head. He falls on his face and begins to whine, and he says, "Oh, Lord God, wherefore hast Thou at all brought this people over Jordan to deliver us into the hand of the Amorites, to destroy us? would to God we had been content and dwelt on the other side of Jordan! For the Canaanites and all the inhabitants of the land shall hear of it, and shall environ us round and cut off our name from the earth."

I am very glad Joshua said that. Before, it seemed as if he were a supernatural being, and therefore could not be an example to us; but I find he is a man, he is only a man. Just as sometimes you find a man under severe opposition, or in a bad state of physical health, or worn out with overwork, lying down, and sighing about everything being defeated. I am encouraged when I hear this cry of Joshua as he lies in the dust.

God comes and rouses him. How does He rouse him? By complimentary apostrophe? No. He says, "Get thee up. Wherefore liest thou upon thy face?" Joshua rises, and I warrant you, with a mortified look. But his old courage comes back. The fact was, that was not his battle. If he had been in it he would have gone on to victory. He gathers his troops around him and says: "Now, let us go up and capture the city of Ai: let us go up right away."

They march on. He puts the majority of the troops behind a ledge of rocks in the night, and then he sends a comparatively small battalion up in front of the city. The men of Ai come out with a shout. This battalion in stratagem fall back and fall back, and when all the men of Ai have left the city and are in pursuit of this scattered, or seemingly scattered, battalion, Joshua stands on a rock—I see his locks flying in the wind as he points his spear toward the doomed city, and that is the signal. The men rush out from behind the rocks and take the city, and it is put to the torch, and then these Israelites in the city march down and the flying battalion of Israelites return, and between these

two waves of Israelitish prowess the men of Ai are destroyed, and the Israelites gain the victory; and while I see the curling smoke of that destroyed city on the sky, and while I hear the huzza of the Israelites and the groan of the Canaanites, Joshua hears something louder than it all, ringing and echoing through his soul, "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But this is no place for the host of Joshua to stop. "Forward, march!" cries Joshua to the troops. There is the city of Gibeon. It has put itself under the protection of Joshua. They send word, "There are five kings after us; they are going to destroy us; send troops quick; send us help right away." Joshua has a three days' march more than double quick. On the morning of the third day he is before the enemy. There are two long lines of battle. The battle opens with great slaughter, but the Canaanites soon discover something. They say, "That is Joshua; that is the man who conquered the spring freshet and knocked down the stone wall and destroyed the city of Ai. There is no use fighting." And they sound a retreat, and as they begin to retreat Joshua and his host spring upon them like a panther, pursuing them over the rocks, and as these Canaanites with sprained ankles and gashed foreheads retreat, the catapults of the sky pour a volley of hailstones into the valley, and all the artillery of the heavens with bullets of iron, pounds the Canaanites against the ledges of Beth-horon.

"Oh!" says Joshua, "this is surely a victory." "But do you not see the sun is going down? Those Amorites are going to get away after all, and then they will come up some other time and bother us, and perhaps destroy us." See, the sun is going down. Oh, for a longer day than has ever been seen in this climate! What is the matter with Joshua? Has he fallen in an apoplectic fit? No. He is in prayer. Look out when a good man makes the Lord his ally. Joshua raises his face, radiant with prayer, and looks at the descending sun over Gibeon and at the faint crescent of the moon, for you know the queen of the night sometimes will linger around the palaces of the day. Pointing one hand at the descending sun and the other hand at the faint crescent of the moon, in the name of that God who shaped the worlds and moves the worlds, he cries: "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou moon, in the valley of Ajalon." They halted. Whether it was by refraction of the sun's rays, or by the stopping of the whole planetary system, I do not know, and do not care. I leave it to the Christian scientists and the infidel scientists to settle that question, while I tell you I have seen the same thing. "What!" say you, "not the sun standing still?" Yes. The same miracle is performed nowadays. The wicked do not live out half their day, and the sun sets at noon. But let a man start out in battle for God and the truth and against sin, and the day of his usefulness is prolonged and prolonged and prolonged.

John Summerfield was a consumptive Methodist. He looked fearfully white, I am told, as he stood in old Sands Street Church, in this city, preaching Christ, and when he stood on the

anniversary platform in New York, pleading for the Bible until unusual and unknown glories rolled forth from that book. When he was dying his pillow was brushed with the wings of the angel from the skies, the messenger that God sent down. Did John Summerfield's sun set? Did John Summerfield's day end? Oh! no. He lives on in his burning utterances in behalf of the Christian Church.

Robert McCheyne was a consumptive Presbyterian. It was said when he preached, he coughed so it seemed as if he would never preach again. His name is fragrant in all Christendom, that name mightier to-day than was ever his living presence. He lived to preach the Gospel in Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and Dundee, but he went away very early. He preached himself into the grave. Has Robert McCheyne's sun set? Is Robert McCheyne's day ended? Oh, no! His dying delirium was filled with prayer, and when he lifted his hand to pronounce the benediction upon his family, and the benediction upon his country, he seemed to say: "I cannot die now; I want to live on and on. I want to start an influence for the Church that will never cease. I am only thirty years of age. Sun of my Christian ministry, stand still over Scotland." And it stood still.

A long time ago there was a Christian woman very consecrated, and she had a drunken husband, and so on came the night of domestic trouble. She lost her children, and there came the night of bereavement. She was very ill, and there came the night of sickness. Her soul departed, and there came the night of death. But all these nights of trouble, and darkness, and sorrow, and sickness were illumined by the grace of the Gospel; and people came many miles to see how cheerfully a Christian could be sick and how cheerfully a Christian could die. The moon that illumined that night of trouble was a reflection from the Sun of righteousness. In the last hour of that night—that night of darkness and sickness and misfortune, as she lifted her hand toward heaven, those who stood nearest her pillow could hear the whisper—for she wanted to live on in the generations that were to follow, consecrated to God; she wanted to have an influence long after she had entered upon her eternal reward, and while her hand was lifted and her lips were moving, those who stood nearest her pillow could hear her say, "Thou moon stand still in the valley of Ajalon."

But Joshua was not quite through. There was time for five funerals before the sun of that prolonged day set. Who will preach their funeral sermon? Massillon preached the funeral sermon over Louis XVI. Who will preach the funeral sermon of those five dead kings—King of Jerusalem, King of Hebron, King of Jarmuth, King of Lachish, King of Eglon? Let it be by Joshua. What is his text? what shall be the epitaph put on the door of the tomb? "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But before you fasten up the door, I want five more kings beheaded and thrust in: *King Alcohol*, *King Fraud*, *King Lust*, *King Superstition*, *King Infidelity*. Let them be beheaded and hurl them in. Then fasten up the door forever.

What shall the inscription and what shall the epitaph be? For all Christian philanthropists of all ages are going to come and look at it. What shall the inscription be? "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But it is time for Joshua to go home. He is a hundred and ten years old. Washington went down the Potomac and at Mount Vernon closed his days. Wellington died peacefully at Apsley House. Now, where shall Joshua rest? Why, he is to have his greatest battle now. After a hundred and ten years he has to meet a king who has more subjects than all the present population of the earth, his throne a pyramid of skulls, his parterre the graveyards and the cemeteries of the world, his chariot the world's hearse—the King of Terrors. But if this is Joshua's greatest battle, it is going to be Joshua's greatest victory. He gathers his friends around him and gives his valedictory, and it is full of reminiscence. Young men tell what they are going to do; old men tell what they have done. And as you have heard a grandfather, or great-grandfather, seated by the evening fire, tell of Monmouth or Yorktown, and then lift the crutch or staff as though it were a musket, to fight, and show how the old battles were won—so Joshua gathers his friends around his dying couch, and he tells them the story of what he has been through, and as he lies there, his white locks snowing down on his wrinkled forehead, I wonder if God has kept His promise all the way through—the promise of the text. As he lies there he tells the story one, two, or three times—you have heard old people tell a story two or three times over—and he answers: "I go the way of all the earth, and not one word of the promise has failed, not one word thereof has failed; all has come to pass, not one word thereof has failed." And then he turns to his family, as a dying parent will, and says: "Choose now whom you will serve, the God of Israel, or the God of the Amorites. As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." A dying parent cannot be reckless or thoughtless in regard to his children. Consent to part with them at the door of the tomb we cannot. By the cradle in which their infancy was rocked, by the bosom on which they first lay, by the blood of the covenant, by the God of Joshua, it shall not be. We will not part, we cannot part. Jehovah Jireh, we take Thee at Thy promise: "I will be a God to Thee and Thy seed after thee."

Dead, the old chieftain must be laid out. Handle him very gently; that sacred body is over a hundred and ten years of age. Lay him out, stretch out those feet that walked dry shod the parted Jordan. Close those lips which helped blow the blast at which the walls of Jericho fell. Fold the arm that lifted the spear toward the doomed city of Ai. Fold it right over the heart that exulted when the five kings fell. But where shall we get the burnished granite for the headstone and the footstone? I bethink myself now. I imagine that for the head it shall be the sun that stood still upon Gibeon, and for the foot, the moon that stood still in the valley of Ajalon.

THE JORDANIC PASSAGE.

"And the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground, until all the people were passed clean over Jordan."—JOSHUA 3 : 17.

WASHINGTON crossed the Delaware when crossing was pronounced impossible, but he did it by boat. Xerxes crossed the Hellespont with two millions of men, but he did it by bridge. The Israelites crossed the Red Sea; but the same orchestra that celebrated the deliverance of the one army, sounded the strangulation of the other. This Jordanic passage differs from all. There was no sacrifice of human life—not so much as the loss of a linchpin. The vanguard of the host, made up of priests, advanced until they put their foot at the brim of the river, when immediately the streets of Jerusalem were no more dry than the bed of that river. It was as if all the water had been drawn off, and then the dampness had been soaked up with a sponge, and then by a towel the road had been wiped dry. Yonder goes a great army of Israelites, the hosts in uniform; following them the wives, the children, the flocks, the herds. The people look up at the crystalline wall of the Jordan as they pass, and think what an awful disaster would come to them if, before they got to the opposite bank of that Ajalon wall, that wall should follow them; and the thought makes the mothers hug their children close to their hearts as they swiften their pace. Quick, now; get them all up on the banks, the armed warriors, the wives and children, flocks and herds, and let this wonderful Jordanic passage be completed forever.

Sitting this morning on the shelved limestone, I look off upon that Jordan where Joshua crossed under the triumphal arch of the rainbow woven out of the spray; the river which afterward became the baptistry where Christ was sprinkled or plunged; the river where the axe—the borrowed axe—miraculously swam at the prophet's order; the river illustrious in the history of the world for heroic faith and omnipotent deliverance, and typical of scenes yet to transpire in your life and mine—scenes enough to make us, from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head, tingle with infinite gladness.

Standing on the scene of that affrighted, fugitive river Jordan, I learn for myself and for you, first, that obstacles, when they are touched, vanish. The text says that when these priests came down and touched the water—the edge of the water with their feet—the water parted. They didn't wade in chin deep, or waist deep, or knee deep, or ankle deep, but as soon as their feet touched the water it vanished. And it makes me think that almost all the obstacles of

life need only to be approached in order to be conquered. Difficulties but touched vanish. It is the trouble, the difficulty, the obstacle far in the distance that seems so huge and tremendous.

The apostles Paul and John seemed to dislike cross dogs; for the apostle Paul tells us in Philippians, "Beware of dogs;" and John seems to shut the gate of heaven against all the canine species when he says, "Without are dogs." But I have been told that when those animals are furious, if they come at you, if you will keep your eye on them and advance upon them, they will retreat. Whether that be so or not, I cannot tell; but I do know that the vast majority of the misfortunes and trials and disasters of your life that hound your steps, if you can only get your eye on them, and keep your eye on them, and advance upon them, and cry, "Begone," they will slink and cower.

There is a beautiful tradition among the American Indians that Manitou was travelling in the invisible world, and one day he came to a barrier of brambles and sharp thorns, which forbade his going on, and there was a wild beast glaring at him from the thicket; but, as he determined to go on his way, he did pursue it, and those brambles were found to be only phantoms, and that beast was found to be a powerless ghost, and the impassable river that forbade him rushing to embrace the Yaratilda proved to be only a phantom river. Well, my friends, the fact is there are a great many things that look terrible across our pathway, which, when we advance upon them, are only the phantoms, only the apparitions, only the delusions of life. Difficulties touched are conquered. Put your feet into the brim of the water, and Jordan retreats. You sometimes see a great duty to perform. It is a very disagreeable duty: you say, "I can't go through it; I haven't the courage, I haven't the intelligence, to go through it." Advance upon it, Jordan will follow.

I always sigh before I begin to preach, at the greatness of the undertaking, but as soon as I start it becomes to me an exhilaration. And any duty undertaken with a confident spirit becomes a pleasure, and the higher the duty the higher the pleasure. Difficulties touched are conquered. Jordan advanced upon, vanished. There are a great many people who are afraid of death in the future. Good John Livingston once, on a sloop coming from Elizabethport to New York, was dreadfully frightened, because

he thought he was going to be drowned as a sudden gust came up. People were surprised at him. If any man in all the world was ready to die, it was good John Livingston. So there are now a great many good people who shudder in passing a graveyard, and they hardly dare think of Canaan because of the Jordan that intervenes; but once they are down on a sick-bed, then all their fears are gone; the waters of death dashing on the beach are like the mellow voice of ocean shells—they smell of the blossoms of the tree of life; the music of the heavenly choirs comes stealing over the waters, and to cross now is only a pleasant sail. How long the boat is coming! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Christ the Priest advances ahead, and the dying Christian goes over dry-shod on coral beds, and flowers of heaven, and paths of pearl.

"Oh, could we make our doubts remove,

Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And view the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes!

"Could we but climb where Moses stood,

And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Could fright us from the shore."

Again, this Jordanic passage teaches me the completeness of everything that God does. When God put an invisible dam across Jordan, and it was hollowed, it would have been natural, you would have supposed, for the water to have overflowed the region all around about, and that great devastation would have taken place. But when God put the dam in front of the river, He put a dam on the other side of the river, so that, according to the text, the water halted and reared and stood there, and not overflowing the surrounding country. Oh, the completeness of everything that God does!

One would have thought that, if the waters of Jordan had dropped until they were only two or three feet deep, the Israelites might have marched through it, and have come up on the other bank with their clothes saturated and their garments like those of men coming ashore from shipwreck, and that would have been as wonderful a deliverance as it was; but God does something better than that. When the priests' feet touched the waters of Jordan and they were drawn off, they might have thought there would have been a bed of mud and slime through which the army should pass. Draw off the water of the Hudson or the Connecticut, and there would be a good many days, and perhaps many weeks, before the sediment would dry up; and yet here, in an instant, immediately, God provides a path through the depths of Jordan; it is so dry, the passengers don't even get their feet damp. Oh, the completeness of everything that God does! Does He make a universe?—it is a perfect clock, running ever since it was wound up, the fixed stars the pivot, the constellations the intermoving wheels, and ponderous laws the weights, and a mighty swinging pendulum the stars in the great dome of night, striking the midnight, and the sun, with brazen tongue, tolling the hour of noon, while this comet-wheel has pointed out a chain of laws which cannot be overcome: the thistle-

down falling before the schoolboy's breath, perfected by the same law that perfects the sun and the planets. The rose-bush in your window is governed by the same principle that governs the great upper universe on which the stars are ripening fruits, on which God will one day put His hand and shake down the fruit—a perfect universe. No astronomy has ever proposed an amendment.

If God makes a Bible, it is a complete Bible. Standing amid the dreadful and delightful truths, you seem to be in the midst of an orchestra where the wailings over sins, and the rejoicings over pardon, and the martial strains of victory make the chorus like an anthem of eternity. This Book seems to you the ocean of truth, on every wave of which Christ walks—sometimes in the darkness of prophecy, again in the splendors with which He walks on Galilee. In this Book, apostle answers to prophet, Paul to Isaiah, Revelation to Genesis—glorious light, turning midnight sorrow into the midnoon joy, dispersing every fog in the conflict and every tempest. Take this Book: it is the kiss of God on the face of lost man. Perfect Bible, complete Bible! No man has ever proposed any improvement.

God provided a Saviour: He is a complete Saviour—God-man—Divinity and humanity united in the same person. He set up the starry pillars of the universe and the towers of light. He planned the cedars and the heavenly Lebanon. He struck out of the rock the rivers of life, singing under the trees, singing under the eternities. He quarried the sardonyx and crystal, and the topaz of the heavenly wall. He put down the jasper for the foundation, and heaped up the amethyst for the capital, and swung the twelve gates which are twelve pearls. In one instant He thought out a universe; and yet He became a child, crying for His mother, falling along the width of the manger, and tries to learn to walk. Omnipotence sheathed in the muscle and flesh of a child's arm; Omniscience strung in the optic nerve of a child's eye; Infinite love abiding in a child's heart; a great God appearing in the form of a child one year old, five years old, fifteen years old. While all the heavens were ascribing to Him glory and honor and power on earth, men said, "Who is this fellow?" While all the heavenly hosts, with folded wing about their faces, bowed down before Him, crying "Holy, holy!" on earth they denounced Him as a blasphemer and a sot. Rocked in a boat on Gennesaret, and yet He it is that jerked the lightning from the storm-cloud, and dismasted Lebanon of its forests, and holds the five oceans on the tip of His finger, as a leaf holds the raindrop. Oh, the complete Saviour, rubbing His hand over the place where we have the pain until it soothes, and the stars of heaven the adorning gems of His right hand, holding us in His arms when we take our last view of our dead. Sitting down with us on the tombstone, and while we plant roses there He is planting consolation in our heart, every chapter a stalk, every verse a stem, every word a rose—a complete Saviour, a complete Bible, a complete universe, a complete Jordanic passage. Everything that God does is complete.

Again, I learn from this Jordanic passage that between us and every Canaan of success and prosperity there is a river that must be passed. "Oh, how I would like some of those grapes on the other side!" said some of the Israelites to Joshua. "Well," says Joshua, "if you want the grapes, why don't you cross over and get them?" There is a river of difficulty between us and everything that is worth having; that which costs nothing is worth nothing. God didn't intend this world for an easy parlor, through which we are to be drawn in a rocking-chair, but we are to work our passage, climb masts, fight battles, scale mountains, and ford rivers. God makes everything valuable difficult to get at, for the same reason that He put the gold down in the mine, and the pearl clear down in the sea, to make us dig and dive for them. We acknowledge this principle in worldly things; oh, that we were only wise enough to acknowledge it in religious things!

You have scores of illustrations under your own observation where men have had the hardest lot, and been trodden under foot, and yet after a while had ease. Now they have their homes blossoming and blooming with pictures, and carpets that make foreign looms laugh now embrace their feet; the summer winds lift the tapestry about the window gorgeous enough for a Turkish sultan; impatient steeds paw and neigh at the door, or move their forms with gilded harnesses, spangled with silver, and carriage moving through that sea of New York life, a very wave of beauty and splendor. Who is it? Why, it is a boy that came to New York with a dollar in his pocket, and all his estate slung over his shoulder in a cotton handkerchief. All that silver on the dining-stand is petrified sweat-drops; that beautiful dress is the faded calico over which God puts His hand of perfection, turning it to Turkish satin or Italian silk; those diamonds are the tears which suffering froze as they fell. Oh, there is a river of difficulty between us and every earthly achievement. You know that. You admit that.

You know this is so with regard to the acquisition of knowledge. The ancients used to say that Vulcan struck Jupiter on the head, and the goddess of Wisdom jumped out, illustrating the truth that wisdom comes by hard knocks. There was a river of difficulty between Shakespeare, the boy holding the horses at the door of the London theatre, and that Shakespeare, the great dramatist, winning the applause of all audiences by his tragedies. There was a river between Benjamin Franklin, with a loaf of bread under his arm, walking the streets of Philadelphia, and that same Benjamin Franklin the philosopher, just outside of Boston, flying a kite in the thunderstorm. An idler was cured of his bad habit by looking through his window, night after night, at a man who seemed sitting at his desk turning off one sheet of writing after another, until almost the dawn of the morning. The man sitting there writing until morning was industrious Walter Scott; the man who looked at him through the window was Lockhart, his illustrious biographer afterward. Lord Mansfield, pursued by the press and by the populace, because of a certain line of duty, went on to dis-

charge the duty; and while the mob were around him, demanding the taking of his life, he shook his fist in the face of the mob, and said, "Sirs, when one's last end comes, it cannot come too soon, if he falls in defence of law and the liberty of his country." And so there is, my friends, a tug, a tussle, a trial, a push, an anxiety, through which every man must go before he comes to worldly success and worldly achievement. You admit it. Now be wise enough to apply it in religion. Eminent Christian character is only gained by the Jordanic passage; no man just happened to get good.

Why does that man know so much about the Scriptures? He was studying the Bible while you were reading a novel. He was on fire with the sublimities of the Bible while you were sound asleep. By tug, tussle, pushing, and running in the Christian life that man got so strong for God; in a hundred Solferinos he learned how to fight; in a hundred shipwrecks he learned how to swim. Tears over sin, tears over Zion's desolation, tears over the impenitent, tears over the graves made, are the Jordan which that man had passed. Sorrow stains the cheek, and fades the eye, and pales the brow, and sings the hand; there are mourning garments, and there are wardrobes, and there are deaths in every family record, all around are the relics of the dead.

The Christian has passed this Red Sea of trouble, and yet he thinks that there is a Jordan of death between him and heaven. He comes down to that Jordan of death, and thinks how many have been lost there. When Molyneux was exploring the Jordan in Palestine, he had his boats all knocked to pieces in the rapids of that river. And there are a great many men who have gone down in the river of death; the Atlantic and Pacific have not swallowed so many. It is an awful thing to make shipwrecks on the rock of ruin; masts falling, hurricanes flying, death coming, groanings in the water, moanings in the wind, thunder in the sky, while God with the finger of the lightning, writes all over the sky, "I will tread them in my wrath, and I will trample them in my fury."

The Christian comes down to this raging torrent, and he knows he must pass out; and as he comes toward the time, his breath gets shorter; and his last breath leaves him as he steps into the stream, and no sooner does he touch the stream than it is parted, and he goes through dryshod, while all the waters wave their plumes, crying, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more weeping, and there shall be no more death.

Some of your children have already gone up the other bank. You let them down on this side of the bank; they will be on the other bank to help you up with supernatural strength. The other morning at my table, all my family present, I thought to myself how pleasant it would be if I could put all into a boat, and then go in with them, and we could pull across the river to the next world, and be there all together. No family parting, no gloomy obsequies; it wouldn't take five minutes to go from bank to bank, and then in that better world to be together forever.

Wouldn't it be pleasant for you to take all your family into that blessed country, if you could all go together? I remember my mother, in her dying hour, said to my father, "Father, wouldn't it be pleasant if we could all go together." But we cannot all go together. We must go one by one, and we must be grateful if we get there at all. What a heaven it will be if we have all our families there, to look around and see all the children are present! You would rather have them all there, and you go with bare brow forever, than that one should be missing, to complete the garlands of heaven for your coronal. The Lord God of Joshua give them a safe Jordanic passage.

Even children will go through dryshod. Those of us who were brought up in the country remember, when the summer was coming on in our boyhood days, we always longed for the day when we were to go barefooted, and, after teasing our mothers in regard to it for a good while and they consented, we remember the delicious sensation of the cool grass on that dusty road when we put our uncovered foot on it. And the time will come when these shoes we wear now, lest we be cut of the sharp places of this world, shall be taken off, and with unsandalled foot we will step into the bed of the river, with feet untrammelled, free from pain and fatigue, we will gain that last journey; when, with one foot in the bed of the river and the other foot on the other bank, we struggle upward. That will be heaven. Oh, I pray for all my dear people a safe Jordanic passage. That is what the dying Christian husband felt when he said, "How the candle flickers, Nellie! Put it out; I shall sleep well to-night, and wake in the morning."

One word of comfort on this subject for all the bereaved. You say our departed friends have not been submerged—have not been swamped in the waters; they have only crossed over. These Israelites were just as thoroughly alive on the western banks of the Jordan, as they had been on the eastern banks of the Jordan; and our departed Christian friends have only crossed over—not sick, not dead, not exhausted, not extinguished, not blotted out, but with healthier respiration, and stouter pulses, and keener eyesight, and better prospects, crossed over, their sins, their physical and mental disquiet, all left clear this side, an eternally-flowing, impassable obstacle between them and all human and Satanic pursuit. Crossed over! Oh, I shake hands of congratulation with all the bereaved in the consideration that our departed Christian friends are safe.

Why was there so much joy in certain circles in New York when people heard from their friends who were on board the City of Brussels.

It was thought that vessel had gone to the bottom of the sea; and when the friends on this side heard that the steamer had arrived safely in Liverpool, had we not the right to congratulate the people in New York that their friends had got safely across? And is it not right this morning that I congratulate you that your departed friends are safe on the shore of heaven? Would you have them back again? Would you have those old parents back again? You know how hard it was sometimes for them to get their breath in the stifled atmosphere of the summer; would you have them back in this summer? Didn't they use their brain long enough? Would you have your children back again? Would you have them take the risks of temptations which throng every human pathway? Would you have them cross the Jordan three times in addition to crossing it already, and cross it again to greet you now, and then cross back afterward? for certainly you would not want to keep them forever out of heaven. If they had lived forty or fifty years apart, would they have been safe? Perhaps so, perhaps not.

"Pause and weep, not for the freed from pain,
But that the sigh of love would bring them back again."

I ask a question, and there seems to come back the answer in heavenly echo. "What! will you never be sick again?" "Never—sick—again." "What! will you never be tired again?" "Never—tired—again." "What! will you never weep again?" "Never—weep—again." "What! will you never die again?" "Never—die—again." Oh, ye army of departed kindred, we hail you from bank to bank. Wait for us when the Jordan of death shall part for us. Come down and meet us half-way between the willowed banks of earth and the palm groves of heaven. May our great High Priest go ahead of us, and with bruised feet touch the water, and then shall be fulfilled the word of my text, "All Israel went over on dry ground, until all the people were gone clear through Jordan."

If I ask this audience what shall be the glad hymn of this morning, I think there would be a thousand voices that would choose the same hymn—the hymn that illumines so many death-chambers—the hymn that has been the parting hymn in many an instance—the old hymn,

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises on my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight."

THE FERRY-BOAT OF THE JORDAN.

Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, October 7, 1877.

"And there went over a ferry-boat to carry over the king's household."—II SAMUEL 19 : 18.

WHICH of the crowd is the king? That short man, sunburnt and in fatigue dress. It is David, the exiled king. He has whipped out his enemies, and is now going home to resume his palace. Good! I always like to see David come out ahead. But between him and his home there is the celebrated river Jordan, which has to be passed. The king is accompanied to the bank of the river by an aristocratic old gentleman of eighty years, Barzillai by name, who owned a fine country seat at Rogelim. Beside that, David has his family with him. But how shall they get across the river? While they are standing there I see a ferry-boat coming from the other side, and as it cuts through the water I see the faces of David and his household brighten up at the thought of so soon getting home. No sooner has the ferry-boat struck the shore than David and his family, and his old friend Barzillai from Rogelim, get on board the boat. Either with splashing oars at the side, or with one oar sculling at the stern of the boat, they leave the eastern bank of the Jordan and start for the western bank. That western bank is black with crowds of people, who are waving and shouting at the approach of the restored king and his family. The military are all out. Some of those who have been David's worst enemies now shout until they are hoarse at his return. No sooner has the boat struck the shore on the western side than the earth quakes and the heavens ring with cheers of welcome and congratulation.

David and his family and Barzillai from Rogelim step ashore. King David asks his old friend to go with him, and live at the palace; but Barzillai apologizes, and intimates that he is infirm with age, and too deaf to appreciate the music, and has a delicate appetite that would soon be cloyed with luxurious living, and so he begs that David would let him go back to his country seat. I once heard the father of a President of the United States say that he had just been to Washington to see his son in the White House, and he told me of all the wonderful things that had occurred there, and of what Daniel Webster said to him; but he declared, "I was glad to get home. There was too much going on there for me." My father, an aged man, made his last visit at my house in Philadelphia; and after the church service was over, and we went home,

some one in the house asked the aged man how he enjoyed the service. "Well," he replied, "I enjoyed the service; but there were too many people there for me. It troubled my head very much." The fact is that old people do not like excitement. If King David had asked Barzillai thirty years before to go to the palace, the probability is that Barzillai would have gone, but not now. They kiss each other good-by, a custom among men Oriental, but in vogue yet where two brothers part, or an aged father and a son go away from each other never to see each other again. No wonder that their lips met as King David and old Barzillai at the prow of that ferry-boat parted forever. And there was a ferry-boat that went over to carry over the king's household.

Well, this river Jordan, in all ages and among all languages, has been the symbol of the boundary line between earth and heaven. Yet, when I preached to you about the Jordanic passage, I have no doubt some of you despondingly said, "The Lord might have divided Jordan for Joshua, but not for poor me." Cheer up! I want to show you to-day that there is a way over Jordan as well as through it. My text says, "And there went over a ferry-boat to carry over the king's household." There are a good many people in this house to-day, who came by ferry to this place. You came from the New York hotels, or from Hoboken, or from Jersey City, or from Staten Island, and you will return in the same way. All our cities are familiar with the ferry-boat. It goes from San Francisco to Oakland, and from Liverpool to Birkenhead, and twice every secular day of the week you are perhaps on the ferry-boat; so that you will not need to hunt up a classical dictionary to find out what I mean, while I am speaking to you about the passage of David and his family across the river Jordan. "And there went over a ferry-boat to carry over the king's household." God grant that through His Holy Spirit our meditations on this text may be helpful to us.

My subject, in the first place, impresses me with the fact that, when we cross over from this world to the next, the boat will have to come from the other side. The tribe of Judah, we are informed, sent this ferry-boat across to get David and his household. I stand on the eastern side of the river Jordan, and I find no shipping at all;

but, while I am standing there, I see a boat ploughing through the river, and as I hear the swirl of the waters, and the boat comes to the eastern side of the Jordan, and David and his family and his old friend step on board that boat, I am mightily impressed with the fact that, when we cross over from this world to the next, the boat will have to come from the opposite shore. Every day I find people trying to extemporize a way from earth to heaven. They gather up their good works and some sentimental theories, and they make a raft, shoving it from this shore, and poor, deluded souls get on board that raft, and they go down. The fact is, that scepticism and infidelity never yet helped one man to die. I invite all the ship-carpenters of worldly philosophy to come and build one boat that can safely cross this river. I invite them all to unite their skill, and Bolingbroke shall lift the stanchions, and Carlyle shall set up the timber heads, and Tyndall shall lift the bowsprit, and Spinoza shall make the main-top-gallant braces, and Renan shall go to tacking, and wearing, and conning the ship. All together in ten thousand years they will never be able to make a boat that can cross this Jordan. Why was it that Spinoza and Blount and Shaftesbury lost their souls? It was because they tried to cross the stream in a boat of their own construction. What miserable work they all made of dying! Diodorus died of mortification, because he could not guess a conundrum which had been proposed to him at a public dinner; Zeuxis, the philosopher, died of mirth, laughing at a caricature of an aged woman—a caricature made by his own hand; while another of their company and of their kind died saying, "Must I leave all these beautiful pictures?" and then asked that he might be bolstered up in the bed in his last moments, and be shaved and painted and rouged. Of all the unbelievers of all ages not one of them died well. Some of them sneaked out of life; some of them wept themselves away into darkness; some of them blasphemed and raved, and tore their bed-covers to tatters. That is the way worldly philosophy helps a man to die.

A guide at Niagara Falls said to me this summer, "Do you see that rock down in the rapids?" I said, "Yes." "Well," he said, "some years ago a man got in the rapids and floated down until he came to that rock, and he clutched that and held on. We sent five lifeboats at different times out to him, and they were all broken to splinters. After a while we got him some food, but he would not eat it. He seemed to have no appetite. He wanted to get ashore; and the poor fellow held on, and held on, until after a while he was exhausted and let go, and, with a shriek louder than the thunder of the cataract, he went over." O my friends, when a man puts out from the shore of this world on the river of death in a boat of his own construction, he has worse disaster than that—shipwreck, eternal shipwreck.

Blessed be God, there is a boat coming from the other side. Transportation at last for our souls from the other shore; everything about this Gospel from the other shore; pardon from the other shore; mercy from the other shore;

pity from the other shore; ministry of angels from the other shore; power to work miracles from the other shore; Jesus Christ from the other shore. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance that Christ Jesus came into the world [a foreigner] to save sinners." I see the ferry-boat coming, and it rolls with the surges of a Saviour's suffering; but as it strikes the earth the mountains rock, and the dead adjust their apparel so that they may be fit to come out. That boat touches the earth, and glorious Thomas Walsh gets into it, in his expiring moment, saying, "He has come! He has come! My Beloved is mine, and I am His." Good Sarah Wesley got into that boat, and as she shoved off from the shore she cried, "Open the gates! open the gates!" And the dying Christian soldier got into that boat. He was fatally wounded setting up the telegraph poles which had been torn down by the opposing army, and in his dying moments his Christian triumph and the feverish delirium seemed to mingle, and he cried out with exultation, "The wires are all laid; the poles are all up from Stony Point to headquarters! Huzzah!" Oh, I bless God that as the boat came from the other shore to take David and his men across, so, when we come to die, the boat will come from the same direction. God forbid that I should ever trust to anything that starts from this side.

Again, my subject suggests that, when we cross over at the last, the King will be on board the boat. Ship-carpentry in Bible times was in its infancy. The boats were not skilfully made, and I can very easily imagine that the women and the children of the king's household might have been nervous about going on that boat, and afraid that the oarsman or the helmsman might give out, and that the boat might be dashed on the rocks, as sometimes boats were dashed in the Jordan; and then I could have imagined the boat starting and rocking, and their crying out, "Oh, we are going to be lost! we are going down!" Not so. The king was on board the boat, and those women and children and all the household of the king knew that every care was taken to have that king pass in safety—the head of the empire.

Now, I want to break a delusion in your mind, and that is this. When our friends go out from this world, we feel sorry for them because they have to go alone; and parents hold on to the hands of their children who are dying, and hold on with something of the impression that the moment they let go the little one will be in the darkness and in the boat all alone. "Oh," the parent says, "if I could only go with my child, I would be willing to die half a dozen times. I am afraid she will be lost in the woods or in the darkness; I am afraid she will be very much frightened in the boat all alone." I break up the delusion. When a soul goes to heaven it does not go alone: the King is on board the boat.

Was Paul alone in the last exigency? Hear the shout of the scarred missionary as he cries out, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." Was John Wesley alone in the last exigency? No. Hear

him say, "Best of all, God is with us." Was Sir William Forbes alone in the last exigency? No. Hear him say to his friends, "Tell all the people who are coming down to the bed of death, from my experience it has no terrors." "Oh," say a great many people, "that does very well for distinguished Christians; but for me, a common man, for me, a common woman, we can't expect that guidance and help." If I should give you a passage of Scripture that would promise to you positively, when you are crossing the river to the next world, the King would be in the boat, would you believe the promise? "Oh, yes," you say, "I would." Here is the promise, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Christ at the sick pillow to take the soul out of the body; Christ to help the soul down the bank into the boat; Christ mid stream; Christ on the other side to help the soul up the beach. Be comforted about your departed friends. Be comforted about your own demise when the time shall come. Tell it to all the people under the sun that no Christian ever dies alone; the King is in the boat.

Again, my text suggests that leaving this world for heaven is only crossing a ferry. Dr. Shaw estimates the average width of the Jordan to be about thirty yards—about half the width of this tabernacle. What! so narrow? Yes. "There went over a ferry-boat to carry over the king's household." Yes, going to heaven is only a short trip—only a ferry. It may be eighty miles, that is eighty years, before we get to the wet bank on the other side, and we may travel millions of miles, that is millions of years, on the other side; but the crossing is short. I will tell you the whole secret. It is not five minutes across, nor three, nor two, nor one minute. It is an instantaneous transportation. People talk as though, leaving this life, the Christian went plunging, and floundering, and swimming, to crawl up exhausted on the other shore; and to be pulled out of the pelting surf as by a Ramsgate life boat. No such thing. It is only a ferry. It is so narrow that we can hail each other from bank to bank. It is only four arms' lengths across. The arm of earthly farewell put out from this side, the arm of heavenly welcome put out from the other side; while the dying Christian, standing mid-stream, stretches out his two arms, the one to take the farewell of earth, and the other to take the greeting of heaven. That makes four arms' lengths across the river. Blessed be God, when we leave this world we are not to have a great and perilous enterprise of getting into heaven. Not a dangerous Franklin expedition, to find the North-West passage among icebergs. Only a ferry. That accounts for something you have never been able to understand. You never supposed that very nervous and timid Christian people could be so perfectly unexcited and placid in the last hour. The fact is, they were clear down on the bank, and they saw there was nothing to be frightened about. Such a short distance—only a ferry. With one ear they heard the funeral psalm in their memory, and with the other ear they heard the song of heavenly salutation.

The willows on this side the Jordan and the Lebanon cedars on the other almost interlocked their branches. Only a ferry.

My subject also suggests the fact that, when we cross over at the last, we shall find a solid landing. The ferry-boat, as spoken of in my text, means a place to start from and a place to land. David and his people did not find the eastern shore of the Jordan any more solid than the western shore where he landed, and yet to a great many heaven is not a real place. To you heaven is a fog-bank in the distance. Now my heaven is a solid heaven. After the resurrection has come you will have a resurrected foot, and something to tread on; and a resurrected eye, and colors to see with it; and a resurrected ear, and music to regale it. Smart men in this day are making a great deal of fun about St. John's materialistic descriptions of heaven. Well now, my friends, if you will tell me what will be the use of a resurrected body in heaven with nothing to tread on, and nothing to hear, and nothing to handle, and nothing to taste, then I will laugh too. Are you going to float about in ether forever, swinging about your hands and feet through the air indiscriminately, one moment sweltering in the centre of the sun, and the next moment shivering in the mountains of the moon? That is not my heaven. Dissatisfied with John's materialistic heaven, theological tinkers are trying to patch up a heaven that will do for them at the last. I never heard of any heaven I want to go to, except St. John's heaven. I believe I shall hear Mr. Top-lady sing yet, and Isaac Watts recite hymns, and Mozart play. "Oh," you say, "where would you get the organ?" The Lord will provide the organ. Don't you bother about the organ. I believe I shall yet see David with a harp, and I will ask him to sing one of the songs of Zion. I believe after the resurrection I shall see Masillon, the great French pulpit orator, and I shall hear from his own lips how he felt on that day when he preached the king's funeral sermon, and flung his whole audience into a paroxysm of grief and solemnity. I have no patience with your transcendental, gelatinous, gaseous heaven. My heaven is not a fog-bank. My eyes are unto the hills, the everlasting hills. The King's ferry-boat, starting from a wharf on this side, will go to a wharf on the other side.

Again, my subject teaches that, when we cross over at the last, we shall be met at the landing. When David and his family went over in the ferry-boat spoken of in the text they landed amid a nation that had come out to greet them. As they stepped from the deck of the boat to the shore there were thousands of people who gathered around them trying to express a satisfaction that was beyond description. And so, my friends, you and I will be met at the landing. Our arrival will not be like stepping ashore at Antwerp or Constantinople, among a crowd of strangers; it will be among friends, good friends, warm-hearted friends, and all their friends.

We know people whom we have never seen, by hearing somebody talk about them very much; we know them almost as well as if we had seen them. And do you not suppose that

our parents and brothers and sisters and children in heaven have been talking about us all these years, and talking to their friends? so that, I suppose, when we cross the river at the last, we shall not only be met by all those Christian friends whom we knew on earth, but by all their friends. They will come down to the landing to meet us. Your departed friends love you more now than they ever did. You will be surprised at the last to find how they know about all the affairs of your life. Why, they are only across the ferry; and the boat is coming this way, and the boat is going that way. I do not know but that they have already asked the Lord the day, the hour, the moment, when you are coming across, and that they know now; but I do know you will be met at the landing. The poet Southey said he thought he should know Bishop Heber in heaven by the portraits he had seen of him in London; and Dr. Randolph said he thought he would know William Cowper, the poet, in heaven from the pictures he had seen of him in England; but we will know our departed kindred by the portraits hung in the throne-room of our hearts.

On starlight nights you look up—and I suppose it is so with any one who has friends in heaven—on starlight nights you look up, and you cannot help but think of those who have gone; and I suppose they look down, and cannot but think of us. But they have the advantage of us. We know not just where their world of joy is; they know where we are. Oh, what a consolation this ought to be to those whose friends have gone away! How it ought to take off the sharp edge of their melancholy! the partings of earth solaced by the reunions of heaven.

There was romance as well as Christian beauty in the life of Dr. Adoniram Judson, the Baptist missionary, when he concluded to part from his wife, she to come to America to restore her health, he to go back to Burmah to preach the Gospel. They had started from Burmah for the United States together, but, getting near St. Helena, Mrs. Judson was so much better, she said, "Well, now, I can get home very easily; you go back to Burmah and preach the Gospel to those poor people. I am almost well; I shall soon be well, and then I will return to you." After she had made that resolution, terrific in its grief, willing to give up her husband for Christ's sake, she sat down in her room, and with her trembling hand wrote some eight or ten verses, two or three of which I will give you:

"We part on this green islet, love:
Thou for the eastern main;
I for the setting sun, love:
Oh, when to meet again!

"When we knelt to see our Henry die,
And heard his last faint moan,
Each wiped away the other's tears;
Now each must weep alone.

"And who can paint our mutual joy
When, all our wandering o'er,
We both shall clasp our infants three,
At home on Burmah's shore?

"But higher shall our raptures glow
On yon celestial plain,
When the loved and parted here below
Meet ne'er to part again."

She folded that manuscript; a relapse of her disease came on, and she died. Dr. Judson says he put her away, for the resurrection, on the Isle of St. Helena. They had thought to part for a year or two: now they parted forever, so far as this world is concerned. And he says he hastened on board after the funeral with his little children to start for Burmah, for the vessel had already lifted her sails; and he says, "I sat down for some time in my cabin, my little children around me crying, 'Mother, mother!' and I abandoned myself to heart-breaking grief. But one day the thought came across me, as my faith stretched her wing, that we should meet again in heaven, and I was comforted." Was it, my friends, a delusion? When he died, did she meet him at the landing? When she died, did the scores of souls whom she had brought to Christ, and who had preceded her to heaven, meet her at the landing? I believe it; I know it. Oh, glorious consolation, that when our poor work on earth is done and we cross the river, we shall be met at the landing.

But there is a thought that comes over me like an electric shock. Do I belong to the King's household? Mark you, the text says, "And there went over a ferry-boat to carry over the king's household," and none but the king's household. Then I ask, Do I belong to the household? Do you?—do you? Oh, if you do not, come to-day and be adopted into that household! "Oh," says some soul here, "I don't know whether the King wants me." He does; He does. Hear the voice from the throne, "I will be a Father to them, and they shall be My sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." "Him that cometh unto Me," Christ says, "I will in no wise cast out." Come into the King's household; come in, come in. Sit down at the King's table. Come in and take your apparel from the King's wardrobe, even the wedding garment of Christ's righteousness. Come in and inherit the King's wealth. Come in and cross in the King's ferry-boat. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

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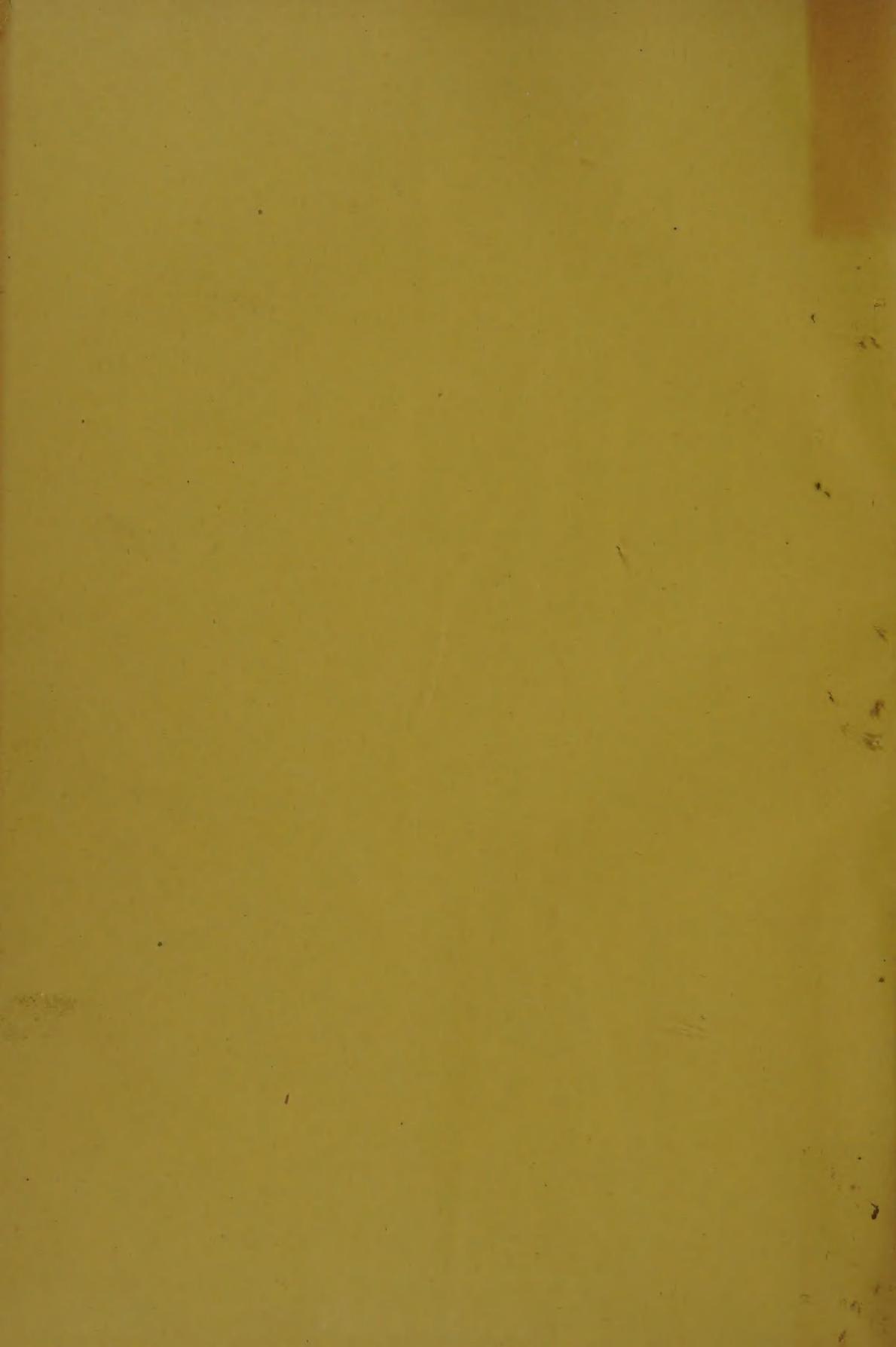
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